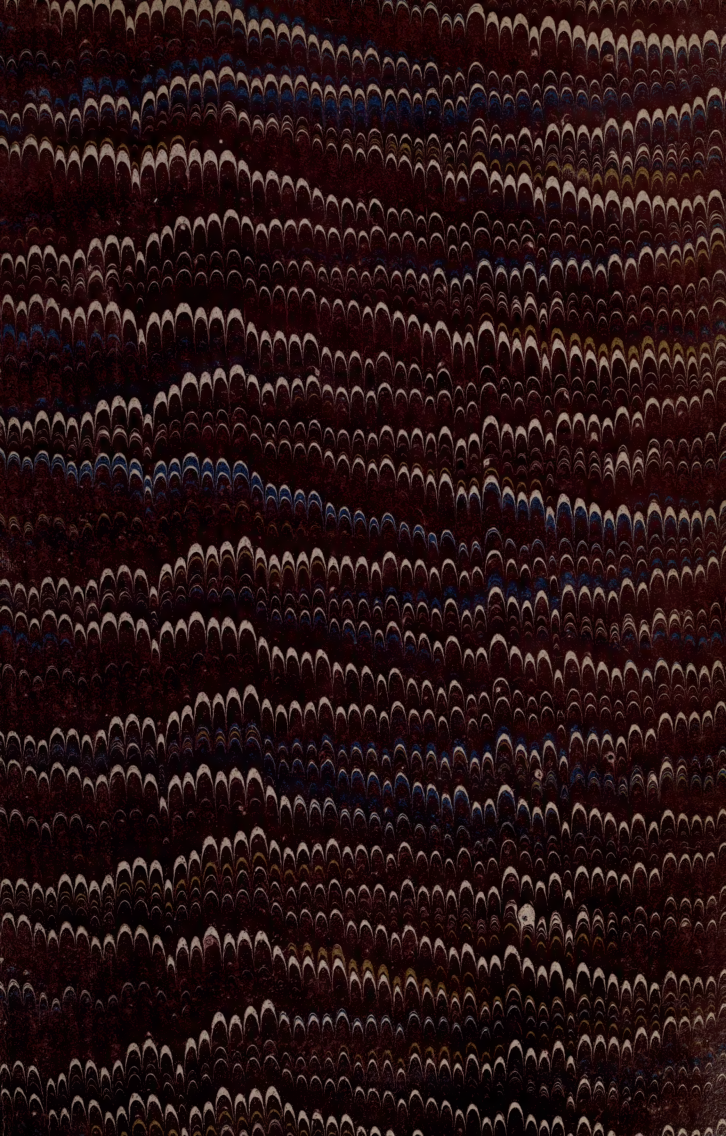
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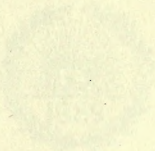
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME V JANUARY – JUNE



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
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·CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK·
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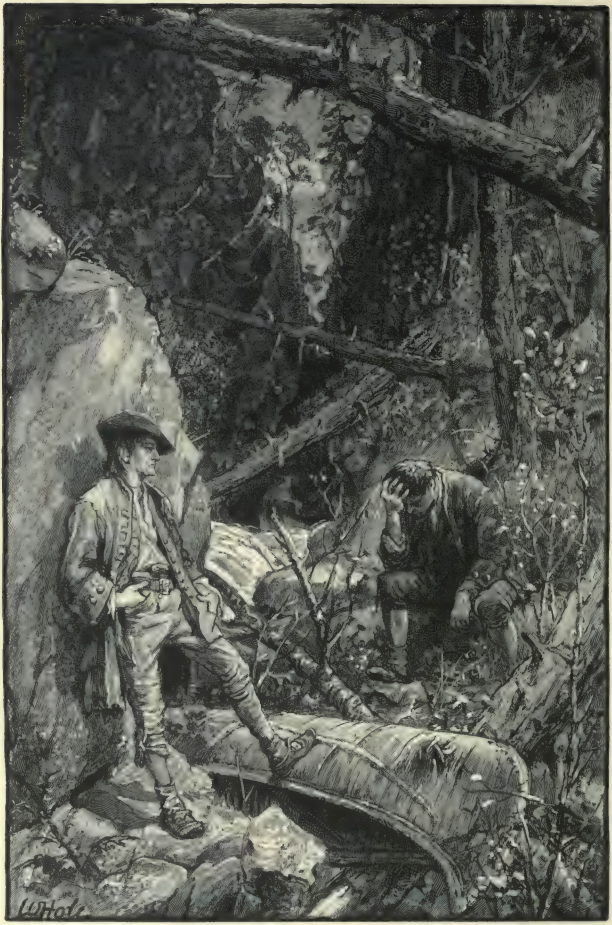
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM HOLE. ENGRAVED BY BODENSTAB

"THE TRACK ON BOTH HANDS WAS ENCLOSED BY THE UNBROKEN WOODS."

—*The Master of Ballantrae*, page 56.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1889. No. 1.

CASTLE LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.



AS priest and knight were the typical figures, so castle and cathedral were the landmarks of the Middle Ages.

That epoch of disintegration and reintegration beginning with the fall of the Roman Empire and merging itself in the Renascence was a complicated one. There was a confusion of struggling states and tiny provinces, each capped with a coronet which might swell into a crown or lapse into nothing :—a medley vague and romantic to us (though vital enough to contemporaries) of men and things which we find to-day in the miniatures of old missals, or preciously preserved in museums. The very name of the Middle Ages suggests a thousand pictures of narrow-streeted cities crowded with quaint gables, where armored knights, long-gowned burgesses, and ladies with tall head-dresses walked grotesque and splendid, or of pinnacled castles on impossible heights, where portcullises and drawbridges were the commonplaces of daily life, and the now rusted swords struck each other into brightness.

We stand in the darkness of twisting tower staircases and peer through loopholes at the outer light. The tapers shine again in the colored gloom of the chapel, where the patron saint in the jewelled armor of the stained window looks upon the steel-clad suppliant at the altar; fierce eyes flash at us through barred visors, or from black cowls of inquisitorial monks; and in the dungeon underground, justice with axe and block and scarlet executioner stands in the shadow of the torture chamber. We think of a time when there were plague and famine, pageants and monster feasts; when men drank their wine by hogsheads and roasted oxen whole, or starved in their harried fields; when death walked abroad on the Roman roads, ambushed in the forest, and swooped down from the mountains; and when men, unglutted by all this slaughter, invited it to their holidays and rode out to meet it at the tourna-

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ment. Or we turn from the more sombre side of the Middle Ages to a kind of romantic dreamland. The king, always a king of clubs in those hard-hitting



On the Tower.

times, wears his crown daily, and the whole pack of court cards follows him in parti-colored splendor. The world is topsy-turvy, queens nurse beggars, warriors turn hermits, the robber is always generous, and the officer of justice always gets a drubbing. We fling whole purses of gold, never less, to our commoner whom we call yeoman or churl, as we wish him well or ill; while our hero, who is sure to be a foundling and a king's son, with muscles of iron under armor of steel, rides down armies. The horn blows from the castle watch-tower, and Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, followed by a long procession, from the seven champions of Christendom of our Boys' Books to the grave heroes of Froissart, ride through a chaotically picturesque dream.

But upon examination this romantic world becomes real; the two glittering pyramids of bishops and knights, with pope and emperor at either apex, separate into units of intense personality; the tapestries come to life; the carved furniture tells of growing crafts; the castles are no longer unsubstantial wonders outlined against the sky of troubled times, but can be examined, with their mechanics of defence and offence, as so many posts on the road of evolution. The master enchanters of fiction are followed by the scientific inquirer; and upon the pages of romancer and historian alike, of Green and Freeman and Viollet-le-Duc, as well as of Scott and Reade and Kingsley, we see clearly through all the bloodshed and chaos that the great gift of the Middle Ages to the world was *Individuality*—the *Sense of Personal Responsibility*.

A complete system of fortification existed in antiquity, beginning in the East; but the true castle builders came from the North. As far back as the time when the barbarians hung up in their huts the spoils of Varro's legions we can find the germinal idea of the feudal domain in the assertion of Tacitus that the Teutons loved to dwell apart, and even in villages kept wide spaces between their houses. When the frontiers of the Roman Empire disappeared like a new Jericho before the trumpets of the Barbarians, the Frank watching



Great Hall of the Castle—the Oath of Fealty to the Young Lord.



The Castle Courtyard– Return from a Foray.

the sack of Soissons, or the Saxon riding into Silchester or York, looked with curious interest at the Roman villas, and found them well suited to his purpose.

Thus the first feudal chateau or castle became not a Roman castellum, but, as Viollet-le-Duc says, rather "a villa provided with defences;" the wooden dwelling of the lord arose in the centre, neither very high nor very large, and about it clustered the dependents in low out-buildings behind the general stockade. The Clovises and Canutes sat upon the marble tribunes of Roman basilicas or palaces, and Charlemagne laid hands on the columns at Ravenna and brought them to his palace; but the greatest counts and jarls, when they built upon their domains, set up low thatch-roofed manors. At about the second half of the tenth century the true castle building epoch commenced; and even while Charlemagne was admiring the Greek ornaments of his Ingelheim palace, the fathers of the mightiest makers of strongholds were pushing out their narrow boats from the Norwegian fjords and sailing up the Seine and the Loire. Every man's hand was against these pirates, and the Normans took up sword and mattock at once to defend their positions and to keep the rivers, the natural inlets of France, open to their oncoming northern brethren.



Solidarity was their only safety; and unlike the Frankish fortresses, built for individual defence and differing greatly from each other, their castles depended upon a general system of fortification, where the same kind of natural position (notably the river) was defended in the same way—a whole province being guarded instead of a domain.

By the end of the tenth century the Norman, whose mind was as acute as his conical helmet and kite-shaped shield, had pried with his sharp double-edged sword into the affairs of East and South, had served the Emperor of Constantinople in his capital and beaten him in Sicily, had learned the lesson of his civilization, and become school-master to France in matters of military architecture. He built now with stone; and by 1040 from the ramparts of the great castle of Arques he looked greedily out upon the Channel toward the green island whose earls

One End of Castle of Pierrefonds.



On the Ramparts.

had only wood and earth to oppose to his masonry. Wood and earth indeed had been the materials of the successors of Charlemagne and Rollo and Alfred, but by the second half of the tenth century the Normans began to use more solid materials.

For a long time the keep or donjon, the house of the Dominus, was the only portion strongly fortified. There lived the lord and lady, and there the garrison retreated as soon as a serious attack had carried the stockade or outer wall. The keep had an interior courtyard, was high, thick-walled, gloomy, and provisioned for a siege. Throughout the Middle Ages it was the dominant mass of the castle, like the knight sitting on horseback among his men; but its relative importance gradually diminished till it was only a part of a general system of defence, and was surrounded by a brotherhood of towers, little less mighty than itself. William the Conqueror covered England with castles; but he had only time to raise the donjon keeps, with slight outworks, for in that wasps' nest of Saxons and Danes fighting for life and liberty, he was in haste to get his Normans and Angevins behind thick walls and in safety from their stings, and



Restored View of the Chateau of Coucy, from Viollet-le-Duc.

A, The Donjon; B, Hourds; C, the "Chemise du Donjon," or second protecting wall; D, the Barbican; E, the Outer Stockade; F, the Chapel; G, the Lower Court, or Outer Ballium; H, the Castle Courtyard.



the weapons of the natives were but little else against his masonry. So Newcastle frowned upon Tyne, Rochester upon Medway, the White Tower on Thames; and scores of others rose, each one a visible seal of slavery, a great shackle-bolt in the chain of the Norman.* By the time of William's grandsons, the keep was but the principal member of a group of towers. "How fair she is, my year-old daughter," said Richard Plantagenet, looking upon his famous Château-Gaillard, whose ruins are still reflected in the Seine near Rouen, and which, though built almost by ruse and in mortal haste against his rival, Philip Augustus, proves the King to have been much more than the knight errant of the "Talisman;" showing him rather a far-seeing strategist and great military architect, "perhaps the first to subordinate mere thickness of wall to the importance of flanking towers."

But to picture the mediæval castle fully, one or two typical structures must be chosen. Coucy in France, near Noyon, and Pierrefonds near Compiègne are admirable examples, the latter restored from moat to watch-tower summit, and the former carefully studied by that greatest of authorities Viollet-le-Duc.

* William worked upon seventeen castles almost contemporaneously.

About 1225, when Louis IX., called the Saint, reigned in France, Enguerrand III., Lord of Coucy, and most powerful vassal of the crown, built him a castle so great that it has remained the typical feudal dwelling.* Let us consider broadly what necessities it had to meet. First it should contain the apartments of the lord and his family, for daily life went on, and one could not always be at war even in those troubled times; next it should hold a garrison and provision for the same; lastly the enemy was to be kept out and if possible at a distance.

This enemy, in the thirteenth century, had cross-bolts and long arrows for missiles, catapults, mangonels, and trebuchets to throw stones and beams and fire-barrels, mattock and spade to undermine the walls, and battering rams to breach them. To oppose them there stood four sturdy towers a hundred feet high, while from the platform of the donjon, nearly two hundred feet above the moat, fragments of stone from the engines could be sent crashing into the distant country wherever outworks of attack might appear.

Joining tower to tower; and flanked and raked by the same,



were the curtains or walls of stone affording a patrol walk, a means of communication between the towers and lined with battlements;† piercing each battlement was a loop-hole, narrow on the outside, splaying widely within; and behind each loop-hole stood an archer watching for the glint of armor among the trees, or waiting for the enemy to step for a moment from behind the mantelet. Soon it was found that the patrol walk was needed for manœuvres, that the platforms of the towers were crowded by the engines and the heaps of missiles; beams were therefore set in the walls outside the battlements, and roofed wooden pent-houses, called hourds, were constructed; the archer stepping out between the crenelations found himself quite covered and could fire with more ease, and the patrol walk was left free.

So much for keeping the enemy at a

* The towers at Coucy are 85 metres high and 18 in diameter; the donjon is 65 metres high from moat to summit, and 31 metres in diameter.

† Rockingham Castle has its alures, or patrol walks on the walls (from old French *allejors*) battlemented even upon the inner side. Most early English donjons are square, as Norwich, Rising, etc. Arundel, Windsor, Lincoln, Durham, and some others are round.

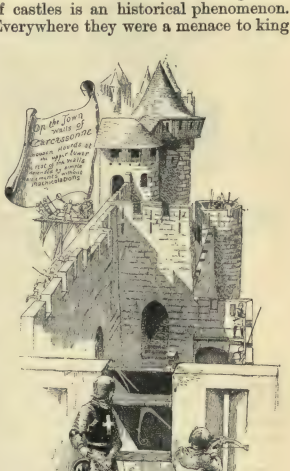
distance; at closer quarters the gates were the main point of attack. At the first approach of danger, the draw-bridge swung up * and the portcullis of grating slid down in its grooves, so that the enemy if they got so far found before them a wide water-filled moat, a blank wall, and but one opening grinning at them with iron teeth. If they were desperate and fortunate enough to force moat and portcullis, they found a second grating, and heavy doors shod with iron; if axe and fire destroyed these, the assailants rushed into a long narrow vaulted passage, to be overwhelmed with stones dropped through machicolations or open spaces in the roof, by soldiers stationed in the room above. Meanwhile if the cat approached the walls, and under its roof of thatch and hides the battering ram struck the masonry, shaking it and opening wide cracks, men † kneeling above at similar machicolations or openings between the battlements dropped stones, shot fire arrows, poured boiling oil, and the castle spat its venom from a hundred mouths. It was almost impossible to take such a building by assault, and a year's provisions, with a spring of fresh water inside the walls, enabled it to defy any but a long siege.

If the postern or sally-port (a small gate at a level with the moat) was attacked, gratings and doors again had to be forced, and the assailants at last emerging upon a kind of blind alley, between the donjon and a second inner wall that protected it, were crushed by missiles from one hundred and eighty feet above or destroyed by the guard of the inner wall. Did the enemy attempt to mine, the castle pioneers posted in a subterranean gallery at the foot of the walls listened for the sound of the pick and countermined. No wonder that the possessors of these "inexpugnable castles built even at the very steps of the throne" felt themselves secure, and whether provocation had been given through petulance or malice, were tolerably sure to obtain at least a compromise.

* Sometimes in case of surprise and pursuit there was quick work, as when in the fifteenth century Julius the Second with his train rattled over the drawbridge at Civita Castellana, and springing from their mules, purple pope and red cardinals pulled at the ropes like so many bell-ringers, raising the planks just as Colonna's horsemen rode up.

† The general use of machicolations somewhat postdates the building of Coucy.

From the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth Europe rang as loudly with the mason's trowel as with the sword. This simultaneous growth of castles is an historical phenomenon. Everywhere they were a menace to king



and people. The Normans planted them upon each English river, in France they towered over plain and forest, in Swabia they crowned every hill-top, and in the north they began their perpetual "watch on the Rhine." But from 1240 to 1360, comparatively few French chateaux were built; gentlemen by hundreds had mortgaged their territories for the arms and horses of their followers, and had swept eastward upon the great wave of the crusades, to leave armor and life under the walls of Ascalon or in the Delta of the Nile, while the grand vassals who afterward absorbed their domains were broken by St. Louis.

On the other side of the Channel the barons were powerful, but under Ed-

ward I. the England from which we spring was beginning to form, and in France the king and people grew yearly.



Façade of the Great Hall, fronting on the Courtyard. Pierrefonds.

Art, which for centuries had worn the monk's frock, now stepping forth from the convent doorway, put off cowl and scapulary, and slipping on the mason's tunic walked straight to the gates of the city, where the rising cathedral spires soon pointed upward toward a freer atmosphere. Between the king whom he longed to defy and the people whom he despised, the lord sat at home, made his chapel more splendid, painted his walls with legend and story, listened to the jongleurs, and watched the ladies embroider, but, for all that, gnawed his fingers in despite at the peace which turned escalader and thief, since the quiet times robbed him of half his revenues, and ennui mounted his walls in defiance of crossbolt or catapult. The hundred years' war with England gave the French chivalry a new lease of life, and Pierrefonds is the type of the later chateau: built at the end of the fourteenth century, blown up under Louis XIII. in 1617, and restored in every detail by Viollet-le-Duc, it is one of the most remarkable objects in Europe.

Coucy was a fortress with habitable rooms; Pierrefonds, outcome of a more luxurious nobility, was a fortress palace, what Leland called in his itinerary "a castel with loggyns." Every castle was a labyrinth—a labyrinth to the armored minotaur who, as suzerain, devoured villages and towns. The mediæval tactics of defence necessitated this complication, but in the thirteenth century the garrison was sometimes caught in its own toils. The network of passages and staircases prevented free movement, and it was captured before there was time to utilize its resources. Dugueslin with his ruses and escalades pointed out the weak spot, and a dozen burning castles were so many warning beacons to the barons. The mercenaries were unsure troops; treason might occur; it was therefore desirable that each post should be isolated and yet capable of communicating with all the others. Pierrefonds fills every condition: an entering enemy might lose himself hopelessly even if no



one opposed him, so many are the blind alleys, bottomless staircases, gaps in floors, and unexpected doors; and yet the officers who knew their way could lead the defenders rapidly from point to

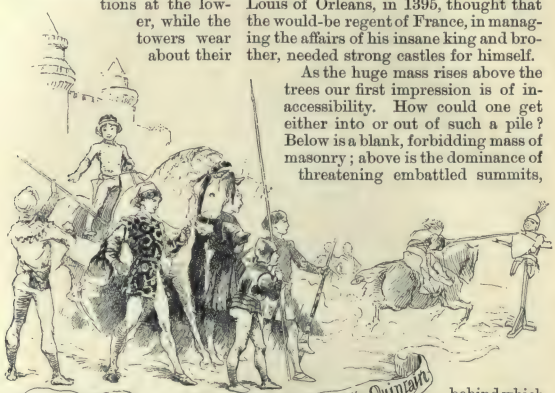


Return from the Baptism. The Tower Stair.

point.* Though the castle held its head no higher in 1395 than in 1225, it had grown to be a high-shouldered affair. The engines had become more powerful, and to better avoid their projectiles, as well as to shelter the tall buildings in the courtyard, the curtains of Pierrefonds rose almost to the level of the towers, eight mighty Promachi, bearing the names of warriors historic or legendary, Cæsar and Charlemagne, Alexander and Hector, Godfrey and Arthur, Joshua and Judas Maccabæus, each having up-

* Three hundred men could defend Pierrefonds: sixty to each grand front, forty to each lesser front. Three thousand besiegers could easily be resisted by three hundred defenders.

on its front the statue of its eponymous hero. Instead of the single line of defences at Coucy, the curtains of Pierrefonds have a double row, battlements and loop-holes at the upper line, the same with the addition of machicolations at the lower, while the towers wear about their shoulders a triple necklace of parapets. Such is Pierrefonds, massive and portentous, so individual that it seems almost a thinking organism, hydra-headed with its eight towers, belted with moat and battlement, calling defiance from its bells, ready to strike from its thousand loop-holes, overawing a whole province in its day.





The modern visitor may not hope to find upon its newly quarried white stone the time-stained, ivy-covered loveliness of many an English or Rhenish castle. But the latter are ruined or changed by habitation, since no one could now endure the gloom of a feudal dwelling, while Pierrefonds is just as it was when Louis of Orleans, in 1395, thought that the would-be regent of France, in managing the affairs of his insane king and brother, needed strong castles for himself.

As the huge mass rises above the trees our first impression is of inaccessibility. How could one get either into or out of such a pile? Below is a blank, forbidding mass of masonry; above is the dominance of threatening embattled summits, behind which the skyline is fantastic with a host of pointed tower tops, vanes, weather-cocks, and statues. At the foot of the walls is a castle in miniature, with curtains and turrets, looking a toy beside the other, yet this is the first entrance, the chatelet or barbican, the tiny throat of the whale. Behind the barbican and defended by it is the drawbridge, heavy enough to give passage to a squadron, light enough to be raised by a single soldier; under it flowed the moat, now dry, while between the foot of the walls and a stockade lining the inner edge of the moat were the lists, a patrol walk surrounding the castle. After the drawbridge comes the gate, and in another part of the walls the postern, narrow and low, mere mouse holes in the masonry and behind which descended the iron cat's claw of the portcullis. High above is the first line of defences, the crenelations or openings between the merlons of the battlements resembling the ports of a man-of-war. Over them ap-

pears their sloping slated roof, for in the fourteenth century the inflammable wooden hourds were replaced by corbelled parapets of stone, well covered and forming an integral part of the slender watch-towers shoot far into the air. From their tops men look like flies, and indeed the besiegers seem to have been flies to walk up walls, fish to swim the moat, moles to mine, and tortoises



The Knighting of Jourdain by Oriabel.*
(From the poem of "Jourdain de Blaivies.")

structure. At intervals rise the demi-cylindrical masses of Arthur and Judas and their six companions, while from the sides of Charlemagne and Cæsar two unmindful of missiles, when we read the story of such a siege as the taking of Château-Gaillard in 1204 by Philip Augustus; the wildest romance is not stranger than the drily told chronicle.

Once the door and its corridor are passed and the interior of the castle is

* Instead of being knighted by bishop, priest, or lord, the youth sometimes received the accolade from the hands of a young girl.



gained, all changes: a wide courtyard opens; there are columns, traceried windows, stately staircases, a chapel larger than many churches, whose great rose looks across to the arcades of the grand hall which, with its three stories, open balconies, and general lightness, might be the town-hall façade of some northern city. On the side toward the donjon a handsome octagonal tower covered with mouldings, statues, and shield-bearing lions contains the staircase of honor, lighted by many windows and leading to the private apartments. In a castle important posts such as the towers, and above all the gates, could if necessary be isolated, having each its garrison well, mills, magazine, and cellars. To provide all these, every chateau had connected with it, by entrances, yet separated by moat and walls, a second enclosure, fortified, but less strongly, a real fortress-farmyard, where the

lowing of the cattle and the baying from the kennel mingled with the rattle of the weapons, and where the cackle of the geese may more than once have startled





News from the Holy Land.

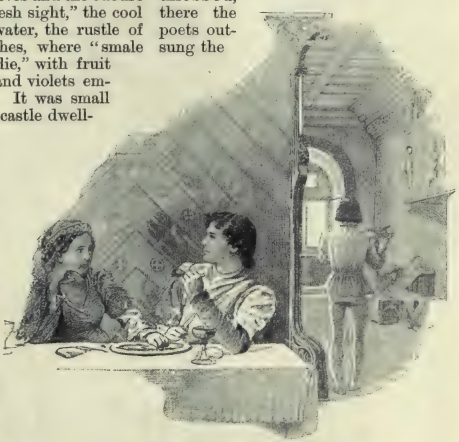


A Minstrel Singing to the Gate-watch—Interior of the Main Gate.

some mediæval Manlius upon his post and saved the garrison from surprise. Beyond the walls of the second court-yard lay the orchard.

When spring came, the season so be-praised and besung by poet and minstrel, so ardently desired by all the castle folk, the lute and the psaltery, the embroidery frame and the chess-board, even the missal and the chair of state were carried into the orchard. What the garden was to the people of the Renascence the orchard was to those of the Middle Ages. It was not geometrically laid out with bowers, statues, trim plots, and pleached walks, like the gardens of the Italian

poets; in it reigned "a sweet disorder;" pear-trees and rose-trees grew side by side, and the forest encroached on its borders. Well without the castle walls it lay, a still, green place, dappled with sun and shade, full of "leves and the odoure of floures and the fresh sight," the cool sound of running water, the rustle of breeze-stirred branches, where "smale fowles maken melodie," with fruit glowing in the sun and violets empurpling the shade. It was small wonder that to the castle dwellers, tired of the long dark days and the interminable evenings of winter, pining for fresh air and sunshine, the orchard became bower, dining-hall, and council chamber during the fine weather. "A veray Paradise" it seemed to them with its great arched roof of branches so thickly interwoven that twilight reigned under them at noon and the trunks of the century-old trees rose in the dim light like columns of porphyry, its brave tapestry of living green "which May had peinted with his softe showres," its thick carpet of velvet sward starred with flowers; on one side lay a meadow, on the other a row of fruit trees all afoam with pale blossoms; in the shade were beds of tall white lilies; where the young trees let the sun through their frail branches, the roses flamed; beyond the espaliers the meadow dipped toward the lake, and in the purple distance the hills rose faint and dream-like. When our Baron sat under the old trees hearing complaints and dealing out rough justice to his dependents, he was but following the example of Charlemagne and St. Louis and the fair sovereigns of the Provençal courts of love; there, too, the story-tellers of the Decameron assembled in the cool darkness. Old carved ivory caskets and mirror-covers may show us our lady with her bower maidens gathering flowers, crowning themselves with garlands, whispering secrets, or dancing hand in hand to the sound of viol and cithern. The orchard was the home of the mediæval idyl; there the lute throbbed, there the poets outsung the



nightingales, there lovers met and parted, and the loveliest forms of mediæval poetry, the Serena and the Alba, the evening song of ardent longing, the morning song of reluctant farewell, were sung by lips tremulous with passion. But if the poets loved the gloom of the grove, the soldiers preferred the meadow which lay beside it, where the level sward was all cut and trampled by the horse hoofs, for there every day bachelors, squires, and even the children of the castle practised horsemanship and rode at the quintain; a merry, bustling place it was, where the neighing of the horses, the dull thud of the lances on the shields, the laughter and shouts of the youngsters, and the commands of the old knight who was training them mingled in a joyous uproar. The last act in the ceremony of knighting took place here, when the newly made knight in full armor, surrounded by parents, sponsors, and a host of friends, leaped on to his horse



The Vigil at Arms.

without touching the stirrup, took lance and shield, put the animal through its paces, and after a trial gallop rode straight at the quintain. This was the crucial test, and every youth must have felt that the decisive moment of his life had come, as he tightened his hold on his lance and leaned forward in his saddle to strike. In earlier and ruder times a man's whole future depended on a good stroke. "I make thee Seneschal of my whole empire," cried Charlemagne to Renaud of Montauban when the split shields and the pierced hauberks fell before his lance. The wooden mannikin was often so arranged that if struck unskilfully it turned quickly and hit the awkward knight on the back with a bag of sand—a sad mishap, that brought upon him the laughter of the whole field. Few parents would have said with the terrible father of Eli of St. Giles, "An thou dost not hit the quintain I disinherit thee," but the act was felt to be a turning-point in a man's life, and no time nor pains were spared that he might acquit himself honorably. So every day, in fair weather or foul, the meadow resounded with heavy lance blows, and the supply of shields and hauberks for the quintain was no unimportant detail in the long list of castle expenses.

But it is time to re-enter the courtyard and pass into the hall.

The great hall of the castle was the theatre of indoor ceremonial. *There* were banquets, trial, and allocution; there liegemen and vassals came to put their hands between those of their overlord and swore to be *his* men; there delinquents were summoned, from the knight who slipped into his sleeve the silver spoons of his prince, to the fiery lord who, unclasping his mantle, threw it upon the floor in token of defiance to his adversary. The hall is rectangular, with high stained windows and wainscoting of oak; armors, scutcheons, and banners decorate it, and at the end, above the huge chimney place, the nine female champions, Semiramis, Tomyris, Penthesilea, and the rest, having exchanged their Assyrian jewels and Scythian furs for the triangular shields and straight swords of the fourteenth century stand in Amazonian guard above the banqueters. Even more important than the hall was the platform in front of the donjon door: there the ceremonial of knighting took place; the families of the young candidates thronged the courtyard, and the damoiseaux, all in white after their night of vigil in the chapel, bent to the accolade and arose licensed heroes and full fledged warriors. About them stood a group of the oldest and bravest knights, sponsors in this strange bridal, where the youth wedded battle and toil, and the richest marriage gift was the gaudium certaminis. An old lord stooped, and with fingers tremulous but still strong fastened on the spurs of the aspirant; others with hands that had cloven many a casque gave the undinted shield and helmet, and the suzerain himself buckled on the sword and belt. Then the father approached; the youth bowed his head; a heavy blow upon the nape of the neck conferred the accolade, and the boy who the day before had groomed in the stables and stood behind his lord's chair at the banquet arose a knight, the brother in arms of Roland and of Arthur, the beloved and protected of the warrior angels. Within the walls of Pierrefonds the nineteenth century cannot penetrate, and it is easy to imagine the young knight at his most earnest work, the defence of his beloved castle. The pavement clangs again with armored heels; the walls echo the orders of captains; windlasses groan and pulleys strain, as baskets of missiles rise slowly from story to story of the towers; the bow-strings twang behind the loop-holes; chips fly from the masonry as the cross-bolts strike it; battlements tumble inward under the blows of the mangonel stones; the walls thud dully as the ram batters them, and the smoke from the hourds fired by the tar barrels penetrates even the stone entrails of Cæsar and Charlemagne, where the women and children are sheltered from all but the noise; or if the garrison is hard pressed we may see the *châtelaine* and her ladies, like the women before Jerusalem, carrying stones in their long sleeves to the walls. But it was not always siege time, and the courtyard of a castle has echoed the procession of the whole Middle Ages; and as we see the people of the earlier

times we wonder at fighting men gowned to the ground like women, forgetting that the mightiest warriors were centaurs. In the years when Britain was a vast anvil upon which sword and axe welded Saxon and Norman into Englishman, and when in the ears of Frank and German every trumpet sounded to Jerusalem, the Saxon white horse of Hengist and the destrier of the Norman baron were equally beloved.

Ogier the Dane, sole survivor in his beleaguered castle, * fed fresh oats to Broiefort and told him all his sorrows. Renaud of Montauban, besieged like Ogier, bled his horse Bayard to give food to his starving children, but when a secret passage offered them freedom, it was Bayard first of all who was led into the underground gallery. Cavalier, chivalry—the names † themselves tell a



Corner of a Bed-chamber. Architecture from Racinet.

story, and upon the chess board so dear to the castle dweller, the horse-head represents the knight. "Strike at the horses," said Charles of Anjou at Benevent, winning the fight and the contempt of the nobles, for the horse was the knight's other self, the saddle his battlefield, and he dismounted from it a victor or fell from it a corpse.

When Pierrefonds was built the long-robed cavaliers had passed away, and mercenary troopers in tights and doublets clanked into the courtyard returning from raid or skirmish, while the women and lads poured out to meet them, to count the booty, and to tend the wounded. Or may be the horsemen came in stately visit or in princely "progress" from point to point, escorting a friendly lord or some fighting bishop like him of Winchester, who threatened "if the Pope takes my mitre, let him look to it, I will clap a helmet on my head." More often, daily indeed, it was the hunt that clattered out over the drawbridge, lords and ladies, children and all, joyously galloping, with their mediæval epitome of brute creation, their beloved triad of horse, hound, and hawk. For come good or ill, the mediæval man *must* hunt, and in peace or war he would fly his falcon. Edward the Prince might invade France "with bacinet on head," his father, Edward the King, would follow him "with bird on fist," the crows hardly settling upon the battlefield before the falcon rose into the air.

But the longest day's hunt had its end, and before dark lord and lady passed up the winding staircase of the donjon where lay their own apartments. We can enter my ladies' chamber without touching the bronze door-knocker, or disturbing the page in waiting, for this room is at once oratory, sitting-room, dining-room, boudoir, and bed-chamber, where privacy is neither expected nor desired. Here the bower maidens, girls of noble birth who have left their homes to attend their feudal superior, embroider, gossip, and tell their beads, under the strict surveil-

* Ogier the Dane in the legend set up wooden dummy knights upon his walls to deceive Charlemagne, and at Chepstow and Caernarvon similar figures were carved in stone to cheat the besiegers.

† Most of the English words applied to chivalry, armor, or fortification came from the French. See even the delightful doggerel Latin of Sir W. Hastings: Licentiam ad crenellandi, tourellandi, embattellandi, et machicolandi, in his permission to fortify at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

lance of Dame Alienor, a severe duenna. Here the *châtelaine* with her children about her sits by the fire-side in winter, in the deep embrasured window-seats in summer. Here, in a well-lighted corner, the chaplain, not one of those easy-going priests who could gallop through a hunting mass in a small quarter of an hour while my lord, only half awake, pulled on his boots and buckled his belt, but a learned clerk, has his lectern, and bends over the tomes. Near him and well out of the range of Dame Alienor's sharp glances, two young people play chess, she with her little dog curled up on her lap, he with his pet hawk hooded and belled on his fist. His great hound lies on the hearth, while its fellow, with fore-paws on the window-seat, is amusing himself after the fashion of most castle folk by watching the passers by. The room is very lofty and lighted by two long windows; the ceiling is of wood, carved, painted, and gilded, with beams resting upon angel-headed brackets. The double-sashed windows, behind their carved shutters, are filled with painted glass; and their deep embrasures in the thick wall, benched and cushioned, were a favorite seat throughout the Middle Ages. Here, half concealed behind the curtains, lovers whisper together, for looking out of the window was one of "the fifteen joys of the castle," paying court to the damsels another, and from some scenes in the old romances we may believe that both could be enjoyed at once.

Sometimes a knight or a squire riding by to chase or tourney saw a lovely fair head framed in a gray, ivy-wreathed casement, and returned by the same road —for all bachelors were not as insensible as Gerbert of Metz, who, when his cousin Garin cried, "Look, Gerbert, by our Lady, what a lovely face!" did not even glance up at the window where Rosamond sat, "white as the flower de luce," but answered, "What a fine beast my horse is." Gerbert would have looked more readily at the painted frieze upon the chamber wall where in contemporary costume Arthur and the knights and ladies of the round table ride in long procession against a deep-blue background. Below hang tapestries, worked by the chatelaine and her women, representing months of labor, and setting forth in rich frames of flowers, shields, and devices the loves of Tristan and Isolde, for the Baroness is sentimental and romantic, and like all the learned and polite of her time has wept and dreamed over Gottfried von Strassburg's wonderful tale of lawless love.

This tapestry, masking the doors and tempering the draughts and the chill of



the stone walls, was also a convenient hiding-place, carefully examined before a secret was told or confidences were exchanged, for the dying Queen Elizabeth was not the only one who thrust at the arras with a sword, nor Hamlet the first who found a human rat there.

The tiled floor, enamelled in red and blue, is covered with rugs, Persian or Saracenic, the skins of wild beasts, and piles of cushions, laced and embroidered with curious devices—here lies a child's toy, a soldier doll, there a lady's ivory reel —and everywhere rushes are strewn, fresh cut from the lake. Ranged along the

wall are huge carved dower-chests serving as seats, and clothes-presses filled with fine Holland linen, rich clothing, and the splendid hangings of silk and gold brocade which decorate the rooms on gala days. Between two doors stands the dresser, with its prescribed allowance of shelves, two if our hostess be a baroness, three if a countess, five if she wears upon her surcoat the blazon of a queen—shelves splendid with goblets, beakers, and flagons, vases for comfits and spices and plate of gold and enamel—all of which were carried to the great hall when the feast was spread there. Opposite the dresser is a long low cabinet, panelled with little pictures and exquisite with wrought steel hinges and locks—this is the Baron's treasure-house; its keys hang at his lady's girdle and never quit her side. Bertrand du Guesclin would have found it harder to force than his mother's chest when he paid his men at arms with the old lady's savings and she "son argent regreta." Within are family papers, the great seal, whereon the knight gallops fully armed, jewel caskets, a little ready money, best and most precious of all a gold reliquary shaped like a miniature cathedral, wherein are piously preserved a tooth of St. Elizabeth, some hairs from the beard of St. George, and a bit of the identical mantle with which St. Martin clothed the beggar. This is the palladium of the castle; has it not already on one momentous occasion so heartened up the soldiers that after seeing and kissing it, they made the famous sally which raised the siege; and has it not also, when placed upon his pillow, cured the Baron of the tertian ague that he brought back from the dikes of Flanders—such facts convince the most skeptical, and skepticism was not common in those days of faith, when nevertheless certain balms prepared by the ladies after the prescriptions of Master Peter of Pavia and other learned leeches were not disdained. Just beyond the treasure cabinet, so that her protection may perhaps extend to its contents, is a fair ivory image of Our Blessed Lady gleaming whitely from the gorgeous and dusky color below it; before it burns a silver lamp, and a jar of lilies is set beside the hassock and the Hours. Raised upon a dais, curtained, canopied, covered with fine linen, heaped with pillows, furs, and brocaded coverlets, its four posts, where the evangelists watch amid a medley of birds, beasts, and flowers, reaching to the beamed ceiling, the bed of our Baron is a formidable piece of furniture and would dwarf a room less noble in its proportions.

In the fifteenth century it even became bigger, and after some high ceremonial often held a dozen gentlemen all arow and honored by the special distinction of sleeping with their host and peer. There, after tilting and feasting all day, they lay story-telling, boasting, and, to use their expressive mediæval word, gabbing (gabants) till daylight, not at all crowded in a bed so big that a special officer beat it nightly with his wand before the prince retired, lest an assassin should hide within its covers.

Between the windows is the huge fireplace, its heavy chimney piece a stone bower of leaves, flowers, and birds, among which two strange heraldic beasts ramp upon either side of the Baron's painted scutcheon. Below in the fire-place a man could stand upright, a whole tree be burned at once upon the tall fire-irons. Willow screens of all sizes protect the face or body from the heat, and there are baskets, too, of willow in which the feet may be warmed without scorching the silken hose.

The fire on the hearth was the beloved companion of castle folk during the long evenings of the cold season. Hearth and altar were concrete realities to the mediæval baron, and one was not more sacred than the other, so many associations, so many tender and sacred memories gathered about the fireside. There the first born, the heir, was bathed, wrapped in his swaddling clothes, and swathed in stiff bands by the good wives —there the child leaning on his mother's knee heard the story of Roland, sobbed with rage at Ganelon's treason, breathed fast at the story of Roncesvaux, as its details of neighing horses, of sword-strokes dinning upon the armor, of mailed bodies falling with ringing thud to the earth, was told with mediæval minuteness by those who described what they had seen and heard in actual fight. More than once, clenching his lit-

tle fist, he cried as did Clovis at the story of the crucifixion: "Oh, why was I not there with my men at arms!" There, too, the mother talked to him as she plied her distaff, of Cæsar, Hector, Alexander, and the nine champions—useful information, as he found on the next feast day when the town was hung with tapestries and he recognized his heroes, every one of them, Alexander his favorite, on account of Bucephalus, first of all.

There, too, on a little stool beside the mass priest's desk he learned his lessons; and the strong young fingers found the pen harder to wield than the lance. As a youth, with all the assembled household, he had sat around the red mass of glowing coals, late into the night, listening to the tales of the Jongleurs, envoys from fairyland to a credulous and imaginative race of warriors, who declared a perpetual truce of God with these wandering minstrels.

Oh, those wonderful evenings when at the touch of the enchanter the golden gates of fiction swung open and revealed a new world to his spell-bound auditors, a world where it was always spring-time, where every woman was a princess and had golden hair, where dragons were provided for the especial glory of young knights, and a man might have a battle every day in the week—the glittering, unreal world from whence a strange company passed into the firelight. There rode the sons of Aymon, featureless, visored, and all four on one horse. Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, golden locked and flower crowned, with trailing sleeves and gorgeous clinging vestments, strolled by. Guillaume Fierabras galloped past, bleeding from his fifteen wounds, to tell his sovereign that Heathenesse had triumphed at Aliscans. Godfrey of Bouillon led his crusaders to the assault, crying, "Do not fear death—nay, seek it." And with the heroes of legend and history rode a train from fairyland, Morgan the fay, Oberon the dwarf, the sorceress of the Venusberg, the fairy wife of Thomas of Ercildoune, the Melusina of the Rhine legends, and a crowd of Kobolds, Brownies, Nixies, Undines, Sylphs, and Vampyres, all those shapes fair or foul that danced in the moonlight, sang in the rivers, flew through the forest, darted among the blazing logs, haunted the church-yards, and lurked in the mines, daunting "the dauntless mind of infancy" and putting even the knight's courage to the proof. By the fireside, too, was heard the gossip of the traveller, the adventures of holy Palmers, Pilgrims, and Crusaders, who could have said, with the Count of Soissons to the Sire de Joinville at the battle of Mansourah, "Senneschal, lessons crier et braire cette quenaille—Et par la Creffe Dieu, *encore parlerons nous, vous et moi, de cette journée en chambre devant dames.*"

It is a long way from the bed-chamber to the chapel—through half-a-dozen smaller chambers, down the great staircase and across the court—so that a yawning page has time to tie more than one point on his way thither to early mass.

The chapel is our lady's especial care. Here every morning mass is said, with chalice and pyx graven with quaint Byzantine figures, brought back by some crusading ancestor from the sack of Constantinople. The daylight struggles through panes of painted glass, and a galaxy of gold and silver lamps shines before the altar. The largest was vowed to our Blessed Lady by the Baron's mother, if her son should return alive from the English wars, and when he came home after Poitiers with only a cloth-yard shaft in his shoulder, the dame's first care, in spite of harried lands and diminished revenue, was to pay her debt to the mother in heaven who had remembered the mother on earth. Although on feast days the family go in gay procession to the parish church, sometimes a baptism or a churching or a high mass is celebrated in the chapel, and only last year the Baron's oldest son kept his vigil at arms there, and passed the night kneeling before the altar, keeping guard over his armor, the armor he was to wear on the morrow for the first time.

By the beginning of the sixteenth century it was time to bid good-bye at once to our knight and his castle, donjon-towers, chapel and all. The feudal fortress had become an anachronism—the gunner's linstock was an enchanter's wand, before which the castle vanished;

for a half century more the huge towers panted under the blows of artillery; then opened wide window lungs to the air. From eaves to base of the donjon a segment of masonry was cut away —and stained casements stood one above another in their framework of late Gothic. Warwick and Kenilworth and a hundred English castles set perpendicular tracery in their frowning Norman walls. Francis I. threw down the tower of the Louvre. The nobles followed his example. The springtime which the feudal lord had sought in orchard and forest invaded the castle, and the Renascence, the Reawakening, stood triumphant over the dead Middle Ages.

There has been no room in this paper to consider the ideas and ideals of the Middle Ages—the strange mixture of ignorance, superstition, shrewdness, valor, and poetical fancy that buzzed under the helmet of the feudal noble, and found vent in conquest and penance, tournament and amulet, fabulous history and fantastical legends—for the romance of mediævalism would fill volumes. We have only had time to pay a short visit to the castle, and as we bid it farewell and look back upon its inmate—standing among his horses and dogs, with falcon on wrist and sword on thigh, we see in him a being of "a very chequered complexion" of character—not to be regarded as an extinct phenomenon but as a natural and a useful instrument. An autocrat by necessity, a tyrant often by inclination—something of a robber and much of a brute, he was also often a fine gentleman and at times a true hero, like his own sword, hard and sharp, but tempered to the hilt. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the knight was merged in the courtier and the diplomat. Sidney and Bayard were exceptions reverenced by all Europe; for the real preux chevaliers we turn to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Through four hundred years the abbey had sheltered civilization from the Barbarian, but the celibate monk could not spread it. The knight graved upon his sword-blade the Christian virtues, mercy to the weak, and defence of the helpless together with the more secular virtues of fortitude and courage, and he enforced them with its edge. In an age when all men were violent, his code of honor was an unmixed good. In both England and France, between king and priest, the patriot noble often, like a new Brennus, threw his heavy sword into the scale upon the side of the public weal; and in England it was not until when, in the wars of the Roses, the sword of the baron was broken at Tewksbury and Barnet Field, that the Tudor kings built upon a submissive church a despotism which necessitated the great rebellion. Thus we may look back with gratitude at the splendid pomp of mediæval days, faded now and unsubstantial as the worm-eaten tapestries that pictured it; and at the life that once filled the castles which on Rhine and Thames and Seine still rise in their armor of ivy and mist like the ghosts of the old Paladins.





RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

By E. P. Alexander.

WHEN the world had once opened its eyes to some of the immense powers and possibilities with which the railway had endowed it, it speedily began to develop energies and activities, which have already completely changed its aspect. Every energy—social, industrial, and political—has acted upon the railroad ; and, as action and reaction must always remain equal, the railroad has responded ; until now we find it an integral and essential factor in almost every human activity, and partaking *pari passu* in every development. Hence, in the practical management of railroad affairs, problems are of constant occurrence which touch almost every pursuit to which men give themselves, whether of finance, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, science, or politics ; and the form into which the railroad management of the day has gradually been developed is the result of the necessities imposed by these problems, acting within the constraints of corporate existence.

For while the life of a corporation is perpetual its powers are limited, and its individuality is constantly changing. It is but an artificial individual existing for certain purposes only, and, as it lacks some human qualities, all its methods of doing business are influenced thereby. For instance, having no natural memory, its every and most minute transaction or intent must be officially recorded in its archives by a systematized organization, which must apprehend every event as do the senses of an individual.

Under such conditions railroad organization and management has grown and is still growing. Its principal duties may be classified as follows : 1. The physical care of the property. 2. The handling of the trains. 3. The making rates and soliciting business. 4. The collection of revenue and keeping statistics. 5. The custody and disbursement of revenue. The organization and the numbers of officers among whom these duties are divided will of course vary greatly with the extent of the road and the character and amount of its business ; but the general scheme of the practice of the day is as follows :

The president is of course the executive head of the company, but acting in important matters only with the consent and approval of the board of directors. One or more vice-presidents assist him where necessary in special duties, but have no essential part in the general scheme of authority. Of the five subdivisions of duties indicated above, the first four are usually confided to a general manager, who may also be a vice-president, and the fifth is in charge of a treasurer, reporting directly to the president.

The special departments under charge of the general manager are each officered by trained experts.

A superintendent of roadway has charge of the maintenance of the track, bridges, and buildings.

A superintendent of machinery has

charge of the construction and maintenance of all rolling-stock.

A superintendent of transportation makes all schedules, and has charge of all movements of trains.

A car accountant keeps record of the location, whereabouts, and movements of all cars.



Railway-crossing Gate.

A traffic manager has charge of passenger and freight rates, and all advertising and soliciting for business.

A comptroller has charge of all the book-keeping by which the revenue of the company is collected and accounted for. All statistics are generally prepared in his office.

A paymaster receives money from the treasurer and disburses, under the direction of the comptroller, for all expenses of operation.

All dividend and interest payments are made by the treasurer, under direction of the president and board.

There are, besides the above, two general departments with which all the rest have to do, to a greater or less extent—the legal department and the purchasing department. The quantity and variety of articles used and consumed in the operation of a railroad are so great that it is a measure of much economy to concentrate all purchases into the hands of a single purchasing agent, rather than to allow each department to purchase for itself. This agent has nothing to do but to study prices and markets. His pride is enlisted in getting the lowest figures for his road, and the large amount of his purchases enables him to secure the best rates. And last, but not least, in matters where dishonesty would find so great opportunities, it is safer to concentrate responsibility than to diffuse it.

As I shall not again refer to this department, what remains of interest to be said about it will be said here. As an adjunct to it, storehouses are established at central points, in which stocks of articles in ordinary use are kept on hand. Whenever supplies are wanted in any other department—as, for instance, a bell-cord and lantern by a conductor, he presents a requisition for the articles, approved by a designated superior. This requisition states whether the articles are to be charged to legitimate wear and tear, and if so, whether to the passenger or the freight service, and of which subdivision of the road, or whether they are to be charged to the conductor for other articles not properly accounted for. Without going into further detail, it can be readily seen how the comptroller's office can, at the end of each month, from these requisitions, have a complete check upon all persons responsible for the care of property. The purchasing agent, too, from his familiarity with prices, is usually charged with the sale of all condemned and worn-out material.

Before returning to a more detailed

review of the operating departments of a railroad, its legal department requires a few words. Not only is a railroad corporation, being itself a creation of the law, peculiarly bound to conform all its actions to legal forms and tenets, but it is also a favorite target for litigation. The popular prejudice against corporations, it may be said in passing, is utterly illogical. The corporation is the poor man's opportunity. Without it he could never share in the gains and advantages open to capital in large sums. With it a thousand men, contributing a thousand dollars each, compete on equal terms with the millionaire. But for all that, instead of possessing the unbounded power usually ascribed to it, no creature of God or man is so helpless as a corporation before the so-called great tribunal of justice, the American jury. It may not be literally true that a Texas jury gave damages to a tramp against a certain railroad because a section-master's wife gave him a meal which disagreed with him, but the story can be nearly paralleled from the experience of many railroads. Hence settlements outside of the law are always preferred where they are at all possible, and an essential part of an efficient legal organization is a suitable man always ready to repair promptly to the scene of any loss or accident, to examine the circumstances, and, if liability exists, to make a prompt settlement.

But the management of claims and of loss and damage suits, though a large part, is by no means all of the legal business connected with a railroad. Every contract or agreement should pass under scrutiny of counsel, and in the preparation of the various forms of bonds, mortgages, debentures, preferred stocks, etc., which the wants of the day have brought forth, the highest legal talent finds employment. For, as development has multiplied the types of cars and engines to meet special wants, so have a great variety of securities been developed to meet the taste and prejudices of investors of all nations. There is, in fact, a certain fashion in the forms of bonds and the conditions incorporated in mortgages, which has to be observed to adapt any bond to its proposed market.

We will now return to the operating departments under their respective heads, and glance briefly at the methods and detail pursued in each. On roads of large mileage the general manager is assisted by division superintendents in charge of roadway, motive power, and trains of separate divisions; but for our purposes we may consider the different departments without reference to division superintendents.

The superintendent of roadway comes first, having charge of track, bridges, and buildings. In his office are collected maps of all important stations and junction points, kept up to date with changes and additions; scale drawings of all bridges and trestles, of all standard depots, tanks, switches, rails, fastenings, signals, and everything necessary to secure uniformity of patterns and practice over the entire road. Under him are supervisors of bridges and supervisors of road, each assigned to a certain territory. The supervisors of bridges make frequent and minute examinations of every piece or member of every bridge and trestle, report in advance all the repairs that become necessary, and make requisition for the material needed.

Under the bridge supervisor are organized "bridge gangs," each consisting of a competent foreman with carpenters and laborers skilled in bridge work and living in "house" or "boarding" cars, and provided with pile-drivers, derricks, and all appliances for handling heavy timbers and erecting, tearing down, and repairing bridges. These cars form a movable camp, going from place to place as needed, and being side-tracked as near as possible to the work of the gang. Long experience begets great skill in their special duties, and the feats which these gangs will perform are often more wonderful than many of the more showy performances of railroad engineering. It is an everyday thing with such gangs to take down an old wooden structure, and erect in its place an iron one, perhaps with track raised several feet above the level of the original, while fifty trains pass every day, not one of which will be delayed for a moment.

Each of the supervisors of road has his assigned territory divided into "sec-

tions," usually about eight miles in length. At a suitable place on each section are erected houses for a resident section master and from six to twelve hands. These are provided with hand and push cars, and spend their whole time in keeping their sections in good condition. Upon many roads annual inspections are made, and prizes offered for the best sections. At least twice a day track-walkers from the section gangs pass over the entire line of road. To simplify reports and instructions, frequently every bridge or opening in the track is numbered, and the number displayed upon it; and every curve is also posted with its degree of curvature and the proper elevation to be given to the outer rail.

The work of the section men is all done under regular system. In the spring construction trains deliver and distribute ties and rails on each section, upon requisitions from supervisors. Then the section force goes over its line from end to end, putting in first the new ties and then the new rails needed. Next the track is gone over with minute care and re-lined, re-surfaced, and re-ballasted, to repair the damages of frost and wet, the great enemies of a road-bed. Then ditches, grass, and the right-of-way have attention. These processes are continually repeated, and especially in the fall in preparation for winter. During the winter as little disturbance of track is made as possible, but ditches are kept clean, and low joints are raised by shims on top of joint ties. Essential parts of the equipment of any large road are snow-ploughs [pp. 33, 34, 35] and wrecking cars, with powerful derricks and other appliances for clearing obstructions. When wrecks or blockades occur these cars with extra engines, section hands, bridge gangs, and construction trains, are rushed to the spot, and everything yields to the work of getting the road clear.

We come next to the superintendent of machinery, whose duty it is to provide and maintain locomotives and cars of all kinds to handle the company's traffic. His department is subdivided between a master mechanic in charge of locomotives and machine shops, and a master car builder in charge of car shops.

Report of Performance of Engines, Repairs, and all other Costs Incident thereto, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1888.

| Number of Engines. | Miles Run. | | | | Oil, Waste and Other Stores. | | | | | | Fuel. | | | Cost of Engines. | | | | | | | | | | | | | Cost per Mile Run 97/8. | | | | | | | | | | | | |

The master mechanic selects and immediately controls all engine-runners and firemen, and keeps performance sheets of all locomotives, showing miles run, cars hauled, wages paid, coal and oil consumed, and other details giving results accomplished by different runners and firemen, and by different types of engine, or on different divisions or roads. [See table on opposite page.] Premiums are often paid the runners and firemen accomplishing the best results.

The master car builder has charge of the shops where cars are built and repaired, and of the car inspectors who are stationed at central and junction points to prevent defective cars being put into the trains.

Formerly each railroad used its own cars exclusively, and through freights were transferred at every junction point. This involved such delay and expense that railroads now generally permit all loaded cars to go through to destination without transfer, and allow each other a certain sum for the use of cars. Usually this is about three-quarters of a cent for each mile which the car travels on a foreign road. This involves a great scattering of cars and an extensive organization to keep record of their whereabouts and of the accounts between the companies for mileage. This organization will be referred to more fully in connection with the department of transportation. But the joint use of each other's cars makes it necessary that there should be at least enough similarity in their construction and their coupling appliances to permit their indiscriminate use upon all roads. And conventions of master car builders have recommended certain forms and dimensions as standards, which are now in general use.

There is much convenience in this, but one disadvantage. It requires almost unanimous action to introduce any change of form or of construction, however advantageous it may be. And to secure unanimous action in such matters is almost as hard as it would be to secure unanimity in a change in spelling of English words. Still there is progress, though slow, toward several desirable reforms, the most important of which is the adoption of a standard automatic coupler.

Having shown how the property of all kinds is kept in efficient condition, we next come to its operation. This is called "conducting transportation," and the officer in charge is usually called the superintendent of transportation. All train despatchers, conductors, train men, and telegraph operators, are under his immediate control. He makes all schedules and provides all extra and irregular service that the traffic department makes requisition for, himself calling upon the superintendent of machinery for the necessary locomotives, switching engines, and cars. It is his especial province to handle all trains as swiftly as possible, and to see that there are no collisions. It is impossible to detail the safeguards and precautions used to this end, but the general principles observed are as follows:

First a general schedule is carefully made out for all regular trains upon each division, showing on one sheet the time of each train at each station.

This schedule is all that is needed as long as all trains are able to keep on time, and there are no extras. Trouble begins when regular trains cannot keep on schedule, or when extra trains have to be sent out, not provided for on the schedule. A diagram, or graphic representation of this schedule, upon a board or large sheet of paper, is an important feature of the office regulating train movements. Twenty-four vertical lines divide the board into equal spaces representing the twenty-four hours of the day, numbered from midnight to midnight. Horizontal lines at proportionate distances from the top represent the stations in their order between the termini, represented by the top and bottom lines of the diagram. The course of every train can now be plotted on this diagram in an oblique line joining the points on each station line corresponding to the time the train arrives at and leaves that station. The cut on page 32 will illustrate. It represents a road 130 miles long from A to N with intermediate stations B, C, D, etc., at different distances from each other, and six trains are shown as follows:

A passenger train, No. 1, leaving A at 12 P.M., and arriving at N at 4.05 A.M. A fast express, No. 2, leaving N at

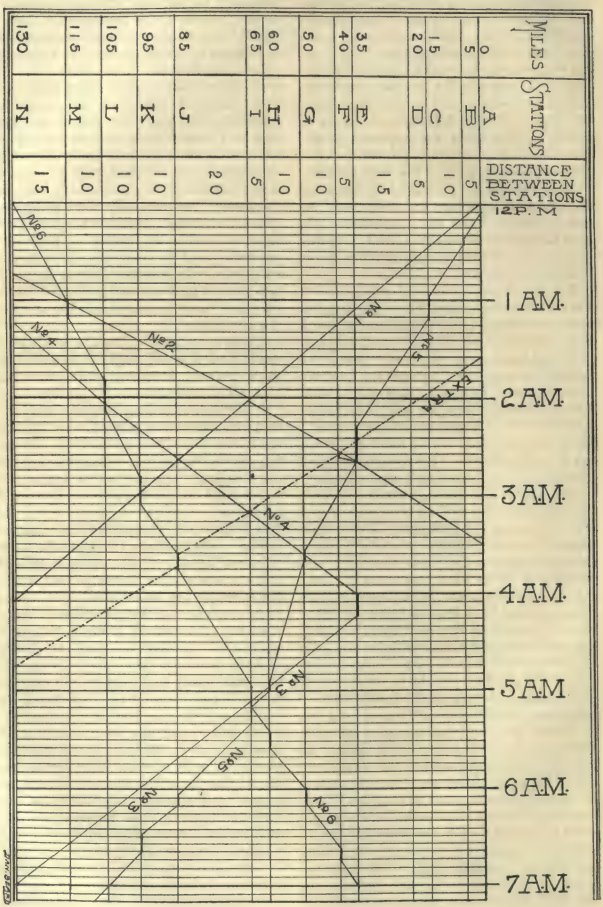
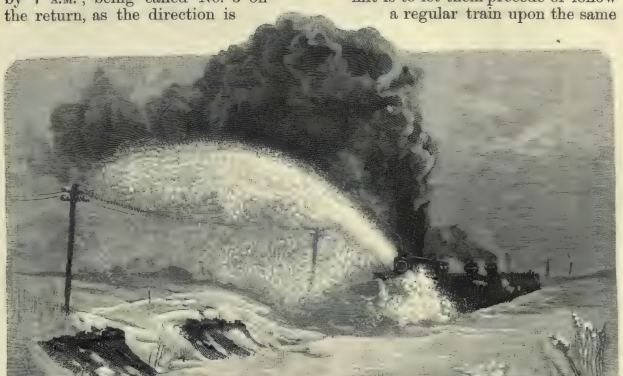


Diagram Used in Making Railway Time Tables.

12.45 and arriving at A at 3.30. A local passenger train, No. 4, which leaves N at 1.15, runs to E by 4 A.M., stops there until 4.10, and returns to N. by 7 A.M.; being called No. 3 on the return, as the direction is going in the same direction need be regarded.

But the more usual way of handling extra trains when circumstances will permit is to let them precede or follow a regular train upon the same



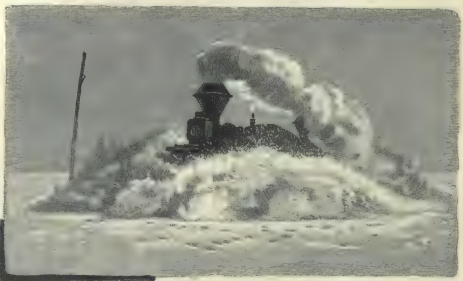
A Rotary Steam Snow-shovel in Operation.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

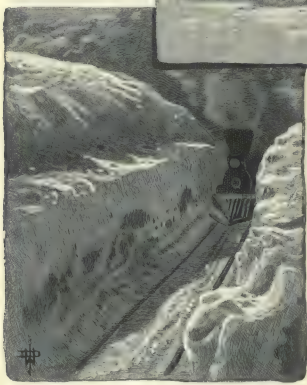
always indicated by the train-number's being odd or even. No. 5 is a way freight, leaving A at 12.05 and making long stops at each station. No. 6 is an opposing train of the same character.

The diagram shows at a glance how, when, and where all these trains meet and pass each other, and where every train is at every moment. Should it be desired to send an extra train at any time, a line drawn on the board will indicate what opposing trains must be guarded against. For instance, to send an extra through in three hours leaving A between 1 and 2 A.M., a trial line will show that Nos. 5, 2, 4, and 6 must all be met or passed, and as (on a single-track road) this can only be done at stations, the extra must leave at 1.35 A.M., pass No. 5 at E; meet No. 2 at F, No. 4 at I, and No. 6 at J. A dotted line on the diagram indicates its run, and that No. 2 is held at F for 5 minutes to let it pass. If the road is double-tracked, only trains schedule. The train is then said to be run in sections, and a ten minutes' interval is allowed between them. That opposing trains may be informed, the leading section (and when there are more than two all but the last) wears on its locomotive two green flags by day and two green lights by night, indicating that a train follows which is to be considered as a part of the train leading, and having the same rights.

So far the rules are very simple, and they would be all that is necessary if all trains could always be kept exactly on time. But as that cannot be, provision must be made for all the complications which will result. The first and most important rule is that no train must ever under any circumstances run *ahead* of time. The next is that any train making any stop not on its schedule must immediately send out flagmen with red flags, lights, and torpedoes to protect it. This rule is a very difficult one

to enforce without rigid discipline, and its neglect is the cause of a large percentage of the accidents "that will happen." The flagman who must go to the rear, often a half mile, at night, across trestles and in storms, must frequently be left behind to take his chances of getting home by being picked up by a following train. There is no one to watch





him, and he will often take chances, and not go as far back or as fast as he should; and if all goes well no one is ever the wiser.

Now when a train is prevented from arriving on time at its meeting point, we must have some rules by which the opposing train may proceed, or all business on the road would be suspended, by the delay of a single train. Only the general principles of these rules can be stated within limits. They are as follows:

First. All freight trains must wait indefinitely for all passenger trains.

Second. When one train only is behind time, the opposing train of the same class will wait for it a specified time, usually ten minutes, and five minutes more for possible variation of watches, then go ahead, keeping fifteen minutes behind its schedule.

Third. But should such a train, running on delayed time, lose more time, or in any other way should both trains get behind time, then the one which is bound in a certain direction—for instance north—has the right to the track, and the other must lie by indefinitely.

These principles duly observed will prevent collisions, but they will often cause trains to lose a great deal of time. The train despatcher, therefore, has authority to handle extra and delayed trains by direct telegraphic order. Every possible precaution is taken to insure that such orders are received and correctly understood. As there are great advantages following uniformity of usages and rules among connecting roads, after years of conference in conventions and by committees, approved forms of all running rules and signals have recently been adopted and are now in very general use over the United States. Yet in spite of all possible precautions, accidents will sometimes happen. Richard Grant White has given a name to a mental habit which, in train despatchers, has caused many fatal accidents. It is "heterophemy," or thinking one thing while saying, hearing, or reading another. A case within my knowledge, which cost a dozen lives, was as follows: Two opposing trains

were out of time, and the train despatcher wished to have them meet and pass at a certain station we will call "I," as Nos. 1 and 2 are represented as doing on the diagram. [See diagram of schedule board, p. 32.] So he telegraphed the following message to be delivered to No. 1 at "H" and to No. 2 at "J"—"Nos. 1 and 2 will meet at 'I.'" This message was correctly received at J and delivered to No. 2. But at "H" the operator had just sold a passenger a ticket to "K," and, getting this name in his head, he wrote out the message: "Nos. 1 and 2 will meet at 'K.'" But the mistake was not yet past correction. The operator had to repeat the message back to the despatcher, that the latter might be sure it was correctly understood. He repeated it as he had written it—"K." But the despatcher was also "heterophemous." He saw "K," but he *thought* "I," and replied to the operator that the message was right.

So it was delivered to No. 1, and that train left "H" at full speed, expecting to run 35 miles to "K" before meeting No. 2. There was no telegraph office at "I," and there were no passengers to get off or on, and it passed there without stopping, and three miles below ran into No. 2 on a curve.

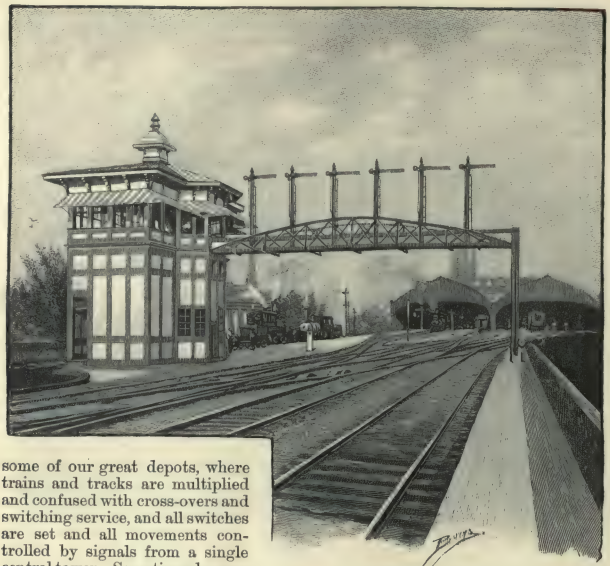
By one of those strange impulses which seem to come from some unconscious cerebration, the train despatcher meanwhile had a feeling that something was wrong, and looked again at the message received from "H" and discovered his mistake. But the trains were then out of reach. He still hoped that No. 2 might arrive at "I" first, or that they might meet upon a straight portion of road, and as the time passed he waited at the instrument in a state of suspense which may be imagined. When the news came he left the office and never returned.



A Type of Snow-plough.

Double tracks make accidents of this character impossible, but introduce a new possibility that a derailment from any cause upon one track may obstruct the other track so closely ahead of an opposing train that no warning can be given.

Where trains become very numerous additional safeguards are added by multiplying telegraph stations at short intervals, and giving them conspicuous signals of semaphore arms and lanterns, until finally the road is divided into a number of so called "blocks" of a few miles each; and no train is permitted to enter any block until the train preceding has passed out. And in the approaches to



Central Switch and Signal Tower.

some of our great depots, where trains and tracks are multiplied and confused with cross-overs and switching service, and all switches are set and all movements controlled by signals from a single central tower. Sometimes by very expensive and complicated apparatus, it is made mechanically impossible to open a track for the movement of a train without previously locking all openings by which another train might interfere. The illustrations on pages 36, 37, and 42 will serve to give some general idea of these appliances.

There remains one other branch of the duties of the master of transportation—the proper daily distribution of cars to every station according to its needs, and the keeping record of their whereabouts. And now that the gauges of all roads are similar, and competition enforces through shipments, roads are practically making common property of each other's cars, and the detail and trouble of keeping record of them become enormous.

The records are made up from daily reports, by every conductor, of every car, home or foreign, handled in his train, and from every station-agent of all cars in his yard at a certain hour. From these returns the car accountant reports to their respective owners all movements of foreign cars and gives the transportation department information where cars are lying. The honesty of each other's reports concerning car movements is generally relied upon by railroads, but "lost car agents" are kept travelling to hunt up estrays, and to watch how the cars of their roads are being handled.

It has been suggested that a great step in advance would be to have all the roads in the United States unite and put all cars into a common stock and let them be distributed, record being kept of movements, and mileage paid through a general clearing house. This would practically form a single rolling-stock



Mantua Junction, West Philadelphia. Showing a Complex System of Interlacing Tracks.

company, owned by the roads contributing their cars to it. It could gradually



A lamp swung across the track is the signal to stop.

introduce uniform patterns of construction, improved couplers, and air-brakes, and could concentrate cars in different sections of the country in large numbers as different crops required movement, thus avoiding the blockades which often occur in one section while cars are superabundant in another. Consolidations usually render more efficient and cheaper service than separate organizations can do, and this may come about in the course of time.

We have now seen how the road is maintained and its trains safely handled. The next step in order is to see how business is secured and the rates to be charged are fixed. This department is generally controlled by a traffic manager with two assistants—the general freight agent and the general passenger agent. But it would be a more accurate expression to say, not that these officers "fix" the rates, for if they did few railroads would ever fail, but that they accept and announce the rates that are fixed by conditions of competition between markets and products and other railroads and water lines. Among these complex forces a railroad freight agent is nearly as powerless to regulate rates as a professor of grammar is to regulate the irregularities of English verbs. He can accept them and use them, or he may let them alone, but the irregularities will remain all the same. There is no eccentricity, for example, more idiotic or indefensible to the ordinary citizen than a habit railroads have of sometimes charging less money for a long haul than they charge for a shorter haul. Yet I believe there is not a railroad line in the United States which will not be found guilty of this crime of "less for the long haul" if its rates are followed far enough. For if followed far enough we shall come to the ocean and find the railroad accepting business between two seaports. For instance, every railroad running westward from New York through some of its connections finally reaches San Francisco, and competes for freight between these ports. But the rates they are able to obtain are limited by steamers using the ocean for a highway, and sailing vessels using



A lamp raised and lowered vertically is the signal to move ahead



A lamp swung vertically in a circle across the track, when the train is standing, is the signal to move back.

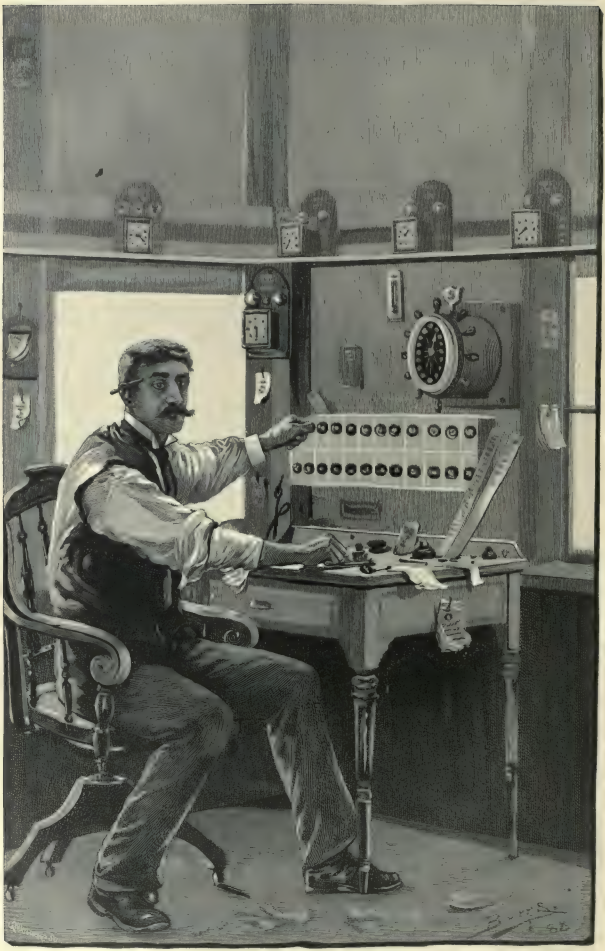
the wind for motive power, and able to carry heavy freights at one-tenth the average cost to railroads across mountains and deserts. This average cost must fix the average rates charged by the railroads to intermediate points, such as to Ogden, in Utah. So the railroad must either charge less for the long haul to San Francisco, or leave that business to be done solely by water. Yet it may be profitable to the railroad to accept the business at such rates as it can obtain ; for, as in all business ventures, manufacturing or mercantile, new business can always be added at less than the average cost. And if profitable to the railroad its tendency is beneficial, even to the intermediate points which pay higher rates, as promoting better service, besides being advantageous to the whole Pacific Coast in tending to keep down the rates by water.

But it would lead too far from our subject to follow this and several other questions which are suggested by it. Only it may be said briefly that the original Interstate Commerce Bill, introduced by Mr. Reagan, absolutely prohibited "less for the long haul." The Senate amended by adding "under similar circumstances and conditions," and the Interstate Commerce Commission has held that "water competition" makes dissimilar circumstances and thus legalizes it.

And in this connection it may be added that the other Senate amendment to the Reagan bill, creating an Interstate Commerce Commission, was, next to the above, the wisest measure of the bill. It will form a body of experts whose opinions and decisions must gradually educate the public, on the one hand, to a better understanding of transportation problems, and restrain the railroads, on the other, from many of the abuses incident to unchecked competition among them. For, however theorists may differ as to the advantages or disadvantages of competition in manufactures and commerce, whether absolutely unchecked or checked only by high or low tariffs, I think all will agree that unchecked *railroad* competition is a great evil, because it results in fluctuating rates and private rebates to large ship-



A lamp swung vertically in a circle at arm's length across the track, when the train is running, is the signal that the train has parted.



The General Despatcher.

pers. The rebates, to be sure, are forbidden by law, but they can be disguised past recognition. I have known a case, for instance, where a receipt was given for 75 barrels of whiskey, when only 73 were shipped. The shipper was to make claim for two barrels lost and be paid an agreed value as a rebate on his freight bill. In another case, a road agreed with a certain shipper to pay his telegraph bills for a certain period in order to control his shipments. Understating the weight or class of the shipment is another common device for undercharging or rebating.

In nearly every foreign country there is either a railroad pool or a division of territory, to prevent this sort of competition, which is only pernicious. A merchant needs to feel certain that rates are stable and uniform to all, and not that he must go shopping for secret rates, to be on an equality with his competitor. In the United States the railroads had largely resorted to pools before the Interstate Commerce Law forbade them. The result of the law has generally been very advantageous to the best lines, which, under the pool, really paid a sort of blackmail to the poorer lines to maintain rates. If the penalties of the law can restrain such lines from rebating and under-billing, to be rid of the pool will be a great blessing to the well-located roads. If not, then the roads will be driven into consolidation, for the end of fighting will be bankruptcy and sale. Fortunately consolidation has already gone so far in many sections of the country that the difficulties of abolishing rebates have been greatly reduced. And as far as it has gone it has proved of much advantage both to the public and to the stockholders.

Fortunately, too, the other results attendant upon consolidation have been sufficiently demonstrated to remove any intelligent fear of extortion in rates or deterioration of service. Who would today desire to undo the consolidations which have built up the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central, and call back to life the numberless small companies which preceded them? The country has outgrown such service as they could render, and the local growth and development along the lines of these consolidated companies certainly indicates improved conditions. In this connection, too, the improvement in cost and character of service is instructive. In 1865 the average rate per ton per mile on the principal Eastern lines was about 2.900 cents; in 1887 it was 0.718 for a service twice as speedy and efficient.

There are many other live issues of great interest and importance in transportation suggested by this subject, such as "re-billing," or "milling in transit," and "differentials," but space forbids more than an explanation of the meaning of these two specially prominent ones.

A B C

Let A B and B C be two railroads connecting at B. Let the local rates A to B be 10 cents per 100 lbs. on grain, and B to C also 10 cents. Let the through rate A to C be 18, since longest hauls are always cheapest per mile. Let A be a large grain market such as Chicago. Now a merchant at C can save 2 cents per 100 lbs. by buying direct from A instead of buying from a merchant at B. For the grain will pay less for the single long haul, than for the two short hauls. But perhaps the town of B has for many years enjoyed the trade of C, and there are large mills and warehouses erected there. B will then say it is "discriminated against," and will demand the privilege of "re-billing" or "milling in transit." That is to say, when a merchant or miller at B ships to C grain, or flour made of grain, which he received from A, the two roads consent to make a new way-bill and treat the shipment as a through shipment from A to C. The road B C charges but 8 cents, and the road A B gives B C one cent from the 10 it originally collected. This involves much trouble and a loss of revenue to the roads, and is, apparently, a discrimination against the home products of B, but roads frequently do it where there is competition at C by rival lines. As yet the Interstate Commerce Commission has not passed upon this practice.

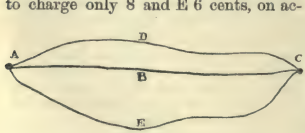
The question of differentials is this: Suppose there are three lines, B, D, and E, between the cities A and C. [Diagram, page 42.] B, being the shortest,

will get most of the business when rates are the same (10 cents for instance) by each line. But D and E insist upon participating, so they demand that B allow



Interior of a Switch-tower, showing the Operation of Interlocking Switches.

them "differentials"—that is, B must maintain his rate at 10 while allowing D to charge only 8 and E 6 cents, on ac-



count of their disadvantages. So that a differential is practically a premium offered for business by an inferior line.

The foregoing will illustrate how the rivalry of railroads with each other complicates the making of rates. But even more difficult to manage is the rivalry of markets and of products and of new methods which threaten property invested in old methods, as the dressed beef traffic from the West, for instance, threatens the investments in slaughter-houses and stock-yards in the East.

As the roads have found it necessary to act together in establishing running rules and schedules, so, in spite of all rivalries, there must also be joint agreements reached concerning rates in some way. Usually the roads serving a certain territory form an "association," and their freight agents form "rate committees," which fix and publish joint rates. A tariff published by one of the trunk lines from the Eastern cities forms a good example. As the result of many long and bitter wars and many compromises, it has been agreed among these roads that the rates from New York to Chicago shall form a basis

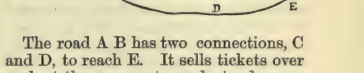
for all other rates, and a scale has been fixed showing the percentage of the Chicago rate to be used as the rate to each important point in the West. Thus Pittsburg, Pa., is 60 per cent. of Chicago rate ; Indianapolis is 93 ; Vandalia 116. The tariff above referred to gives an alphabetical list of some 5,000 towns reached over these roads, and opposite each town the figure showing its percentage of the Chicago rate. The list begins with Abanaka, O., 90, and ends with Zoar, O., 74. The present Chicago rates for the six classes and two specials are given in cents per 100 lbs. : 75, 65, 50, 35, 30, 25, 26, 21. When these rates are changed, all the other rates, of course, change proportionally.

The tariff also contains a "classification" or list of all articles known to commerce in different conditions, packages, and quantities, and the agreed class opposite each. The list begins with Acetate of Lime, in car loads 5th class, in less quantities 4th, and ends with Zinc in various forms from 1st to 6th —comprising in all nearly 6,000 articles. From these tables any desired rate readily appears. Thus, 500 pounds of acetate of lime would cost from New York to Zoar, O., 74 per cent. of Chicago's 4th class rate, or 74 per cent. of 30—say 22 cents per 100 lbs., or $1.10.

There is also given in the tariff pamphlet a list of some 300 manufacturing towns in New England, from each of which the same rates apply as from New York. So, on the whole, the pamphlet gives rates on about 6,000 articles from 300 points of origin to 5,000 destinations.

These rates are the battle-ground for all the innumerable rivalries of trade and commerce. Every city is here at war with every other city, every railroad with every other road, every industry with those which rival it, and every individual shipper is a skirmisher for a little special rate, or advantage, all to himself. State legislatures and commissions, Congress, and the Interstate Commerce Commission are the heavy artillery which different combatants manage to bring into the contest. On these rates probably a million dollars are collected every day, yet it is very rarely that the *positive* rates are fought over or complained of. Their average is considerably below that of the average rates of any other country in the world, even though other nations have cheaper labor and denser populations. Fifty cents for carrying a barrel of flour a thousand miles cannot be called exorbitant, and indeed the retail prices paid for bread and clothing would probably not be reduced in the slightest were all transportation of all such articles absolutely free. But the battle is over the *comparative* rates to different points, over different routes, and for different commodities.

Passenger rates are established in much the same manner as freight rates. There are passenger agents' associations and conventions, and they fight as do the freight men over comparative rates, and differentials, and commissions to agents. The last within a few years has been a fearful abuse, and is not yet entirely abolished. This will illustrate:



The road A B has two connections, C and D, to reach E. It sells tickets over each at the same rate, and stands neutral between them. But C agrees with A's ticket seller that he will give him a dollar for every ticket he can sell over C's line. D finds that he is losing travel, and offers, privately, a larger commission. Neither knows what the other is doing. The ticket seller gets his regular salary from A, and from C and D often enormous sums as commissions, and is interested, not in sending ignorant travellers over the line which might suit them best, but over the one paying him the largest secret commission. This should be held as against public policy because it tends to prevent reductions in rates to the public, by robbing the roads of much of their revenue, and it also demoralizes the officers who handle a business which is practically but the giving away of large sums of money as bribes.

There is another practice in the passenger business which is unfair at the best and is the source of many abuses. It is charging the same to the man with

no baggage as to the man with a Saratoga trunk. If the baggage service were specially organized as a trunk express, it could be more efficiently handled and without any "baggage smashing," while the total cost of travelling to persons with baggage would be no more than at present, and to those without, much less.

As an illustration of the sort of abuses to which it is now liable, I may cite a single case. I have known a merchant to buy a lot of twenty trunks for his trade, to pack them all full of dry goods, check them to a city 1,000 miles away by giving a few dollars to baggage men, and himself buy a single ticket and go by a different route. The roads which handled that baggage imagined that it belonged to their passengers, and were never the wiser. While the baggage service is free, no efficient checks can be provided against such frauds.

Essential parts of both freight and passenger departments are the soliciting agents. They are like the cavalry pickets and scouts of an army, scattered far and wide over the country and looking after the interests of their lines, making personal acquaintances of all shippers and travellers, advertising in every possible manner, and reporting constantly all that the enemy—the rival lines—are doing, and often a great deal that they are not. For the great railroad wars usually begin in local skirmishes brought on by the zeal of these pickets when the officers in command would greatly prefer to live in peace.

Besides their receipts from freight and passenger traffic railroads derive revenue also from the transportation of mails and express freight on passenger trains, from the sleeping-car companies, and from news companies for the privilege of selling upon trains. Of the total revenue about 70 per cent is usually derived from freight, 25 per cent from passengers, and 5 per cent from mail, express, sleeping cars, and privileges. When it is considered that high speed involves great risks and necessitates a far more perfect roadway, more costly machinery and appliances, and a higher grade and greater number of employees the fast passenger, mail, and express traffic hardly seems at present to yield its due proportion of income.

We have now followed the line of organization and management through the physical maintenance of the road and rolling-stock, the safe handling of the trains, the establishment of rates, and solicitation of business. It only remains to show how the revenue is collected, how the expenses of operation are paid, and all statistics of the business prepared. These duties are usually united under charge of an officer called the comptroller. His principal subordinates, whose duties are indicated by their titles, are the auditor of receipts, auditor of disbursements, local treasurer, paymaster, and clerk of statistics.

The record of a single shipment of freight will illustrate methods so far as limits will permit. A shipper sending freight for shipment sends with each dray-load a "dray ticket" in duplicate, showing the articles, weight, marks, and destination. If he has prepaid the freight, or advanced any charges which are to be paid at destination, it is also noted on the dray ticket. When the drayman reaches the outbound freight depot with his load, he is directed to a certain spot where all freight for the same destination is being collected for loading. A receiving clerk checks off his load against the duplicate dray tickets, keeps one and files it, and gives the drayman the other, receipted. In case of any loss arising afterward, the original dray ticket, made by the shipper himself, with his marks and instructions, becomes a valuable record. When the entire shipment has been delivered at the loading point, the shipper takes the dray tickets representing it to the proper desk, and receives "a bill of lading." This bill of lading is made in triplicate. The original and a duplicate are given to the shipper. He keeps the last and sends the former to the consignee. It represents the obligation of the railroad to transport and deliver the articles named on it to the person named, or his assignee. It is negotiable, and banks advance money upon it. But the shipper may still, by a legal

process, have the goods stopped en route should occasion arise, as, for instance, by the bankruptcy of the consignee. The goods are also liable for garnishments in certain cases, and there is much railroad and commercial law which it behoves the officials interested to be well posted in. When the goods arrive at destination the possession of the bill of lading is the evidence of the consignee's right to receive them.

Now we will return to the shipment itself and see how it is taken care of. The whole structure of the system of collecting freight revenue, holding accountable all agents who assess it and collect it, dividing it in the agreed proportions between all the railroads, boats, bridges, wharves, and transfer companies who may handle it in its journeys, even across the continent, and the tabulating of the immense mass of statistics which are kept to show, separately, the quantities of freight of every possible class and variety, by every possible route, and to and from every possible point of destination and departure,—all this system, neither the magnitude nor the minute elaboration of which can be adequately described within limits, is founded upon a paper called the way-bill.

The theory of the way-bill is that no car must move without one accompanying it, describing it by its number and the initials of road owning it, and showing its points of departure and destination, its entire contents, with marks and weights of each package, consignors and consignees, freight and charges prepaid or to be collected at destination, and the proportion of the same due to each carrier or transfer in the line. And not only must a way-bill accompany the car, but a duplicate of it must be sent immediately and directly, by the office making the original, to the office of the auditor of freight receipts. If the railroad is a member of any association, as the Trunk Line Association in New York, another duplicate is sent to its office, that it may supervise all rates, and see what each road is doing. The sum of all the way-bills is the total of a road's freight business. To facilitate taking copies they are printed with an ink which will give several impressions on strong, thin tissue-paper, forming "soft copies," while the "hard copy," or original, goes with the freight to be checked against it when the car is unloaded.

And while the original way-bill fulfils its important function of conducting the freight to destination and delivery, the duplicate which was forwarded directly to the auditor of freight receipts has no less important purposes. It is the initial record that freight has been earned, and it shows which agent of the company has been charged with its collection. Before making any entries from it its absolute correctness must be assured. For this purpose all its figures are first checked by a rate clerk, who is kept constantly supplied by the traffic department with all current rates, classifications, and percentage tables by which through freights are divided. These way-bills, coming in daily by hundreds and thousands, are then the grist upon which the office of the auditor of receipts grinds, and from which come forth the accounts with every agent, showing his debits for freight received, and the consolidations showing the freight earnings of the road. Agents remit the moneys they collect direct to the treasurer, who makes daily reports of the credits due to each one. A travelling auditor visits every station at irregular intervals and checks the agent's accounts, requiring him to justify any difference between his debits and credits by an exhibit of undelivered freight.

The passenger earnings are obtained from daily reports by all ticket sellers of tickets sold and tickets remaining in stock. These reports are also checked by a passenger rate clerk, and the travelling auditor frequently examines and verifies the tickets reported as on hand unsold.

After the auditor of receipts has finished with the way-bills and ticket reports, they go to the statistical department, where are prepared the great mass and variety of statistics required by different officers to keep themselves thoroughly posted on the growth or decrease of business of every variety, and from and to every market reached by the road. Finally the way-bills are filed away for reference in case of claims

for overcharges or lost or damaged goods.

The auditor of disbursements has supervision of all expenditures of money, which is only paid out by the paymaster or treasurer upon vouchers and pay-rolls approved by proper authority—usually the head of the department for which the expenditure is made. The vouchers and pay-rolls then go to the auditor of disbursements and form the grist upon which his office works, and from which are produced the credits to be given all officers and agents who disburse money, and the classified records of expenses, and comparisons of the same with previous months and years and between different divisions.

I have thus outlined the skeleton of a railroad organization, and suggested briefly the relations between its parts, and some of the principles upon which its work is conducted. The scheme of authority is outlined in the diagram opposite. But space is utterly lacking to clothe the skeleton with flesh and go into the innumerable details and adjustments involved in the economical and efficient discharge of all of its functions.

It seems a very simple matter for a railroad to place a barrel of flour in a car, to carry it to its destination, and to collect fifty cents for the service. It is done apparently so spontaneously that even the fifty cents may seem exorbitant, and I have actually heard appeals for free transportation on the ground that the cars were going anyhow. So it also seems a very simple matter for a man to pick up a stone and place it on a wall. But this simple act involves in the first place the existence of a bony frame, with joints, sinews, and muscles, sustained by a heart, lungs, and digestive system, with eyes to see, a brain to direct, nerves to give effect to the will-power, and a thousand delicate adjustments of organs and functions without which all physical exertion would soon cease. Similarly a railroad organized to respond efficiently to all the varied demands upon it, as a common carrier by the public, and as an investment by its owners, becomes almost a living organism. That the barrel of flour may be safely delivered and the fifty cents reach the company's treasury, and a part of it the stockholder's pocket, the whole organization outlined in the diagram must thrill with life and every officer and employee, from president to car greaser must discharge his special functions. All must be co-ordinated, and the organization must have and use its eyes and its ears, its muscle, its nerves, and its brain. It must immediately feel and respond to every demand of our rapidly advancing civilization.

It usually has its own individuality and methods, and its employees are animated with an *esprit de corps*, as are the soldiers in an army. There is much about the service that is attractive, and on the whole the wages it pays its employees are probably in excess of the rates for similar talent in any other industry, although labor in every other industry in the United States is protected by high tariffs, while in this it is under the incubus of legislation as oppressive as constitutional limits will permit.

In Europe the service is much more stable than in the United States, and in many instances there are pensions, and insurances, and disability funds, and regular rules for promotion and retirement, and provision for the children of employees being brought into service in preference to outsiders. Such relations between a company and its employees as must result from arrangements of this character, are surely of great benefit to both. They are the natural outgrowth of *stability of business*. Their most advanced form is found in France, where each road is practically protected from dangerous competition, by means of a division of territory. In the United States we are still in the midst of a fierce competition for territory and business, and as pooling is forbidden, the railroad companies will be in unstable equilibrium until consolidation takes place. As that goes on, and large and rich corporations are formed with prospects of stability in management and in business, we may hope to see similar relations established between our companies and their employees. Already there is a beginning upon some of the largest roads, such as the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Central. But the ground still needs preparation also on

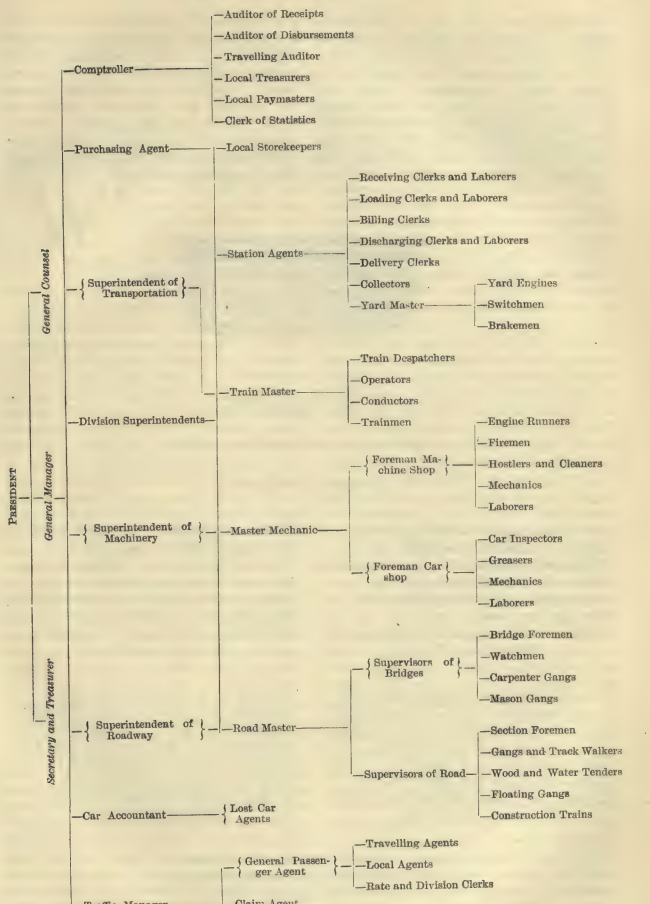


Diagram showing the Skeleton of a Railroad Organization, and Lines of Responsibility.

the employees' side, for our American spirit is aggressive and is sometimes rather disposed to resent as interfering with its independence any paternal relations with a corporation. And as we have before found railroad management in intimate contact with every problem of finance and commerce, it is here confronted with the social and industrial questions involved in labor unions and problems of co-operation. As to the results, we can only say that, as war is destructive, no state of warfare, even between capital and labor, can be permanent. Peaceful solutions must prevail in the end, and progress toward stability, peace, and prosperity in railroad operation and ownership will be progress toward the happy solution of many vexed social questions.



NUNC DIMITTIS.

A CHANT OF THE FOUGHT FIELD.

By Edith M. Thomas.

As one, who under evening skies
Upon a fought field stricken lies
(Unknown for stains of blood and grime),
Is fain the mortal shaft to draw
And let life issue through the flaw,
Even so am I, and even so
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

Upon his clogged and languid sense
Vague cries are borne—he heeds not
Nor if they utter cheer sublime, [whence,
Or fill the air with craven moan;
His spirit's fire is all unblown;
Even so is mine—so faint, so low;
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

For heaven-truth my sword I drew,
With anger keen I did pursue
Not the frail worker but the crime
He framed in glooming ignorance.
Now let who may lift sword and lance,
Or let the rust upon them grow!
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time.

Or well or ill if I have wrought,
My deed was mated with my thought
As bell with bell in tuneful chime.
All things that fall to man's dear lot
I did receive, and faltered not;
Quick come the last! and even so
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

A dream it was! All that hath been
Now lapseth like some passioned scene
Played by a well-deceiving mime,
Who most of all himself deceives,
And, waking up, regretless leaves.
I reach for substance past the show—
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

III.

WE were nine days making our port, so light were the airs we had to sail on, so foul the ship's bottom; but early on the tenth, before dawn, and in a light, lifting haze, we passed the head. A little after, the haze lifted, and fell again, showing us a cruiser very close. This was a sore blow, happening so near our refuge. There was a great debate of whether she had seen us, and if so whether it was likely they had recognized the *Sarah*. We were very careful, by destroying every member of those crews we overhauled, to leave no evidence as to our own persons; but the appearance of the *Sarah* herself we could not keep so private; and above all of late, since she had been foul and we had pursued many ships without success, it was plain that her description had been often published. I supposed this alert would have made us separate upon the instant. But here again that original genius of Ballantrae's had a surprise in store for me. He and Teach (and it was the most remarkable step of his success) had gone hand in hand since the first day of his appointment. I often questioned him upon the fact and never got an answer but once, when he told me he and Teach had an understanding "which would very much surprise the crew if they should hear of it, and would surprise himself a good deal if it was carried out." Well, here again, he and Teach were of a mind; and by their joint procurement, the anchor was no sooner down, than the whole crew went off upon a scene of drunkenness indescribable. By afternoon, we were a mere shipful of lunatical persons, throwing of things overboard, howling of different songs at the same time, quarrelling and falling together and then forgetting their quarrel to embrace. Ballantrae had bidden me drink nothing and feign drunkenness as I valued my life; and I have never passed a day so wearisomely, lying the best part of the time upon the forecastle and watching the swamps and thickets by which our little basin was entirely surrounded for the eye. A little after dusk, Ballantrae stumbled up to my side, feigned to fall, with a drunken laugh, and before he got his feet again, whispered me to "reel down into the cabin and seem to fall asleep upon a locker, for there would be need of me soon." I did as I was told, and coming into the cabin, where it was quite dark, let myself fall on the first locker. There was a man there already; by the way he stirred and threw me off, I could not think he was much in liquor; and yet when I had found another place he seemed to continue to sleep on. My heart now beat very hard, for I saw some desperate matter was in act. Presently down came Ballantrae, lit the lamp, looked about the cabin, nodded as if pleased, and on deck again without a word. I peered out from between my fingers, and saw there were three of us slumbering, or feigning to slumber, on the lockers: myself, one Dutton and one Grady, both resolute men. On deck, the rest were got to a pitch of revelry quite beyond the bounds of what is human; so that no reasonable name can describe the sounds they were now making. I have heard many a drunken bout in my time, many on board that very *Sarah*, but never anything the least like this, which made me early suppose the liquor had been tampered with. It was a long while before these yells and howls died out into a sort of miserable moaning, and then to silence; and it seemed a long while after that, before Ballantrae came down again, this time with Teach upon his heels. The latter cursed at the sight of us three upon the lockers.

"Tut," says Ballantrae, "you might fire a pistol at their ears. You know what stuff they have been swallowing."

There was a hatch in the cabin floor, and under that the richest part of the booty was stored against the day of division. It fastened with a ring and three padlocks, the keys (for greater security) being divided; one to Teach, one to Ballantrae, and one to the mate, a man called Hammond. Yet I was amazed to see they were now all in the one hand; and yet more amazed (still looking through my fingers) to observe Ballantrae and Teach bring up several packets, four of them in all, very carefully made up and with a loop for carriage.

"And now," says Teach, "let us be going."

"One word," says Ballantrae. "I have discovered there is another man besides yourself who knows a private path across the swamp. And it seems it is shorter than yours."

Teach cried out, in that case, they were undone.

"I do not know for that," says Ballantrae. "For there are several other circumstances with which I must acquaint you. First of all, there is no bullet in your pistols which (if you remember) I was kind enough to load for both of us this morning. Secondly, as there is some one else who knows a passage, you must think it highly improbable I should saddle myself with a lunatic like you. Thirdly, these gentlemen (who need no longer pretend to be asleep) are those of my party, and will now proceed to gag and bind you to the mast; and when your men awaken (if they ever do awake after the drugs we have mingled in their liquor) I am sure they will be so obliging as to deliver you, and you will have no difficulty, I daresay, to explain the business of the keys."

Not a word said Teach, but looked at us like a frightened baby, as we gagged and bound him.

"Now you see, you moon-calf," says Ballantrae, "why we made four packets. Heretofore you have been called Captain Teach, but I think you are now rather Captain Learn."

That was our last word on board the *Sarah;* we four with our four packets lowered ourselves softly into a skiff, and left that ship behind us as silent as the grave, only for the moaning of some of the drunkards. There was a fog about breast-high on the waters; so that Dutton, who knew the passage, must stand on his feet to direct our rowing; and this, as it forced us to row gently, was the means of our deliverance. We were yet but a little way from the ship, when it began to come gray, and the birds to fly abroad upon the water. All of a sudden, Dutton clapped down upon his hams, and whispered us to be silent for our lives, and hearken. Sure enough, we heard a little faint creak of oars upon one hand, and then again, and further off, a creak of oars upon the other. It was clear, we had been sighted yesterday in the morning; here were the cruiser's boats to cut us out; here were we defenceless in their very midst. Sure, never were poor souls more perilously placed; and as we lay there on our oars, praying God the mist might hold, the sweat poured from my brow. Presently we heard one of the boats, where we might have thrown a biscuit in her. "Softly, men," we heard an officer whisper; and I marvelled they could not hear the drumming of my heart.

"Never mind the path," says Ballantrae, "we must get shelter anyhow; let us pull straight ahead for the sides of the basin."

This we did with the most anxious precaution, rowing, as best we could, upon our hands, and steering at a venture in the fog which was (for all that) our only safety. But heaven guided us; we touched ground at a thicket; scrambled ashore with our treasure; and having no other way of concealment, and the mist beginning already to lighten, hove down the skiff and let her sink. We were still but new under cover when the sun rose; and at the same time, from the midst of the basin, a great shouting of seamen sprang up, and we knew the *Sarah* was being boarded. I heard afterwards the officer that took her got great honor; and it's true the approach was creditably managed, but I think he had an easy capture when he came to board.*

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar.* This Teach of the *Sarah* must not be confused with the celebrated *Blackbeard*. The dates and facts by no means tally. It is possible the second Teach may have at once borrowed the name and imitated the more excessive part of his manners from the first. Even the Master of Ballantrae could make admirers.

I was still blessing the saints for my escape, when I became aware we were in trouble of another kind. We were here landed at random in a vast and dangerous swamp; and how to come at a path was a concern of doubt, fatigue, and peril. Dutton, indeed, was of opinion we should wait until the ship was gone, and fish up the skiff; for any delay would be more wise than to go blindly ahead in that morass. One went back accordingly to the basin-side and (peering through the thicket) saw the fog already quite drunk up and English colors flying on the *Sarah*, but no movement made to get her under way. Our situation was now very doubtful. The swamp was an unhealthful place to linger in; we had been so greedy to bring treasures, that we had brought but little food; it was highly desirable, besides, that we should get clear of the neighborhood and into the settlements, before the news of the capture went abroad; and against all these considerations, there was only the peril of the passage on the other side. I think it not wonderful we decided on the active part.

It was already blistering hot, when we set forth to pass the marsh, or rather to strike the path, by compass. Dutton took the compass, and one or other of us three carried his proportion of the treasure: I promise you he kept a sharp eye to his rear, for it was like the man's soul that he must trust us with. The thicket was as close as a bush; the ground very treacherous, so that we often sank in the most terrifying manner, and must go round about; the heat, besides, was stifling, the air singularly heavy, and the stinging insects abounded in such myriads that each of us walked under his own cloud. It has often been commented on, how much better gentlemen of birth endure fatigue than persons of the rabble; so that walking officers, who must tramp in the dirt beside their men, shame them by their constancy. This was well to be observed in the present instance; for here were Ballantrae and I, two gentlemen of the highest breeding, on the one hand; and on the other, Grady, a common mariner, and a man nearly a giant in physical strength. The case of Dutton is not in point, for I confess he did as well as any of us.* But as for Grady he began early to lament his case, tailed in the rear, refused to carry Dutton's packet when it came his turn, clamored continually for rum (of which we had too little) and at last even threatened us from behind with a cocked pistol, unless we should allow him rest. Ballantrae would have fought it out, I believe; but I prevailed with him the other way; and we made a stop and ate a meal. It seemed to benefit Grady little; he was in the rear again at once, growling and bemoaning his lot; and at last, by some carelessness, not having followed properly in our tracks, stumbled into a deep part of the slough where it was mostly water, gave some very dreadful screams, and before we could come to his aid, had sunk along with his booty. His fate and above all these screams of his appalled us to the soul; yet it was on the whole a fortunate circumstance and the means of our deliverance. For it moved Dutton to mount into a tree, whence he was able to perceive and to show me, who had climbed after him, a high piece of the wood which was a landmark for the path. He went forward the more carelessly, I must suppose; for presently we saw him sink a little down, draw up his feet and sink again, and so twice. Then he turned his face to us, pretty white.

"Lend a hand," said he, "I am in a bad place."

"I don't know about that," says Ballantrae, standing still.

Dutton broke out into the most violent oaths, sinking a little lower as he did, so that the mud was nearly to his waist; and plucking a pistol from his belt, "Help me," he cries, "or die and be damned to you!"

"Nay," says Ballantrae, "I did but jest. I am coming." And he set down his own packet and Dutton's, which he was then carrying. "Do not venture near till we see if you are needed," said he to me, and went forward alone to where the man was bogged. He was quiet now, though he still held the pistol; and the marks of terror in his countenance were very moving to behold.

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar:* And is not this the whole explanation? since this Dutton, exactly like the officers, enjoyed the stimulus of some responsibility.

"For the Lord's sake," says he, "look sharp."

Ballantrae was now got close up. "Keep still," says he and seemed to consider; and then "Reach out both your hands!"

Dutton laid down his pistol, and so watery was the top surface, that it went clear out of sight; with an oath, he stooped to snatch it; and as he did so, Ballantrae leaned forth and stabbed him between the shoulders. Up went his hands over his head, I know not whether with the pain or to ward himself; and the next moment he doubled forward in the mud.

Ballantrae was already over the ankles, but he plucked himself out and came back to me, where I stood with my knees smiting one another. "The devil take you, Francis!" says he. "I believe you are a half-hearted fellow after all. I have only done justice on a pirate. And here we are quite clear of the *Sarah!* Who shall now say that we have dipped our hands in any irregularities?"

I assured him he did me injustice; but my sense of humanity was so much affected by the horridness of the fact that I could scarce find breath to answer with.

"Come," said he, "you must be more resolved. The need for this fellow ceased when he had shown you where the path ran; and you cannot deny I would have been daft to let slip so fair an opportunity."

I could not deny but he was right in principle; nor yet could I refrain from shedding tears, of which I think no man of valor need have been ashamed; and it was not until I had a share of the rum that I was able to proceed. I repeat I am far from ashamed of my generous emotion; mercy is honorable in the warrior; and yet I cannot altogether censure Ballantrae, whose step was really fortunate, as we struck the path without further misadventure, and the same night, about sundown, came to the edge of the morass.

We were too weary to seek far; on some dry sands still warm with the day's sun, and close under a wood of pines, we lay down and were instantly plunged in sleep.

I awaked the next morning very early, to find Ballantrae already up and tampering with the packets; not that at the moment I suspected his good faith; though I observed the man to be confused, on my awaking, and to begin with a sullen spirit a conversation that came very near to end in blows. We were now cast on shore in the southern provinces, thousands of miles from any French settlement; a dreadful journey and a thousand perils lay in front of us; and sure, if there was ever need for amity, it was in such an hour. I must suppose that Ballantrae had suffered in his sense of what is truly polite; indeed, and there is nothing strange in the idea, after the sea-wolves we had consorted with so long; and as for myself he fubbed me off unhandsomely, and any gentleman would have resented his behavior. Had I found him openly claim a greater share, I might have let that pass; for an Irishman is always generous. But he gulled me, made a parade of generosity, gave me the more part of the gold; and it was at last only by an accident and some boggling in his sleight of hand, that I discovered he had kept for himself some valuable jewels, worth upwards of a thousand pounds.

I told him in what light I saw his conduct; he walked a little off, I following to upbraid him; and at last he stopped me with his hand.

"Frank," says he, "you know what we swore; and yet there is no oath invented would induce me to swallow such expressions, if I did not regard you with sincere affection. It is impossible you should doubt me there: I have given proofs. Dutton I had to take, because he knew the pass, and Grady because Dutton would not move without him; but what call was there to carry you along? You are a perpetual danger to me with your cursed Irish tongue. By rights you should now be in irons in the cruiser. And you quarrel with me like a baby for some trinkets!"

I considered this one of the most unhandsome speeches ever made; and indeed to this day I can scarce reconcile it to my notion of a gentleman that was my friend. I retorted upon him with his Scotch accent, of which he had not so much as some, but enough to be very

barbarous and disgusting, as I told him plainly; and the affair would have gone to a great length, but for an alarming intervention.

We had got some way off upon the sand. The place where we had slept, with the packets lying undone and the money scattered openly, was now between us and the pines; and it was out of these the stranger must have come. There he was at least, a great hulking fellow of the country, with a broad axe on his shoulder, looking open-mouthed, now at the treasure which was just at his feet, and now at our disputation, in which we had gone far enough to have weapons in our hands. We had no sooner observed him than he found his legs and made off again among the pines.

This was no scene to put our minds at rest: a couple of armed men in seaclothes found quarrelling over a treasure, not many miles from where a pirate had been captured—here was enough to bring the whole country about our ears. The quarrel was not even made up; it was blotted from our minds; and we got our packets together in the twinkling of an eye and made off, running with the best will in the world. But the trouble was, we did not know in what direction, and must continually return upon our steps. Ballantrae had indeed collected what he could from Dutton; but it's hard to travel upon hearsay; and the estuary, which spreads into a vast irregular harbor, turned us off upon every side with a new stretch of water.

We were near beside ourselves and already quite spent with running, when coming to the top of a dune, we saw we were again cut off by another ramification of the bay. This was a creek, however, very different from those that had arrested us before; being set in rocks, and so precipitously deep, that a small vessel was able to lie alongside, made fast with a hawser, and her crew had laid a plank to the shore. Here they had lighted a fire and were sitting at their meal. As for the vessel herself, she was one of those they build in the Bermudas.

The love of gold and the great hatred that everybody has to pirates were motives of the most influential, and would certainly raise the country in our pursuit. Besides it was now plain we were on some sort of straggling peninsula like the fingers of a hand; and the wrist, or passage to the mainland, which we should have taken at the first, was by this time not improbably secured. These considerations put us on a bolder counsel. For as long as we dared, looking every moment to hear sounds of the chase, we lay among some bushes on the top of the dune; and having by this means secured a little breath and recomposed our appearance, we strolled down at last, with a great affectation of carelessness, to the party by the fire.

It was a trader and his negroes, belonging to Albany in the province of New York, and now on the way home from the Indies with a cargo; his name I cannot recall. We were amazed to learn he had put in here from terror of the *Sarah;* for we had no thought our exploits had been so notorious. As soon as the Albanian heard she had been taken the day before, he jumped to his feet, gave us a cup of spirits for our good news, and sent his negroes to get sail on the Bermudan. On our side, we profited by the dram to become more confidential, and at last offered ourselves as passengers. He looked askance at our tarry clothes and pistols, and replied civilly enough that he had scarce accommodation for himself; nor could either our prayers or our offers of money, in which we advanced pretty far, avail to shake him.

"I see you think ill of us," says Ballantrae, "but I will show you how well we think of you by telling you the truth. We are Jacobite fugitives, and there is a price upon our heads."

At this, the Albanian was plainly moved a little. He asked us many questions as to the Scotch war, which Ballantrae very patiently answered. And then, with a wink, in a vulgar manner, "I guess you and your Prince Charlie got more than you cared about," said he.

"Bedad, and that we did," said I. "And my dear man, I wish you would set a new example and give us just that much."

This I said in the Irish way, about

which there is allowed to be something very engaging. It's a remarkable thing, and a testimony to the love with which our nation is regarded, that this address scarce ever fails in a handsome fellow. I cannot tell how often I have seen a private soldier escape the horse, or a beggar wheedle out a good alms, by a touch of the brogue. And indeed, as soon as the Albanian had laughed at me I was pretty much at rest. Even then, however, he made many conditions and (for one thing) took away our arms, before he suffered us aboard; which was the signal to cast off; so that in a moment after, we were gliding down the bay with a good breeze and blessing the name of God for our deliverance. Almost in the mouth of the estuary, we passed the cruiser, and a little after, the poor *Sarah* with her prize crew; and these were both sights to make us tremble. The Bermudan seemed a very safe place to be in, and our bold stroke to have been fortunately played, when we were thus reminded of the case of our companions. For all that, we had only exchanged traps, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, run from the yard-arm to the block, and escaped the open hostility of the man of war to lie at the mercy of the doubtful faith of our Albanian merchant.

From many circumstances, it chanced we were safer than we could have dared to hope. The town of Albany was at that time much concerned in contraband trade across the desert with the Indians and the French. This, as it was highly illegal, relaxed their loyalty, and as it brought them in relation with the politest people on the earth, divided even their sympathies. In short they were like all the smugglers in the world, spies and agents ready-made for either party. Our Albanian besides was a very honest man indeed, and very greedy; and to crown our luck, he conceived a great delight in our society. Before we had reached the town of New York, we had come to a full agreement: that he should carry us as far as Albany upon his ship, and thence put us on a way to pass the boundaries and join the French. For all this we were to pay at a high rate; but beggars cannot be choosers, nor outlaws bargainers.

We sailed, then, up the Hudson River, which, I protest, is a very fine stream, and put up at the King's Arms in Albany. The town was full of the militia of the province, breathing slaughter against the French. Governor Clinton was there himself, a very busy man, and by what I could learn, one very nearly distracted by the factiousness of his Assembly. The Indians on both sides were on the war-path; we saw parties of them bringing in prisoners and (what was much worse) scalps, both male and female, for which they were paid at a fixed rate; and I assure you the sight was not encouraging. Altogether we could scarce have come at a period more unsuitable for our designs; our position in the chief inn was dreadfully conspicuous: our Albanian fubbed us off with a thousand delays and seemed upon the point of a retreat from his engagements; nothing but peril appeared to environ the poor fugitives; and for some time we drowned our concern in a very irregular course of living.

This too proved to be fortunate; and it's one of the remarks that fall to be made upon our escape, how providentially our steps were conducted to the very end. What a humiliation to the dignity of man! My philosophy, the extraordinary genius of Ballantrae, our valor, in which I grant that we were equal—all these might have proved insufficient without the Divine Blessing on our efforts. And how true it is, as the Church tells us, that the Truths of Religion are after all quite applicable even to daily affairs! At least it was in the course of our revelry that we made the acquaintance of a spirited youth, by the name of Chew. He was one of the most daring of the Indian traders, very well acquainted with the secret paths of the wilderness, needy, dissolute, and by a last good fortune, in some disgrace with his family. Him we persuaded to come to our relief; he privately provided what was needful for our flight; and one day we slipped out of Albany, without a word to our former friend, and embarked, a little above, in a canoe.

To the toils and perils of this journey, it would require a pen more elegant than mine to do full justice. The reader must conceive for himself the dreadful wil-

derness which we had now to thread; its thickets, swamps, precipitous rocks, impetuous rivers, and amazing waterfalls. Among these barbarous scenes we must toil all day, now paddling, now carrying our canoe upon our shoulders; and at night we slept about a fire, surrounded by the howling of wolves and other savage animals. It was our design to mount the headwaters of the Hudson, to the neighborhood of Crown Point; where the French had a strong place in the woods, upon Lake Champlain. But to have done this directly were too perilous; and it was accordingly gone upon by such a labyrinth of rivers, lakes, and portages as makes my head giddy to remember. These paths were in ordinary times entirely desert; but the country was now up, the tribes on the war-path, the woods full of Indian scouts. Again and again we came upon these parties, when we least expected them; and one day, in particular, I shall never forget; how, as dawn was coming in, we were suddenly surrounded by five or six of these painted devils, uttering a very dreary sort of cry and brandishing their hatchets. It passed off harmlessly, indeed, as did the rest of our encounters; for Chew was well known and highly valued among the different tribes. Indeed he was a very gallant, respectable young man. But even with the advantage of his companionship, you must not think these meetings were without sensible peril. To prove friendship on our part it was needful to draw upon our stock of rum—indeed, under whatever disguise, that is the true business of the Indian trader, to keep a travelling public house in the forest; and when once the braves had got their bottle of *scaura* (as they call this beastly liquor) it behooved us to set forth and paddle for our scalps. Once they were a little drunk, good-by to any sense or decency; they had but the one thought, to get more *scaura;* they might easily take it in their heads to give us chase; and had we been overtaken, I had never written these memoirs.

We were come to the most critical portion of our course, where we might equally expect to fall into the hands of French or English, when a terrible calamity befell us. Chew was taken suddenly sick with symptoms like those of poison, and in the course of a few hours expired in the bottom of the canoe. We thus lost at once our guide, our interpreter, our boatman, and our passporte, for he was all these in one; and found ourselves reduced, at a blow, to the most desperate and irremediable distress. Chew, who took a great pride in his knowledge, had indeed often lectured us on the geography; and Ballantrae, I believe, would listen. But for my part I have always found such information highly tedious; and beyond the fact that we were now in the country of the Adirondack Indians, and not so distant from our destination, could we but have found the way, I was entirely ignorant. The wisdom of my course was soon the more apparent; for with all his pains, Ballantrae was no further advanced than myself. He knew we must continue to go up one stream; then, by way of a portage, down another; and then up a third. But you are to consider, in a mountain country, how many streams come rolling in from every hand. And how is a gentleman, who is a perfect stranger in that part of the world, to tell any one of them from any other? Nor was this our only trouble. We were great novices, besides, in handling a canoe; the portages were almost beyond our strength, so that I have seen us sit down in despair for half an hour at a time without one word; and the appearance of a single Indian, since we had now no means of speaking to them, would have been in all probability the means of our destruction. There is altogether some excuse if Ballantrae showed something of a glooming disposition; his habit of imputing blame to others, quite as capable as himself, was less tolerable, and his language it was not always easy to accept. Indeed he had contracted on board the pirate ship a manner of address which was in a high degree unusual between gentlemen; and now, when you might say he was in a fever, it increased upon him hugely.

The third day of these wanderings, as we were carrying the canoe upon a rocky portage, she fell and was entirely bilged. The portage was between two lakes, both pretty extensive; the track, such as it was, opened at both ends upon the water,

and on both hands was enclosed by the unbroken woods; and the sides of the lakes were quite impassable with bog; so that we beheld ourselves not only condemned to go without our boat and the greater part of our provisions, but to plunge at once into impenetrable thickets and to desert what little guidance we still had—the course of the river. Each stuck his pistols in his belt, shouldered an axe, made a pack of his treasure and as much food as he could stagger under; and deserting the rest of our possessions, even to our swords, which would have much embarrassed us among the woods, set forth on this deplorable adventure. The labors of Hercules, so finely described by Homer, were a trifle to what we now underwent. Some parts of the forest were perfectly dense down to the ground, so that we must cut our way like mites in a cheese. In some the bottom was full of deep swamp, and the whole wood entirely rotten. I have leaped on a great fallen log and sunk to the knees in touchwood; I have sought to stay myself, in falling, against what looked to be a solid trunk, and the whole thing has whiffed away at my touch like a sheet of paper. Stumbling, falling, bogging to the knees, hewing our way, our eyes almost put out with twigs and branches, our clothes plucked from our bodies, we labored all day, and it is doubtful if we made two miles. What was worse, as we could rarely get a view of the country and were perpetually jostled from our path by obstacles, it was impossible even to have a guess in what direction we were moving.

A little before sundown, in an open place with a stream and set about with barbarous mountains, Ballantrae threw down his pack. "I will go no further," said he, and bade me light the fire, damning my blood in terms not proper for a chairman.

I told him to try to forget he had ever been a pirate, and to remember he had been a gentleman.

"Are you mad?" he cried. "Don't cross me here!" And then, shaking his fist at the hills, "To think," cries he, "that I must leave my bones in this miserable wilderness! Would God I had died upon the scaffold like a gentleman!" This he said ranting like an actor; and then sat biting his fingers and staring on the ground, a most unchristian object.

I took a certain horror of the man, for I thought a soldier and a gentleman should confront his end with more philosophy. I made him no reply, therefore, in words; and presently the evening fell so chill that I was glad, for my own sake, to kindle a fire. And yet God knows, in such an open spot, and the country alive with savages, the act was little short of lunacy. Ballantrae seemed never to observe me; but at last, as I was about parching a little corn, he looked up.

"Have you ever a brother?" said he.

"By the blessing of heaven," said I, "not less than five."

"I have the one," said he, with a strange voice; and then presently, "He shall pay me for all this," he added. And when I asked him what was his brother's part in our distress, "What!" he cried, "he sits in my place, he bears my name, he courts my wife; and I am here alone with a damned Irishman in this tooth-chattering desert! O, I have been a common gull!" he cried.

The explosion was in all ways so foreign to my friend's nature, that I was daunted out of all my just susceptibility. Sure, an offensive expression, however vivacious, appears a wonderfully small affair in circumstances so extreme! But here there is a strange thing to be noted. He had only once before referred to the lady with whom he was contracted. That was when we came in view of the town of New York, when he had told me, if all had their rights, he was now in sight of his own property, for Miss Graeme enjoyed a large estate in the province. And this was certainly a natural occasion; but now here she was named a second time; and what is surely fit to be observed, in this very month, which was November, '47, and *I believe upon that very day as we sat among those barbarous mountains*, his brother and Miss Graeme were married. I am the least superstitious of men; but the hand of Providence is here displayed too openly not to be remarked.*

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar:* A complete blunder: there was at this date no word of marriage: see above in my own narration.

The next day, and the next, were passed in similar labors; Ballantrae often deciding on our course by the spinning of a coin; and once, when I expostulated on this childishness, he had an odd remark that I have never forgotten. "I know no better way," said he, "to express my scorn of human reason." I think it was the third day, that we found the body of a Christian, scalped and most abominably mangled, and lying in a puddle of his blood; the birds of the desert screaming over him, as thick as flies. I cannot describe how dreadfully this sight affected us; but it robbed me of all strength and all hope for this world. The same day, and only a little after, we were scrambling over a part of the forest that had been burned, when Ballantrae, who was a little ahead, ducked suddenly behind a fallen trunk. I joined him in this shelter, whence we could look abroad without being seen ourselves; and in the bottom of the next vale beheld a large war party of savages going by across our line. There might be the value of a weak battalion present; all naked to the waist, blacked with grease and soot, and painted with white lead and vermilion, according to their beastly habits. They went one behind another like a string of geese, and at a quickish trot; so that they took but a little while to rattle by and disappear again among the woods. Yet I suppose we endured a greater agony of hesitation and suspense in these few minutes than goes usually to a man's whole life. Whether they were French or English Indians, whether they desired scalps or prisoners, whether we should declare ourselves upon the chance or lie quiet and continue the heart-breaking business of our journey: sure, I think, these were questions to have puzzled the brains of Aristotle himself. Ballantrae turned to me with a face all wrinkled up and his teeth showing in his mouth, like what I have read of people starving; he said no word, but his whole appearance was a kind of dreadful question:

"They may be of the English side," I whispered; "and think, the best we could then hope, is to begin this over again."

"I know, I know," he said. "Yet it must come to a plunge at last." And he suddenly plucked out his coin, shook it in his closed hands, looked at it, and then lay down with his face in the dust.

Addition by Mr. Mackellar. I drop the Chevalier's narration at this point because the couple quarrelled and separated the same day; and the Chevalier's account of the quarrel seems to me (I must confess) quite incompatible with the nature of either of the men. Henceforth, they wandered alone, undergoing extraordinary sufferings; until first one and then the other was picked up by a party from Fort St. Frederick. Only two things are to be noted. And first (as most important for my purpose) that the Master, in the course of his miseries buried his treasure, at a point never since discovered, but of which he took a drawing in his own blood on the lining of his hat. And second, that on his coming thus penniless to the Fort, he was welcomed like a brother by the Chevalier, who thence paid his way to France. The simplicity of Mr. Burke's character leads him at this point to praise the Master exceedingly; to an eye more worldly wise, it would seem it was the Chevalier alone that was to be commended. I have the more pleasure in pointing to this really very noble trait of my esteemed correspondent, as I fear I may have wounded him immediately before. I have refrained from comments on any of his extraordinary and (in my eyes) immoral opinions, for I know him to be jealous of respect. But his version of the quarrel is really more than I can reproduce; for I knew the Master myself, and a man more insusceptible of fear is not conceivable. I regret this oversight of the Chevalier's, and all the more because the tenor of his narrative (set aside a few flourishes) strikes me as highly ingenuous.

(To be continued.)



THE INVALID'S WORLD.

*By A. B. Ward.**

I.

THE DOCTOR.



WHEN I consider what the education of a doctor entails, what endless study and investigation, what patient labor; when I reflect upon the continual risks that he must take, the continual self-control that he must have, balanced by continual compassion; when I remember how he is ever contending in a face-to-face and hand-to-hand encounter with disease and death; I think that he should be an industrious and thoughtful, a brave and noble gentleman. To the invalid he is more. He is the master-mechanic of what may be a very troublesome machine. He is the autocrat of the table and of the lodging, of raiment and exercise. His advent is the event of the day. His utterances are oracular, his nod Olympian. His learning is boundless, his wit irresistible, his goodness not to be disputed. He takes the responsibility of living off shoulders which tremble beneath it, assumes the battle with pain, and fights the sick man's duel for him. He condones the cowardice of shrinking nerves and puts them to sleep. He encourages and stimulates and bolsters the sufferer into shape again.

There is no relationship on earth like this between doctor and patient. He owns me, owns at least this arm he set

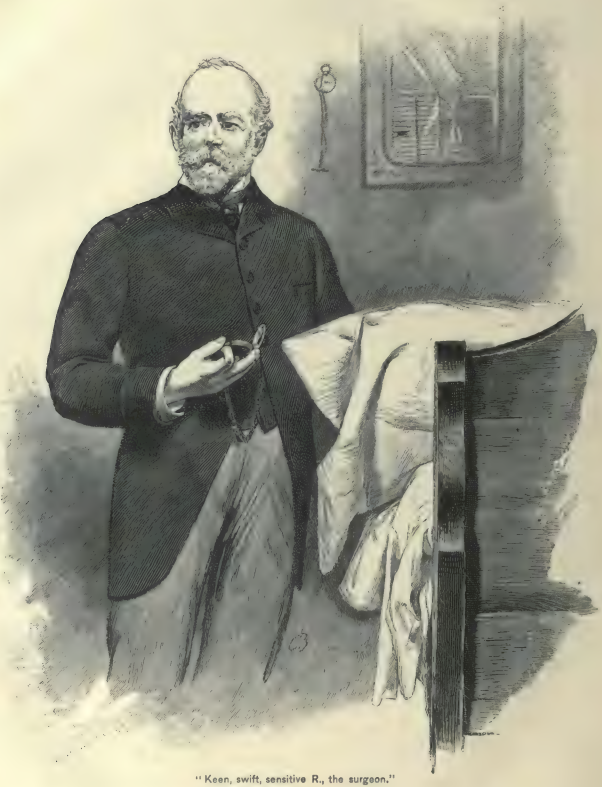
* Author of "Hospital Life," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1888.

when I was a boy, and these lungs whose every wheeze and sputter he recognizes as I do the voice of a familiar acquaintance. The mother who bore me has not so intimate a knowledge of my peculiarities, my penchants and antipathies; no friend, however faithful, is so tolerant of my faults or has such an easy way of curing them. He reconciles me to myself by a quieting powder, and starts me fair with the world once more. He? They, I should say. There are a score of them, at least, each with a distinct personality of his own but all bearing the stamp of their genial, wide-awake profession. There is G. Can I not see him now, smiling down into his beard! I used to wonder if the smile lingered and lurked in that long grizzled beard of his after it left his lips. Dear old G., whimsical, kindly, lenient toward sinners and cynical toward saints, performing more than he promised, out of sight before gratitude reached him, doing good by stealth and half ashamed when found out! His slow comments, his dry humor, his quaint suggestions were better than his pills, and those were good enough. I can see him sitting among his "house-patients," at a table spread with Universal Food, cream toast, Prepared Wheat, soft eggs, barley coffee, and I cannot say what other limited and qualified article of diet; yet his smile betokens imperturbable benevolence, and his appetite for his own roast beef is undisturbed. I can see him, listening with the same amused, impenetrable smile to complaints which would nag another to madness. They did me. I sprang up from the table when the Liquid Food bottle began to circulate, but not soon enough to escape the long arm of an Ancient Mariner who asked solemnly, *Did you ever try prepared sea salt for bathing?*



"The children hail him as a playfellow."

I glanced over my shoulder at G. He was as much amused by my actions as by those of the rest of the company. To



"Keen, swift, sensitive R., the surgeon."

him we were, alike, specimens of the human problem.

R. would have been ready to slay the humbugs in a week—keen, swift, sensitive R., the surgeon. He is as impatient as a thoroughbred that sniffs and paws at delay, striding up and down, uttering quick ejaculations, off like a dart as soon as the chance comes. Clean-cut and fine is he in his skill, brilliant and sure of stroke as the lightning, as impatient of blunders and transgressed commands as he is of delays, but always full of

tact, full of refinement, full of tender delicacy, especially toward little children. They tell a pretty story of him at the Children's Hospital. Playing Doctor was the game and impersonating the house-staff its leading feature. "I'll be Doctor R.," one urchin was overheard saying, and he was followed by an indignant chorus, "That's just like you, Johnny Smith! You always take *the best!*"

Alive to the opinion of his patients is R. and giving them an absorbed interest in return for their trust in him, lying awake night after night in worry over a bad case, carrying it about with him under all the wealth of nonsense and sparkling fun which make him a tonic, under all the hopefulness and animation which challenge his patients to show fight and quit themselves like men. I would rather have R. to lead me to a charge in the battle for health than anyone I know.

For a sturdy comrade, working shoulder to shoulder, day in and day out, give me wiry, plucky, generous, steadfast little S., making enthusiasm and mother-wit serve for his lack of years, deeming no trouble too great to be taken, no trifling ache small enough to be disregarded, head and heart and willing hand in his work. The children hail him as a playfellow. We old chronics welcome him as we do daylight after a night of pain. We can unbosom ourselves completely, be as long and as prosy as we please. His appetite for information on our case seems insatiable, and that particular case the most important in his book.

"And what more shall I say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and Barak, of Samson and Jephthæ, of David also and Samuel," of the sanguine doctor whose prescriptions are "going to fix you all right in no time," of the brusque doctor who takes delight in making savage remarks, the courtly doctor whose elegance and suavity fairly divert the patient from his own wretched condition, the entertaining doctor who achieves a like miracle by means of his newsy yarns; of the facetious doctor who tosses his hat on the bed and insists that you are shamming, the boisterous doctor who fills the house with an important noise, and the good-natured, broad-backed old fellow who is always saying, "*That's it! that's it!*"

This one "tones up" the system with iron or quinine, that one "quiets" it with massage, and still another "feeds" it with malt and cod-liver oil. Here you find one with such transcendent faith in Nature that he is willing to let her "take her course;" there, another, with corresponding trust in a "change of scene," who sends you from Dan to Beersheba, from the mountains to the seashore and back again.

But, in spite of their hobbies, they're all hearty, whole-souled gentlemen; and it is a comfort even to have them take your pulse and temperature, they do it so cheerily and as if they were determined to work their best in helping you out of your troubles. Quacks there may be, "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," but it has never been my fortune or misfortune to meet them. There I cannot testify.

As for Homœopathy and Allopathy I must confess to a mature, masculine preference for sound, smacking doses. I like to feel that I am using big guns and plenty of powder. If I were young and tender perhaps bird-shot would have more effect on me. However, I drink to both sides, impartially, and wish them a long life and a busy one! "That'll be a-keeping the rest of us down," sighs my friend O'Rourke. "I never knew but one sick man who is well, now. He was too poor to have more than one doctor and he gave him up. So he got well." I don't want your opinion, O'Rourke. You are not an invalid, and that rules you out of this court. You belong with the Hogarths who nail the doctors on the wall as "Undertakers' Arms;" or with the newspaper wits who whet their tongues now on a mother-in-law, now on a dude, but oftenest on a medical man. We will wait until indigestion or a sprain humbles you cavillers before we allow you to cast a vote. It is only during the period of invalidism that doctors are appreciated, not before or after. This fact was noted by the old M.D. counselling his younger brother: "*Accipe dum dolet,*"—look out for your fee while he aches. As soon as he is well his understanding is darkened and the importance of the doctor, along with

that of the empty medicine bottles, is written in the past tense. Don't I think they are grasping? I think they want their money when they have earned it, but that is a failing common to so many of the human family that one ceases to remark it, even in doctors. The parsimony of the three professions, Law, Theology, and Medicine, in selling justice, heaven, and health, is something to be regretted, and is often resented. But until the State takes sufficient interest in her children to endow these professions, I fear we shall have to strike a bargain for the care of our souls and of our bodies. It may be that living about in hospitals has given me an opportunity to see another side from that which you see, you who paid some hundreds of dollars for a consultation and sank half your fortune in an apothecary's shop; but so much generosity has come to my knowledge, unostentatious giving of skill, time, and money, on the part of these "grasping" gentlemen, that—I cannot agree with you.

And they are so materialistic! Granted; but so far as my experience of them goes, blood and bones and flesh are decidedly materialistic substances, and I don't care to have mine treated spiritually. If I had, I should have gone in for the Faith Cure, or summoned the ghost of my great-grandfather—an eminently respectable physician in his day—to write one of his yard-long prescriptions for me. How it would puzzle the "phisician's cooke" as a *liste* of that time terms the apothecary!

Just ask your doctor to give you a scientific diagnosis of your case. The high-sounding, mouth-filling titles will increase immeasurably your respect for your own viscera, notably if there is nothing but a rascally little Biliousness to blame and he calls it His Excellency, Gastro-duodenal Catarrh. So far from corporeal substance being degraded, it is dignified by proper nomenclature and plain explanations. Ignorance, superstition, distorted ideas run more risk of materialism than Science can.

As to the tax of irreverence, bless your heart! you must be a transient! no chronic would pass so superficial a judgment. The absurdities and the nonsense with which acute sufferers and those continually in the presence of acute suffering fortify themselves and each other is well-known to the experienced. It is a sort of harmless heat-lightning, a letting-off of the accumulation of nervous excitement. The flippant, frivolous talk between surgeon and assistants over an etherized patient would startle and shock the sympathetic friends, to whom the scene is full of solemnity and pathos. But these brave fellows are feeling their way over immeasurable dangers, by slender paths where none but Science can walk, with the infinite pains which Science is willing to take, buoying up each other's spirits with fun and jest. M. came to me the other day vowing vengeance on Dr. N. "He shall wait one while for his pay," he said angrily. "Wasn't the operation performed all right?" "Yes, but——" "Was the bill exorbitant?" "No, but, hang it! he *whistled* all through it," and the expression on his face showed that someone would have to perform an operation upon lacerated sensibilities before M. would consider himself a whole man. "Little Grandma," the hospital child, measured N. differently. She took a good look at him, turning her wee, wizened face over her crooked shoulder, and crying "Go easy, mister, go easy!" but she was hushed and reassured the instant she saw how tender and pitiful was the glance that met hers. She trusted him, always, from that time,—even when he whistled.

The doctor who could not laugh and make me laugh I should put down for a half-educated man. It is one of the duties of the profession to hunt for the material of a joke on every corner. Most of them have so esteemed it. Garth, Rabelais, Abernethy, and a hundred or so more too near to be named, what genial, liver-shaking, heart-quickening, wit-waking worthies they were and are! To the son who loves her best, Nature reveals most her tricks of workmanship. He knows there is a prize in every package of commonplace and sadness, and he can find it—not only the bit of fun shining to the eye of a connoisseur like an unset jewel, but the eccentricity, the resemblance, the

revelation, countless signs and tokens of the evanescent, amusing, pathetic creature we call the human. Heartless, grasping, irreverent? The deepest compassion for human ails, the broadest generosity to human needs, the highest respect for all that is strong and pure and holy in human lives, I have seen in the men who come closest to the mystery of Life and the mystery of Death, who read the naked heart when it is too weak or too sorrowful to hide its nakedness, who know our best and our worst, and are most of them wise enough to strike the balance. If they are cynics it is we who have made them so. We are the books out of which they learn their lessons. We point the argument and furnish circumstantial evidence for or against human frailty and the worth of existence. If they lie to us, or withhold the truth, it is we who force them to it, with our appetite for *placebos*, our demand for large promises and taking titles—Sympathetic Powders, Magic Cure-alls, The Elixir of Life and of Perpetual Youth. They are gradually educating us out of the desire for these toys, and gradually, in consequence, growing more honest with us. We are willing to pay more for skill and less for a quart bottle of strong stuff. The "stomach-brush" would never flourish in our day. The old-time cathartic is no longer reckoned part of the household equipment, with the pepper-box and salt-cellar. Physic is relegated to its proper place, serving the physician and no longer served by him. The practice of medicine is less, but the doctor is more, much more. What mediæval miracle eclipses the wonders wrought by surgery? What pretence of ancient quackery is not more than fulfilled by the cunning craft which detects and deals with the subtilest disease?

They are never satisfied, these zealots. They never limit themselves by what has been, but are ever striving for the yet unattained. Eager workmen that they are, they must be continually planning new tools, new machines, new devices for the comfort and cure of their patients. As fast as experience finds the need, ingenuity plans the instrument. It puts a cushioned rest under every wounded part, props and sustains and strengthens every weakened part, ministers without delay and in every conceivable fashion. More full of meaning now than when they were written are the words of Jesus, Son of Sirach: "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him, for the uses which ye may have of him. . . . The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration."

You don't think so, you outsiders who "take a man for all in all,"—but ten to one drop the best part of him. You call this the rhapsody of an invalid, a bit of idealization—though idealization, as everyone knows, like all alchemies, depends upon the presence, in the dross, of the metal it seems to create. I doubt if the picture of these men, as they appear to you, bearded or smooth of chin, well-dressed or careless, republican or democrat, with an open purse or dodging the subscription paper, pewholders or displaying no outward and visible sign of religion, is any truer than their picture as they appear to us, presiding over the Eleusinia of the operating-room, following disease into the very ribs and lungs of a man and cutting out its footprints, by the magic of hidden stitches sewing death out and life in, or turning a criminal into a Christian. There is an idea of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton cherished by legal records which represents them wrangling over the fame of inventing etherization. It sets one of them before us in an attitude of indolent self-seeking, and shows the other conspicuous for self-seeking of a more energetic sort. The sole thought of these two, for the invalid, is that they gave to agony the priceless gift of unconsciousness. The lips whose quivering ceased before the draught they brought will never open in aught but blessing of them—whatever figure they cut in the courts.

Another chapter might be written upon the ultra-professional offices of the doctor—if it were safe to tell of the ugly sights his courteous eyes never see, the ugly sounds to which he turns a deaf ear; of dangerous confidences poured forth in the loquacity of illness and which drop into his attentive soul, like

a stone into a pool, and leave no sign; of his friendly counsels and encouragements, and of his management of officious and meddlesome and trouble-making relatives; of his shielding the innocent from the guilty and saving the guilty from getting more than their due; of a thousand nameless deeds whose review brings smiles and sighs of grateful remembrance. By these and by the deeds we can more definitely name, let the invalid demand his right to judge the doctor's life at its focus, where energy and ambition are centralized.

No one cried toadyism when the courtier spread his cloak before the queen, or when the poet had so much to say about the divinity that hedges a king. No one would attempt to argue out of the peasant his reverence for the priest, by which the "cloth" of the latter is a surer protection to him than even chain-armor might be. Something of the allegiance of courtier and poet recognizing the sway and charm of the power which protects them, something of the devotee's appreciation of a life given to good works prompts the applause of the invalid offered to the physician.

II.

THE NURSE.

THE Survival of the Fittest means more than length of days; it involves the mastery of the feeble by the forceful while life endures, the absorbing of little personalities by great ones, the supremacy of strength in love and in war. A poor lookout for sick folk were there not an obverse side—the parasitical dependence of weakness upon might. Strength has the right of way. He strikes out bravely with his brawny legs. But cunning Weakness sits astride the neck of the conqueror and rides more safely than he could walk. Rare is the invalid who goes unattended. With blandishments and carefully composed witticisms, with grateful compliments and coaxing good-humor, many nurses are hired, especially if they are relatives and above regular wages or liberal donations of half-worn coats and dresses. The professional important for knowledge of her art, Cousin Jane solicitous about foot-warmers and the flavor of the broth, and Mrs. O'Flaherty from a neighboring attic, "tidying up and setting things handy," before she goes to her day's work—each has her price in coin of the realm or of the heart. It is always possible to pay in one or the other; and in consequence one nurse, at least, to every invalid is ordinarily the proportion.

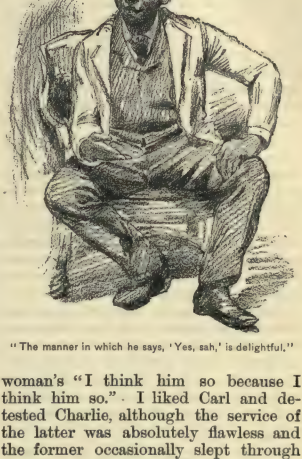
The advent of the professional is usually attended with mystery. The patient opens his eyes, after the confusion of delirium or the blank of stupor, and she is there by his bedside, offering a cooling drink or a dose of medicine. Whence she came or how he cannot tell. It seems to him in the first waverings of consciousness that she has always been there, that he is the late arrival. He watches her, gliding about the room, moving chair or table into place, shading the lamp, and smoothing the tossed and tumbled counterpane. "Who are you?" he asks faintly. "I am only the nurse," she answers, with a reassuring smile. "You mustn't talk. It's all right." A vague belief that if it isn't she will make it so possesses him. He feels protected and cared for, and drops trustfully off to sleep. When he wakes she is still on guard, but with nothing of the sentinel in her appearance; she is like a gracious hostess. Never questioning her claims, as he might under different conditions, he is content to be a pensioner on his own estates. More and more acquiescent does he become, subdued by the unaggressive personality which rules the apartment without crowding its inmate. There is no clashing of wills. Before he has named it to himself she has read desire or revulsion on his face and the object is advanced or removed. With a regularity as smooth and even as the swing of a pendulum, she airs the room, clears it of dust and disorder, feeds her charge, doses and diverts him.

Nights and days come and go, he cannot tell how many of them. They stand in his memory as so many alternate black and white lines, uneventful but rather soothing to think of. Suddenly, as suddenly as she came, the nurse takes her leave. The patient feels deserted, indignant. He is just beginning to

realize how very ill he is. It is inhuman to leave him in the lurch. There can be no one who needs her more. He is ready to shoot the doctor for suggesting such a thing. He is convinced that he will have a relapse and is somewhat chagrined when he finds such a backsomersault impossible.

A man who "can do whatever is necessary" takes the vacant place. Enter stolid Carl, rich in vitality and imperviousness to scolding, mesmeric from superabundance of nerve and muscle. The very grasp of his huge paw is invigorating. To be near him is like breathing the wholesome odor of kine or putting one's head on the neck of a fine, well-groomed horse. In seasons of greater debility the tonic would be too powerful. But now—the doctor was right; the time for scientific skill and methodical regularity is past. Flesh and blood stimuli added to ordinary attendance are all that is required. The invalid wants to pull himself up on his feet. Brute strength must be at hand to help him.

The instinct of self-preservation—one may as well call it by a high-sounding name—makes a perfect vampire of a sick man. It is not altogether watching, or care, or constant service, or the keen sense of responsibility which exhausts a nurse, nor all of them combined. It is the presence of the patient's famished body, taking in at every pore the nervous energy of whoever is near. The weakling pants for life. Life he must have. Give me your hand, Carl. Send the full charge of your human battery along my veins. That is better than wine, better than the broad, impersonal warmth of the sun. It is the quickening of pulse by pulse, the kindling of life by life. Strange and unaccountable are physical influences, but more potent in this world than men are willing to own. They are unheeded in the hurrying crowd, where electricity passes constantly with the jostling of elbows. But the sensibilities of the insulated invalid quiver like pith-balls when brought into contact with positive and negative forces. Certain persons give and others take from him the strength which is his carefully-hoarded treasure. He rebels against proximity with one, and clings like a frightened child to another. To say that the well and strong are the attractive is not enough. Often they repel by those very characteristics. Goodness and virtue have little to do with it, and sympathy is but a moderate factor. The feeling is almost wholly unreasonable, and, when examined proves as incapable of analysis as the



"The manner in which he says, 'Yes, sah,' is delightful."

woman's "I think him so because I think him so." I liked Carl and detested Charlie, although the service of the latter was absolutely flawless and the former occasionally slept through an entire night undisturbed by a shower of pillows and the contents of the medicine glass. If I were well, either man would be judged "a good fellow" and passed with indifference. Invalidism has readjusted the scales so that mere fancy decides for the one and against the other. When well I could not endure Sambo. Ill, I look upon him as an inexhaustible fund of amusement. The manner in which he says, "Yes, sah," with a sanctimonious roll of his eyes and a minstrel grin, is delightful. It is a toy with a string which I pull as often as I please. The unfailing good humor of these dusky brethren is enormously in their favor as nurses. If ever

a man detests the lean, hungry Cassiuses, it is when they come to wait by his bedside. You can forgive blundering and fibbing and petty larceny, but you cannot forgive the bringing of fogs and damps into your presence. What if Sambo was flourishing around in my best claw-hammer after I was asleep. Awake, I was entertained by the cheeriest companion in the invalid world. Entertained? This is not down on the list of the nurse's obligations. It enters largely into the nurse's habit, however. Is it not so, my brothers? Have you forgotten Mrs. F.'s quiet joke or "Uncle" T.'s amusing yarns? Don't you remember "Mother C.?" jolly, bright-cheeked "Mother C.," the quondam farmer's wife, carrying her wholesome, homespun nature and quaint country phrases into her skilful "trained" work? It always seemed when she came in as if she came straight from the orchard or the dairy, and not merely because she would have half-a-dozen apples in her apron or a glass of milk in her hand. She used to act as if your illness was a joke between you and her, an excuse for gaining extra goodies and special attention, a chance to laugh and be lazy when awake and to sleep prodigally when so disposed. She half persuaded you into believing it.——Ah, you remember. I see your bandaged heads nod and your drawn lips shorten into a smile, as across the dark background of painful recollections glide the figures of those who brightened an invalid's sorry lot, the various types of that potentate, the nurse. "Potentate, indeed! She acts as if she owned the establishment," sulks the head of the house. "She needn't come into my kitchen with her airs," wags the tail of the house. And all the intermediate members look askance at the temporary queen who dares and continues to dare, with the utmost serenity, assured of a strong position flanked by His Highness, the Doctor. One of these masterful spirits I knew who had charge of a farmer's wife dying from over-work and need of nutrition. Four small children hung around the house-door, gaunt, hollow-eyed little wretches, following their mother as fast as youth and a naturally vigorous constitution permitted. The father, a grim old whiskerando, had always kept the desires of his family under his will and the key to the storeroom in his overalls' pocket, doling out scanty rations and scantier pleasures as his whim decreed.

The nurse's keen eyes and ready wits comprehended the situation. She planned an attack. "Go you to bed," she said sweetly to the despot. "I am accustomed to watch alone with my patients." And he climbed the attic stairs. As soon as all was still, a ghostly figure traversed the farm-house and the adjacent buildings. It peered into closets and corners, hunted from kitchen to shed, from shed to barn and out-house. Finally, it seemed to find what it sought, a padlocked door. A few dexterous turns of a hatchet and the door sagged open, disclosing row upon row of barrels and boxes. "Humph," sniffed the nurse, "we'll see about this." Back to the kitchen she trudged, and returned with a bucket in either hand. Flour, eggs, butter, and the like comestibles she rapidly transferred from their hiding-place to the long board-table by the kitchen stove, while the farmer still snored peacefully above stairs unconscious that the enemy was in his magazine and all the next quarter's supplies were out at once. Softly but swiftly until dawn put an end to her opportunity, the nurse mixed and rolled out and put into the oven, until the pantry shelves were full and so was the long board-table.—The mother died, and so did most of the children, but they smacked their thin lips over one generous meal in a life-time of prevalent hunger.

The invading nurse is no exception. Hers is the crusader's zeal. She tilts against disease and death, as do the doctors, but her lance is often a pudding-stick, her armor the kettle and sauce-pan. How can she leave her juicy meats to be tampered with by an unregenerate cook whose mission is not the healthful but the palatable? How can she intrust her delicate custard, her savory beef-tea to an unappreciative being in whose category they rank as messes? Moreover, if an obstacle intervene between her prowess and any dietetic material, she must break down, overthrow, trample upon the obstacle. The doctor does

not say give your patient chicken-broth if you can get a chicken. The condition is omitted. A chicken she must have, though the hen-roosts in the neighborhood suffer in consequence; and broth it must make if all the regiment of the kitchen are to be bound and removed from the path to the stove, as a preliminary to the boiling. So much for the region below stairs. Above stairs it is the duty of the nurse to banish every cause of annoyance. She must be a policeman driving away from her charge the noisy, the exciting, the disagreeable, even if she separate husband and wife, parent and child.

"Hard lines!" sighs the patient, hearing a low utterance of the fiat which excludes some petitioner at the door. But in his inmost soul he is grateful for the shield as he nestles behind it. H.'s wife is a treasure in this respect. The doctor has only to say, "Keep him quiet," and the angel Gabriel would be wheedled out of his trumpet if he put it to his lips when she was on duty. Once when H. was down with nervous prostration, someone actually died in the room opposite his, without his knowledge. It was an old aunt who stopped on her way to seek medical advice in a neighboring city. She had had one fit and lived in hourly expectation of another. Of course a paroxysm seized her in H.'s. house: there is a fatality about such things. Her companion was nearly as helpless as herself, what with fright and the strangeness of the place; but H.'s plucky wife was, as usual, mistress of the situation. She dragged a mattress before her husband's door, muffling the sound of the sick woman's groans. Then, with the doctor's commands constantly before her, she watched both patients and guarded this one from that, as only a woman can guard the being she loves.

Doctors came in numbers. The woman died horribly. The undertakers prepared her body for burial. It was placed in a coffin and borne from the house. And the nervous, watchful invalid, suspicious of every sound, knew naught of the guest save that she came and went. Now in one room, now in the other, appeared the wife, answering H.'s questions, telling him stories, supplying his needs, and again in the midst of the trying death-scene governing and guiding the necessary arrangements. Six weeks afterward, when H. was riding out, she told him how it was. He didn't quite relish the bit of *finesse*, although he appreciated the tenderness which prompted it. No man enjoys being duped, whatever the object. He said nothing, but the next day, when Bridget fell down the back-stairs with a lamp in each hand, he was at the foot almost as soon as she landed. "If anyone else dies in this house, I'm going to know it," he said, resolutely.

It may be that no professional will thus guard a patient. To affirm this is more complimentary to wedlock; and indeed it must be true that loyal affection will find ways and means unknown to common service.

But the invalids have seen how patience and fidelity can dignify and ennoble common service until it becomes a graceful and gracious performance, if not a grand one.

The hub of the invalid's wheel of fortune is plainly the doctor. All things centre in and revolve about his counsel. But the felloe is the all-embracing, all-sustaining influence of the nurse. By her interference the wheel runs smoothly, the outside world keeps its place, and every need of the small inner world is met and covered.

III.

THE VISITOR.

It is often a source of amusement to the owners of dogs or other pets to note the shallow subterfuges they employ in order to gain sympathy. Illnesses magnified to win soft words and caresses, a lame leg handled as cleverly as ever the begging impostor in the street handles his—these are common enough among the creatures to whom we stand as patrons and benefactors. We laugh at the trick; and yet, in that corner of our hearts where lie the tops and and whirligigs of childhood, the rattles and straws once puissant and adorable, rests the machinery for similar manœuvres. The plaintive whimper of

the baby whose fictitious aches were a passport to "mother's bed," the paraded bruise calling for the salve of kisses, the exaggerated cough that appealed for anxious fondling along with the "drops" administered—such were the screws and pulleys which the Infantine Inquisition brought to bear upon tender hearts. They fell into disuse when nursery despotism was exchanged for the equal rights of the playground, and remained hidden, almost forgotten, until sickness brought them to light. Out they came somewhere about the time we wished Dr. —— was not so determined to look upon us as a "case," and that Nurse —— would not consider broken legs an ordinary affair and sound ones the fortuity. An uncontrollable desire for the punch of human sympathy possessed our soul, a revolt from the matter-of-fact diet of the sick room, an impulse to throw all the old furniture out of the window and call for new. That was about the time we had our first visitor. And how we did enjoy it! How we posed as "One who has been through a great deal," rehearsing our ails and their remedies in glib phrases which would have brought a smile to the lips of the M.D. from whom we borrowed them, but which were to these appalled listeners a perfect Bugaboo, a Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones frightful in the extreme. We slept soundly that night and were ready for more visitors the next day. It was announced that we were "ready to see people," and the announcement was followed by the prophecy that we "would go right along now." We did. It was inevitable.

To say that the visitor ever takes the place of doctor or nurse is absurd, but there always comes a time when his aid is indispensable. There have been patients, superhuman or subhuman, who took to mother Nature at the crisis of convalescence, but they were pretty certain to have a relapse. Alas, we fall at her feet as Heinrich Heine did at the feet of the Venus de Milo, in an agony of longing for sympathy; but our goddess answers as did his, "See, I have no arms, I cannot help you." She has only her beautiful body and divine countenance. She cannot so much as lift a finger for the suppliant. It is worth something to gain the inspiration which comes from gazing upon her, from breathing the atmosphere of her goddess presence, strong and serene as she is; but she is utterly self-contained and devoid of "the fellow-feeling" for which we all, at one time or another, hunger and thirst.

That other divinity who masquerades as a sort of modern Judith Holofernes, ready to off with your head at any moment, but who is in reality a soft-hearted dame, filled with the kindliest emotions as soon as she sees the doctor's gig at your door—I mean that fussy, good-natured old lady, Mrs. Grundy, is sure to give you a lift if you will take it. She has arms though she is not classic. She may do her best to make you uncomfortable while you are well, but once take to your bed and she is your devoted friend. She will tempt your appetite, strengthen your heart, be winsome and chatty and helpful—until she can set you up, like a ten-pin, for another knock-over. Possibly. But her goodness is genuine as long as it lasts. Ladies to whom you are merely a name will send delicious dishes in to you. Men who shook their fists in your face at the last election will leave kindly messages at your door. Curly-headed children who resented all your advances when you met them in the street are all agog with eagerness to "come and see you." If it is true that all mankind love a lover, it is equally indisputable that all mankind feel in duty bound to nurse an invalid.

His desire to obtain sympathy is no stronger than their desire to offer it; and sympathy is not the only boon obtained from the visitor. There is a horrible resemblance between the inhabitants of a beleaguered city and the thoughts and feelings of a man who has been shut up to feed upon himself for days and weeks and months of unavoidable imprisonment. Let the new-comer send a fresh breeze blowing through the fever-filled apartment! Let him bring a feast and the appetite for it! Let him raise the cruel siege! It is an insufficient proverb which names variety "life's spice." Science defends the definition which makes it no less than the life itself. In weakness, more than in strength,

the change must come from without. Inertia holds the sick man like a clod to his place. Monotony flaunts before him her grinding repetitions. It was an invalid, of course, who longed to die because he was tired of having his shoes put off and on. Yet another invalid, and of the same sensitive French nation, delighted in being dressed to the end of his days and lived merrily among his friends.

More than sympathy and more than variety must my visitor yield. He must unite me with the world again. If there is only one of me I am a feeble, insignificant thing. If there are some twenty millions of creatures of whom I am one, I am part of a powerful body which rules, conquers, invents, philosophizes, and deports itself as the flower of creation should. My visitor is to remind me that I belong to this soul-satisfying majority and not to the sad, weak minority I had fancied as I sat alone in my easy-chair and forgot my fellows.



"'I am only the nurse,' she answers."

For my solitary, sanitary lines of thought he substitutes the political lookout, the question of Home-rule, or Eastern affairs. We discuss an improved engine or a torpedo boat. And he tells a neat epigram which J. got off the other day. I become proud of my connection with such a bright and forward race.

Opinions of my own sprout and grow. The strain which threatened to snap my self-possession relaxes. Emotions and ideas throw off the dust which clogged them. To sympathize is an instinct with those to whom it belongs; diversity of entertainment is a talent educated; but to lift a fellow-being out of the slough of self and to set him upon the firm ground of common interests and endeavors is a stroke of genius. Whoever can do this should be a professional visitor. He should follow in the wake of doctor and nurse, an equal member of the triad, licensed by the royal law of expediency to take his place and fill it as no one else can.

Nature? She is as much at fault here as in the bestowal of sympathy. She can soothe, but she cannot electrify. In order to get hope and courage and good advice out of her, one has first to read them into her, as with music. But these independent creatures walking past us—and over us if we get in the way—have something about them which we did not put in, something which is not ourselves, and is therefore much more refreshing than the increase of an already abnormally developed ego. When they offer hope and courage and good advice, there is an actual plus and no differentiation.

But there are visitors and visitors, not alone the diverting, amusing allies, but those who add their burdens or the weight of a non-giving, absorbing vitality to the sick man's load. These talk in high, excited voices of what interests them solely, or tell of ails "a great deal worse than yours," and give elaborate descriptions of the case of X. or Y.—a provoking instance of carrying coals to Newcastle. They ask ten thou-



"Another visitor who never misses a welcome is the bringer of eatables."

sand questions about your condition and follow you as closely as if you were a sworn witness for the defence and they the prosecuting attorney. They insist with forceful argument and friendly zeal on cramming some diabolical patent medicine down your throat, will you, nill you. These are the sympathizers whose offering is a knife and halter to the victimized patient. But anyone of them is preferable to the mournful visitor who advances with a subdued air and looks into the face of the recumbent with the same expression which he, poor fellow, has seen her wear when she was performing her social duties at a funeral and looking into an open coffin. Whenever I see a certain one of these visitors coming, I know that I am considered a pitiable object, for she makes it her business to visit the afflicted, and her self-appointed mission is no secret. She has a smooth, placid face, and her voice is modulated by nature to utter words of condolence. But when she turns her eyes piously upward, "thanking her Heavenly Father" for what he has bestowed upon *her*, there is an unpleasant suggestion of the complacent old party in the New Testament who did the same, and, sinner that I am, I prefer to remain "afar off." No, no, fellow-creatures, give me what you can of spontaneous good-will, but rid me of this barrel-organ of perfunctory pity! John, if that woman calls again, I'm out—I'm dead—I never was born! But the condoler has one virtue, quietness; and this is lacking in the pugnacious visitor, who informs you, briskly, that your doctor is a fool and your nurse what she shouldn't be, that you'll never get well in this world if you don't turn them both out of doors and get a new outfit. An argument is useless. You might as well attempt to out-talk a March tempest. Even if you say nothing you are left in a sore and disheartened state, feeling very much as if you had had a "round" with a professional pugilist.

Satisfactory as any visitors are the children. They are apt entertainers, and they can be sent home or told not to handle things. The minister's little girls, Martha and Mary, aged four and three, come in to see me once a week, and they always say a good thing or two before they leave. Martha, true to her name, is "troubled about many things," and especially about Mary, whom she takes every opportunity to educate and discipline. "That," she said to her



"Satisfactory as any visitors are the children."

charge, to-day, pointing to the Orphanage opposite my window, and her mien would adorn the Lady Principal of a Female Seminary, "that is where the little Orphans live. Mr. and Mrs. Orphan are dead."

"Yes," she replies to my inquiry if Mary is not a great care, "she has my crib, now, with me." "But where do you sleep?" I pursue, with a glance at Mary's ample little figure. "O," with a sigh which speaks volumes, "I sleep where Mary don't."

More lively are the interviews with young Augustus Caesar from over-the-way, sent in by his mother to "talk to poor Mr. Ward, who hasn't any little boys and is all sick." Full of his errand he takes his stand directly in front of me, assuming an oratorical attitude, his legs far apart. Then he begins in a loud voice. "We've got 'leven little roosters over to our house." "That so?" "M-m-m"—the prolonged aspirate serving for an affirmative—"and they're all crowin'. My farver sat twelve eggs and 'leven hatched and they're 'nuff growed up to crow. It's awful funny." Here the gravity of the occasion is powerless to longer rein in the dimples of the orator. The audience laughs, too, in hearty appreciation. There are occasions when Church and State may flourish or fall without exciting a throb of interest in the palsied heart of the invalid, when the efforts of our brightest and best beloved are but a sorry defence against the blues; but the picture of "'leven little roosters, crowin'," is irresistibly picturesque and exhilarating. It is like the sniff of a vinaigrette. I am no longer bored or indifferent.

Another visitor who never misses a welcome is the bringer of eatables. The article may be inferior to something scorned by the invalid appetite when prepared at home, but home talent never was appreciated in prophecies or puddings. The delicacy gets eaten, and a value is put upon it as a commodity by

those who dislike to go to a sick-room empty-handed. Nowhere is the practice of "carrying something" to the invalid more general than in the country. But



"Aunt Susan."

as to that, nowhere does visiting arrive at such perfection as in the one-streeted villages where the list of inhabitants is not too long nor their duties too varied to admit of frequent "dropping in" and "running over," particularly if there is a sufferer to be "set with."

The visitor enters easily by the unlocked front door, making a way, with occasional raps, into the family arcana. There is no resisting the lever of a question then. Can you refuse any piece of information to one who has learned your morning habits or your fondness for old shoes? He has your cloak, he may as well take your coat also. And he will. Are you a new arrival, diligent search is made for all available facts bearing upon your condition, spiritual and secular, the utmost pains being taken until you are sorted and arranged. If some movement of your own or Fate's shake you out of position, with the same eagerness the busy folk will rearrange you. It is not an ill-natured performance. It is gone through with as one goes through an avocation, a duty. Gossip is dragged before the eyes of men, not from diseased delight in it, but as sun and wind uncover and light upon carrion, simply and naïvely and as a matter of course. It is needless to state there is no demand for detectives in a region of this sort. To ask and to answer is the habit of all. A railing accusation, brought against one young lady by an elder of the same sex was that in what was deemed an important affair she never told what she knew. If one can recover from a slight tingling sensation when being examined by the neighbors there is something pleasant and patriarchal in living near to each other's joys and sorrows. I do not know how it is now, but when I was a boy less than half a century ago, it was deemed a breach of etiquette not to wait upon the infant in its earliest stage of blush and wrinkle, to wish it luck or note its resemblance to its parents. The contrary extreme of life was equally well attended. When any one went through the ceremony of dying, the neighbors were invited in and stood about the bed while the last breaths were drawn; very much as they would "see" some one "off" on a journey.

This bestowal of interest and benevolence has its correlate in the ingenious demand for them. Ask a drink of a

rustic and he will give you his family history while he is letting down the bucket. To withhold sympathy and to neglect to ask for it are equal social sins. Not to have a story to tell is to fail in an important particular. To tell it with all the mysteriousness attendant upon tragic recital is to shine as a visitor. "*I knew she'd never get well,*" says Aunt Susan in a husky whisper and bending forward to shake a lean fore-finger in the face of the patient whom she is entertaining. "*She was better on the Sabbath. Needn't tell me o' Sunday betterments.*" Cold tremors run up and down the spine of the sick woman who listens, but she would never think of refusing to hear the old-wife tales. They are part of the visiting programme.

Under the auspices of Science, where visits are weighed and measured as carefully as medicines, as sparingly as smelts, Aunt Susan would have small chance to distinguish herself. And when the patient is able to make his own choice it may be that he will have neither Aaron nor Hur to hold up his feeble arms; will shut the door on the loquacious and noisy, the exciting and curious, as well as on their betters, and will invite the visitors who come silently, in forms which never startle, uttering no platitudes, but ever cheering, changing, inspiriting, amusing—I mean the books. Therein the wisest and the wittiest, the traveller, the man of the world, and the scholar come and go as we will, utter as much or as little as we decree, and of their best.

But these are for the advanced convalescent. Until he can reach out his hand to take them there is ever to be found the visitor-in-the-flesh, often a better though a humbler aid than the distilling of heart and brain sealed in written words. The native fruit found on its woody stem, words warm from the lips, the hand with the heart's blood pulsing to its finger-tips; these are better digesters of discomfort and *ennui* than sage sayings a hundred years old or a tale told in cold blood to a writing-desk.

RONDO.

By Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr.

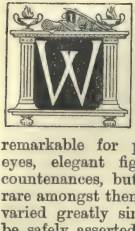
What care I! tho' my life is sad
And dark my day that should be glad;
  Tho' storms make winter in my May
  And skies that should be blue are gray,
And rotten all the joy I had.

But what know I of good or bad!
Good sooth, kind sir, I'm but a lad
  Who changes heart with every day.
    So what care I!

Yet, brother fool, in paint and pad
With consciences in motley clad
  In this huge farce, the world, we play
  A fool's part for his sordid pay:
We'd be so vile were we not mad.
    But what care I!

FRENCH TRAITS—WOMEN.

By W. C. Brownell.



RITING over a hundred years ago, Sébastien Mercier, whose "Tableau de Paris" was once a very popular work, says of his countrywomen: "Frenchwomen are remarkable for piercing, mischievous eyes, elegant figures, and sprightly countenances, but fine heads are very rare amongst them." The type has not varied greatly since then and it may be safely asserted that at present large eyes and beautiful faces are as rare among Frenchwomen as are poor figures. They are admired, too, in France with an intensity not untinctured with envy. For large eyes especially this admiration is universally unmeasured—no woman's eyes seem too large to be beautiful; from the lay-figures of fashion plates to the goddesses of the *Salon*, Grévin's beauties, the wax-figures of shop-windows—every ideal type whether vulgar or refined is sure to possess large eyes. American girls have not this peculiarity, it is well known, as frequently as those of several other races, but in Paris they are nearly as noted for it as for any other feature of their pretty faces. An American returning home after a long sojourn in France is himself struck by the number of "ox-eyed Junos" in which his country may glory and which he had not before suspected. Pretty faces are not, perhaps, more abundant in France than large eyes. They are rarer among women of a certain age than among young girls—so much rarer indeed than is the case with us that one naturally infers the deteriorating effect of French life and manners upon the fresher and more delicate beauties of feature and color. Of this Frenchwomen seem themselves convinced, and they begin early the endeavor to circumvent the ungallant influences of passing years. It is a bold thing to say, they are themselves such excellent judges in these matters, but it is probable that in this they commit a grave error, and, by meeting them halfway, really aid in the ungracious work of these influences. Balzac cynically divides Parisians into the two classes of the young and the old who attempt to appear young. As to women alone he does not seem, to a foreign observer, very far out of the way. There are doubtless large numbers of men who do not attempt to regain the youthful aspect they could not retain, but almost no women.

It is not by any means exclusively vanity that furnishes the motive for this unequal struggle with nature. Partly, to be sure, it is a poignant repugnance to loss of consideration which, in a society where the great prize of life is the esteem of others, is of great importance. But in the main it proceeds from a passionate desire to preserve even the semblance of the period when one feels at one's best, when one can enjoy most thoroughly, and when one wastes one's life the least. Some day perhaps gray hair will become as fashionable in Paris as it is in New York. Hitherto there are no signs of its favor. The number of women one sees who have dyed hair is very large, and, till one remarks a corresponding rarity of gray hair, very odd. At first one's respect for Parisian taste receives a severe shock. The dye used, however—apparently the same all over Paris—is far superior to the hideous russets we are accustomed to note in the beard and hair of an occasional under-bred old man, and when fresh is, except for its evident artificiality, a not at all bad looking dark-chestnut. After a few days it becomes easily less beautiful, and it is certainly not renewed often enough. The *ennui* of the process and economy, the sense for both of which is quite as keen as that of coquetry in France, are against its frequent renewal. Before long one becomes used to the general phenomenon and is in two minds about agreeing with the Parisians as to its

preferability to gray hair, which certainly does not suit all complexions and makes the person not naturally distinguished appear insignificant; and except in rare cases it ages rather than renders piquant the youthfulness it sometimes accompanies. As for the *mauvaise honte* of resorting to artificial aids to beauty, one inclines to get over that in breathing the Parisian atmosphere where such a feeling is wholly unknown and would probably be incomprehensible. Ladies with us certainly resort to wigs in case of baldness and to rice powder in the event of any grave defect in complexion. The line between the palliation of natural blemishes and the adornment of natural features is difficult to draw. A society which has a great deal of regard for form will insist on the latter while a society perpetually on its guard against permitting form to out-weigh substance will hardly excuse the former.

The truth is that coquetry, which is a defect in our eyes, is a quality of the Frenchwoman. It is a virtue which consecrates as it were the possession of natural attractions. In France always *le charme prime la beauté*, and coquetry there is the science of charm in women. Charm in this special sense our women do not greatly study; and its crude exhibitions oftener than not occur in conjunction with an absence of those natural attractions so much better and so universally appreciated by the opposite sex that there is no atoning for the lack of them nor any need of enhancing them. But in France to paint the lily is not regarded as a paradox. The result is not without a certain specious felicity, it must be confessed; as indeed many American men who have been honored in any degree with French feminine society could probably testify. On the other hand it is not to be inferred that from our point of view the French lily needs to be painted. Her natural charms are many and great, and they would be potent in a *milieu* which would distinctly frown upon her mobilization and manœuvring of them, so to speak. Her complexion is, in general—before it has submitted to the inexorable necessities arising from competition with the heightened and accentuated tints that best sustain the gaslight (or rather candle-light) splendor of opera, balls, and soirées—very nearly perfection. Less florid than the red and white freshness so greatly admired as witnessing quite as much as decorating the superb health of English women, it is nevertheless full of color, readily changeable, and of a purity unaffected either by its occasional leaning toward olive or by its more frequent shading into pink. Muddy or sallow it never is. The Parisienne is perhaps often *étiolée*—there is much croaking in the journals about the effect of the *vie fiévreuse et excitante* of Paris; but anemia as a chronic condition is infrequent. She has a disgust for invalidism rare among American women, who would find her on this score terribly unsympathetic—"cold and hard" in fact. Unlike so many American women, who esteem her *blasée* in consequence, *elle n'est pas née d'hier*, in French phrase, and she perfectly appreciates the intimate connection between invalidism and hysteria. To be pitied forms no part of her programme, and to be pitied on such grounds would be unendurable to her. The "rest cure" is probably unknown in France.

But quite as much as such commiseration she undoubtedly dreads the loss of physical attractiveness which invalidism involves. She devotes indeed a share of attention to the conservation of her beauty in every respect which the American woman would esteem excessive. Her hand, oftener expressive perhaps than *mignonne*, but in general shapely and well-attached, shows the advantages of this attention. Her foot on the other hand shows its disadvantages; it is as a rule if larger than the corresponding American foot (which is not to be denied) smaller by a greater discrepancy still than that of the Englishwoman, and there seems really no excuse for compressing it, as is so universally done, into the fashionable but transparent deception known as the Louis Quinze boot. Under this treatment, little different in kind from that which is *de rigueur* in China, it assumes an aspect totally devoid of graceful contour, to be characterized only by what Carlyle would describe as "mere hoofiness." Still for a moment—the moment during which

alone perhaps the feminine foot should be remarked—the effect is possibly to diminish apparent size; and here again, as in the instances of paint and powder and dyes, one should hesitate before proffering advice to so excellent a judge as the Frenchwoman. The point remains, in Candide's words, "une grande question." Coquetry itself, however, can offer nothing to enhance what is beyond all question the Frenchwoman's most admirable physical endowment, namely her incomparable figure. *Embonpoint*, it is true, is a danger to be contemplated as one approaches middle age. Beyond this period of life France undoubtedly possesses her full share of ample and matronly femininity. The opposite tendency may safely be scouted. Mme. Bernhardt herself is well-known to be what is called a *fausse maigre*. In any assemblage of Frenchwomen from a ball in the Faubourg St. Germain to a *bal de l'Opéra* the number of admirable figures is very striking; the face may be positively common, but the figure is nearly sure to be superb. The wasp-waist so much affected across the Channel is apparently confined to fashion-plates designed for exportation. The unwisdom of tight-lacing is evidently not more perfectly appreciated than its unsightliness, though the relations of hygiene to beauty are thoroughly understood. With this excellence of figure generally goes a corresponding excellence of carriage; in this respect the skill with which the Louis Quinze heel is circumvented is beyond praise. And with regard to the tact and taste displayed in the garb which decorates this figure and carriage the world is, I suppose, as well agreed now as in the time when the Empress set its fashions for it in a more inexorable way than the women of the present republic can pretend to. France is still, if not the only country in the world where dress is an art, at least the only one where the dressmaker and the milliner are artists.

It is as unquestionably the country in which women think most of dress. The fact is often enough made a reproach to the Frenchwoman, and nothing is commoner than to hear Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, as well as Americans, in Paris referring to it as indicating her character and defining the limit of her activities. Her toilet occupies the Parisienne too exclusively, is nearly the universal foreign opinion—even among those foreigners who are themselves most attracted by the graces and felicities of the toilet in question as well as least serious themselves. The difficulty of transmuting such a trait into that domesticity which the Southern Latin ready to *se ranger* prizes as highly as the Teuton or Anglo-Saxon who makes it a part of his feminine ideal, is a frequent theme of purely disinterested speculation among these social philosophers. It is a difficulty nevertheless which does not puzzle the Frenchman. The conditions of French life are such that domesticity is either not understood in precisely the sense in which it is accepted elsewhere, or is not given the same overmastering importance as an absolute quality. The domesticity aimed at by the Spanish convent and cultivated by the Germanic hearth and chimney-corner is in no sense the object of the Frenchman's ambition for the Frenchwoman. Here as elsewhere his social instinct triumphs over every other, and he regards the family circle as altogether too narrow a sphere for the activities of a being who occupies so much of his mind and heart, and in whose consideration he is as much concerned as she in his. To be the mother of his children and the nurse of his declining years is a destiny which, unrelieved by the gratification of her own instincts of expansion, he would as little wish for her as she would for herself. To be the ornament of a society, to awake perpetual interest, to be perpetually and universally charming, to contribute powerfully to the general aims of her environment, never to lose her character as woman in any of the phases or functions of womanly existence, even in wifehood or maternity—this central motive of the Frenchwoman's existence is cordially approved by the Frenchman. In fact it is because he approves and insists upon it that she is what she is. It is for this reason that she devotes so much attention to dress, which in her thus, spite of those surface indications that mislead the foreigner, is almost never due to the passion for dress in itself to which similar preoccupa-

tion infallibly testifies in the women of other societies. A New York belle dresses for her rivals—when she does not, like the aborigines of her species, dress for herself alone. Mr. Henry James acutely represents the Mrs. Westgate of his "International Episode" as "sighing to think the Duchess would never know how well she was dressed." To induce analogous regret in a Frenchwoman a corresponding masculine obtuseness would be absolutely indispensable. And this among her own countrymen she would never encounter. Her dress, then, is a part of her coquetry—one of the most important weapons in a tolerably well-stocked arsenal; but it is nothing more, and it in no degree betokens frivolity. Like her figure and her carriage it is a continual ocular demonstration and a strong ally of her instinct, her genius, for *style*. In these three regards she is unapproachable, and in every other attribute of style she is certainly unsurpassed. In elegance, in intelligence, in self-possession, in poise, it would be difficult to find exceptions in other countries to rival the average Parisienne. And her coquetry, which endues her style with the element of charm (of which it is, as I said, the science), is neither more nor less than the instinct to please highly developed. It is not, as certainly coquetry elsewhere may sometimes be called, the instinct to please deeply perverted. The French coquette does not flirt. Her frivolity, her superficiality, may be great in many directions—in religion, in moral steadfastness, in renunciation, in constancy, even in sensibility—but in coquetry she is never superficial; the dimly veiled, half-acknowledged insincerity of what is known as flirtation would seem to her frivolous to a degree unsuspected by her American contemporary. To her as to her countrymen the relations of men and women are too important and too interesting not to be at bottom entirely serious.

In fine to estimate the Frenchwoman's moral nature with any approach to adequacy it is necessary entirely to avoid viewing her from an Anglo-Saxon standpoint. Apart from her *milieu* she is not to be understood at all. The ideals of woman in general held by this *milieu* are wholly different from our ideals. To see how and wherein let us inquire of some frank French friend. "We shall never agree about women," he will be sure to admit at the outset; and he may be imagined to continue very much in this strain: "We Frenchmen have a repugnance, both instinctive and explicit, to your propensity to make *companionability* the essential quality of the ideal woman. Consciously or unconsciously this is precisely what you do. It is in virtue of their being more companionable, and in an essentially masculine sense, that the best of your women, the serious ones, shine superior in your eyes to their frivolous or pedantic rivals. You seem to us, in fact, to approach far more nearly than your English cousins to the ideal in this respect of your common Gothic ancestors. Your ideal is pretty closely the Aruna woman—an august creature spiritually endowed with inflexible purity and lofty, respect-compelling virtues, performing the office of a 'guiding-star' amid the perplexities of life, whose approval or censure is important in a thousand moral exigencies, and one's feeling for whom is always strongly tinctured—even in the days of courtship—with something akin to filial feeling. In your daily life this ideal becomes, of course, familiarized—you do not need to be reminded that 'familiarized' is, indeed, an extenuating term to describe the effect upon many of your ideals when they are brought into the atmosphere of your daily life, that the contrast between American ideals and American practice frequently strikes us as grotesque. In the atmosphere of your daily life the Aruna woman becomes a good fellow. She despises girls who flirt, as you yourselves despise our dandies and our *petits jeunes gens*. She despises with equal vigor the lackadaisical, the hysterical, the affected in any way. She plays a good game of tennis; it is one of her ambitions to cast a fly adroitly, to handle an oar well. She is by no means a Di Vernon. She has a thoroughly masculine antipathy to the romantic, and is embarrassed in its presence. She reads the journals; she has opinions, which, unlike her inferior sisters, she rarely obtrudes. She is tremendously efficient and never poses.

She is saved from masculinity by great tact, great delicacy in essentials, by her beauty which is markedly feminine, by her immensely narrower sphere, and by Divine Providence. She is thus thoroughly companionable, and she is after all a woman. This makes her immensely attractive to you. But nothing could be less seductive to us than this predominance of companionableness over the feminine element, the element of sex. Of our women, ideal and real (which you know in France, the country of equality, of homogeneity, of averages, is nearly the same thing) we could better say that they are thoroughly feminine and that they are, after all, companionable. Indeed, if what I understand by 'companionable' be correct, i.e., *rien que s'entendre*, they are quite as much so as their American sisters, though in a very different way, it is true.

"Let me explain. The strictness of your social code effectually shuts off the American woman from interest in, and the American girl from knowledge of, what is really the essential part of nearly half of life; I mean from any mental occupation except in their more superficial aspects with the innumerable phenomena attending one of the two great instincts from which modern science has taught us to derive all the moral perceptions and habits of human life. This is explainable no doubt by the unwritten but puissant law which informs every article of your social constitution that relates to women, namely the law that insures the precedence of the young girl over the married woman. With you, indeed, the young girl has *le haut du pavé* in what seems to us a very terrible degree. Your literature, for example, is held by her in a bondage which to us seems abject, and makes us esteem it superficial. 'Since the author of "Tom Jones" no one has been permitted to depict a man as he really is,' complains Thackeray. With you it is even worse because the young girl exercises an even greater tyranny than in England. Nothing so forcibly illustrates her position at the head of your society, however—not even her overwhelming predominance in all your social reunions within and without doors, winter and summer, at luncheons, dinners, lawn-parties, balls, receptions, lectures, and church—as the circumstance that you endeavor successfully to keep her a girl after she has become a woman. You desire and contrive that your wives shall be virgins in word, thought, and aspiration. That this should be the case before marriage everyone comprehends. That is the end of our endeavor equally with yours. In every civilized society men wish to be themselves the introducers and instructors of their wives in a realm of such real and vital interest as that of which marriage, everywhere but in your country, opens the door. But with us the young girl is constantly looking forward to becoming, and envying the condition of, a woman. That is the source of our restrictions, of our conventual regulations, which seem to you so absurd, even so dishonoring. You are saved from having such, however, by the fact that with you the young girl is the rounded and complete ideal, the type of womanhood, and that it is her condition, spiritually speaking, that the wife and even the mother emulates. And you desire ardently that she should. You do not 'see any necessity,' as you say in your utilitarian phraseology, of a woman's 'losing' anything of the fresh and clear charm which perfumes the existence of the young girl. You have a short way of disposing of our notion that a woman is the flower and fulfilment of that of which the young girl is the bud and the promise. You esteem this notion a piece of sophistry designed to conceal our really immoral desire to rob our women of the innocence and *naïveté* which we insist upon in the young girl, in order that our social life may be more highly spiced. Your view is wholly different from that of your race at the epoch of its most considerable achievements in the 'criticism of life' and antecedent to the Anglo-Saxon invention of prudery as a bulwark of virtue. It is a view which seems to spring directly from the Puritan system of each individual managing independently his own spiritual affairs without any of the reciprocal aids and the division of labor provided for in the more elaborate scheme of Catholicism, in consequence of which each individual left in this way wholly to himself is forced into a timid and distrustful

attitude toward temptation. Nothing is more noticeable in your women, thus, than a certain suspicious and timorous exclusion from the field of contemplation of anything unsuited to the attention of the young girl. It is as if they feared contamination for virtue if the attitude and habit of mind belonging to innocence were once abandoned. They probably do fear vaguely that you fear it for them, that your feminine ideal excludes it.

"Now, it is very evident that however admirable in its results this position may be, and however sound in itself, it involves an important limitation of that very companionableness which you so much insist on in your women. In this sense, the average Frenchwoman is an equal, a companion, to a degree almost never witnessed with you. After an hour of feminine society we do not repair to the club for a relaxation of mind and spirit, for a respiration of expansion, and to find in unrestrained freedom an enjoyment that has the additional sense of being a relief. Our clubs are in fact mere excuses for gambling, not refuges for bored husbands and homeless bachelors. Conversation among men is perhaps grosser in quality, the equivoque is perhaps not so delicate, so *spirituelle*, but they do not differ in kind from the conversational tissue in mixed company, as with you they do so widely. With you this difference in kind is notoriously an abyss. In virtue of our invention of treating delicate topics with innuendo, our mixed society gains immensely in interest and attractiveness, and our women are more intimately companionable than yours. You Americans take easily to innuendo from your habit of mind, which is sensitive and subtile. You are unaccountably unlike the English in this respect. As a rule, one of you who should know French, and understand French character as well as Thackeray, would not like him be depressed by what he was pleased to call 'all that dreary *double-entendre*.' Still, when you attempt the application of it to delicate topics, I can myself recall instances of your leaving, as we say, something to be desired. In such an instance it is natural that a feeling of ill-success should produce a conviction that the topic is too delicate to be handled at all; seeing another person handle it with triumphant gingerliness does not unsettle such a conviction — the *double-entendre* becomes irretrievably 'dreary.' But, in point of fact, it is only a contrivance of ours to extend the range of conversation in mixed company; you can do without it because you limit any conversation with a wide range to one sex, to your clubs and business offices—where, apparently, it is not needed. It seems to many of you, doubtless, a device for confining the talk in mixed company to what are called delicate topics. But that side of our talk really appears magnified to you because of its absolute novelty. In strictness there is in mixed company quite as much conversation upon politics, letters, art, and affairs in Paris as even in Boston. Our equivoque simply takes the place of your silences. The point is that from the circumstance that we do not exclude it, the conversational tissue in mixed company is with us immensely varied, and that when a Frenchman finds himself in the presence of a woman—in 'ladies' society' as you express it—whether *à deux* or in a general gathering, he experiences no more restraint — except that which polishes his periods and refines his expression — than an American does at his club or office. His 'instinct for expansion' suffers no repression. Society becomes a very different thing from 'ladies' society.' It is not a medium for the exploitation of the young girl and the woman who emulates and follows her *haud passibus æquis;* nor is it a realm 'presided over' by 'the fair sex'; it is an association of men and women for the interchange of ideas on all topics, and the texture out of which the drama of life is woven. In saying that your ideal of companionableness in woman was defective this was what I had in mind. Even in companionableness we find our women much more to our mind.

"But this is, after all, a detail. Even if your women were intimately companionable they would none the less radically differ from our own; we should still reproach them with a certain masculine quality in the elevated, and a certain

prosaic note in the familiar types. By masculine, I certainly do not here intend the signification you give to your derisive epithet "strong-minded." In affirming that there is a generous ampleness in the feminine quality of our women unobservable in yours, I do not mean to charge them with inferiority in what you call 'pure mentality'; in intelligence and capacities we believe them unequalled the world over. But they are essentially less masculine in avoiding strictly all competition with men, in conserving all their individuality of sex and following their own bent. Nothing is more common than to hear American women lament their lack of opportunity, envy the opportunity of men. Nothing is rarer with us. It never occurs to a Frenchwoman to regret her sex. It is probable that almost every American woman with any pretensions to 'pure mentality,' feels, on the contrary, that her sex is a limitation and wishes, with that varying ardor and intermittent energy which characterize her, that she were a man and had a man's opportunity. In a thousand ways she is the man's rival, which with us she never is. Hence the popularity with you of the agitation for woman-suffrage, practically unknown in France. Your society probably wholly undervalues this movement, and frowns upon it with a forcible-feebleness that is often ludicrously unjust. You do not perceive that it furnishes almost the only outlet for the ambition and the energy of such of your women as are persistently and not spasmodically energetic and ambitious, and that its worst foe with you is the great mass of women themselves, which is governed by timorousness, by intellectual indolence, and by the habit born of long-continued subordination in all serious matters. To a disinterested observer of the complacence with which your society contemplates 'Folly set in place exalted,' in this matter, it is impossible not to remark the secret sympathy with the movement entertained by serious women and concealed in deference to the opinion of the mass whose fiat in all matters related to 'good taste' is necessarily final. They probably fear that the mass of their countrywomen, spite of the indefinite multiplication of female colleges, will never become really and responsibly intelligent without the suffrage; and in effect with you this must become the great practical argument for it. Animated as the most serious of American women unquestionably are by a sense of rivalry with men, they instinctively feel this handicap, and instinctively desire for their sex the dignity and seriousness conferred by power and the sense of responsibility power involves. But I wish I could make it clear to you how differently the Frenchwoman feels, how radically different the Frenchwoman is. Being in no sense, and never feeling herself to be the rival of man and the emulator of his opportunities, to her seriousness and dignity the suffrage could add nothing whatever. Her power and responsibility lie in quite another direction, and that they do is quite clear to her. It has in fact been so clear to her in the past, that we have hitherto made the mistake of giving her in general an extremely superficial education. Madame Dubarry got along very well without any at all. This is an error we are just now systematically repairing. And we have our croakers who oppose the reform, entitle their gloomy vaticinations 'Plus de femmes,' and predict that our women will become Americanized. They are needlessly alarmed; for this Americanization involves the quality of masculinity which does not exist at all, either in the nature or in the ideal of our women. It is neither their disposition nor their aspiration to enter that condition of friendly rivalry with men, to become members of that 'mutual protective association,' which plays so large a part in the existence and imagination of your more serious women.

"The difference is nowhere so luminously illustrated as in the respective attitudes of French and American woman toward the institution of marriage. With us from the hour when she begins first to think at all of her future—an epoch which arrives probably much earlier than with you—marriage is the end and aim of a woman's existence. And it is so consciously and deliberately. A large part of her conduct is influenced by this particular

prospect. It is the conscious and deliberate aim also of her parents or guardians for her. They constantly remind her of it. Failure to attain it is considered by her and by them as the one great failure to avoid which every effort should tend, every aspiration be directed. In its excess this becomes either ludicrous or repulsive as one looks at it. 'Si tu veux te marier, ne fais jamais ça'—'Cela t'empêchera de te marier'—who has not been fatigued with such maternal admonitions which resound in interiors by no means always of the *basse classe*. But the result is that marriage occupies a share of the young girl's mind and meditation which to your young girls would undoubtedly seem disproportionate, and indeed involve a sense of shame. There is no more provision in the French social constitution than in the order of nature itself for the old maid. Her fate is eternal eccentricity, and is correspondingly dreaded among us who dread nothing more than exclusion from the sympathies of society and a share in its organized activities. Marriage once attained, the young girl, though become by it a woman, is not of course essentially changed but only more highly organized in her original direction. You may be surprised to hear that sometimes it suffices her—as it suffices English, and used to American women—though it must be admitted that our society does not make of even marriage an excuse for exacting the sum of a woman's activities which it is the Anglo-Saxon tendency to do, and that thus her merit is less conspicuous. If marriage do not suffice her, it is not in 'Sorosis' or Dorcas or Browning societies, or art or books that she seeks distraction, but in the consolation strictly cognate to that of marriage which society offers her. Accordingly, whatever goes to make up the distinctively feminine side of woman's nature tends with us to become highly developed. It acquires a refinement, a subtlety, of organization quite unknown to societies whose ideal women inspire filial feeling. We have as a rule very few Cornelias. Our mothers themselves are far from being Spartan. The Gothic goddess is practically unknown in France. 'Woman's sphere,' as you call it, is totally distinct from man's. The action and reaction of the two which produce the occupation, the amusement, the life of society are far more intimate than with you, but they are the exact reverse of homogeneous.

"It is an inevitable corollary from this that that sentimental side which you seem to us to be endeavoring to subordinate in your more serious women, receives in the Frenchwoman that greatest of all benefits, a harmonious and natural development. Before and after marriage, and however marriage may turn for her, it is her disposition to love and her capacity for loving which are stimulated constantly by her surroundings, and which are really the measure of the esteem in which she is held. To love intensely and passionately is her ideal. It is so much her ideal that if marriage does not enable her to attain it, it is a virtue rather than a demerit in her eyes to seek it elsewhere. Not to die before having attained in its fulness this end of the law of her being is often the source of the Frenchwoman's tragic disasters. But even when indubitable disaster arrives to her it is at least tragic, and a tragedy of this kind is in itself glorious. To remain spiritually an *être incomplet* is to her nearly as dreadful a fate as to become a monstrosity. Both are equally hostile to nature, and we have a national passion for being in harmony with nature. It is probably impossible to make you comprehend how far this is carried by us. Take the life of George Sand as an instance. It was incontestably the inspiration of her works, and to us it is the reverse of reprehensible, 'for she loved much;' it is not her elopement with Musset but her desertion of him that indicates to our mind her weak side. In this way the attitude of the Frenchwoman toward love is one of perfect frankness. So far from dissembling its nature—either transcendentally or pietistically, after the fashion of your maidens, or mystically, after the fashion in the *pays de Gretchen*—she appreciates it directly and simply as a passion, and for her the most potent of the passions, the passion whose praise has been the burden of all the poets

since the morning stars first sang together, and whose possession shares equally with the possession of superior intelligence the honor of distinguishing man from the lower animals. That is why to our women, as much as to our men, your literature, your 'criticism of life,' seems pale, as we say—pale and superficial. This is why we had such an *engouement* for your Byron and never heard of your Wordsworth. This is why we occupy ourselves so much with cognate subjects as you have remarked.

"And the sentimental side being thus naturally and harmoniously developed becomes thus naturally and spontaneously the instrument of woman's power and the source of her dignity. Through it she seeks her triumphs and attains her ends. To it is due not her influence over men — as with your inveterate habit of either divorcing the sexes into a friendly rivalry or associating them upon the old-fashioned, English, harem-like basis, you would inevitably express it—but her influence upon society. This results in a great gain to women themselves—increases indefinitely their dignity and power. It is axiomatic that anything inevitable and not in itself an evil it is far better to utilize than to resist. Everyone acknowledges the eminence of the sentimental side in woman's nature, the great part which it plays in her conduct, the great influence it has upon her motives. And since it has, therefore, inevitably to be reckoned with, its development accomplishes for women results which could not be hoped for if sentiment were merely treated as an inevitable handicap to be modified and mitigated. Your own logic seems to us exceedingly singular. You argue that men and women should be equal, that the present regrettable inequality with you is due to the greater influence of sentiment on women's minds in viewing purely intellectual matters (you are constantly throwing this up to your woman-suffragists) and that therefore the way in which women are to be improved and elevated (as you curiously express it) is clearly by the repression of their sentiment. It is the old story: you are constantly teaching your women to envy the opportunities of men, to regret their 'inferiority' hitherto and to endeavor to emulate masculine virtues by mastering their emotions and suppressing their sentiment; that is to say, you are constantly doing this by indirection and unconsciously, at least, and by betraying the fact that such is your ideal for them. You never seem to think they can be treated as a fundamentally different order of capacity and disposition. I remember listening for two hours to one of your cleverest women lecturing on Joan of Arc, and the thesis of her lecture was that there was no mystery at all about the Maid and her accomplishments, except the eternal mystery of conspicuous military genius, that she was in fact a female Napoleon and that it was the 'accident of sex' simply that had prevented her from being so esteemed by the purblind masculine prejudice which had theretofore dominated people's minds. Thinking of what Jeanne d'Arc stands for to us Frenchmen, of her place in our imaginations, of the way in which she illustrates for us the puissance of the essentially feminine element in humanity, I said to myself 'No, the Americans and we will never agree about women.'"

The Frenchman is apt to become eloquent in allusions to Joan of Arc, and French eloquence, like any other, is sometimes misleading. One may be permitted to object to our French friend's implication here, that the resemblance between Joan of Arc however conceived and the average Parisienne is at least not a superficial one. However, making every allowance for the difference between things "as they really are" and as they seem to the persons irreparably committed to support of them, it is undoubtedly true that if not love at least interest in the other sex plays a considerably larger part in the life of the French than in that of the American woman. It is certain that she never, as so frequently happens with us, considers herself independently, that she has no occupations or projects from which men are excluded, that she never contemplates a single-life for example, except as a fate hardly to be borne with philosophy and likely to prove too much for

her *sagesse*. Society makes no provision for the *vieille fille*, in the first place; in the second, society occupies almost the whole of life, absorbs almost every effort —two enormous differences from ourselves. The attractiveness of the spinster with us and the position she occupies in our society are well known. Of how many "homes" is she not the delight, of how many "firesides" is she not the decorously decorative adornment! She may or may not have had her romance; she may, that is to say, have courted or have drifted into her position of dignified singleness; it is in either case equally sure that she has not considered her estate so "incomplete" in itself, or so disengaged from the structure of society, as to furnish in itself reason and motive of exchange for another distinguished quite as much by another kind of duties as by another order of opportunities. And not only is the Frenchwoman prevented from taking such a view as this by the society which surrounds her and of which it is a prime necessity of her nature that she should form an integral part, but she is constitutionally incapable of contentedly fulfilling such a destiny. All her instincts of expansion—and she possesses these in greater intensity than we are apt to fancy is natural to women—are hostile to it. The genius for renunciation so conspicuous in many of our New England women is, in her composition, quite lacking. Such concentration as she possesses is, to speak paradoxically, expended upon the exploitation of her expansiveness. If by chance she becomes *vieille fille* she has a clear sense of failure. This certainly happens, comparatively rare as it seems to us. And the French spinster is apt to be an enjoyable person—as for that matter who in France is not? But it cannot have failed to strike any Anglo-Saxon observer that she is a wholly different kind of a person from her Anglo-Saxon analogue. Almost invariably she is either *dévote* or *gauloise*. Most people's experience probably is that she is generally *gauloise*, and one may even be permitted to note that in that event she is apt to be exaggeratedly *gauloise*. Prudishness is hardly ever exhibited by her except in conjunction with religious devotion. The *dévotes* apart, almost every *vieille fille* after a certain age is reached —the age when marriage is no longer to be contemplated—feeling the formal excentricity of her position in society, makes a distinct break with her rôle of *jeune fille* and tacitly suffers her already cynically disposed *milieu* to infer that she does not really merit the ridicule she would inevitably receive upon the supposition of her total unfamiliarity, even by reputation, with the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Single women, however, are, after all, exceptions in France, and it is only the great contrast which France presents in this respect to those portions of America which are socially most highly developed that makes a consideration of the character and position of the *vieille fille* interesting or significant. Its significance really consists in what it suggests and implies as to the fundamental differences which separate French and Anglo-Saxon societies. Married women, of course, constitute the great bulk of the feminine portion of French society. But when it is remembered that the interest in the other sex just referred to is as characteristic of them as of their unmarried sisters it will be immediately perceived that French society contrasts positively as well as negatively with our own. With us, it is well known, feminine interest in the other sex ceases at marriage. It is frequently active enough before that event, but its cessation with the wedding ceremony is nearly universal. To many men this change comes with a suddenness that is appalling. Each season witnesses shoals of our society beaux left stranded by it. They seem never to be able to prepare for it in advance, inevitable as they must know it to be; to them the disappearance from the social circle (the arena, it might be called) of a young girl, who seems to have made her selection and thence forward to forget that there was ever any competition, comes always with the force of a shock. Furthermore with us feminine interest in men ceases at marriage as absolutely, with as complete remorselessness, when the marriage is of the former beau as when it is of the former belle. To this our young men will probably never be able to habituate

themselves with philosophy. However it may be with American women, American men are very much like other men, like Frenchmen even in some respects, and the average "society man's" sense of sudden loss, of a support withdrawn, an activity paralyzed, immediately consequent upon his marriage must be of a nature calculated to effect, in the long run, substantial changes in the existing social constitution. To many young men with us marriage involves not perhaps a loss of caste, but indubitably a loss of that constant consideration direct and indirect which makes the possession of caste desirable; and this circumstance is perhaps the most serious menace by which the view of society as a device for bringing marriageable young people together is at present threatened. Our young men have nothing approaching the genius for renunciation of our young women, and though they may long tolerate the retirement at marriage of women from society—being largely reconciled thereto by the thought of thus attaining superior domesticity in their own wives—to continue to submit throughout the course of our social evolution to instant personal effacement at marriage, to drop at once in universal feminine consideration from the position of Adonis to that of Vulcan, would undoubtedly be too much to expect of them.

In neither of these ways, it need hardly be said, does marriage affect French society. Marriage is, on the contrary, the cardinal condition of society in France. It might almost be called the young girl's "coming-out party." It is, if anything, to a woman's sense an added attraction in a man; he is *rangé* certainly, but certainly none the less a man, association with whom is *ceteris paribus* as much more agreeable than association with a woman as the elective affinity of nature has contrived it. Women's general interest in men, that is to say, is so far from being repressed or even restricted by marriage that it is quickened by it, and thus society in general receives the stimulus of a powerful force which with us is well known to be almost altogether lacking. The entire French conception of marriage differs so fundamentally from our own that it is really difficult for us to appreciate it. Probably most Americans who have been attracted toward the French have, at some period of their study of French manners, said to themselves: "There must be some error in our understanding of French marriages. According to all accounts they are invariably and exclusively *de convenance*. They must therefore be loveless marriages. No healthful social life such as *must* exist in France can be based upon strict conformity to such a system. It must be therefore that the accounts exaggerate. In this detail, as in others, we must have been misled by English prejudices." But the fact is literally as it is understood to be. Exceptions to the rule of *mariages de convenance* are so rare as really not to count at all. To comprehend, however, that this does not inevitably lead to social stoppage and disaster, it is necessary to perceive that the same thing which might result very badly for us does not necessarily result badly for people who are so very different from us as the French are. And this is an extremely difficult matter; it is always difficult to realize that maxims which we have conquered for ourselves have not a universal validity. The conception of *mariage de convenance* by no means excludes the idea of love. Neither does the practice. No young girl in France looks forward to not loving her husband. She simply expects to learn to love him after marriage as our young girls are expected to do before as well. As a matter of fact, in the vast majority of cases this expectation is justified. Parents and society see to it that it shall be justifiable, and the result—always of course a lottery—is made dependent on old heads instead of on young hearts. To our criticism of the working of their system, the French retort in kind with unconvinced obstinacy. They assert that certain lamentable and undeniable phenomena are direct results of our system and observe, truly enough, that from these at least theirs is free. To our rejoinder that this may be so, but that their conception of marriage, however salutary, is terribly unromantic, their answer would undoubtedly be that we are altogether too romantic. And this is really our

difference from the French in this matter—that we conceive marriage sentimentally, namely, and they as an affair of reason; and from reason to *convenance* is always an incredibly short step in France. Individualism is a force so nearly unknown in France, collective and corporate authority is such a constant and intimate one, the entire social structure is so elaborately organized for the general rather than the particular good, that to leave even so particular a matter as marriage wholly to the whim of the persons directly interested would be foreign to the national proclivities. No sentiment is too sacred, no feeling too intimate, to be thus centrally administered, as it were, by society. If they are sacred and intimate enough and for any reason—often for a reason which might to us appear frivolous—intensely enough recalcitrant to the code, their violation of it will be tolerated and even applauded. But the notion that the code should not deal with the subject at all would be esteemed as absurd as we should esteem it to disparage marriage though permitting divorce.

The French marriage being thus distinctly not the affair of sentiment which it is with us, the ideal formed for a woman's deportment within its bonds differs proportionally from that to which we hold our married women. Of the strictness of the latter one hardly needs to be reminded. The husband himself insists upon it with virtuous sufficiency. The wife herself admires this attitude in him. He becomes in a way her spiritual director, and she in some sense his penitent. Following his idea of making a companion of her, he arranges her reading, counsels the disposition of her leisure, modifies the list of her acquaintance in proportion as he attaches value to these things. If her family have been of a different political or religious faith from his own, he devotes no small labor to the subtle undermining of her prejudices. She is *his* wife, presiding over *his* household, entertaining *his* friends. She sees the world through his spectacles—such of it as he permits. Her amusements are such as he approves, her study such as he directs. Her destiny and glory are to be the mother of his children, the ornament of his fireside, his help-meet. This at least the Teutonism underlying our American chivalry makes our ideal in many instances, and in these instances it is realized by our women with a grace and dignity which ought, perhaps, to do more than they do to keep our men up to the mark of realizing its counterpart. There are with us of course very few average men who do not expect their wives to take them at their own valuation—very few average women who do not thus take their husbands, at least until they become grandmothers. Indeed the mental acuteness and moral independence of our women are in many cases pitched to a considerably lower key than even this; they are expected to and do take their husbands not merely at the self-valuation of these latter, but at the valuation fixed by marital diplomacy as well as by marital conceit. There is indeed to some extent with us an unconfessed but perfectly recognized freemasonry of husbands having for its object the preservation in the fairer sex of illusions as to the sterner. Treachery to this is extremely uncommon, and is regarded as almost base by the occasional traitor himself. It is painful to the American husband to witness the absence of similar illusions in the French woman. The discovery of her opinion of the opposite sex and her complacent acquiescence therein comes to him with a certain shock; it is some time before he recovers from it and again permits himself to be attracted by what to him seems the uncomfortable paradox of *blasée* femininity. It is important to distinguish, however, that the absence of illusions in the French woman as to masculine qualities by no means implies, as a similar absence might be taken to imply with us, a more or less brutal disillusionating process as having taken place and left its scar and stain upon feminine freshness. The French woman is simply almost never *naïve*, in great things any more than in small. The French ideal excludes *naïvelé*, and from a French point of view she is never more *femme* than when she is least *naïve;* to be *naïf* is the next thing to being insignificant, and to be insignificant is ignominy.

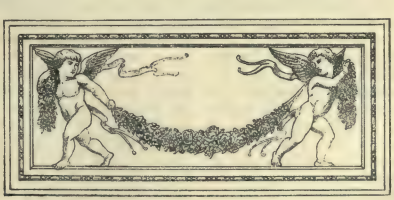
One effect of this attitude is to make the French woman much more serious in

an intellectual sense than is possible to women whose cherishing of illusions is systematic. They are far more nearly at the centre of the situation; their comprehension of motives is far wider, their acquaintance with sociological data and causes far more intimate. They are far less dependent upon their emotions in the exercise of their judgment; and thus a perfect acquaintance with the facts and their bearings in any given case, and with the great mass of material to which secondarily and indirectly any given case is to be referred, and by which in large measure it is to be judged, relieves them of this one great reproach which among us is constantly addressed to women who make any attempt to discuss serious topics. They are in no wise driven to the makeshift of making up by the intensity of emotion for imperfect comprehension. In fine, whereas we seek the artificial stimulus for certain virtues in what may be fancifully called a "protective policy" as applied to women, the French are believers in social free trade, with individual competition and survival of the socially fittest the only winnowing principle recognized.

And the characteristic effect of each theory is by no means confined to women alone, or to women and what passes for society in general. It is very marked upon the men considered apart—as with us they have to be considered in so many relations. It is of course impossible to make of an entire sex a class by itself which, unconsidered in any but the domestic and decorative functions of life, shall have no influence upon the habits of thought and the courses of conduct of the other sex in even those matters with which the latter exclusively charges itself. In a general and vague way we are so far from denying this that we make a merit of sustaining the contrary. It is indeed because we value so much what is called "the purifying influence of woman" that we like to keep her so far removed from the dust and stain of street or forum discussion. But now and then this remoteness not only acts upon themselves in the way just indicated—throws them back upon pure feeling in matters of pure judgment, that is to say; it gives a decided twist, a divergence of marked eccentricity to the movement of exclusively masculine thought and discussion. Men who are very much with women and very little in the world betray this influence upon their philosophy quite as much, often, as they illustrate in their conduct the general "purifying influence." Instances are within the recalling of every reflecting observer. They illustrate a state of mind and temper analogous to that of the dweller in the country, as compared with the metropolitan, or if one chooses, the "cockney" temper and mind; or that of the Middle Ages philosopher compared with the modern sociologist. D'Alembert, says Mr. John Morley, adopted instead of the old monastic vow of poverty, chastity, obedience, "the manlier substitute of poverty, truth, liberty." The substitute may be more manly; undoubtedly the modern world breaking more and more completely with Middle Age ideals tends more and more so to believe. But it is certainly not more womanly as we understand the term, and in our society, owing to the influence aforesaid, many men feel that there is something radically defective in any social philosophy to which women—and women as we make them—do not subscribe.

Very slight analogy of this influence is to be encountered in France. And the reason, many persons will say, is because women as such have no influence in France, because France is socially organized entirely with a view to the interest and pleasure of man. One hears that constantly from Americans in Paris. Women are not admitted to the orchestra chairs of some of the theatres. In omnibuses and tramways *place aux dames* is a satirical phrase denoting a civility far from the heart of the ordinary French male. The cabs charge upon both sexes alike. The divorce law, so long withheld in the interest of men, with its proposition odiously unjust to women so nearly adopted, the arguments on either side during the debate were excellent illustrations of the general feeling. The vice most inimical to women is licensed and regulated for the benefit of men. Women's fate in the highest as well as in the lowest social circle is to be pursued by man—pursued, too, sometimes, brutally and prosaically. In marriage it is the men who are

mercenary. What American in France, I say, has not heard a great deal of this from his travelling countrywomen? The Frenchman's answer to it all is that it is superficial and unintelligent, and he attributes such criticism to what he deems our habit of separating the sexes in thought and in fact, which in its turn he thinks attributable to our not having fully emerged from the pioneer stage of civilization wherein men and women have markedly distinct functions to perform and demand markedly distinct treatment and consideration. In an old society such careful and conscious distinctions are not needed; like the marching of regulars the adjustment takes care of itself. At all events what we refer to as women's influence upon man is in such a society less formal, less immediately recognizable. Co-operation between the sexes is so complete in France that their reciprocal influences are, so far as they are obviously traceable, mere matters of detail. The position of woman in France at the present time is certainly one of the results of modern civilization working upon, socially speaking, the most highly developed people of a race which "invented the muses and chivalry and the Madonna"—and of that race the people which has produced by far the greatest number of eminent women. And if it seem to us and especially to our travelling countrywomen an unworthy position, and inferior to that which women hold with us, the reason is not to be sought in the absence of a marked and rigid distinction between the sexes, in which we ourselves would have to yield the palm to the Semitic and polygamous peoples, who have carried the idea to a perfection of logical development undreamed of by us. However, the real answer to this is that French women themselves are perfectly satisfied with this position. They do not find it humiliating, as it is hardly likely they would fail to do, being tolerably susceptible, if there were not some error about its being really humiliating. Their influence upon men is perhaps not the less real for being less marked. If it is not what we mean by "purifying" it is assuredly refining. It is as hostile to grossness as women's influence with us is to immorality. Indeed it is to this influence that is to be distinctly ascribed the losing by vice of half its evil, to recall Burke's phrase. "His wife, I find, is acquainted with the whole affair. This is the woman's country!" exclaims Gouverneur Morris in his Paris diary in 1789; and it is only a Frenchman, I fancy, who would agree with M. Jules Lemaître who said the other day that if he could be just what he chose he would be first of all a beautiful woman. The conditions of the active operation of feminine influence in France are nearly the opposite of those with us. They consist in the co-operation between the sexes before alluded to, in the possession of the same social philosophy by men and women, the same opportunities, the same knowledge of motives and data, of facts and general principles. Just as with us these conditions consist in a separation and exaltation of woman's sphere far above contact with the rude strife of natural passions and complex interests, the intricate and absorbing conflict of business, politics, amusement, and *ennui* of which the real drama of human life is composed.





A Story-teller in Willow Street, Tokio.

[This and the illustrations following from drawings by Nankoku Ozawa.]

JAPANESE ART SYMBOLS.

By William Elliot Griffis.

THE speech of the far-eastern people is characterized by intellectual poverty and the absence of imagination. The Asiatic of the extreme East is a materialist by nature, whose words can only rarely be, as European words so often are, in themselves poems. The Chinaman is born an old man, with the wrinkles of uncounted centuries of matter-of-fact experience already lined upon his forehead. The westerner is born an infant of days, to whom the young world is fairy-land.

As if to make some amends for the poverty of imagination and the absence of impersonation in language, the richness of symbolism in art is noticeable. As men sought expression of thought not only in words, but in material images, the set of symbols in the répertoire of the ultra-oriental artist differed from those of his western confrère as their faces varied in tint and feature. Even in art, however, the spark of divine genius which outflames in ideals of great sweetness, and beauty that accords with eternal law is absent in the passion of the far East which displays itself in decoration instead of creation.

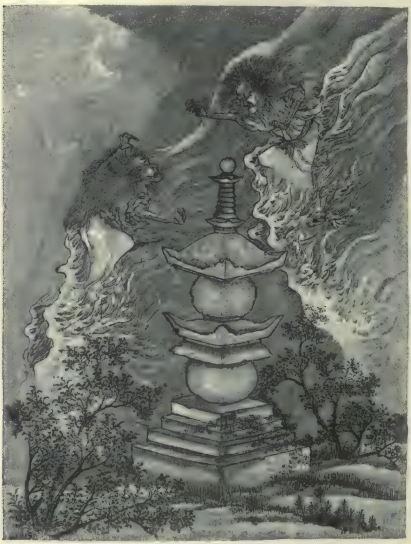
Did the far-easterner as a "pre-Adamite" and older man encounter types of animal life unknown to our fathers, and to us existent only in the dreams which geology has taught us to dream? Who can study the dragon on which the sons of Sinim lavish such wealth of manipulative skill and not inquire whether his original was a winged saurian, pterodactyl, or some other colossal monster of the primeval world that "swinged the scaly horror of his folded tail" before ever species were differentiated? Did the ancestors of the Chinese and Tartar races have to fight and conquer monsters resembling these chimeras, before they won the golden fleece of the Flowery Middle Kingdom, and the Land of



A Happy Family in Mythical Zoölogy.

Great Peace? Or is the dragon but the ideal assemblage of all the destructive forces in nature? Do we behold in him the culmination of all species, and in one incarnation the encyclopædia of all vital forces? In his head are all the powers of tooth, fang, beak, tusk, horn. With eyesight as of a demon, and breath as of fire, he can bite, shrivel up, poison, or devour. In his limbs are all the potencies of claw, hoof, fin, spine, talon, and fire-emitting joint. Study the dynamics of that tail, with its armor plates and its enginery of coil, torsion, and trip-hammer blow. What variety of motions! The flight of birds, the glide of serpents, the dart of eagles, the spring of tigers, the movement of fishes are his. Able to rise, to sink, to go forwards, backwards, sideways, to live, move, and have being in any

element, the dragon can cover the sun, swallow the moon, rock the earth, send destruction by fire, malaria, poison, or darkness. Who or what can resist the dragon in his strength?



The Rival Lovers.

Have we here the animated picture, in miniature, of all the enemies man has been called to encounter in subduing the land now most populous of all on earth? It may be that when the "dried up seas" of the mid-Asian deserts—once gardens and watered lands—give up their dead, the buried cities and civilizations cast out their slain, and the geology of the most ancient continent is fully known, we shall read more clearly their story, and see the prototypes of the dreams of our older earth-brethren. Certain it is that Chinese traditions of the first settlers of the Yellow River valley teem with marvellous stories of the plodding heroes and prehistoric Stanleys who made a dark continent the flowery land. The Japanese Kojiki, or Records of Ancient Things, is also a volume of achievements of the first explorers and conquerors of "The Country between Heaven and Earth," told in true Altaic style. If written in these days of telegrams, and quinine, and editor's blue pencil, its poetry would be sadly marred. How, in the face of everyday miracles, to tell properly the story of beauteous maidens rescued from eight-headed dragons, of mountain gods overcoming intruders with their breath, and of beasts, unknown to Cuvier and Agassiz, assisting heroes or marring their plans, would puzzle the original narrators as much as our so-called scientific statements would confound them. In a country like China, in which the Yellow River is a perpetual "sorrow," drowning millions of human beings periodically, as kittens are drowned; in a country like Japan in which Asama and Bandai San with tolerable regularity blow out their rocky brains and overwhelm villages in mud and ashes, the belief in a host of malignant intelligences in sea, earth, and air becomes, to the ignorant, a necessity. Their mythical zoology is not only the delirium tremens of paganism, but serves as a rough and handy system of natural philosophy. Hence the dragon, the creature of ceaseless motion, is in one sense an embodiment of the modern doctrine of the indestructibility of energy and of the correlation of forces.

Fortunately for the artist, the *tatsŭ*, as the Japanese call the dragon, is a typical organism having many varieties and endless accomplishments. All crafts, arts, and pleasures look to him for patronage.



The Japanese Child's Dream World.



Games and Sports of Japanese Children.

Foolish is that westerner who imagines that in many representations the beast is the same. No, the colors, habitat, gifts, and powers of each species, variety, age, and sex vary. The first-born of the brood of nine sings and is a lover of sweet sound; hence, its figure is always cast on the ear of a bell. The blood-thirsty and war-making man-eater has his appropriate place on sword-hilt or blade. The climbing and restless fellow writhes, protrudes, or twists himself on gable ends and pillars of temples, gates, and houses. The insatiable creature of bibulous propensities is carved on drinking-cups. The brood of the female dragon numbers nine, and each of her progeny differs from the others in disposition and talents: music, architecture, conviviality, war, literature, supernatural powers of hearing, enjoyment of harmony, a passion for sedentary life, and delight in the exhibition of strength are among the varied characteristics of this happy family. Hence, the dragon on the title-page of a book, on the coign of a pagoda, on the arm of an easy-chair, on the foot of a table, or on the yoke of a bell differs in detail under the hand of carver, painter, or scribe. In number of claws, items of horse-power possessed by limb or tail, defensive armor or offensive equipment, in possibilities of flight, fire, wind, and chemical nature of breath and spittle the differences are as radical, as minute, as important to the orthodox as are the dogmas of the sects. Further, in artistic treatment, when pictorially represented, the dragon of the master Kano, or even Hokusai, differs from that of the average painter as the lion's head of Landseer growls in disdain at that of the tyro, or the sheep of Verboeckhoven baa at his copyists. Rarely, if ever, is the entire economy of the *tatsŭ* painted, carved, or cast. The artist interposes cloud, water, fire, or solid object, in order to stimulate imagination and increase the effect. Since, also, the despotic rulers of Asia claim all powers, functions, and attributes of government, it is no surprise to us that these petty vicars of God, sons of Heaven, and divinely descended emperors are called "dragons." In the ancient and constantly repeated elements of oriental rhetoric, "the dragon's" robe, countenance, chariot, and other appurtenances are, in reality, those possessed by the chief executive. With this fixed ammunition, a constant fusillade of most exalted tom-foolery is still kept up in Chinese state papers, as was formerly the case in Japanese politics. The "ruffling of the dragon's scales," is the emperor's displeasure, and the "dragon's wrath" is the anger of the same individual.

The *tatsŭ* is but the leader of a host in the menagerie of mythology, a part of which the artist Ozawa* has grouped in a sort of happy family. [P. 89.] With the weasel of actual zoölogy, every resident in town or country in Japan, not excepting great Tōkiō, is familiar, at least by the hearing of the ears. On account of earthquakes, plaster is not used for ceilings, thin boards set on lacquered black bands of wood, or covered with paper, being used instead. Over these, and down through the house partitions, the rats scamper in nightly and uproarious glee. Occasionally the racket is varied by piercing screams. An unwelcome visitor is out foraging, and the rats and mice stand little chance against the powerful claws, and superior fighting powers in the teeth of the *hitachi*. What the weasel of cold science is to the domestic rodent, the *kama-hitachi* or sickle weasel is to the imagination of bucolic humanity in Japan. This phantasm flies through the air, and with his mimic scythes, in lieu of claws, cuts and gashes the faces of people.

The *kappa* is a submarine creature, half monkey, half tortoise, in which the Japanese country urchin devoutly believes. He has a propensity to feed on small boys, and is useful to parents who wish their offspring to "hang their clothes on a hickory limb," and go no nearer the water than rivulet or puddle; for the *kappa* lives only in rivers and deep water. More than once was I warned against the *kappa*, when about to go in to swim in the Ashiwa (Foot-wing) river. A fresh cucumber thrown near his lurking place may, however, neutralize his appetite and thus pro-

* Nankoku Ozawa, or in English, Mr. South-Country Great-Marsh is an artist of the modern school of Japanese art who has for some years lived in Tōkio. His style follows the best models of Hokusai.

tect a swimmer of the doubtful age between that of boy and man. Until late years, in most popular treatises on animated nature, the *kappa* was gravely figured as a real animal, along with tortoises, fish, and other creatures of shell and gills.



Daikoku, the God of Wealth Driving off the Imp of Poverty.

Futen, or the wind-imp, is evidently the Japanese version of Mark Twain's centennial collector who was looking in Philadelphia for specimens of all sorts of weather, and whom Mark advised to come to Connecticut and find one hundred and thirty-three kinds in twenty-four hours. Futen is a hairy wretch who lives aloft, and according as he loosens or opens his ever-plethoric bag, he sets in motion zephyrs, breezes, cyclones, or tornadoes. Always blowing, yet never out of breath, this fellow, like Cowper's post-boy, "whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch." He enjoys dispensing influenza, and that truly Japanese scourge, catarrh. A native of the Land of the Gods never "takes cold," he "catches wind," or rather Futen catches him. In primitive Shintō worship, two gods, male and female, created by Izanagi, the primal deity in its pantheon, were long worshipped as gods of wind, and their shrines were famous. They had long uncouth names, which we may translate Heaven Pillar, and Country Pillar. The early Japanese conception was that the wind was the substance which alone supported the sky from falling flat on the earth; hence the pillars to sustain it and the people from impending catastrophe.

Raiden, the thunder-god, sits on the clouds and pounds lustily the skin-heads which he has ranged in a sort of diatonic scale. From growl to peal, from rattle to boom, he is skilful with his drums, though especially hilarious among the mountains. Of course, a great many people have seen him—that is, sections of him or his orchestra. He is always partially hidden in the clouds so as never to be fully exposed to view. One of the Mikado's iron-clads is named Raiden, or The Thunderer, while a certain sort of cracknel sold to street-urchins is sublimely named Thunder Cake.

The speciality of the *ten-gu*, or sky-imp, is his proboscis. One small face carries all his nose. He is a sort of "cock-horse," or human chicken, that lives in wild woods or mountains sky-high. Kintarō, the favorite hero of the nursery, bestrode the *tengus*, or set them fighting for his amusement. The snout or nose of the male is of amazing length, while that of the female

is short and beak-shaped. Their chief use is to serve the god of the mountains, and to kidnap naughty children, or to scare them into good behavior. They have great wisdom in the secrets of nature which are known in part to birds and beasts, and which the king of the *tengus* taught to Yoshitsuné, the Japanese lad's ideal. A *tengu* fan is made of hawk's feathers, and is exactly like the old-fashioned pulpit air-vibrators once seen only in clergymen's hands in American churches.

The *jishin-uwo*, or earthquake-fish, is an enormous cat-fish or bull-head, whose form lies prone hundreds of leagues along all subterranean Japan. Its head rests under Kiōto, and its tail beneath Awomori. Its moustaches are a notable part of its physiognomy, and twirl for miles around. Government officers and smart young men who sport upper-lip hair of a thin and stringy sort are popularly called "cat-fish." When this colossal *uwo* flaps its tail, wriggles its body, or acts as if being skinned while refusing to get used to it, there are earth tremors of varying potency. Who but an ingenious Japanese would have thought of representing to the eye, in a map of twisted wire, the antics and gambols of the earthquake-fish? Yet this to the common eye an accomplished seismologist in the Tōkiō University has done. Resembling a wild confusion of feelers, flukes, fins, and tails in a snarl, it is yet a remarkably successful representation to the eye of the actual lines of earth-movement. In popular mythology, only one deity, Kashima, can hold the monster quiet, and this special duty the *Kami* does with amazing promptitude by pinning it down with the Kanami-ishi, or "rivet-rock of the world." As every Japanese body knows, this stone is in the province of Hitachi, and no one can lift it but Kashima. The Japanese fish holding the world (that is, Japan) upon his back seems to take the place of the tortoise of Indian and Chinese idea, as best suiting the conditions of unstable equilibrium prevailing in the rocker-shaped island of Hondo, which in unrevised atlases is incorrectly called "Niphon."

There are other members of Ozawa's happy family, and these of Chinese origin, composite creatures of marvellous qualities and accomplishments, which combine the beauties of many animal forms. The *kirin* and *hōwō*, or Phœnix and Unicorn, appear on the earth only at the birth of a sage or paragon, as harbingers of peace and blessings. The supernatural horse with a soft horn in his forehead and a marvellously curled tail seems, with the Phœnix bird, to be the opposite of the dragon. Both incarnate all the elements of gentle life and inoffensiveness. The first of all *kilin* (as the *r*-eschewing Chinese pronounce the word for their *l*-dropping Japanese neighbors) rose out of the Hoang-Ho waters, having on its back the mystic diagrams out of which the multiform systems of Chinese ideography have been developed.

Space does not permit us to tell of all the creatures in the mythical zoölogy of Japan. In many instances they are the epitome in graphic symbol of past myths, or of real struggles and conquests, the memory of which survives in imagination but not in chronology.

The symbolism of the native folk-lore and fairy-tales offers to the artist a fascinating répertoire. The Japanese excel in telling stories to the eye, as well as to the ear. Whether tattoed on the back of a foot-runner, pounded out by punch or hammer in metal, enamelled in cloisonné or niello, embroidered, inlaid, or painted, according to the manifold processes of decorative art, the familiar eye delights to read the fancy-tickling lore. In physical life the Japanese submits to the hard grind of fact, but in unsubstantial realms he roams free and wild, taking his revenge for the limitations of life. He shakes off rule and code, and traverses the universe in sport. His whole art is a protest against the monotonous uniformity of law, and the certainty of nature. In the fairy world, time and space are not; so he covers his hero with the hat edged with shell-nacre, which wraps the owner in invisibility, or throws over him the cloak which becomes wings to the wearer. As every man wants money, there are the symbols of stored or invested wealth, of ready change, and of that which comes only from toil and hard knocks. These respectively we see in the key (to the

fireproof clay and plaster safe-house), the piles of gold *o-bans* and *ko-bans* and the mallet of Dai-koku, the god of wealth. [P. 94.] The symbols of marital felicity and fertility, of offspring and the joys of home, are the clove, or powder-horn-shaped affair, beaded at the ends, and the small crossed scrolls with dots. Accomplishment in art is prefigured by the tessaron or cloisonné mark, and in literature by roll-books or brocade-edged scrolls. The symbols of office are bundles of silk and figured satin from which robes of state are made. Last and greatest of all is the fan, or winged wand, one touch of which confers immortality, or at least oblivion of time. The Queen of the World under the Sea holds this in her hand, and the heroes of fairy-land are armed, equipped, or rewarded with one or more of these symbols. Collectively they are called *shippō*, or the seven precious things. Cloisonné work is also called *shippō*, because it was originally an imitation of jewel work in which the precious symbols figured largely. The freight of the *takaré-bunê* or treasure-ship which every Japanese hopes will "come in" on New Year's day, or at least mirror itself in his dreams the eve before, consists chiefly of *shippō;* or, with more personification, of the seven patron deities of happiness, Benten, Dai-koku, Ébisŭ, etc. The wealth of captured *oni*, or demons, and of their castles, the contents of dragon-guarded cave and deep-sea shrine, the tribute paid to conquerors and mighty men of valor by subjugated savages, the goods set before Prince Peachling, leader of the army of dog, monkey, and pheasant, and of Watanabé, slayer of the maiden-enslaving ogre, and the indemnity set by the Coreans before the Amazonian Japanese queen Jingu, are always represented as *shippō*. As in a kind of artistic shorthand, the artist by means of this group of symbols tells in brief many a long story and varying inventory.

The symbolism of household festivals and domestic celebrations, though notably visible on marriage and birthday occasions, flowers out in full on New Year's day. While the *shippō* seems to point in its origin to India and the Buddhist altar, the decorations of New Year's have their root in the native mythology. [P. 97.] When the "From-Heaven-Far-Shining-One," the sun-goddess, angry at her mischievous moon-brother, hid herself in a cave, and there was darkness in heaven and earth, the earth-gods assembled in a congress, and devised all manner of cunning inventions to excite her curiosity and entice her out. We see first of all the festoons and ropes of rice-straw twisted with three, five, or seven pendants. These separate the clean from the unclean, and keep off the unruly spirits, and were first made and hung in front of the cave. The piles of rice pastry made in the form of disks and found in every household, as are mince-pies in ours, represent the round mirror by which the heavenly lady was tempted by curiosity to come out and look at her own lovely face, thus putting an end to eclipse and darkness.

The lobster expresses the wish of your friends that you may live to be so old that your back will be bent. The dried persimmon, which looks like a fig, and is hardly inferior to one in taste, means, May you keep your sweetness in old age; and the charcoal, May your memory be imperishable. In the orange and fern, also, the people read easily the charade or rebus in art language which desires for you ten thousand years and joys.

If at a time of mating, greeting, birthday, or New Year, one should be so happy as to discover a flower, rarer and more significant than edelweiss or four-leaved clover, his happiness would be complete. The *udongé* sometimes blossoms on the cross timbers of the *tori-i* or shrine-gate, and is always hailed with rapture, as the harbinger of rare good fortune. Although it is supposed to bloom but once in a thousand years, there are natives of Japan who claim to have seen this millennial plant, the vulgar or scientific name of which is not found in the text-books. A famous Chinese dictionary calls the *ché* a divine plant, the seeds of which are the food of the genii. The *ché*, symbolical of all that is bright and good, and the *udongé* of Mikado-land, though not written with the same characters, are probably the same.

The shrine-portals or *tori-i*, referred

to, stand in front of Shintō holy places. Shintō, the way or doctrine of the gods, is the indigenous religion, having little that raises it above a shadowy cult, deficient as it is both in formulated doctrines or codes of morals. In essence, it consists of reverence to the dead, and in glorification of ancestors. Its foundation-idea is purification. Its symbols are the mirror, and notched strips of white paper hung upon a wand, resting in austere simplicity in shrines whereon no painter's brush or lacquerer's devices have been laid. Amazing plainness is the attribute of a Shintō tabernacle of wood left in natural and uncovered grain. No idols are seen, but prayers, lustrations, and offerings are many. Persons of vivid imagination, and travellers of that type of mind and power of description and picturing which we recognize as especially French, see in the name of the paper, *kami*, a symbol of deity (kami); in the whiteness of the paper purity; in its zig-zag shape lightning, fire, triplicity, or even the Trinity. Books have been written to prove that the Japan islanders are the lost tribes of Israel. Whatever be the fancies of the brain, it is certain that Shintō is a religion of cleanliness, and that nicety in person, house, and utensil, and refinement of taste and carriage are marked traits of the Japanese. Such powerful object-lessons in cleanliness are not taught by Shintō in vain. In making offerings to the gods, the fruits of earth, sea, and air are tastefully laid on unpainted wooden trays, and thence conveyed to the altars. In olden times the shrine-keepers bound their mouths with white paper, lest their breath should pollute the offerings. Some of the ancient native liturgies, transmitted from a time far anterior to the introduction of Buddhism, in 550 A.D., enumerate these gifts of the devout in a literary style that is very beautiful.



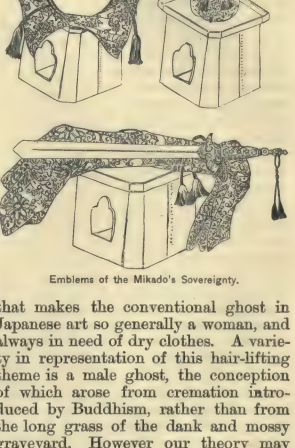
Symbols of New Year, Household and Wedding Festival.

In the old faith, when both church and state were comprised in Shintō, the Mikado was the vicar of the gods, and the son of Heaven. His person was sacred, and his dwelling place was a *miya* or temple. All Shintō shrines are *miya;* that is, sacred houses. It was by summoning theology to the aid of their swords and arrows that the conquerors from the Asian mainland were able to subdue the hunters and fishermen who were the aborigines of the Japan archipelago. The conquerors were agriculturists with superior gen-

ius, discipline, weapons, tools, and ideas. Brains won the day, and forever. Iron overcame stone, industry beat back savagery, and the over-awed serfs, vastly greater in numbers, were kept from successful rebellion by being well indoctrinated in the dogmatics of Shintō. Filled with awe at the heavenly ancestry of the Mikado, and at his divinity and power with gods and men, not many generations passed before the people became politically one with their conquerors. The modern Japanese, like the Englishman, is a composite of diverse ancestry. Mr. Ernest Satow has shown that the ceremonial law of Shintō is based on a social system in which "elect" agriculturists live side by side with "heathen" hunters and fishermen —the old story of civilization against barbarism. When finally all "under Heaven" and "within the four seas" was at peace—a thought so often happily treated in native art—every soul acknowledged the Mikado as their lord, spiritual and temporal, whose person, dwelling, clothes, and belongings were holy.

The ceremonial of "coronation," or of induction into office, differs markedly in the West from the same event in the East. The kings of Europe are crowned; the Israelitish sovereign, like the Sultan of Turkey, was girded with a sword, as is sung in the forty-fifth Psalm. In Japan the regalia of sovereignty consist of the "three precious things," the possession of which constitutes sovereignty. The only civil war between rival dynasties known in Japan, the fifty years' struggle between the adherents of the "northern" and "southern" emperors during the fourteenth century, was settled by declaring the possessor of the three sacred emblems to be the rightful Mikado. The three holy symbols are a mirror, a crystal ball, and a sword.

Besides the august ghosts which in the Shintō system are deified and more or less worshipped, the people very generally believe in apparitions which have local habitations and names. Many a well, in which some love-lorn lass long ago leaped, with sleeves loaded with stones to secure gravity, nightly exhales its phantom, though covered and padlocked. Most Japanese ghosts have a damp and bedraggled look, with frowsy and unkempt hair; though I knew a corner of the prince's castle in Fukui in which the alleged ghost, a quondam lady of the court, was kind enough to wear her best clothes and appear always dry and neat. It is probably the popularity of the well as a resort for female suicides



Emblems of the Mikado's Sovereignty.

that makes the conventional ghost in Japanese art so generally a woman, and always in need of dry clothes. A variety in representation of this hair-lifting theme is a male ghost, the conception of which arose from cremation introduced by Buddhism, rather than from the long grass of the dank and mossy graveyard. However our theory may approach or recede from fact, the rival lovers of the Maiden of Unahi continue yet their feud, and struggle for supremacy amid very hot instead of very chilly surroundings. The tale is a touching one among the native classics. The two suitors for the one maiden were tested as to marksmanship, when one arrow struck the head and the other the tail of the bird swimming on the stream; and when the despairing maiden leaped into the river, both lovers plunged in after her, one seizing her by the hand, the other by the foot, and all perishing miserably together. Long afterward, a traveller spending a night near the spot was visited in a dream by one of the lovers, who told his story and asked for the loan of the traveller's

sword. On awakening, the traveller unsheathed his weapon, and found it stained from recent use. He then visited the tomb, and found issuing from the mound a rill of blood. [Illustration on p. 90.]

To one familiar with this background of legend, poetry, and fancy, travelling in Japan is a constant charm, and the study of her art a delight. Not only in the architecture, painting, and bric-a-brac of her people, among all classes of whom the artistic sense is strong, but in the very toys, games, and sports of the children, do we behold the mirror of the legendary and historic past. [P. 92.] In the six-century-old game of polo, in the street plays of the boys, we see the old wars of the Genji and Héiké, the reds and whites, which once convulsed all Japan. Look at either the games of picture-cards or the great paper kites, and on their cartoons you read the story of Kintarō and the old Nurse of the Mountain, Yoshitsunè, the mirror of chivalry, Benkéi, the good-natured factotum, the Net of Destiny over the sleeping and the vigilant, the jewels of the ebbing and the flowing tide, Princes Fire-flash and Fire-fade, the lorn fisher-maid who dives into the dragon's under-world shrine and brings her noble lover the crystal gem under her ribs and within her opened flesh. You do not find Noah's ark, or the personages of Mother Goose, but instead, the famous figures of history, mythology, poem, and story of old Japan or still older China. Our ancients and theirs are not the same. Their traditional early world is not ours.

On what a different warp must be woven the texture of the dreams of the Japanese from that of the American child. I used to amuse myself and give my students in Fukui practice in English by asking them to rehearse their dreams. I found a vast difference in the scenery and back-ground of their nocturnal fancies from those of my own. In one respect the dreams of the foreigner and native were alike—in their desire to get to America. The constantly recurring element in the pictures beneath the home-sick teacher's eyelids was that he had visited friends, spent Sunday, and was in a hurry to catch the train back to Japan and to work. Sudden awakening often came because I had failed to reach the depot by a half minute, and the cars had gone. The Japanese lads, to whom going to America was a darling hope and even a crazing furore, frequently dreamed of crossing "the great calm sea," but always over the top of Fuji Yama, on the back of a dragon, with an occasional tumble which woke them up. The basis of *their* dreams was all Japanese, with America as a terminus; the foundation of mine was New York, with Fukui at the end of the road.

Ozawa has given us a picture of the Japanese dream world, by summoning from shadow the procession of the phantoms that are very real to the child. [P. 91.] Kinjoji, after a supper of rather too many rice cakes, has kicked off his silk coverlets, and is travelling as far away as his soul-tether will allow his spirit to stray. In the native belief, the soul is held to the body by a very slight and highly attenuated thread, and floats off in space like a bubble. If a child is rudely awakened, the soul cannot get back in time, the thread is snapped, and death ensues. Hence the native servants are usually very careful in disturbing the slumbers of the little ones.

The Japanese fairy world is very populous. Helmet, armor, and fan recall the name of many a doughty warrior, archer, and horseman. The monkey cap suggests the antics of the trained performers of most delightful nonsense; the imp-masks tell of a score or more of comedies and dances illustrative of the national mythology. Benkéi, who carries the tools of many trades on his back, figures with Yoshitsuné in two places; once, where the boy is learning the occult secrets of nature from the long-nosed king of the *tengus*, and again where with Benkéi he is warning off tresspassers from Arashi Yama, publishing the forfeit of an amputated finger for each blossom plucked. Momotarō, with his allies of pheasant, dog, and monkey, setting out to the treasure-island of the demons to capture their *shippō*, Raikō at the palace gate cutting off the arm of the imp who, armed with an iron club, had crawled down unawares and seized the sentinel's helmet, Young Thunder and the magic frog on whose back he crossed rivers, the marriage pro-

cession of the foxes moving across a landscape on which the sun is shining during a shower, the long-legged fellows who carry the long-armed louts on their shoulders, the little elves that dance the tight-rope on the cord spread by the farmers to keep the crows off their rice-fields, the tongue-cut sparrows of nursery story, the web of fate, and the giant of destiny watching to catch Raikō, who foils him—all are set forth in Ozawa's picture and Kinjoji's dream. Fortunately the same national fancy that has summoned forth from unreality such a host of fantastic images of the brain has provided that which can devour them all, as Kronos was fabled to do with his children. In the Japanese mythical zoology there is a beast shaped more like a tapir than any other quadruped, and his voracious appetite is for dreams. When the omen of the dreams displeases, or the abundance of them is too great for comfort, the dreamer has but to cry out, "Tapir, come eat! Tapir, come eat!" and the beast being obedient the unsubstantial fabric is swallowed up and disappears even from memory.



THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE old beggar women of the Bantry streets had seldom showered their blessings upon a departing group of emigrants with such hearty good will as they did upon Mike Bogan and his little household one May morning.

Peggy Muldoon, she of the game leg and green-patched eye and limber tongue, steadied herself well back against the battered wall at the street-corner and gave her whole energy to a torrent of speech unusual for even her noble powers. She would not let Mike Bogan go to America unsaluted and unblessed; she meant to do full honor to this second cousin, once removed, on the mother's side.

"Yirra, Mike Bogan, is it yerself thin, goyn away beyant the says?" she began with true dramatic fervor. "Let poor owld Peg take her last look on your laughing face me darlin'. She'll be dape under the ground this time next year, God give her grace, and you far away lavin to strange spades the worruk of hapin the sods of her grave. Give me one last look at me darlin' lad wid his swate Biddy an' the shild. Oh that I live to see this day!"

Peg's companions, old Marget Dunn and Biddy O'Hern and no-legged Tom Whinn, the fragment of a once active sailor who propelled himself by a low truckle cart and two short sticks; these interesting members of society heard the shrill note of their leader's eloquence

and appeared like beetles out of unsuspected crevices near by. The side car, upon which Mike Bogan and his wife and child were riding from their little farm outside the town to the place of departure, was stopped at the side of the narrow street. A lank yellow-haired lad, with his eyes red from weeping sat swinging his long legs from the car side; another car followed heavily laden with Mike's sister's family, and a mourning yet envious group of acquaintances footed it in the rear. It was an excited, picturesque little procession; the town was quickly aware of its presence, and windows went up from house to house, and heads came out in the second and third stories, and even in the top attics all along the street. The air was thick with blessings, the quiet of Bantry was permanently broken.

"Lard bliss us and save us!" cried Peggy, her shrill voice piercing the chatter and triumphantly lifting itself in audible relief above the din—"Lard bliss us an' save us for the flower o' Bantry is lavin us this day. Break my heart wid yer goyn will ye Micky Bogan and make it black night to the one eye that's left in me gray head this fine mornin' o' spring. I that hushed the mother of you and the father of you babies in me arms, and that was a wake old woman followin' and crapin' to see yerself christened. Oh may the saints be good to you Micky Bogan and Biddy Flaherty the wife, and forgive you the sin an' shame of turning yer proud backs on ould Ireland. Ain't there pigs and praties enough fer ye in poor Bantry town that her crabbedest childer must lave her. Oh wisha wisha, I'll see your face no more, may the luck o' the Bogans follow you, that failed none o' the Bogans yet. May the sun shine upon you and grow two heads of cabbage in the same sprout, may the little b'y live long and get him a good wife, and if she aint good to him may she die from him. May every hair on both your heads turn into a blessed candle to light your ways to heaven, but not yit me darlin's—not yit!"

The jaunting car had been surrounded by this time and Mike and his wife were shaking hands and trying to respond impartially to the friendly farewells and blessings of their friends. There never had been such a leavetaking in Bantry. Peggy Muldoon felt that her eloquence was in danger of being ignored and made a final shrill appeal. "Who'll bury me now?" she screamed with a long wail which silenced the whole group; "who'll lay me in me grave, Micky bein gone from me that always gave me the kind word and the pinny or trippence ivery market day, and the wife of him Biddy Flaherty the rose of Glengariff, manys the fine meal she's put before old Peggy Muldoon that is old and blind."

"Awh, give the ould sowl a pinny now," said a sympathetic voice, "'twill bring you luck, more power to you." And Mike Bogan, the tears streaming down his honest cheeks, plunged deep into his pocket and threw the old beggar a broad five-shilling piece. It was a monstrous fortune to Peggy. Her one eye glared with joy, the jaunting car moved away while she fell flat on the ground in apparent excess of emotion. The farewells were louder for a minute—then they were stopped; the excitable neighborhood returned to its business or idleness and the street was again still. Peggy rose rubbing an elbow, and said with the air of a queen to her retinue, "Coom away now poor crathurs, so we'll drink long life to him." And Marget Dunn and Biddy O'Hern and no-legged Tom Whinn with his truckle cart disappeared into an alley.

"What's all this whillalu?" asked a sober-looking clerical gentleman who came riding by.

"'Tis the Bogans going to Ameriky, yer reverence," responded Jim Kalehan, the shoemaker, from his low window. "The folks gived them their wake whilst they were here to enjoy it, and them was the keeners that was goin' hippety with lame legs and fine joy down the convanient alley for beer, God bless 'em poor souls."

Mike Bogan and Biddy his wife looked behind them again and again. Mike blessed himself fervently as he caught a last glimpse of the old church on the hill where he was christened and married, where his father and his grandfather had been christened and married and buried. He remembered the day

when he had first seen his wife, who was there from Glengariff to stay with her old aunt, and coming to early mass, had seemed to him like a strange sweet flower abloom on the gray stone pavement where she knelt. The old church had long stood on the steep height at the head of Bantry street and watched and waited for her children. He would never again come in from his little farm in the early morning—he never again would be one of the Bantry men. The golden stories of life in America turned all at once to paltry tinsel, and a love and pride of the old country, never forgotten by her sons and daughters, burned with fierce flame on the inmost altar of his heart. It had all been very easy to plan and dream fine dreams of wealth and landownership, but in that moment the least of the pink daisies that were just opening on the roadside was dearer to the simple-hearted emigrant than all the world beside.

"Lave me down for a bit of sod," he commanded the wondering young driver who would have liked above all things to sail for the new world. The square turf from the hedge foot, sparkling yet with dew and green with shamrock and gay with tiny flowers, was carefully wrapped in Mike's best Sunday handkerchief as they went their way. Biddy had covered her head with her shawl—it was she who had made the plan of going to America, it was she who was eager to join some successful members of her family who complained at home of their unjust rent and the difficulties of the crops. Everybody said that the times were going to be harder than ever that summer, and she was quick to catch at the inflammable speeches of some lawless townsfolk who were never satisfied with anything. As for Mike, the times never seemed very different—it was sometimes rainy but usually pleasant weather. His nature was not resentful, he only laughed when Biddy assured him that the gorse would soon grow in the thatch of his head as it did on their cabin chimney. It was only when she said that, in America they could make a gentleman of baby Dan, that the father's blue eyes glistened and a look of determination came into his face.

"God grant we'll come back to it some day," said Mike softly. "I didn't know, faix indeed, how sorry I'd be for lavin' the owld place. Awh Biddy girl 'tis many the weary day we'll think of the home we've left," and Biddy removed the shawl one instant from her face only to cover it again and burst into a new shower of tears. The next day but one they were sailing away out of Queenstown harbor to the high seas. Old Ireland was blurring its green and purple coasts moment by moment; Kinsale looked low, and they had lost sight of the white cabins on the hillsides and the pastures golden with furze. Hours before the old women on the wharves had turned away from them shaking their great cap borders. Hours before their own feet had trod the soil of Ireland for the last time. Mike Bogan and Biddy had left home, they were well on their way to America. Luckily nobody had been with them at last to say good-by—they had taken a more or less active part in the piteous general leave-taking at Queenstown, but those were not the faces of their own mothers or brothers to which they looked back as the ship slid away through the green water.

"Well, sure, we're gone now," said Mike setting his face westward and tramping the steerage deck a little later. "I like the say too, I belave, me own grandfather was a sailor, an' 'tis a foine life for a man. Here's little Dan goin' to Ameriky and niver mistrustin'. We'll be sindin the gossoon back again, rich and foine, to the owld place by and by, 'tis thrue for us, Biddy."

But Biddy, like many another woman, had set great changes in motion and then longed to escape from their consequences. She was much discomposed by the ship's unsteadiness. She accused patient Mike of having dragged her away from home and friends. She grew very white in the face, and was helped to her hard steerage berth where she had plenty of time for reflection upon the vicissitudes of seafaring. As for Mike, he grew more and more enthusiastic day by day about their prospects as he sat in the shelter of the bulkhead and tended little Dan and talked with his companions as they sailed westward.

Who of us have made enough kindly allowance for the homesick quick-witted ambitious Irishmen and women, who have landed every year with such high hopes on our shores. There are some of a worse sort, of whom their native country might think itself well rid—but what thrifty New England housekeeper who takes into her home one of the pleasant-faced little captive maids, from Southern Ireland, has half understood the change of surroundings. That was a life in the open air under falling showers and warm sunshine, a life of wit and humor, of lavishness and lack of provision for more than the passing day—of constant companionship with one's neighbors, and a cheerful serenity and lack of nervous anticipation born of the vicinity of the Gulf stream. The climate makes the characteristics of Cork and Kerry; the fierce energy of the Celtic race in America is forced and stimulated by our own keen air. The beauty of Ireland is little hinted at by an average orderly New England town—many a young girl and many a blundering sturdy fellow is heartsick with the homesickness and restraint of his first year in this golden country of hard work. To so many of them a house has been but a shelter for the night—a sleeping-place: if you remember that, you do not wonder at fumbling fingers or the impatience with our houses full of trinkets. Our needless tangle of furnishings bewilders those who still think the flowers that grow of themselves in the Irish thatch more beautiful than anything under the cover of our prosaic shingled roofs.

"Faix, a fellow on deck was telling me a nate story the day," said Mike to Biddy Bogan, by way of kindly amusement. "Says he to me, 'Mike,' says he, 'did ye ever hear of wan Pathrick O'Brien that heard some bla'guard tell how in Ameriky you picked up money in the strates?' 'No,' says I. 'He wint ashore in a place,' says he, 'and he walked along and he come to a sign on a wall. Silver street was on it. "I 'ont stap here," says he, "it aint wort my while at all, at all. I'll go on to Gold street," says he, but he walked ever since and he ain't got there yet.'"

Biddy opened her eyes and laughed feebly. Mike looked so bronzed and ruddy and above all so happy that she took heart. "We're sound and young, thanks be to God, and we'll earn an honest living," said Mike, proudly. "'Tis the childher I'm thinkin' of all the time, an' how they'll get a chance the best of us niver had at home. God bless old Bantry forever in spite of it. An' there's a smart rid-headed man that has every bother to me why 'ont I go with him and kape a nate bar. He's been in the same business this four year gone since he come out, and twinty pince in his pocket when he landed, and this year he took a month off and went over to see the ould folks and build 'em a dacint house intirely, and hire a man to farm wid 'em now the old ones is old. He says will I put in my money wid him, and he'll give me a great start I wouldn't have in three years else."

"Did you have the fool's head on you then and let out to him what manes you had?" whispered Biddy, fiercely and lifting herself to look at him.

"I did then; 'twas no harm," answered the unsuspecting Mike.

"'Twas a black-hearted rascal won the truth from you!" and Biddy roused her waning forces and that very afternoon appeared on deck. The red-headed man knew that he had lost the day when he caught her first scornful glance.

"God pity the old folks of him an' their house," muttered the sharp-witted wife to Mike, as she looked at the low-lived scheming fellow whom she suspected of treachery.

"He said thim was old clothes he was using on the sea," apologized Mike for his friend, looking somewhat consciously down at his own comfortable corduroys. He and Biddy had been well to do on their little farm, and on good terms with their landlord the old squire. Poor old gentleman, it had been a sorrow to him to let the young people go. He was a generous, kindly old man, but he suffered from the evil repute of some short-sighted neighbors. "If I gave up all I had in the world and went to the almshouse myself they would still damn me for a landlord," he said, desperately one day. "But I never thought Mike Bogan would throw up his good chances.

I suppose some worthless fellow called him stick-in-the-mud and off he must go."

There was some unhappiness at first for the young people in America. They went about the streets of their chosen town for a day or two, heavy-hearted with disappointment. Their old neighbors were not housed in palaces after all, as the letters home had suggested, and after a few evenings of visiting and giving of messages, and a few days of aimless straying about, Mike and Biddy hired two rooms at a large rent up three flights of stairs, and went to housekeeping. Little Dan rolled down one flight the first day; no tumbling on the green turf among the daisies for him, poor baby boy. His father got work at the forge of a carriage shop, having served a few months with a smith at home, and so taking rank almost as a skilled laborer. He was a great favorite speedily, his pay was good, at least it would have been good if he had lived on the old place among the fields, but he and Biddy did not know how to make the most of it here, and Dan had a baby sister presently to keep him company, and then another and another, and there they lived up-stairs in the heat, in the cold, in daisy time and snow time, and Dan was put to school and came home with a knowledge of sums in arithmetic which set his father's eyes dancing with delight, but with a knowledge besides of foul language and a brutal way of treating his little sisters when nobody was looking on.

Mike Bogan was young and strong when he came to America, and his good red blood lasted well, but it was against his nature to work in a hot half-lighted shop, and in a very few years he began to look pale about the mouth and shaky in the shoulders, and then the enthusiastic promises of the red-headed man on the ship, borne out, we must allow, by Mike's own observation, inclined him and his hard earned capital to the purchase of a tidy looking drinking shop on a side street of the town. The owner had died and his widow wished to go West to live with her son. She knew the Bogans and was a respectable soul in her way. She and her husband had kept a quiet place, every body acknowledged, and every body was thankful that since drinking shops must be kept, so decent a man as Mike Bogan was taking up the business.

II.

The luck of the Bogans seemed to be holding true in this generation. Their proverbial good fortune seemed to come from rather an absence of bad fortune than any special distinction granted the generation or two before Mike's time. The good fellow reminded himself gratefully sometimes of Peggy Muldoon's blessing, and once sent her a pound to keep Christmas upon. If he had only known it, that unworthy woman bestowed curses enough upon him because he did not repeat it the next year, to cancel any favors that might have been anticipated. Good news flew back to Bantry of his prosperity, and his comfortable home above the store was a place of reception and generous assistance to all the westward straying children of Bantry. There was a bit of a garden that belonged to the estate, the fences were trig and neat, and neither Mike nor Biddy were persons to let things look shabby while they had plenty of money to keep them clean and whole. It was Mike who walked behind the priest on Sundays when the collection was taken. It was Mike whom good Father Miles trusted more than any other member of his flock, whom he confided in and consulted, whom perhaps his reverence loved best of all the parish because they were both Bantry men, born and bred. And nobody but Father Miles and Biddy and Mike Bogan knew the full extent of the father's and mother's pride and hope in the cleverness and beauty of their only son. Nothing was too great, and no success seemed impossible when they tried to picture the glorious career of little Dan.

Mike was a kind father to his little daughters, but all his hope was for Dan. It was for Dan that he was pleased when people called him Mr. Bogan in respectful tones, and when he was given a minor place of trust at town elections, he thought with humble gladness that Dan would have less cause to be ashamed of

him by and by when he took his own place as gentleman and scholar. For there was something different about Dan from the rest of them, plain Irish folk that they were. Dan was his father's idea of a young lord, he would have liked to show the boy to the old squire, and see his look of surprise. Money came in at the shop door in a steady stream, there was plenty of it put away in the bank and Dan must wear well-made clothes and look like the best fellows at the school. He was handsomer than any of them, he was the best and quickest scholar of his class. The president of the great carriage company had said that he was a very promising boy more than once, and had put his hand on Mike's shoulder as he spoke. Mike and Biddy, dressed in their best, went to the school examinations year after year and heard their son do better than the rest, and saw him noticed and admired. For Dan's sake no noisy men were allowed to stay about the shop, Dan himself was forbidden to linger there, and so far the boy had clear honest eyes, and an affectionate way with his father that almost broke that honest heart with joy. They talked together when they went to walk on Sundays and there was a plan, increasingly interesting to both, of going to old Bantry some summer—just for a treat. Oh happy days! They must end as summer days do, in shadow.

There was an outside stair to the two upper stories where the Bogans lived above their place of business, and late one evening, when the shop shutters were being clasped together below, Biddy Bogan heard a familiar heavy step and hastened to hold her brightest lamp in the doorway.

"God save you," said his reverence Father Miles who was coming up slowly, and Biddy dropped a decent courtesy and devout blessing in return. His reverence looked pale and tired, and seated himself wearily in a chair by the window—while Biddy coasted round by a bedroom door to "whisht" at two wakeful daughters who were teasing each other and chattering in bed.

"'Tis long since we saw you here, sir," she said, respectfully. "'Tis warm weather indade for you to be about the town, and folks sick an' dyin and needing your help, sir. Mike'll be up now, your reverence. I hear him below."

Biddy had grown into a stout mother of a family, red-faced and bustling, there was little likeness left to the flower of Glengariff with whom Mike had fallen in love at early mass in Bantry church. But the change had been so gradual that Mike himself had never become conscious of any damaging difference. She took a fresh loaf of bread and cut some generous slices and put a piece of cheese and a knife on the table within reach of Father Miles's hand. "I suppose 'tis waste of breath to give you more, so it is," she said to him. "Bread an' cheese and no better will you ate I suppose, sir," and she folded her arms across her breast and stood looking at him.

"How is the luck of the Bogans to-day?" asked the kind old man. "The head of the school I make no doubt?" and at this moment Mike came up the stairs and greeted his priest with reverent affection.

"You're looking faint, sorr," he urged. "Biddy get a glass now, we're quite by ourselves sorr—and I've some for sickness that's very soft and fine entirely."

"Well, well, this once then," answered Father Miles, doubtfully. "I've had a hard day."

He held the glass in his hand for a moment and then pushed it away from him on the table. "Indeed it's not wrong in itself," said the good priest looking up presently, as if he had made something clear to his mind. "The wrong is in ourselves to make beasts of ourselves with taking too much of it. I don't shame me with this glass of the best that you've poured for me. My own sin is in the coffee pot. It wilds my head when I've got most use for it, and I'm sure of an aching pate—God forgive me for indulgence; but I must have it for my breakfast now and then. Give me a bit of bread and cheese; yes, that's what I want, Bridget," and he pushed the glass still farther away.

"I've been at a sorry place this night," he went on a moment later, "the smell of the stuff can't but remind me. 'Tis a comfort to come here and find

your house so clean and decent, and both of you looking me in the face. God save all poor sinners!" and Mike and his wife murmured assent.

"I wish to God you were out of this business and every honest man with you," said the priest, suddenly dropping his fatherly, Bantry good fellowship and making his host conscious of the solemnity of the church altar and the vestments. "'Tis a decent shop you keep, Mike, my lad, I know. I know no harm of it, but there are weak souls that can't master themselves, and the drink drags them down. There's little use in doing away with the shops though. We've got to make young men strong enough to let drink alone. The drink will always be in the world. Here's your bright young son; what are they teaching him at his school, do ye know? Has his charactber got grown, do ye think Mike Bogan, and is he going to be a man for good, and to help decent things get a start and bad things to keep their place? I don't care how he does his sums, so I don't, if he has no charactber, and they may fight about beer and fight about temperance and carry their Father Mathew flags flying about, so they may, and it's all no good, lessen we can raise the young folks up above the place where drink and shame can touch them. God grant us help," he whispered, dropping his head on his breast. "I'm getting to be an old man myself, and I've never known the temptation that's like a devil to many men. I can let drink alone, I pity those who can't. Kape the young lads out from it Mike. You're a good fellow, you're careful, but poor human souls are weak, God knows!"

"'Tis thrue fer you indade sir!" responded Biddy. Her eyes were full of tears at Father Miles's tone and earnestness, but she could not have made clear to herself what he had said.

"Will I put a dhrap more of wather in it, your riverence?" she suggested, but the priest shook his head gently and taking a handful of parish papers out of his pocket proceeded to hold conference with the master of the house. Biddy waited awhile and at last ventured to clear away the good priest's frugal supper. She left the glass, but he went away without touching it, and in the very glow of his parting blessing she announced that she had the makings of a pain within, and took the cordial with apparent approval.

Mike did not make any comment, he was tired and it was late, and long past their bedtime.

Biddy was wide awake and talkative from her tonic, and soon pursued the subject of conversation.

"What set the father out wid talking I do' know?" she inquired a little ill-humoredly. "'Twas thrue for him that we kape a dacint shop anyhow, an' how will it be in the way of poor Danny when it's finding the manes to put him where he is?"

"'Twant that he mint at all," answered Mike from his pillow. "Didn't ye hear what he said?" after endeavoring fruitlessly to repeat it in his own words—"He's right, sure, about a b'y's getting thim books and having no charactber. He thinks well of Danny, and he knows no harm of him. Wisha! what'll we do wid that b'y, Biddy, I do' know! 'Fadther,' says he to me to-day, 'why couldn't ye wait an' bring me into the wurruld on American soil,' says he, 'and maybe I'd been prisident,' says he, and 'twas the thruth for him."

"I'd rather for him to be a praste meself," replied the mother.

"That's what Father Miles said himself the other day," announced Mike wide awake now. "'I wish he'd the makings of a good praste,' said he. 'There'll soon be need of good men and hard picking for 'em too,' said he, and he let a great sigh. 'Tis money they want and place they want, most o' them bla'guard b'ys in the siminary. 'Tis the old fashioned min like mesilf that think however will they get souls through this life and through heaven's gate at last, wid clane names and Godfearin, dacint names left after them.' Thim was his own words indade."

"Idication was his cry always," said Bridget, blessing herself in the dark. "'Twas only last confission he took no note of me own sins while he redded himself in the face with why don't I kape Mary Ellen to the schule, and me not an hour in the day to rest me poor bones. 'I have to kape her in, to mind the shmall childer,' says I, an' 'twas

thrue for me, so it was." She gave a jerk under the blankets, which represented the courtesy of the occasion. She had a great respect and some awe for Father Miles, but she considered herself to have held her ground in that discussion.

"We'll do our best by them all, sure," answered Mike. "'Tis tribbling me money I am ivery day," he added, gayly. "The lord-liftinant himsilf is no surer of a good buryin' than you an' me. What if we made a praste of Dan intirely?" with a great outburst of proper pride. "A son of your own at the alther saying mass for you, Biddy Flaherty from Glengariff!"

"He's no mind fer it, more's the grief," answered the mother, unexpectedly, shaking her head gloomily on the pillow, "but marruk me wuds now, he'll ride in his carriage when I'm under the sods, give me grace and you too Mike Bogan! Look at the airs of him and the toss of his head. 'Mother,' says he to me, 'I'm goin' to be a big man!' says he, 'whin I grow up. D'ye think anybody'll take me fer an Irishman?'"

"Bad cess to the bla'guard fer that then!" said Mike. "It's spoilin' him you are. 'Tis me own pride of heart to come from old Bantry, and he lied to me thin yesterday gone, saying would I take him to see the old place. Wisha! he's got too much tongue, and he's spindin' me money for me."

But Biddy pretended to be falling asleep. This was not the first time that the honest pair had felt an anxiety creeping into their pride about Dan. He frightened them sometimes; he was cleverer than they, and the mother had already stormed at the boy for his misdemeanors, in her garrulous fashion, but covered them from his father notwithstanding. She felt an assurance of the merely temporary damage of wild oats; she believed that it was just as well for a boy to have his freedom and his fling. She even treated his known lies as if they were truth. An easy-going comfortable soul was Biddy, who with much shrewdness and only a trace of shrewishness, got through this evil world as best she might.

The months flew by. Mike Bogan was a middle-aged man and he and his wife looked somewhat elderly as they went to their pew in the broad aisle on Sunday morning. Danny usually came too, and the girls, but Dan looked contemptuous as he sat next his father and said his prayers perfunctorily. Sometimes he was not there at all, and Mike had a heavy heart under his stiff best coat. He was richer than any other member of Father Miles's parish, and he was known and respected everywhere as a good citizen. Even the most ardent believers in the temperance cause were known to say that little mischief would be done if all the rumsellers were such men as Mr. Bogan. He was generous and in his limited way public spirited. He did his duty to his neighbor as he saw it. Everyone used liquor more or less, somebody must sell it, but a low groggery was as much a thing of shame to him as to any man. He never sold to boys, or to men who had had too much already. His shop was clean and wholesome, and in the evening when a dozen or more of his respectable acquaintances gathered after work for a social hour or two and a glass of whiskey to rest and cheer them after exposure, there was not a little good talk about affairs from their point of view, and plenty of honest fun. In their own houses very likely the rooms were close and hot, and the chairs hard and unrestful. The wife had taken her bit of recreation by daylight and visited her friends. This was their comfortable clubhouse, Mike Bogan's shop, and Mike himself the leader of the assembly. There was a sober-mindedness in the man; his companions were contented though he only looked on tolerantly at their fun, for the most part, without taking any active share himself.

One cool October evening the company was well gathered in, there was even a glow of wood fire in the stove, and two of the old men were sitting close beside it. Corny Sullivan had been a soldier in the British army for many years, he had been wounded at last at Sebastopol, and yet here he was, full of military lore and glory, and propped by a wooden leg. Corny was usually addressed as Timber-toes by his familiars, he was an irascible old fellow to deal with, but as clean as a whistle from long

habit and even stately to look at in his arm-chair. He had a nephew with whom he made his home, who would give him an arm presently and get him home to bed. His mate was an old sailor much bent in the back by rheumatism, Jerry Bogan; who, though no relation, was tenderly treated by Mike, being old and poor. His score was never kept, but he seldom wanted for his evening grog. Jerry Bogan was a cheerful soul, the wit of the Celts and their pathetic wistfulness were delightful in him. The priest liked him, the doctor half loved him, this old-fashioned Irishman who had a graceful compliment or a thrust of wit for whoever came in his way. What a treasury of old Irish lore and legend was this old sailor! What broadness and good cheer and charity had been fostered in his sailor heart! The delight of little children with his clever tales and mysterious performances with bits of soft pine and a sharp jackknife, a very Baron Munchausen of adventure, and here he sat, round backed and head pushed forward like an old turtle, by the fire. The other men sat or stood about the low-walled room. Mike was serving his friends, there was a clink of glass and a stirring and shaking, a pungent odor of tobacco, and much laughter.

"Soombody, whoiver it was, thrun a cat down in Tom Auley's well lass night," announced Corny Sullivan with more than usual gravity.

"They'll have no luck thin," says Jerry. "Anybody that meddles wid wather, 'ill have no luck while they live, faix they 'ont thin."

"Tom Auley's been up this three nights now," confides the other old gossip. "Thim dirty by's troublin his pegs in the sthy, and having every stramash about the place, all fer revinge upon him fer gettin' the police afther thim when they sthole his hins. 'Twas as well fer him too, they're dirty bligards, the whole box and dice of them."

"Whisper now!" and Jerry pokes his great head closer to his friend. "The divil of 'em all is young Dan Bogan, Mike's son. Sorra a bit o' good is all his schoolin', and Mike's heart'll be soon broke from him. I see him goin' about wid his nose in the air. He's a pritty boy, but the divil is in him an' 'tis he ought to have been a praste wid his chances and Father Miles himself tarkin and tarkin wid him tryin' to make him a glory of pride to his people after all they did for him. There was niver a spade in his hand to touch the ground yet. Look at his poor father now! Look at Mike, that's grown old and gray since winther time." And they turned their eyes to the bar to refresh their memories with the sight of the disappointed face behind it.

There was a rattling at the door-latch just then and loud voices outside, and as the old men looked, young Dan Bogan came stumbling into the shop. Behind him were two low fellows, the worst in the town, they had all been drinking more than was good for them, and for the first time Mike Bogan saw his only son's boyish face reddened and stupid with whiskey. It had been an unbroken law that Dan should keep out of the shop with his comrades; now he strode forward with an absurd travesty of manliness and demanded liquor for himself and his friends at his father's hands.

Mike staggered, his eyes glared with anger. His fatherly pride made him long to uphold the poor boy before so many witnesses. He reached for a glass then he pushed it away—and with quick step reached Dan's side, caught him by the collar and held him. One or two of the spectators chuckled with weak excitement, but the rest pitied Mike Bogan as he would have pitied them.

The angry man pointed his son's companions to the door, and after a moment's hesitation they went skulking out, and father and son disappeared up the stairway. Dan was a coward, he was glad to be thrust into his own bedroom upstairs, his head was stupid, and he muttered only a feeble revenge. Several of Mike Bogan's customers had kindly disappeared when he returned trying to look the same as ever, but one after another the great tears rolled down his cheeks. He never had faced despair till now, he turned his back to the men, and fumbled aimlessly among the bottles on the shelf. Someone came in unconscious of the pitiful scene and impatiently repeated his order to the shopkeeper.



"'I wish to God you were out of this business and every honest man,' said the priest."

"God help me boys, I can't sell more this night!" he said brokenly. "Go home now will ye and lave me to myself."

They were glad to go, though it cut the evening short. Jerry Bogan bungled his way last with his two canes. "Sind the b'y to say," he advised in a gruff whisper. "Sind him out wid a good captain now, Mike, 'twill make a man of him yet."

A man of him yet! alas, alas—for the hopes that had been growing so many years. Alas for the pride of a simple heart, alas for the day Mike Bogan came away from sunshiny old Bantry with his baby son in his arms for the sake of making that son a gentleman.

III.

Winter had fairly set in, but the snow had not come, and the street was bleak and cold. The wind was stinging men's faces and piercing the wooden houses. A hard night for sailors coming on the coast—a bitter night for poor people everywhere.

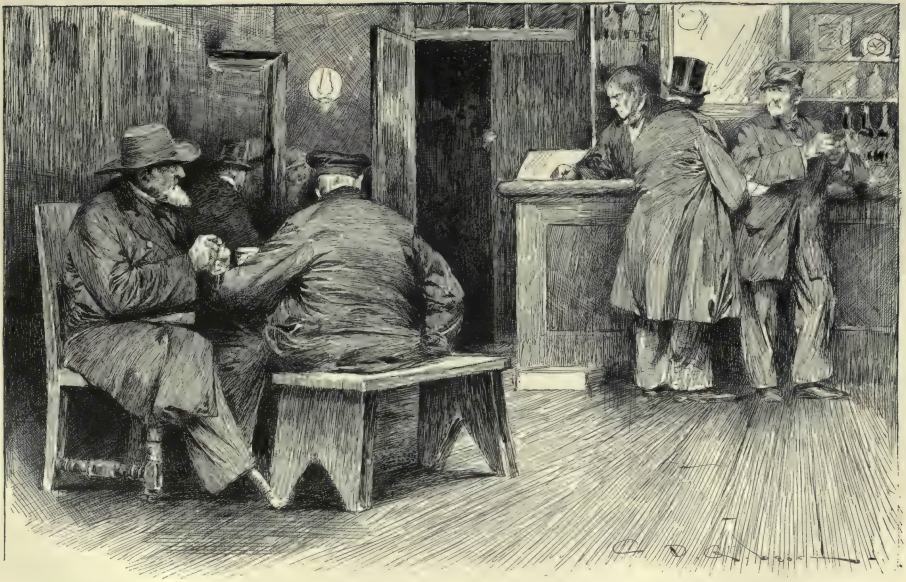
From one house and another the lights went out, in the street where the Bogans lived, at last there was no other lamp than theirs, in a window that lighted the outer stairs. Sometimes a woman's shadow passed across the curtain and waited there, drawing it away from the panes a moment as if to listen the better for a footstep that did not come. Poor Biddy had waited many a night besides this. Her husband was far from well, the doctor said that his heart was not working right, and that he must be very careful, but the truth was that Mike's heart was almost broken by grief. Dan was going the downhill road, he had been drinking harder and harder, and spending a great deal of money. He had smashed more than one carriage and lamed more than one horse from the livery stables, and he had kept the lowest company in vilest dens. Now he threatened to go to New York, and it had come at last to being the only possible joy that he should come home at any time of night rather than disappear no one knew where. He had laughed in Father Miles's face when the good old man after pleading with him had tried to threaten him.

Biddy was in an agony of suspense as the night wore on. She dozed a little to wake with a start, and listen for some welcome sound out in the cold night. Was her only boy freezing to death somewhere? Other mothers only scolded if their sons were wild, but this was killing her and Mike, they had set their hopes so high. Mike was groaning dreadfully in his sleep to-night—the fire was burning low, and she did not dare to stir it. She took her worn rosary again and tried to tell its beads. Mother of Pity, pray for us!" she said, wearily dropping the beads in her lap.

There was a sound in the street at last but it was not of one man's stumbling feet but of many. She was stiff with cold, she had slept long, and it was almost day. She rushed with strange apprehension to the doorway and stood with the flaring lamp in her hand at the top of the stairs. The voices were suddenly hushed. "Go for Father Miles!" said somebody in a hoarse voice, and she heard the words. They were carrying a burden, they brought it up to the mother who waited. In their arms lay her son stone dead; he had been stabbed in a fight, he had struck a man down who had sprung back at him like a tiger. Dan, little Dan was dead, the luck of the Bogans, the end was here, and a wail that pierced the night and chilled the hearts that heard it, was the first message of sorrow to the poor father in his uneasy sleep.

The group of men stood by—some of them had been drinking, but they were all awed and shocked. You would have believed every one of them on the side of law and order. Mike Bogan knew that the worst had happened. Biddy had rushed to him and fallen across the bed; for the minute her aggravating shrieks had stopped; he began to dress himself, but he was shaking too much; he stepped out to the kitchen and faced the frightened crowd.

"Is my son dead then?" asked Mike Bogan, of Bantry, with a piteous quiver of the lip, and nobody spoke. There was something glistening and awful about his pleasant Irish face. He tottered where he stood, he caught at a chair to steady himself. "The luck o'



"As the old men looked young Dan Bogan came stumbling into the shop."

the Bogans, was it?" and he smiled strangely, then a fierce hardness came across his face and changed it utterly. "Come down, come down!" he shouted, and snatching the key of the shop went down the stairs himself with great sure-footed leaps. What was in Mike? was he crazy with grief? They stood out of his way and saw him fling bottle after bottle and shatter them against the wall. They saw him roll one cask after another to the doorway, and out into the street in the gray light of morning, and break through the staves with a heavy axe. Nobody dared to restrain his fury—there was a devil in him, they were afraid of the man in his blinded rage. The odor of his carefully chosen stock of whiskey and gin filled the cold air—some of them would have stolen the wasted liquor if they could, but no man there dared to step forward, and it was not until the tall figure of Father Miles came along the street, and the patient eyes that seemed always keeping vigil, and the calm voice with its flavor of Bantry brogue, came to Mike Bogan's help, that he let himself be taken out of the wrecked shop and away from the spilt liquors to the shelter of his home.

A week later he was only a shadow of his sturdy self, he was lying dreaming on his bed of Bantry Bay and the road to Glengariff—the hedge roses were in bloom, and he was trudging along the road to see Biddy. He was troubled on the old farm at home and he could not put the seed potatoes in their trench, for little Dan kept falling in and getting in his way. "Dan's not going to be plagued with the bad craps," he muttered to Father Miles who sat beside the lad. "Dan will be a fine squire in Ameriky," but the priest only stroked his hand as it twitched and lifted on the coverlet. There was a blaze of light before his eyes. Why, it must be the yellow gorse all in bloom. What was Biddy doing, crying and putting the candles about him? Then his poor brain grew steady.

"Oh, my God, if we were back in Bantry! I saw the gorse bloomin' in the t'atch d'ye know. Oh wisha wisha the poor ould cabin an' the green praties that day we come from it—with our luck smilin us in the face."

"Whisht darlin: kape aisy darlin!" mourned Biddy, with a great sob. Father Miles sat straight and stern in his chair by the pillow—he had read the prayers for the dying, and the holy oil was already shining on Mike Bogan's forehead. The keeners were swaying themselves to and fro, there where they waited in the next room.

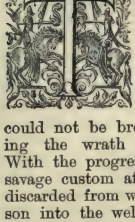
BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

By Richard Hovey.

Passion and pain, the outcry of despair,
The pang of unattainable desire,
And youth's delight in pleasures that expire,
And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair
Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer
Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire.
Then through a mighty sorrowing, as through fire,
The soul burnt pure yearns forth into the air
Of the dear earth and, with the scent of flowers
And song of birds assuaged, takes heart again,
Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine,
And turns with healing to the world of men,
And high above a sweet strong angel towers
And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

THE ETHICS OF CONTROVERSY.

By George P. Fisher.



HERE are laws of war. These do not continue unaltered. Even in the distant past, the person of a herald was sacred, and treaties confirmed with an oath could not be broken without provoking the wrath of gods and men. With the progress of civilization, one savage custom after another has been discarded from warfare. To drop poison into the wells about an enemy's camp, to shoot arrows tipped with venom, would shock the moral sense of all warriors advanced above the grade of barbarism. Luckily, hostilities are not now carried forward as in the days when "the god-like Achilles" dragged the corpse of "the noble Hector" at the tail of his chariot around the walls of "windy Troy," nor as when that consummate general and typical "filibuster," Alexander of Macedon, with the exaggeration of a copyist, pierced the ankles of Batis, and with leathern thongs tied his body, while he was yet alive, to the axle of his car, and then drove it at full speed before the eyes of his applauding troops. Prisoners taken in battle are no more slaughtered, nor are they consigned to hopeless slavery. The international code has been improved so far that the lives of non-combatants, and their property—if only it be on the land!—are protected. In how many particulars has the brutality that formerly prevailed in war disappeared through the progress of humane sentiment!

It is worth while to take a glance at another species of warfare, where the encounter is bloodless, but which has often kindled not less passion than contests in which the field resounds with the thunder of artillery. What shall be said of the spirit in which intellectual conflicts are waged? Has there been a like ethical progress here? What more remains to be done in order to get rid of the displays of injustice and ferocity that still characterize them? About matters concerning which opinions vary, there has been, as all know, a "strife of tongues" since the world began. Since the invention of the art of writing, the pen has served as a new instrument of combat. Now that the printer's art scatters broadcast copies of whatever is written; now that, besides books, we have an enormous multiplying of magazines and newspapers; now that the arena of debate spreads over all the provinces of science and æsthetic art, of politics, theology, and letters, the aggregate amount of intellectual contention has immeasurably increased. It is not probable, as it was once believed by some, that the devil invented movable types; but it is only too apparent that the devil mingles his influence in the use of them. The importance of finding out the rules of civilized and Christian conduct in the struggles of "word-warriors,"—to borrow a phrase of Richard Baxter—of adhering to these rules, and of trying to realize a higher ideal in this occupation than the fashion of the day exhibits, will not be denied. It may be that some good will be done by calling attention to the subject. Certainly it is one sphere where righteousness and decency still have fields to conquer. Even though little that is novel in the way of ethical suggestion be brought forward, it can do no harm to insist on familiar obligations. The theme is the proper temper, and the proper method and means, of controversial discussion.

We may stop to say that there are many people who deprecate controversy altogether. Especially when the truths of religion are the subject, there is a strong aversion in many minds to everything of the sort. But where there is much intellectual activity on any subject, controversies are sure to arise, for the simple reason that men will not think alike. Most of the Apostle Paul's writings are controversial. They were

called out by errors which it was necessary for him to oppose. There has never been any great religious revival which has not been connected with active controversy. If evils attend it, at least it furnishes a sign of life; and almost anything is better than stagnation. The period of religious earnestness in the ancient Church, the Protestant Reformation, the religious revivals of the last century, were fruitful in theological debates. The thing to be desired is not the complete avoidance of controversy, which is not to be expected, but the regulation of it according to Christian principles.

We will begin with one plain rule of the moral code, yet one that is very often violated. The controversialist is bound to state with entire fairness the position and the arguments of his opponent. This rule is broken in other ways than by a wilful distortion of an adversary's doctrine or a mis-statement of his proofs. When these gross offences are not committed, there may still be a choice of phraseology with an intent, more or less conscious, by the very manner of stating the opinion to be controverted, to stir up a prejudice against it. There is a large opportunity for a want of candor in "the way of putting things," in cases where no distinct error is expressed. Many writers, not reckoned among the polemics, are guilty in this particular. One principal fault of Gibbon, in the famous xivth and xvth chapters on the Christian religion, lies just here. Language is adroitly chosen to suggest something beyond what is actually said. This remark applies to other passages in Gibbon besides those evidently meant to be ironical. It takes very slight touches of the pencil to turn a portrait into a caricature. Nothing is more common than to incorporate a sneer into the description of views which one intends to confute. Words or phrases are worked in that involve disparagement. It is like the raising of the eyebrows, or a curl of the lip, in speaking. It is equivalent in its impression to interrupting an opponent, who is seeking to explain himself, by ejaculations of disapproval or contempt. He receives a stab while he is in the act of telling what he wishes to establish. "Mr. A. asserts with a confident air;" "Mr. A. does not scruple to affirm," etc.; "Mr. A. superficially argues," or "flippantly claims," or "with plausible sophistry would fain persuade us," etc. —but there is no end to the possible turns of expression, to the offensive insinuations, the store of wounding adjectives and adverbs, at the command of an expert disputant, whereby a dislike is awakened at the start for the cause which he is anxious to overthrow. Not that it is wrong to call a spade a spade. Not that no occasions are conceivable when such forms of depreciation, even at the threshold, are justifiable. But in all ordinary cases they are indefensible, because they preclude that candid hearing of the other side which is requisite for an intelligent and sound verdict. Sometimes a controversialist will contrive by the use of a single word, not fairly applicable, to create an impression unfavorable to the doctrine which he is undertaking to state. Hume defines a miracle as a "transgression" of a law of nature. There may have been no sinister purpose in the choice of this term. Perhaps there was not. From the point of view of etymology, it is a correct use. But "transgression" properly denotes a departure from a *moral* law. The word has this evil association cleaving to it. Apply it to a deviation from the ordinary course of nature, and you at once awaken in the hearer's mind a certain feeling of objection to its occurrence—a certain presumption against it. Respecting the general rule on which we are commenting, the best idea of its import, and, at the same time, of its worth, may be gained by looking at examples of its honorable observance. They excite always an involuntary admiration. They impress us in the way that instances of magnanimity, when there is a temptation in the opposite direction, naturally strike the mind. One such illustration is afforded, I think, in the controversial writings of John Stuart Mill. I do not forget that Dean Mansel complained of Mill that he had misinterpreted Hamilton's and Mansel's own doctrines, in important particulars; but I feel sure that if this was the fact it was the result of an honest mistake. Mill wrote much controver-

sially, and no one can fail to mark his custom of fully and fairly stating the propositions or arguments which he is about to examine and to confute. His statement is often made more strongly in the interest of his opponent than the latter could make it for himself. I am not among those who adopt the theory of the "associational school" (of which Hume was the founder), and I find occasion to dissent from Mill as often as to agree with him. But I thankfully recognize the benefit derived from noticing the manly and even generous spirit in which he sets forth antagonistic opinions. There is no insidious belittling of the doctrines to be opposed —no slurs artfully introduced with the description of them. The spokesman on the other side is attentively, even respectfully, heard. It hardly need be said that there is a great advantage in this procedure; for here, as elsewhere, "honesty is the best policy." When a polemical writer takes this course, he shows, at the outset, that he has no misgivings as to the strength of his cause. He has full confidence in his ability to cope with his opponent. He is not trying to trip him up before they have had time to grapple. A client of Mr. Lincoln relates that, in a suit of much consequence, he spoke to the jury for several hours in such a strain that he seemed to be giving away the case—so clearly and forcibly did he describe the grounds which the adverse party might adduce in behalf of his cause. But then the sagacious lawyer turned, and with complete success proceeded to pull down the structure which he had built up. He had left no room for charges of misrepresentation; he had gained the advantage of acquainting the jury beforehand with what could be said on the other side that was likely to be effective.

Honesty in quotation is another law binding on disputants. To present false or mangled extracts is an offence akin to forgery. Few men are bad enough to invent outright what they pretend to quote, and if they were, the detection of the crime would be too easy. Yet the records of controversy show how seductive the temptation is to present garbled, or otherwise misleading, citations. Cite a fragment of a sentence, a portion of a paragraph, and leave out the other portion which qualifies the import of it. Tear a passage from its connection, and place it in a different setting, when the impression caught by it will be materially changed. These are familiar devices; often they are not so much the product of conscious, deliberate knavery as they are the well-nigh unconscious offspring of partisan heat. There have been few theological polemics who have struck harder blows than Bossuet. An old mystical writer says of him that if he had happened to be born in England, he would have been as zealous a champion of the Anglican church as he was of the church of Rome; and this because he was by nature belligerent. His genius was that of a warrior; he was predestined to take up arms for that body, whatever its name, in which his lot should be cast. Unfortunately, Bossuet was an offender against the canon which we are now considering. In his celebrated book on the Variations of Protestantism, he fortifies his assertions by garbled quotations from the writings of the Reformers. Sir William Hamilton, whose information was generally derived at first hand, unwarily copied Bossuet's citations from Luther, and was convicted of the mistake by Archdeacon Hare. Luther's unguarded style makes him an easy prey to dexterous polemics, and great is the number who have paraded isolated expressions torn from his writings, and made to bear a sense not intended by their author. Not that they are worse offenders than sundry Protestant divines in their conflicts with Rome and in their disputes with one another. Old Dr. Routh, of Magdalen College, said to a student who asked for some precept to guide him through life: "Always verify your references." If he had extended the precept and enjoined on him to verify the references of other people, the pupil would have had occasion to discover an amount of moral obliquity which he probably did not imagine to exist. Let it not be supposed that the sin of misquotation lies at the door of theologians exclusively. It is just as frequent among party writers on topics literary, political, or scientific. In general, it

must be remembered that the besetting sins of the controversialist are such as spring from human nature when it is under the influence of strong personal or partisan feeling. No contests have been more venomous than those between philologians. Grammar is accounted a dry subject, but the contention that it has caused would seem to justify a different opinion. We need go no farther back than the days of Bentley, and the battles in which he took part, to see what an amount of bitterness can be infused into the warfare of linguists. An account, though imperfect, of the combat of Boyle and Bentley, is given by the elder D'Israeli, in his rambling book on the Quarrels of Authors. In truth, it matters not what the particular question in controversy may be, it is always possible for wrath to be kindled, and for the contest to degenerate into a mere strife for victory. Then the inducement to resort to unlawful weapons is apt to smother scruples of conscience. If the *odium theologicum*, as some have said, contains ingredients of peculiar malignity—derived, one might fancy, from infra-mundane abodes—it cannot be said to surpass in intensity the hatred which has been kindled among disputants in other departments.

A chronic and seemingly incurable vice among controversialists is one that will be recognized as familiar, as soon as it is mentioned. It is the imputation to another of opinions which it is assumed, whether truly or falsely, are logically inferred from those which he professes. "He *must* believe so and so, because it is implied in the assertion"—and so forth. "He virtually teaches"—it is a mercy if "undoubtedly holds" is not added—"the noxious error," etc. In some way, the unhappy opponent is saddled with the burden of whatever inferences may be drawn by wit or malice from his utterances. What is worse, it is not unusual for his disavowal of these consequences either to pass unnoticed, or, in case the controversial temper burns fiercely, to be received with open or implied distrust. Theological debates, from the most ancient to the most recent times, have abounded in this sort of injustice. Now as there are not many persons into the circle of whose opinions there has not crept, unperceived, some erroneous idea which, if followed out in its ramifications, would be fatal to all sound doctrine, it is quite easy for logical fanaticism or malignant partisanship to convict anyone of damnable heresies. Speaking of logical fanaticism, it is worth while for us distinctly to call attention to this particular malady—partly intellectual, whatever share moral infirmities may have in it. There are those who are afflicted with this peculiar form of narrowness. With the logical instinct overgrown, deficient in sympathy, and incapable of any width of view, they appear incompetent to dissociate from an opinion professed by another anything that can be linked with it in a chain of syllogisms. It will be a great gain to the cause of morality if the day shall come when to attribute to another doctrines disavowed or not professed by him, but forced into his creed by a process of argument, shall be universally seen to be—what it really is—untruthful and unchristian.

Another controversial sin is quibbling. This consists in avoiding the essential issue, and in shifting the debate to some incidental, subordinate point on which its decision does not at all depend. This is the resort of that class of disputants who approach an opponent in the hope "to catch him in his talk." He has used inexact phraseology, it may be. He has plainly meant to say one thing, but can be interpreted, without a violation of grammatical rules, as saying another. An honorable debater, conscious of the validity of his cause, will scorn to avail himself of such a resource. A chivalrous debater will state the case for him better than he has stated it for himself. He will, moreover, abstain from pointing his guns to a statement that is merely incidental or subordinate. He will choose rather to march up boldly in the face of the adversary. Here again, the captious habit does not appear to be always deliberate and conscious. There is a class of minds that cavil because it is their nature to. They have no just perspective. Small things and large things are in their eyes of the same size. They do not address themselves to the main point, because to

their vision there is no main point. Some there are to whom a verbal slip is treated as a mortal sin. But all that quibbling which is voluntary is culpable. To raise a dust over an insignificant error, and thereby to hinder bystanders from seeing the real thing contended for, is one of the common tricks of controversy. It is an old artifice for wasting time and drawing off attention from the merits of the question.

All fallacious modes of arguing, or of evading arguments, if these modes are discerned to be sophistical, are morally unworthy. It is impertinent to object to a reasoner's style, as if the validity of his proofs depended on that. It is no answer, for example, to say of another that his arguments are "abstract" or "metaphysical." In a debate in the Senate of the United States, by way of objection to propositions of Calhoun, Benton said that they were "abstractions." To this the South Carolina statesman rejoined, with much spirit, that *right* is an abstraction, and that to say of a doctrine or of a course of reasoning that it is "abstract," is to say nothing pertinent against it. That sort of objection was irrelevant to the issue. Jonathan Edwards, in his day, had to encounter the objection that his arguments were "metaphysical." He pronounces the objection to be "vague and impertinent." "The question is not," he remarks, "whether what is said be metaphysics, physics, logic, or mathematics, Latin, English, French or Mohawk, but whether the reasoning be good and the arguments truly conclusive." His idea is that one might as rationally object to the validity of a course of reasoning that it is presented in one language rather than another, as to object that it is "metaphysical."

It would seem to be an ethical axiom that one ought never to use arguments that are not, in his own judgment, valid. A man is convinced of the truth of a proposition for certain definite reasons. Other grounds are frequently alleged, and they may be adapted to impress many other minds. There is a temptation, especially when one is bent on carrying a point against opposers, to lay hold of such considerations, even although one's own conviction does not rest upon them, and they are really perceived to be invalid. They answer a temporary purpose, and the end is practically held to sanctify the means. The Church of Rome has produced no more astute and formidable apologist than the great Cardinal and Jesuit, Bellarmine. In his work against heresies, he provides an arsenal of weapons to be used in defence of the creed against Protestant and other impugners of it. He states the objection to be met, or the difficulty to be solved. Then he presents in numerical array the various answers, or ways in which it may be disposed of. These are often incompatible with one another. His own preference, his own opinion, is frequently indicated; yet there stand in a row all the different modes of rebuttal to which one may resort. One is left to choose out of the catalogue whichever accords with one's individual taste, or is suited to the exigency. In this place, too, we may find an illustration of the general truth that the path of honesty is also that of expediency. Ordinarily a man will succeed best in convincing others by bringing forward the reasons which have convinced himself, and on which his own faith reposes. When he fetches arguments from afar, which take no hold upon his own mind and heart, even if he do not, in some way, betray the fact, he is incapable of urging them with the living power that springs from sincerity.

Some controversialists are prone to express "grief" that those who differ from them should think as they do. Expressions of this kind are especially common in religious debates. One has a right to be sorry that a dissenter from his opinions professes what seems to him hurtful error. But this intrusion of personal feeling has no proper place in an argument. The party opposed can balance it by a corresponding expression of mental pain on account of the opinions of his antagonist. Or he can meet it with a more cutting response. Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, was one of the sturdiest of the old ministers of New England. Professor Park, in his Reminiscences of him, states that on sending out from his rural parish a printed sermon on the Atonement, he

received from a magisterial metropolitan divine the following note: "May 1st. My dear brother, I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it;" to which the following answer, equally laconic, was immediately returned: "May 3d. Dear sir, I have read your letter, and laughed at it. Yours, Nath'l Emmons."

It is generally admitted that "personalities" are forbidden in debate. But who can present a scientific classification of the myriad forms of personal disparagement by which controversialists attempt to weaken the influence of their foes? The motive, to be sure, may not be to blunt the edge of an argument. Conflict breeds irritation, offensive words provoke retaliation. The assailant is paid in his own coin and with usurious interest. There is no more eloquent prose writer in English than John Milton. There are parts of the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing which in elevation and spirit surpass the splendor of Burke in his finest passages. In other essays of Milton, the lofty, sustained fervor of the diction is well matched to the nobleness of the thought. Yet there is intermingled not only a grandeur of invective, but almost diverting interludes of fierce and even coarse abuse, which strikingly illustrate the controversial style of that age. In the Second Defence of the People of England, there occur the magnificent paragraphs in which, in response to the railing of Salmasius, the Poet describes his own person, how he lost his eyesight "in liberty's defence," his manner of life in his youth, and his travels abroad, from which he hurried home to take part in the contest of Parliament for freedom in England. Salmasius had taunted him with being blind, comparing him to the one-eyed monster of heathen fable. "I certainly never supposed," remarks Milton, with a kind of pathetic humor, "that I should have been obliged to enter into a competition for beauty with Cyclops." Salmasius had qualified the comparison by adding of Milton's person that "there could not be a more spare, shrivelled, and bloodless form." In dignified and touching sentences, Milton is thus led to speak of his own looks, saying of his eyes: "So little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will." Shortly after, he refers to the poets, heroes, and sages of old who, like himself, have been afflicted with blindness, and to the consciousness of divine favor, and of a light within, which had attended him. It was the "overshadowing of heavenly wings" that had darkened his vision. Yet he turns from these pathetic, glowing, and beautiful observations, called out by ribald remarks respecting his appearance, to say to Salmasius: "Respecting yours, though I have been informed that it is most insignificant and contemptible, a perfect mirror of the worthlessness of your character and the malevolence of your heart," etc. Of one who had applauded Salmasius in verse, Milton says that he "must have been a miserable judge, and without any feeling of propriety, to lavish such a prodigality of praise on a grammarian; a race of men who have been always thought to act a sort of subordinate and menial part to the bard." A few pages before, he had styled Salmasius a "a grammatical louse, whose only treasure of merit, and hope of fame, consisted in a glossary." With sneers at the occupation of his adversary, Milton connects an apostrophe to the unfortunate verse-maker who had praised him: "Take away, O ass! those panniers of airy nothingness; and speak, if you can, three words that have an affinity to common sense; if it be possible for the tumid pumpkin of your skull to discover anything like the reality of intellect. In the meantime, I abandon the pedagogue to the rods of his scholars." These extracts indicate what an adept Milton was in the rhetoric of abuse. They are interesting chiefly as occurring, like coarse weeds in a bed of roses, in the midst of passages inspired by tender and lofty sentiment.

It is not simply the looks and occupations of their opponents on which angry polemics have delighted to dwell. Even their names have furnished many an occasion for malicious puns and other sorts of disrespect and contempt. Their relatives have not been spared, when there was anything in their family or national

pedigree to be laid hold of and converted into a missile. It awakens encouragement for the future that the farther back we go the more rough and merciless are the diatribes of authors. Luther has few rivals in the line of unsparing personal denunciation. But the Italian literati of the Renaissance age are excelled by none in the fierce virulence which they carry into quarrels that relate to nothing higher than literary themes. The merciless, filthy tirades of Poggio and his enemies, Filelfo and Valla, are probably unmatched in the voluminous record of literary squabbles. Yet Poggio was an ardent student and explorer for lost manuscripts—so ardent that he bribed monks to steal them.

What course shall be adopted respecting the imputation of unworthy motives in controversial discussion? There is no other rule than that of the Sermon on the Mount; but, as in other relations, it must be interpreted and applied aright. The most pithy comment on the precept, "Judge not," is that of the fine old critic, Bengel: "Sine scientia, amore, necessitate." That is to say, do not judge another unfavorably except from knowledge, good-will, and a call of duty. "Nevertheless," he adds (with a reference to the precept that follows: "give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine"), "canis pro cane, et porcus pro porco est habendus." That is, a dog is to be held to be a dog, and a swine a swine. He might have referred also, against a sweeping literalism of interpretation, to the declaration, "By their fruits, ye shall know them." Still there remains as a great law of conduct, applicable in all human intercourse, the rule to abstain from accusations not supported by evidence, and not required by some paramount obligation.

It need not be said to any reader of the public journals—not to speak of other vehicles of thought and speech—to what extent controversies are degraded by the imputation, on insufficient grounds or occasions, of sinister designs and selfish motives. To justify charges or insinuations of this nature, something more is requisite than suspicion. It is not enough to show that an opinion of an opponent coincides with his interests. That may be, and yet his opinion may be an honest one. It may be that he would hold it if his interests were on the other side. There must be other proofs, circumstances of a more convincing nature, that point to one conclusion, before he can fairly be charged with insincerity. Take, for example, the political debate between Protection and Free-trade. The bare fact that an advocate of Protection is a manufacturer who is personally profited by the tariff, does not excuse the accusation of hypocrisy, or even of unconscious self-deception from the bias of self-interest. He might, perhaps, be a Protectionist if his purse did not plead on that side. An advocate of Free-trade is not to be accused of feeling a stronger sympathy with Great Britain than with his own country, or with not caring for the condition of the laboring class. For it is quite conceivable that his economical theory is held in connection with a cordial patriotism, and that he believes that the laborers would not be harmed if it were framed into a law. Not forgetting, as Bengel says, that "canis pro cane, et porcus pro porco est habendus," we can still affirm that if offensive allegations of a personal sort were eliminated from our current political debates, and attention were concentrated on the arguments *pro* and *con*, we should not only be much nearer a solution of vexed questions, but there would, also, be at the same time an immense gain for good manners and for morality.

To limit denunciation to corrupt character or to the actions that spring from it, would be a restriction without warrant. No doubt the habit of looking on an intellectual error as a moral offence is one of the principal sources of acrimony in discussions. Some men speak and write as if they considered any dissent from their views, which ventures to express itself, as a personal affront, to be visited with signs of resentment. Strong, however, as the temptation is unlawfully to substitute invective for reasoning, in battle with obnoxious doctrine, it must be allowed that abstract principles may be immoral. Their destructive tendency may be manifestly

connected with their immoral quality. In such cases, wholesome severity may be a duty. The combatant must take a scourge in his hand. There is plenty of scriptural authority for the infliction of this sort of merited chastisement. Here we have a case where no definite lines can be drawn. Circumstances must decide whether justice calls for, and charity permits, the use of caustic speech.

Burke was alarmed at the spread of political doctrine in England which he believed to be false in its foundations and fatal in the consequences which it threatened. Hence he published (in 1790) his "Reflections on the Revolution in France." His attack on the sermon of Dr. Price before the Revolution Society may have been sharpened a little by prior political differences. There can be no question, however, of the sincere abhorrence with which the English orator regarded the doctrines and tendencies of the discourse, which he described as containing "some good moral and religious sentiments, and not ill-expressed, mixed up in a sort of porridge of various political opinions and reflections." Price's comparison of the benefits and the evils of the occurrences in France struck him as inhuman, so acute was his sense of the atrocity of the transactions in Paris. "No theatric audience in Athens," he exclaims, "would bear to see a principal actor, as it were, weighing in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages." Burke's disdain of the persons against whom he writes could not be more emphatically set forth than in the following passage:

"The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." One who approves of Burke's estimate of the revolutionary doctrines will regard with sympathy the condemnation that is heaped on them and the propagators of them. Whoever dissents from this verdict will think his invectives and sarcasms unrighteous. One thing to be remembered is that a philippic, especially if it is overdone, is liable to awaken sympathy with the person against whom it is levelled. It may even serve to advertise writings and to give them an importance not before possessed. Hume, in his autobiography, after speaking of the neglect with which his books were long treated, found at last that they were attracting notice. "Answers"—he humorously remarks—"by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found, by Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company." Of Hurd's attack upon his book on Natural Religion, which had, he tells us, all the bad traits of "the Warburtonian school" of fierce polemics, Hume says: "This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance." Hume was a writer who always reasoned, and never railed, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his arguments. The only proper way to meet him was with the weapons of logic, handled in a cool, dispassionate spirit.

It is not wandering too far from our subject to enter a protest against the disposition of zealous people to set up an outcry of anger and displeasure when ideas at variance, in a marked degree, with their traditional opinions are broached for the first time—opinions brought forward in a sober way, by men engaged in scientific investigation. The effect of such passionate demonstrations, if they have any effect, is to place temporary barriers in the way of the progress of science, and to alienate some minds from religion. It is not pleasing

to remember the general screech that was raised by the publications of Darwin, followed as it has been by the public declaration of such orthodox divines as Canon Liddon, that his theory of evolution is not incompatible with the essential principles of the Christian system.

As to the right to use ridicule in controversy, there was a curious discussion in which the affirmative was maintained by Shaftesbury and his school, Akenside and Lord Kaimes being on the same side, and Warburton, the most furious critic of his time, taking the opposite. Warburton, who, to be sure, was more at home in coarse defamation than in any exercise of genuine wit or humor, nevertheless tries to make fun of his antagonists while arguing at the same time against the propriety of ridicule. One of the arguments used in this debate on the negative side was the baleful result of the comedies of Aristophanes in tending to procure the death of Socrates. If the question is to be gravely considered, the decision will have to be that no law can be laid down upon the use of satire, burlesque, and other forms of witty or humorous writing, provided they are really directed against something intrinsically absurd, and most effectively shown to be absurd by such methods of exposure. The occasions when ridicule is appropriate, and the bounds within which it ought to be confined, admit of no exact definition. He who is possessed of the capacity to forge and wield a weapon of this character is responsible for the righteous and temperate use of it, as he is for the exercise of other talents. Certainly, to banish it altogether would be to strike out from literature productions that could ill be spared. He must be a rigorous moralist indeed who would commit to the flames the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, that exquisite satire upon a finical, demoralizing casuistry. In the field of oratory, the strongest effects have been produced, and legitimately produced, by the apposite use of ridicule. In Webster's famous reply to Hayne, the picture of that statesman, marching at the head of the local militia, to levy war against the United States, was one of the most telling passages in the speech. The spectacle there depicted, to be sure, does not seem so ridiculous in the light of more recent events; but at that day it seemed ludicrous, and answered its end. It had the merit, moreover, of including in itself a sound argument against an untenable theory of State Rights. While a place rightfully belongs to ridicule in the exposure and overthrow of absurd or sophistical doctrine, it must be, at the same time, remembered that in current debates of all sorts, perhaps no instrument of warfare is more abused by being employed on every occasion, and to excess.

Angry people, like people who are in love, often afford diversion to spectators who do not share in their emotions. Their violent or dulcet tones, as the case may be, draw a smile from the indifferent bystander. One can hardly avoid mingling with regret an amused feeling in witnessing the displays of overheated disputants, from whom we are too far removed to be affected with any profounder sentiment. In the last century, a violent debate sprung up between the Rev. Augustus Toplady, and the renowned Methodist leader, John Wesley. Both were in orders in the Church of England. Toplady wrote the hymn which is sung in all the churches:

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

His diary, not to speak of other evidences, shows that he was sincerely religious, and believed himself, even in his theological combats, to be doing God service. He was a much younger man than Wesley. Wesley, to do him justice, was far less intemperate in his expressions than his opponent. The rancor was chiefly on the side of Toplady. The subject of their long, intermittent conflict was the tenet of predestination, which Toplady loved as much as Wesley hated—a subject which is of universal interest to ingenious minds, and which, if we may credit Milton, was the question discussed in a debating-club of fallen angels in Pandemonium. Toplady printed a Calvinistic treatise of Zanchius in favor of this tenet. Wesley printed an "abridgment" of it, in

which the most obnoxious features were made to stand out, and which ended thus:

"The sum of all is this: one in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damned, do what they can. Reader, believe this, or be damned. Witness my hand.

"A—— T——"

Wesley had said nothing directly of Toplady more severe than to style him "a bold young man." Of course, neither party would absolve the other from the consequences which were conceived to flow from his system. The holy rage of Toplady found a vent in a printed "Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley." "Blush," he says, "Mr. Wesley, if you are capable of blushing. For once, publicly acknowledge yourself to have acted criminally; 'unless,' to use your own words on another occasion, 'shame and you have shook hands and parted.'" Alluding to Wesley's closing paragraph, the irate author remarks: "In almost any other case, a similar forgery would transmit the criminal to Virginia or Maryland, if not to Tyburn. If such an opponent can be deemed an honest man, where shall we find a knave?" It is curious to find Toplady, in close connection with his red-hot anathemas, dilating at some length on the evils of bigotry! Wesley's Reply was met with a Rejoinder: "More Work for Mr. John Wesley," etc. In the Preface, Toplady tells us that he does not "bear the least ill-will to his person," and that he has kept the following sheets for some weeks "merely with a view of striking out, from time to time, whatever might savor of undue asperity and intemperate warmth." How far he succeeded in this laudable effort at self-restraint may be judged from what he says of "the impudent cavil that predestination makes God the author of sin," and that he (Toplady) ascribes the sin of Judas to God. "Without the least heat or emotion, I plainly say, Mr. Wesley lies." Wesley gave to his old antagonist an occasion for an attack on a different matter. When Dr. Johnson published his tract against the American colonies, "Taxation no Tyranny," Wesley, who had now come to favor the home government, published a brief pamphlet which, though nothing but an abstract of Johnson's, contained no reference to it. It was a strange proceeding, but may have been the result of an understanding with Johnson, who liked Wesley, and found, it would appear, no fault with what he had done. Toplady now appeared with a pamphlet entitled, "An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered, occasioned by what is called Mr. John Wesley's Calm Address to our American Colonies." Toplady, opening with the motto,

> "Another Face of Things was seen,
> And I became a Tory,"

adopts the style of Scripture:

"Whereunto shall I liken Mr. John Wesley? and with what shall I compare him?

"I will liken him to a low and puny tadpole in divinity, which proudly seeks to disembowel an high and mighty whale in politics.

"For it came to pass, some months since, that Dr. Samuel Johnson set forth an eighteen-penny pamphlet, entitled, Taxation no Tyranny.

"And, some days ago, a Methodist weathercock saluted the public with a two-penny paper (extracted by whole paragraphs together from the aforesaid doctor), ycleped, A calm Address to our American Colonies. The occasion whereof was this:

"There dwelleth, about 99 miles, one furlong, and thirteen inches, from a place called the Foundery — [this was the place where Wesley preached]—in Moorfields (next door to a noted mad-house) a priest, named Vulposo," etc., etc.

For an example of violent controversy, outside of the province of theology, we might recall the protracted war of Hobbes with the scientific professors at Oxford. Hobbes, in his old age, ventured into the field of mathematical discussion. He indulged the belief that he could square the circle. He roused against him Wallis and Ward, the Oxford authorities in this branch, who, besides their hostility to Hobbes's the-

ology and ethics, snatched the opportunity to avenge an attack which he had made on the system of study pursued in the universities. The contest went on, with several long vacations, for a score of years. The adversaries of Hobbes carried too many guns for the old philosopher, and he was worsted in the combat. The titles of some of the publications indicate its character. Hobbes published, in 1656, his "Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics, one of Geometry, the other of Astronomy, in the University of Oxford." The reply bore the title: "Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School Discipline for not saying his Lessons right." A wrangle between them about the sense of a Greek word dictated the title of another book by Hobbes. This title, or the closing part of it was: "Marks of the Absurd Geometry, Rural Language, Scottish Church Politics, and Barbarisms of John Wallis, Professor of Geometry and Doctor of Divinity." A dispute on abstruse questions in mathematics flowed out into torrents of mutual accusations relating to the part which each had taken in the political changes of the age—a matter where Wallis was more vulnerable than on topics of pure science. "'Tis no argument of your contempt," wrote Hobbes, referring to himself, "to spend upon him so many angry lines as would have furnished you with a dozen of sermons." Hobbes, able man as he was, had waded beyond his depth. At a later day, Wallis humorously wrote: "I am now employed upon another work, as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics. It is, to teach a person dumb and deaf to speak and to understand a language."

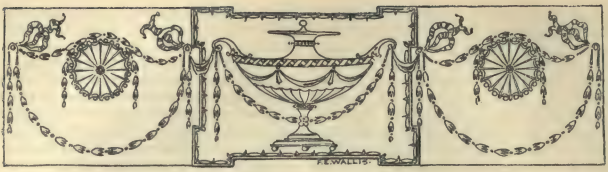
These two controversies, one of them theologic and the other scientific, in one of which Wesley, and in the other Hobbes was the conspicuous figure, are presented as specimens from an herbarium, the volumes of which would make a vast library. The way in which, at the present day, we regard such manifestations of polemical spite, may indicate the impression which many current debates will be apt to make in future times, in case the record of them should survive, and curious readers should be found to peruse it.

IN BOHEMIA.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

I CAME between the glad green hills,
Whereon the summer sunshine lay,
And all the world was young that day,
As when the Spring's soft laughter thrills
The pulses of the waking May:
You were alive; yet scarce I knew
The world was glad, because of you.

I came between the sad green hills,
Whereon the summer twilight lay,
And all the world was old that day,
And hoary age forgets the thrills
That woke the pulses of the May:
And you were dead—how well I knew
The world was sad because of you.



ODD STICKS, AND CERTAIN REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "he was an odd stick."

THE running of the first train over the Eastern Road from Boston to Portsmouth—it took place somewhat more than forty years ago—was attended by a serious accident. The accident occurred in the crowded station at the Portsmouth terminus, and was unobserved at the time. The catastrophe was followed, though not immediately, by death, and that also, curiously enough, was unobserved. Nevertheless, this initial train, freighted with so many hopes and the Directors of the Road, ran over and killed—Local Character.

Up to that day Portsmouth had been a very secluded little community, and had had the courage of its seclusion. From time to time it had calmly produced an individual built on plans and specifications of its own, without regard to the prejudices and conventionalities of outlying districts. This individual was purely indigenous. He was born in the town, he lived to a good old age in the town, and never went out of the town, until he was finally laid under it. To him, Boston, though only fifty-six miles away, was virtually an unknown quantity—only fifty-six miles by brutal geographical measurement, but thousands of miles distant in effect. In those days, in order to reach Boston you were obliged to take a great yellow clumsy stage-coach, resembling a three-story mud-turtle—if the zoölogist will, for the sake of the simile, tolerate so daring an invention; you were obliged to take it very early in the morning, you dined at noon at Ipswich, and clattered into the great city with the golden dome just as the twilight was falling, provided always the coach had not shed a wheel by the roadside or one of the leaders had not gone lame. To many worthy and well-to-do persons in Portsmouth this journey was an event which occurred only twice or thrice during life. To the typical individual with whom I am for the moment dealing, it never occurred at all. The town was his entire world; he was as parochial as a Parisian; Market Street was his Boulevard des Italiens, and the North End his Bois de Boulogne.

Of course there were varieties of local characters without his limitations: venerable merchants retired from the East India Trade; elderly gentlewomen, with family jewels and personal peculiarities; one or two scholarly recluses in by-gone cut of coat, haunting the Atheneum reading-room; ex-sea captains, with rings on their fingers, like Simon Danz's visitors in Longfellow's poem—men who had played busy parts in the bustling world, and had drifted back to Old Strawberry Bank in the tranquil sunset of their careers. I may say, in passing, that these ancient mariners, after battling with terrific hurricanes and typhoons on every known sea, not infrequently drowned themselves in pleasant weather in small sail-boats on the Piscataqua River. Old sea-dogs who had

commanded three-thousand-ton ships had naturally slight respect for the potentialities of sail-boats twelve feet long. But there was to be no further increase of these Odd Sticks—if I may call them so, in no irreverent mood—after those innocent looking parallel bars indissolubly linked Portsmouth with the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. All the conditions were to be changed, the old angles to be pared off, new horizons to be regarded. The individual, as an eccentric individual, was to undergo great modifications. If he were not to become extinct—a thing little likely—he was at least to lose his prominence.

However, as I have said, local character, in the sense in which the term is here used, was not instantly killed; it died a lingering death, and passed away so peacefully and silently as not to attract general, or perhaps any, notice. This period of gradual dissolution fell during my boyhood. The last of the cocked-hats had gone out, and the railway had come in, long before my time; but certain bits of color, certain half obsolete customs and scraps of the past were still left over. I was not too late, for example, to catch the last Town Crier—one Nicholas Newman, whom I used to contemplate with awe, and now recall with a sort of affection.

Nicholas Newman—a name for a novel!—was a most estimable person, very short, somewhat bow-legged, and with a bell out of all proportion to his stature. I have never since seen a bell of that size disconnected with a church-steeple. The only thing about him that matched the instrument of his office was his voice. His "Hear All!" still deafens memory's ear. Mr. Newman's duties were to cry auctions, funerals, mislaid children, travelling theatricals, public meetings, and articles lost or found. He was especially strong in announcing the loss of reticules, usually the property of elderly maiden ladies. The unction with which he detailed the several contents, when fully confided to him, would have seemed satirical in another person, but on his part was pure conscientiousness. He would not let so much as a thimble or a piece of wax, or a portable tooth, or any amiable vanity in the way of tonsorial device, escape him. I have heard Mr. Newman spoken of as "that horrid man." He was a picturesque figure. Peace to his *manes!*

Possibly it is because of his bell that I connect the Town Crier with those dolorous sounds which I used to hear rolling out of the steeple of the Old North every night at nine o'clock—the vocal remains of the Colonial curfew. Nicholas Newman has passed on, perhaps crying his losses elsewhere, but this nightly tolling is, I believe, still a custom. I can more satisfactorily explain why I associate with it a vastly different personality, that of Sol Holmes, the barber, for every night at nine o'clock his little shop on Congress Street was in full blast. Many a time at that hour I have flattened my nose on his window-glass. It was a gay little shop (he called it "an Emporium") as barber-shops generally are, decorated with circus-bills, tinted prints, and gaudy fly-catchers of tissue and gold paper. Sol Holmes—whose antecedents to us boys were wrapped in thrilling mystery, we imagined him to have been a prince in his native land—was a colored man, not too dark "for human nature's daily food," and enjoyed marked distinction as one of the few exotics in town. For in those days the foreign element was at its minimum, and we had Home Rule. Holmes was a handsome man, six feet or more in height, and as straight as a pine. He possessed his race's sweet temper, simplicity, and vanity. His martial bearing was a positive factor in the effectiveness of the Portsmouth Greys, whenever those bloodless warriors paraded. As he brought up the rear of the last platoon, with his infantry cap stuck jauntily on the left side of his head and a bright silver cup slung on a belt at his hip, he seemed to youthful eyes one of the most imposing things in the display. To himself he was pretty much "all the company." He used to say, with a drollness which did not strike me until years afterwards, "Boys, I and Cap'n Towle is goin' to trot out 'the Greys' to-morroh." Sol Holmes's tragic end was in singular contrast with his sunny temperament. One night, long ago, he threw himself from the deck of a Sound steamer, somewhere be-

tween Stonington and New York. What led or drove him to the act never transpired.

There are few men who were boys in Portsmouth at the period of which I write but will remember Wibird Penhallow and his blue wheelbarrow. I find it difficult to describe him other than vaguely, possibly because Wibird had no expression whatever in his countenance. With his vacant white face lifted to the clouds, seemingly oblivious of everything, yet going with a sort of heaven-given instinct straight to his destination, he trundled that rattling wheelbarrow for many a year over Portsmouth cobble-stones. He was so unconscious of his environment that sometimes a small boy would pop into the empty wheelbarrow and secure a ride without Wibird arriving at any very clear knowledge of the fact. His employment in life was to deliver groceries and other merchandise to purchasers. One day he appeared at a kitchen door with a two-gallon molasses jug, the top part of which was wanting. It was no longer a jug, but a tureen. When the recipient of the damaged article remonstrated with, "Good gracious, Wibird! you have broken the jug," his features lighted up and he seemed immensely relieved. "I thought," he remarked, "I heerd somethink crack!"

Wibird Penhallow's heaviest patron was the keeper of a variety-store, and the first specimen of a pessimist I ever encountered. He was an excellent specimen. He took exception to everything. He objected to the telegraph, to the railway, to steam in all its applications. Some of his arguments, I recollect, made a deep impression on my mind. "Now-a-days," he once observed to me, "if your son or your grandfather drops dead at the other end of creation, you know of it in ten minutes. What's the use? Unless you are *anxious* to know he's dead, you've got just two or three weeks more to be miserable in." He scorned the whole business, and was faithful to his scorn. When he received a telegram, which was rarely, he made a point of keeping it a while unopened. Through the exercise of this whim he once missed an opportunity of buying certain goods to great advantage. "There!" he exclaimed, "if the telegraph hadn't been invented the idiot would have written to me, and I'd have sent a letter by return coach, and got the goods before he found out prices had gone up in Chicago. If that boy brings me another of those tape-worm telegraphs I'll throw an axe-handle at him." His pessimism extended up, or down, to generally recognized canons of orthography. They were all iniquitous. If k-n-i-f-e spelled knife, then, he contended, k-n-i-f-e-s was the plural. Diverting tags, written by his own hand in conformity with this theory, were always attached to articles in his shop-window. He is long since *ded*, as he himself would have put it, but his phonetic theory appears to have survived him in crankish brains here and there. As my discouraging old friend was not exactly a public character, like the Town Crier or Wibird Penhallow, I have intentionally thrown a thin veil over his identity. I have, so to speak, dropped into his pouch a grain of that magical fern-seed* which was supposed by our English ancestors, in Elizabeth's reign, to possess the quality of rendering a man indistinct.

Another person who singularly interested me at this epoch was a person with whom I had never exchanged a word, whose voice I had never heard, but whose face was as familiar to me as every day could make it. For each morning as I went to school and each afternoon as I returned, I saw this face peering out of a window in the second story of a shambling yellow house situated in Washington Street, not far from the corner of State. Whether some malign disease had fixed him to the chair he sat on, or whether he had lost the use of his legs, or, possibly, had none (the upper part of him was that of a man in admirable health), presented a problem which, with that curious *insouciance* of youth, I made no attempt to solve. It was an established fact, however, that he never went out of that house. I cannot vouch so confidently for the cobwebby legend which wove itself about him. It was to this effect: He had formerly been the master of a large mer-

* "We have the receipt of fern-seed," says Gadshill, in the First Part of Henry IV., "we walk invisible."

chantman running between New York and Calcutta; while still in his prime he had abruptly retired from the sea, and seated himself at that window—where the outlook must have been the reverse of exhilarating, for not ten persons passed in the course of the day, and the jingle of the hurried bells on Parry's bakery-cart was the only sound that ever shattered the silence. Whether it was an amatory or a financial disappointment that turned him into a hermit was left to ingenious conjecture. But there he sat, year in and year out, with his cheek so close to the window that the nearest pane became permanently blurred; for after his demise the blur remained.

In this Arcadian era it was possible, in provincial places, for an undertaker to assume the dimensions of a personage. There was a sexton in Portsmouth, his name escapes me, but his attributes do not, whose impressiveness made him own brother to the massive architecture of the Stone Church. On every solemn occasion he was the striking figure, even to the eclipsing of the involuntary object of the ceremony. His occasions, happily, were not exclusively solemn: he added to his other public services that of furnishing ice-cream for evening-parties. I always thought, perhaps it was the working of an unchastened imagination, that he managed to throw into his ice-creams a peculiar chill not attained by either Dunyon or Peduzzi—*arcades ambo*—the rival confectioners.

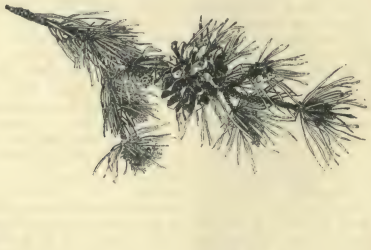
Perhaps I should not say rival, for Mr. Dunyon kept a species of restaurant, and Mr. Peduzzi limited himself to preparing confections to be discussed elsewhere than on his premises. Both gentlemen achieved great popularity in their respective lines, but neither offered to the juvenile population quite the charm of those prim, white-capped old ladies who presided over certain snuffy little shops, occurring unexpectedly in silent side-streets where the footfall of commerce seemed an incongruous thing. These shops were never intended in nature. They had an impromptu and abnormal air about them. I do not recall one that was not located in a private residence and was not evidently the despairing expedient of some pathetic financial crisis, similar to that which overtook Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon in The House of the Seven Gables. The horizontally divided street door—the upper section left open in summer—ushered you, with a sudden jangle of bell that turned your heart over, into a strictly private hall haunted by the delayed aroma of thousands of family dinners. Thence, through another door, you passed into what had formerly been the front-parlor, but was now a shop, with a narrow brown wooden counter, and several rows of little drawers built up against the picture-papered wall behind it. Through much use the paint on these drawers was worn off in circles round the polished brass knobs. Here was stored almost every small article required by humanity, from an inflamed emery cushion to a peppermint Gibraltar—the latter a kind of adamantine confectionery which, when I reflect upon it, raises in me the wonder that any Portsmouth boy or girl ever reached the age of fifteen with a single tooth left unbroken. The proprietors of these little nick-nack establishments were the nicest creatures, somehow suggesting venerable doves. They were always aged ladies, sometimes spinsters, sometimes relicts of daring mariners, beached long before. They always wore crisp muslin caps and steel-rimmed spectacles; they were not always amiable, and no wonder, for even doves may have their rheumatism; but such as they were, they were cherished in young hearts, and are, I take it, impossible to-day.

When I look back to Portsmouth as I knew it, it occurs to me that it must have been in some respects unique among New England towns. There were, for instance, no really poor people in the place; everyone had some sufficient calling or an income to render it unnecessary; vagrants and paupers were instantly snapped up and provided for at "the Farm." There was, however, in a gambrel-roofed house here and there, a decayed old gentlewoman, occupying a scrupulously neat room with just a suspicion of maccoboy snuff in the air, who had her meals sent in to her by the neighborhood—as a matter of course, and involving no sense of dependency on her side. It is wonderful

what an extension of life is given to an old gentlewoman in this condition!

I would like to write about several of those ancient Dames, as they were affectionately called, and to materialize others of the shadows that stir in my recollection. But the two or three I have limned, inadequately, but I trust not ungently, must serve. The temptation to deal with some of the queer characters that flourished in this seaport just previous to the Revolution, is very strong. I could set in motion an almost endless procession; but this would be to go outside the lines of my purpose, which is simply to indicate one of the various sorts of changes that have come over the *vie intime* of formerly secluded places like Portsmouth—the obliteration of odd personalities, or, if not the obliteration, the disregard of them. Everywhere in New England the impress of the past is fading out. The few old-fashioned men and women—quaint, shrewd, and racy of the soil—who linger in pleasant mouse-colored old homesteads strung along the New England roads and by-ways, will shortly cease to exist as a class, except in the record of some such charming chronicler as Sarah Jewett, on whose sympathetic page they have already taken to themselves a remote air, an atmosphere of long-kept lavender and pennyroyal.

Peculiarity in any kind requires encouragement in order to reach flower. The increased facilities of communication between points once isolated, the interchange of customs and modes of thought make this encouragement more and more difficult each decade. The naturally inclined eccentric finds his sharp outlines rubbed off by unavoidable contact with a larger world than owns him. Insensibly he lends himself to the shaping hand of new ideas. He gets his reversible cuffs and paper-collars from Cambridge, the scarabæus in his scarf-pin from Mexico, and his ulster from everywhere. He has passed out of the chrysalis state of Odd Stick; he has ceased to be parochial; he is no longer distinct; he is simply the Average Man.





WALTER SCOTT.

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WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

INTRODUCTION.

By Andrew D. White.

TWENTY years ago, while in London to secure men and material for the organization of Cornell University, I found on sale a mass of manuscripts and proof-sheets of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Of these two classes of remains, the proof-sheets seemed to me the more interesting, for they revealed the process in Scott's mind intermediate between his first draft and his work as finally published, and I secured those of "Peveril of the Peak." They were a curious jumble of print and manuscript. There were various readings in texts, additions, suppressions, explanations, discussions between Scott and Ballantyne—some of them sharp, all of them pithy—and there were mottoes, after Scott's well-known fashion, pasted in or pinned in, forming a mass which would have gone to pieces long before but for the fact that some one had been thoughtful enough to secure the whole by a good, strong, honest binding.

The interesting and valuable thing in such a collection is, of course, that it throws light on the evolution of a Waverley novel, showing how the creations of Scott's genius were developed into that final form which so enthralled the world.

For many years I have hoped to write an article to aid in throwing light into

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that evolutionary process which these proof-sheets show, but various duties have forbidden it, and I now gladly entrust the matter to the competent hands of Mr. Edwin H. Woodruff.

My hope is that even with such slight material as this he may arouse in the minds of some of the myriads of readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the wish to know more of "The Wizard of the North." Never was there a more healthful and health-ministering literature than that which he gave to the world. To go back to it from Flaubert and Daudet and Tolstoï is like listening to the song of the lark after the shrieking passion of the midnight pianoforte ;—nay, it is like coming out of the glare and heat and reeking vapor of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning.

It is not for nothing that so many thousands have felt toward Scott a deep personal gratitude, which few, if any other writers of English fiction have ever awakened. My own case is doubtless typical of thousands. In his novels I first came under the spell of genius in fiction, and in my reading of them the first happened to be what is usually called the least inspired—"The Monastery." But no matter, I gave it three readings, end over end, and followed it with other novels from the same source as rapidly as my dear family Puritan authorities would permit, or as often as they could be evaded.

So far from stimulating an unhealthy taste, the enjoyment of this fiction created distinctly a taste for what is usually called "solid reading," and especially a love for that historical reading and study which has been a leading inspiration and solace of a busy life. "Quentin Durward" first showed to me —a boy of twelve years—something of the real significance of history. Scott's pictures of Louis the Eleventh, Charles the Bold, William de la Marck, the scene with the astrologer in the Castle of Peronne, the assassination of the Bishop of Liége, unhistorical though they sometimes are, introduced naturally into the mind of a thinking boy an idea of that great transition from Feudalism to Absolute Monarchy which is one of the most important and suggestive facts in the development of modern civilization. After Scott, too, such a boy is very likely to take up Philippe de Comines, and no better entrance than that into modern history can be conceived.

What a joy and inspiration Scott gave to thoughtful young men of my time! What a world he gave them to live in! How there comes back to me from the old days at Yale the remembrance of the most delightful of young scholars, the best of fellows, the sturdiest of Christians, who, while carrying all before him in Greek and Latin, and wielding a stout cudgel in defence of Dr. Pusey, made the paths under those old elms resound with laughter by some apt quotation from Scott's droller heroes.

I cannot but think that anything which shall recall to the readers of "Madame Bovary," and the "Nabab," and "Anna Karénina" the existence of "Ivanhoe" and "St. Ronan's Well," and "Guy Mannering," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," or even of "The Talisman" and "Count Robert of Paris," will be of use to them ; and if it shall lead them to go further into the great fields which Scott opened, passing through Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," and finally reaching Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," the most beautiful romance ever written, it seems to me that there may come a blessing not merely to their minds, but also to their hearts and souls.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1888.



Scott's Desk and Chair.

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

By E. H. Woodruff.

FANCY allows itself to be added to or subtracted from numbers with as much ease and effect as if it were itself merely a subject for mathematical computation. A statistician playing with the census may transform even that unadorned tabulation into a vivid narrative and lend to numerical figures all the animation of rhetorical figures.

Sir Walter Scott has not escaped the statistical juggler, and we are given a lively idea of the former immense popularity of the great Scotchman's romances. Down to 1856, there had been printed of his "Life and Works" 7,967,369 volumes, requiring 99,592 reams of paper, which weighed 1,245 tons. The People's Edition required 227,831 reams, or 2,848 tons of paper. The number of sheets used was 106,542,438, which, laid side by side, would cover 3,363 square miles. During the period when Scott was editing the Complete Edition of his novels no less than a thousand persons, one hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were occupied in the manufacture of the books. In other words, imagine a town—or Western city—of three or four thousand inhabitants finding their sole support in the mechanical production of the romances of one literary man.

Not less marvellous was the fecundity of Scott's own labors. In the year 1814 alone, he wrote nearly the whole of the "Life of Swift," the second and third volumes of "Waverley," "The Lord of the Isles," two essays for the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the introduction and notes to the "Memorie of the Somervilles," annotations to a reprint of "Rowland's Letting Off the Humours of Blood in the Head Vein," 1611, and kept up an unstinted correspondence with his friends; and all this literary activity was interrupted by a two months' voyage to the Hebrides, and by constant attention to the financial perplexities of the Ballan-

tyne press and publishing house, in which his pecuniary interests were involved. He seemed to feel after this stress of work that, as he expressed it, he needed to "refresh the machine," so he set out for Abbotsford and "refreshed the machine" by writing the three volumes of "Guy Mannering" in six weeks, at Christmas time. In the three years from 1827 to 1830, while he was under the pressure of a load of debt so large that it seemed as if nothing less than some bold and speculative venture in trade could remove the burden within the few years left to him, he wrote about thirty original volumes—something like ten for each of these years.



The Garden Wall at Abbotsford.

The greatest literary genius must live and move, in part at least, by the momentum of bulk. Shakespeare, Balzac, Thackeray, Hugo, Goethe, and Browning impress men deeply by the body of work that warrants and defends any single effort or selected beauty chosen from their works for particular admiration. Scott, too, remains in literature with all the advantage of such a momentum. Within five years after the fame of "Waverley" had gone abroad, he was read by all Europe and America; he counted among his friends most of his illustrious contemporaries in literature, science, and politics; and the annual profits of his novels were as much as £10,000. Goethe and Balzac, German and Frenchman, devoured Scott's romances with all the eagerness and absorption of a school-girl over a love story. School-girls read Scott with the fixed spell of a Goethe meditating upon "Soul-development," or with a sense of the reality of Jeanie Deans and Dalgetty equal to that which Balzac felt in the actual existence of his own characters. Yet the wonderful appreciation of the Waverley novels might indicate in Scott nothing more than the gift of entertainment or the gift of instruction, or perhaps both. If that were so then his fame must fade as modes of entertainment and instruction change. Do all these novels of Scott convey what De Quincey calls the knowledge of *power?* Was this great bulk of composition the "careless richness" of a Shakespeare, or was it merely the abundant milled product of a Dumas the Elder?

Goethe and Balzac tell us that the novels of Scott are great works of art, and they both held art as a word not to be lightly used. To Goethe indeed it was now a shibboleth to rally the elect, and now an incantation which could banish remorse from super-sensualism and atone for the behavior of the malodorous "menagerie of tame animals," as Niebuhr calls the characters in "Wilhelm Meister." To Balzac art was some-

thing sacred, and he willingly gave to it days and nights of unparalleled literary labor. Remembering, then, the great productivity of Scott's pen and the remarkable tributes to the artistic value of the product, it is justifiable to ask under what conditions the Waverley novels were composed, what literary habits distinguished their author, and what economies enabled him to make such a vast contribution, both in quantity and quality, to the permanent fund of English literature.

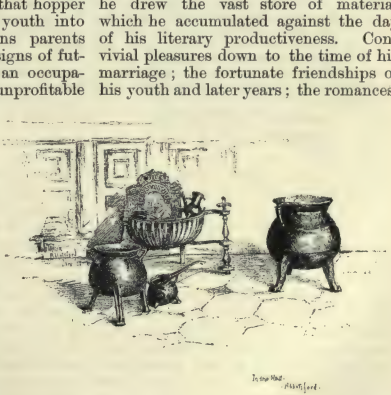
And there is another reason why Scott's literary habits have a special interest. He may be said to be the father of a new race of literary workmen—to be the prototype of the authors of today, with their regular habits, methodical industry, proper remuneration, and general sanity. Scott did not wait for "inspiration" nor while away the intervals between "inspirations" in irresponsible Bohemianism. He had no fantastic notions about genius, but he did have a literary gift which he used in an eminently rational way.

Like so many men who have attained fame in literature, he was early dropped into a legal apprenticeship, that hopper which catches nearly every youth into whose immature dispositions parents or friends have spelled the signs of future greatness. Nor is such an occupation altogether the most unprofitable one for a boy who may afterward drift into literature. The drudgery of copying, the dreary iteration and drowsy reiteration of declaration and plea, replication and rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter and surrebutter, cultivate patience and a mechanical facility in the use of the pen; both of which habits are important factors in literary production; the former giving artistic value to the work and the latter contributing to its bulk by avoiding the loss of energy incident to laborious effort in expression.

In addition to these habits, a youth of ordinary perception will necessarily receive an indelible impression of human virtue and weakness from the carnival of clients and witnesses that dance attendance upon the courts year after year, and if he be at all imaginative he will have his powers of invention and aptitude for finesse stimulated to such a degree that, for the general welfare, the safest outlet for his activity is through the indirections of literary art.

Scott had an aversion to the mechanical effort of writing, and how effectually he was helped to overcome it by his apprenticeship may be understood when he tells us that he remembers having written during that period upward of one hundred and twenty folio pages without interval for food or rest. He had, too, an out-of-doors temperament and an echo of the shout of the barbaric clansman in him, which was humanized into articulate utterance by his captivity in the law. In the invention and narration of oral romances, while a student, he had relief from the tediousness of his office work, just as in later life he found his power of composition stirred by the perusal of a dull or idle book.

But there were other sources whence he drew the vast store of material which he accumulated against the day of his literary productiveness. Convivial pleasures down to the time of his marriage; the fortunate friendships of his youth and later years; the romances,



oral and written, of his own and other languages—we cannot say literatures, for many of those shapeless romances were not to become literature until they

had been *composed* by Scott himself; his quest of curious knowledge and the minuteness of his research; those joyous pedestrian tours, impregnating him with the spirit of Scotch scenery and tradition; a marvellous memory retaining all acquisitions and quick to honor every demand upon it; the ringing moral tone of his own native chivalry, disciplined by perfect familiarity with the Bible; these were the things that, being energized together in Walter Scott, were transformed into gold and fame.



Stairway in the Library.

Perhaps of chief value to him were the excursions in which he sought old romances and found both the romances and health. For seven successive years he explored Liddesdale with a companion, who tells us that Scott "was makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun," and it is small wonder that these jaunts were profitable to him, for wherever he stopped "how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did, never made himsel' the great man or took ony airs i' the company."

Scenery was to him chiefly interesting when it was connected with a folk-tale or with some bit of more authentic history. Although, unlike Wordsworth, he held no high spiritual communion with Nature, he did nevertheless feel the throb of her pulse even in the gray monotone of his own hills and in the fringeless Tweed. One who lacks susceptibility to nature could hardly say with Scott, "If I did not see the heather at least once a year *I think I should die.*"

It has been suggested that his connection with the law helped him; but in one important respect it did not help him—except as it impelled him toward a literary career. The total amount he realized from the first ten years of his practice was, as his fee-books show, about £1,100, the annual receipts being from £24 to £200; and this total amount of his first ten years of law practice was equal to about one-eighth of the cash sum for which he sold "Woodstock," a novel that cost him less than three months' work. However, with his characteristic good sense he did not give up the law until he had secured a safe place in literature.

In 1806 he was appointed Clerk of the Session, an office that demanded his attendance in court four to six hours

daily during half of the year, and also required much time in the study of legal authorities and papers at home ; for his duties were not merely mechanical, and that part of his work which called upon him to reduce to writing the oral decisions of the Court could be done in-

any other demand upon his time ; a social being unwearied as an ambassador in his attention to the conventionalities ; and a public-spirited citizen actively interesting himself in charitable and educational work. Scott is an example of those men, formerly to be found only



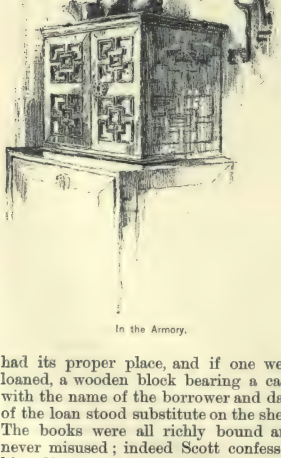
Alcove in the Library.

telligently only by one who had a good knowledge of the law. While in town, therefore, he had to crowd his literary work into the time before breakfast and into such evening hours as his legal and social duties might leave to him. Social duties spoke to him with as stern a voice as did the strict routine of his office, and he graciously obeyed, although, if his own choice had been consulted, he would have loved "being a bear and sucking his paws in solitude better than being a lion and ramping for the amusement of others." In Edinburgh he was a writer producing as much as if his sole occupation were authorship ; a Clerk of the Session engaged in apparently enough official work to preclude

in the ranks of statesmen, but now common in professional and industrial pursuits, who, paradoxical as it may seem, are capable of assuming unlimited additional burdens simply because they already have so many to carry. The secret of his literary economy consisted in his method, his swift generalization, his patience and accuracy in details, and most of all in never permitting himself "to be doing nothing."

His work was not affected by his surroundings, and he labored as faithfully in his little den in town as in the much sight-seen library at Abbotsford, although the former room seemed especially adapted for a literary workman. As a rule it is undoubtedly true that,

while the country is the place for meditation and preparation, the city is better suited to stimulate the productive powers. Most ornamental plants get their strength of stem and spread of leafage from plenty of garden room, but they flower more freely when their roots are crowded into narrow jars of earth. The "den" in Castle Street was a small room with a single window and a single picture, the window looking out upon a patch of turf, just large enough to provoke the imagination of one who loved the country. The walls were entirely hidden by books arranged systematically in classes, the cases and shelves of each class being plainly lettered. Each book



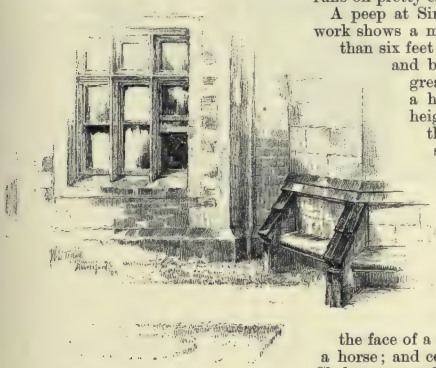
In the Armory.

had its proper place, and if one were loaned, a wooden block bearing a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan stood substitute on the shelf. The books were all richly bound and never misused; indeed Scott confessed himself a great coxcomb about them and hated to see them specked or spotted. A few reference books were at hand near the massive table where he worked; and within reach were his Session papers, literary manuscripts, sheafs of letters and proof-sheets—all neatly tied up. There was no picturesque disorder, no posing. All his writing apparatus was in perfect order. The rest of the furniture consisted of two chairs, and a step-ladder upon which a big tom-cat usually lay dozing. Hard work, a dinner engagement, an evening at the theatre, or a ride with a friend, made up Scott's life in Edinburgh.

In the country at Ashestiel, before he had drawn upon himself the cares of the Abbotsford estate, his days were at first busy with the affairs of his small farm, his hunting, and the care of his relative's woods. The long solitary evenings were given up to writing. But he afterward found that working at night was likely to bring on his nervous headaches and that he was only half a man unless he had seven hours of utter unconsciousness; thenceforth his habits in the country were those described with delight by the many who enjoyed the hospitality of Abbotsford.

He arose at five o'clock, lit his fire, shaved and dressed himself with particular care, for he disliked any sort of slovenliness, and by six o'clock he was busy at his desk, his papers and books of reference where he could find any one of them without the loss of a moment. He worked until eleven or twelve o'clock, save for his breakfast hour between nine and ten, and by one o'clock he was on horseback. A visitor at Abbotsford says it was a "pleasant sight to see the gallant old gentleman in his sealskin cap and short green jacket lounging along a field-side on his mare and pausing now and then to joke with a laboring man or woman." The dinner hour was early, and the host and his family with their guests passed a short evening in conversation and music. This plan was modified somewhat by a rainy day or an early start on a longer ride than usual. However, as he said, he "broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast." Guests at Abbotsford wondered when Scott found time to write the anonymous romances that were following each other so rapidly from the press, and marvelled how it was physically possi-

ble for him to be the author of them—to say nothing of the literary work being published under his own name. His guests rode, hunted, and walked with their host, who, never grudging



Study Window from the Garden.

the time thus given, showed them landscapes and filled every scene with action of feuds or illumined it with some ancient ballad or curious story.

The shouts of children at play, the hammering carpenters and masons, the dogs leaping in and out of the open window, these noises never disturbed him at his work. The children had free access to his study, and as he was ever ready to stop work and tell them a story the little ones must have elicited from him the fragments of many an unwritten Waverley.

Though Scott devoted few hours to the mere putting of his thoughts on paper, yet the creative process was going on at other times. The lusty children of Nature may not be, as Edmund says,

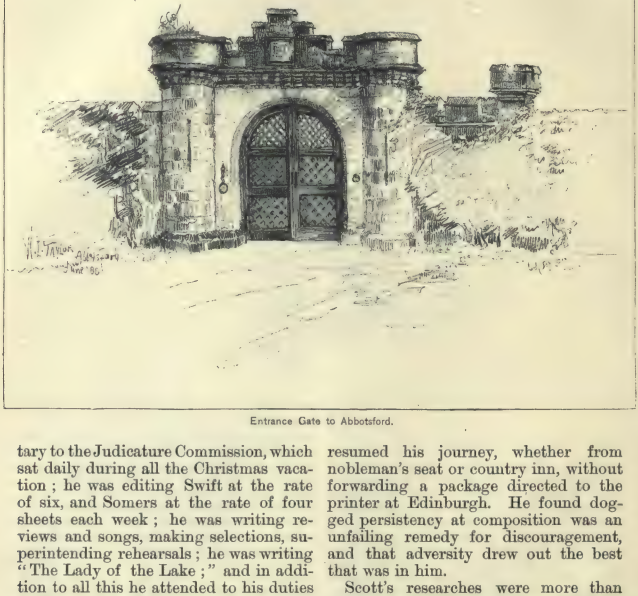
"Got 'tween asleep and wake,"

still the most virile children of a novelist's imagination may be conceived at just that time when, according to Schopenhauer, consciousness turned inward in a half-dream attains to actual clairvoyance. And Scott himself bears witness to this condition when he tells us, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up—and there is the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily."

A peep at Sir Walter busy with his work shows a man who must be more than six feet high, with a chest deep and broad enough to assure great recuperative powers, a head of the remarkable height of Shakespeare's in the Stratford bust, and small lightish-gray eyes deeply set under projecting eyebrows which are hedged with coarse, reddish-gray hair. Balzac, with one of his confident half-truths (bigger than some persons' whole truths), remarks that the face of a genius resembles that of a horse; and certainly both the face of Shakespeare and that of Sir Walter seem, even to what might be called the long neighing upper-lip, to warrant at least the suggestion of such a resemblance. Scott's complexion is coarse, without bloom, and dappled with freckles; but his face is open, sagacious, and benevolent. In one hand his pen, held firmly at a distance, moves at a "dashing trot" over the paper, while his other hand is left free to pat the favorite dog standing at his side.

Scott, behind all his will and energy, required some constant stimulus compelling him to work; now it was the founding of a family and estate, now the payment of a crushing debt. All his life he hated task-work, although he did a great deal of it, and the mere fact that he felt the execution of any particular work imposed upon him drove him almost irresistibly toward another. He thought, too, that his best work was usually done under necessity, when he could hear the printing press thumping and clattering behind him. "I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draft is too far behind me."

Early in 1810, before the days of "Waverley" and its fame, he was Secre-



Entrance Gate to Abbotsford.

tary to the Judicature Commission, which sat daily during all the Christmas vacation ; he was editing Swift at the rate of six, and Somers at the rate of four sheets each week ; he was writing reviews and songs, making selections, superintending rehearsals ; he was writing "The Lady of the Lake ;" and in addition to all this he attended to his duties as Clerk of the Session, four hours every day except Monday, and did not neglect his social engagements. On every side publishers solicited him with proposals, and in later years he says of all this activity : "Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces, but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all ; my blood was kept at fever-pitch—I felt as if I could have grappled with anything and everything ; then there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother author."

The year 1816, during which Scott produced nine volumes, affords another instance of his tremendous capacity for work. This unconquerable industry did not flag even when he was travelling, and in the morning he rarely ever resumed his journey, whether from nobleman's seat or country inn, without forwarding a package directed to the printer at Edinburgh. He found dogged persistency at composition was an unfailing remedy for discouragement, and that adversity drew out the best that was in him.

Scott's researches were more than cursory, and in his letters to Ellis the close and minute discussion of antiquarian matters at times strongly suggests the shrivelling focus of the spectacles worn by our contemporary German professors who devote a course of half a dozen lectures to the date of the birth of Bishop Ulfilas. In preparing notes to the political poems in his edition of Dryden he waded through hundreds of pamphlets of the time, and spent several weeks in London poring over pamphlets and manuscripts in the British Museum Library ; his edition of Swift shows familiar acquaintance with the obscurest details of the history of the time of Queen Anne ; when he was writing "Quentin Durward" he was many times seen studying over maps and books in the Advocates' Library : and in prepara-

tion for the "Life of Napoleon" one wagon-load of a hundred bulky volumes of the *Moniteur* was dumped at his door, while he was almost buried in a drift of other material gathered at home and abroad.

Illness and intense bodily pain could no more deter him from writing than could travel or pleasure. The greater part both of "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated, and in its composition was punctuated by the groans of the suffering author. When the amanuensis, Laidlaw, besought him to spare himself, Scott replied, "Nay, Willie, only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be done when I am in woollen." Here, too, is again displayed that tender consideration for the comfort of others which built the little stairway at Abbotsford so that he might not disturb the rest of any of the household when he should happen to linger late at night over his work. These excruciating pains which, as he said one time, set him "roaring like a bull-calf," had a curious effect; for when "The Bride of Lammermoor" was put into his hands in its complete shape, the only recollection he had of its contents was of the incidents in the original story with which he had been familiar from childhood. And when he now read his own creation it was with no more knowledge of what he had written than if the novel had been the work of someone else; indeed while reading it he was in constant fear that every leaf he turned might reveal some inconsistency or absurdity.

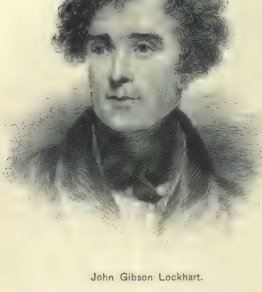
Sir Walter was never a believer in vacations for absolute rest. He did not allow his literary fields to go untilled; for he believed that the soil could be replenished by proper rotation of crops better than by mere idleness—that some growths could bring back to the soil the strength that other growths had taken away. The dulness of editorial work, of annotation and antiquarian research, brought food to him for his imagination. When one work was finished he immediately took up another: "Anne of Geierstein" was completed one morning before breakfast, and after breakfast he began his compendium of Scottish history.

Just after this compendium appeared Lockhart called upon Dr. Lardner, who had published it, and pointing out Scotticisms and solecisms, angrily asked how they had been allowed to pass. "Why what could I do?" said Lardner. "Do!" Lockhart replied; "alter them, to be sure." Lardner was surprised: "Alter Scott's writing! I should never have thought of taking such a liberty." "We always do it," said Lockhart; "Scott is the most careless fellow in the world, and we look at all his proofs." It must be confessed that Scott was careless, partly on principle and partly because he could save time by allowing his printer, James Ballantyne, and Lockhart to correct the errors and inconsistencies incident to rapid composition. Sir Walter thought it better to be slatternly than tedious; and he was strengthened in this belief by his study of Dryden while he was editing that poet's works. Scott believed that one should write with spontaneity and buoyancy; that the words should bound along and not lag to quarrel with each other over their places or relative rank; in brief, as he put it, in Dryden's own words, language should never be "cursedly confined." His carelessness may also be attributed in part to the influence of his vast fund of formless popular stories and ballads.

He makes the sun set in the German Ocean, and his sacred topography is as daring as Shakespeare's geography in the "Winter's Tale." In "The Legend of Montrose," he uses in one place westward for eastward; in "Kenilworth" the common text has "In the employment both of Burleigh and Cecil," but Burleigh and Cecil are the same person, and it should probably read Walsingham instead of Cecil; in "The Fortunes of Nigel" Septuagint should be Vulgate; and in "Anne of Geierstein" there are two instances where Nancy should be Aix. In "Guy Mannering" it is said that the Bishop, at his death, bequeathed "his blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio containing the heads of the eminent divines of the Church of England;" but, a few chapters farther on, Dominie Sampson is found occupied in the arrangement of

the late Bishop's library which had been conveyed thither in thirty or forty carts.

After these great works had been cast in his mould Scott was content to leave to other hands the filing of the rough



John Gibson Lockhart.

edges. In this way alone could he accomplish so much work and at the same time insure himself against finical criticism. The second and third volumes of "Waverley" were written between June 4th and July 1st. One volume of "Woodstock" was written in fifteen days, and Scott said that it might have been written in much less time had he not taken exercise nor been obliged to attend the Court of Session from two to four hours daily ten days out of the fifteen. Still, as the volume was worth £1,000 at the cheapest, it cannot be considered an unprofitable fortnight's work. There is, however, in the history of literary fertility another fifteen-day record equal to this of Scott's; for within the same length of time Lope de Vega is known to have written five full-length dramas.

The manuscript page of one of the Waverley novels is of quarto size, evenly written in a free and open hand, without a dotted "i" or a crossed "t." A short dash alone indicates the place for a punctuation mark, but the mark itself is left for the printer to insert. The writing is so uniform as to suggest that it might almost have been projected against the paper by a single effort rather than penned line by line. Indeed the handwriting was so regular that Scott could from the amount of copy calculate exactly to a page the length of a volume: this he has done on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Peveril of the Peak."

Each of these pages of copy contained about 800 words. At the time of the composition of "Ivanhoe" three such pages, equal to fifteen or sixteen of the original impression, were considered a day's work, although later he often exceeded that number. He records the result of one day's work as six manuscript pages or about twenty-four pages of print; another day he wrote copy enough for thirty pages of print; and one day of hard work on "The Fair Maid of Perth" supplied the printer with manuscript for forty pages of print. Occasionally the bottom of a manuscript page shows the flourish used by lawyers to prevent the insertion of forged additions,—certainly an unnecessary scroll for a Waverley novel.

In order to preserve the anonymity of the author the manuscript of the novels was given to Mr. George Huntley Gordon, who copied it for the printer, lest in the original the compositor might recognize Scott's handwriting. Two copies of the proof were struck off; one copy was corrected first by James Ballantyne, the printer; then sent to Scott, who made additional corrections and considered the many suggestions offered by Ballantyne; and then returned in order that these corrections might be copied for the compositor by another hand upon the second proof-sheet, which had been left clean for this purpose. Thus the compositor did not see Scott's autograph manuscript nor touch the original corrected proofs, which, unsoiled as a new book, reveal upon their margin the true picture of Sir Walter at work.

Since the death of Scott and James Ballantyne, their pecuniary relations have been made the subject of an ill-natured pamphlet controversy which only resulted in showing that, whichever one may have been the cause of their financial disaster, they remained the best of friends. These proof-sheets

leave no doubt of that, and further prove that Ballantyne, with his courageous and unprejudiced criticism, covered many a small error through which the slashing reviewers of the first half of the present century might have pierced a vital part. Ballantyne was one of several, Lockhart included, who are chiefly valued for their nearness to Scott, just as the value of lesser dwellings is increased by proximity to some magnificent architectural pile. Ballantyne's attitude toward Scott was deeply respectful, often reverential.

The following suggestions and dialogues taken from the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak" show Ballantyne's helpfulness and Scott's extreme good-nature :

J. B. Should not some explanation be given, how a bullet fired at a man's head, and hitting him at a yard's distance, did not kill him ?

Proof-text. "I would thou wouldst give me some item of all this mystery."

J. B. Allow me to say that 99 out of 100 novel-readers will be apt to make the same request. The historical allusions in all the preceding works were generally, almost universally, understood. But I think all this needs a degree of knowledge which many will want. *Me ipso teste,* if that were anything to the matter.

Proof-text. "Summer-teeming luxury."

J. B. Do not understand.

W. S. Am surprised, it being Shakespearean.

Proof-text. "He was never visited by any doubt."

J. B. See p. 127, where this very doubt is strongly expressed by him.

When they were mounted, and as they rode slowly towards the outer-gate of the court-yard, Bridgenorth said to him, "It is not every one who would thus, unreservedly, commit his safety by travelling at night, and unaided with the hot-brained youth who so lately attempted his life."

X

X Should not some explanation be given, how a bullet fired at a man's head, and hitting him at a yard's distance, did not kill him? Leave you quoth the Earl but not to-day

Facsimile of a Passage from the Proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak," with Scott's and Ballantyne's Marginal Notes. (This and the following passages photographed from the originals in the possession of Andrew D. White, Esq.)

W. S. Yea, quoth the Earl, but not to-day.

This seems to have been something of a favorite quotation with Scott, for in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch several years earlier he says of Scott of Harden : "He is exactly Prior's Earl of Oxford,—

'Let that be done which Mat doth say.'
'Yea,' quoth the Earl, 'but *not to-day.*'"

Scott thereupon changes it to "any permanent doubt."

Proof-text. "The cutler agreed."

J. B. He had gone down stairs in the last sentence.

Sir Walter hurries him back and the line is changed to "The cutler returned at this summons and agreed."

Proof-text. "Tell me what you know of Christian's familiar, as he calls her." so as to have the full advantage of its symmetry."

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. 29

The home-brewed was produced; and in lieu of more vulgar food, a few slices of venison presently hissed in the frying-pan, giving strong room for inference that Lance Outram, in his capacity of keeper, ~~was none of those evil cooks who cannot lick their own fingers.~~ A modish sip of the excellent Derbyshire ale, and a tasting of the highly seasoned

Having put all necessary questions, and received all suitable answers, respecting the state of the neighbourhood, and such of her own friends as continued to reside there, the conversation began rather to flag, until Deborah found the art of again renewing its interest, by communicating to her friends the dismal ~~news~~ that they must soon look for deadly bad news from the Castle; for that her present master, Major Bridgenorth, had been summoned, by some great people from London, to assist in taking her old master, Sir Geoffrey; and that all Master Bridgenorth's servants, and several other persons whom she named, friends and adherents of the same interest, had assembled a force to surprise the Castle; and that as Sir Geoffrey was now so old, and

[These very words — not merely the Purport or the Import — occur somewhere in some of the predecessors of Peveril]

J. B. Had not Christian better be sent out of hearing first?

W. S. Have they not driven on?

Proof-text. "'I believe it,'" said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure,

J. B. May I be guilty of a piece of gross impudence? But, as it is, there is not ONE, out of all these marvellous works, in which some one person, or other, has not drawn him, or herself, up to "the full advantage of

his or her height." Nay, twice or thrice.

Scott modifies the text accordingly.

J. B. This motto is repeated in the next chapter. [Facsimile on p. 146.]

Sir G. P. was drawn as a very sunken man at the beginning of the book—poor, compared to Bridgenorth, and he is even now indebted to him.

W. S. Only embarrassed, and that perhaps not known to Julian.

"A thousand, Zarah!" answered Christian; "ay, a hundred thousand, and a million to boot; the creature is not on earth, being mere mortal woman, that would have undergone the thirtieth part of thy self-denial."

"I believe it," said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure, ~~so as to have the full~~

+ May I be guilty of a piece of gross inattention? But, is it, that there is not one, and but one, heroic marvellous worthy, which some one person, or other, has not drawn him, or herself, up to "the tale of their or her height?" Nay twice, or thrice.

W. S. My native land, good night. Byron. You will or should have received a letter noticing this blunder.

Proof-text. "But, Julian Peveril—"

J. B. Is there any occasion for giving both names? You called another hero Edward, or Waverley; but never *Edward Waverley*, as if there were two of them. Miss Edgeworth I recollect called one of hers always *Clarence Harvey*; rarely *Clarence* or *Harvey*, and I disliked it much.

W. S. People always called me Walter Scott. [Facsimile on p. 147.]

J. B. Is no more of this motto to be taken?

W. S. The whole passage, but I have no Shakespeare. [Facsimile on p. 148.]

Proof-text. "We have fortune."

J. B. Not fortune, I think; at least

The following marginal note is from the proof-sheets of "Woodstock" now in the British Museum Library:

J. B. "Completing" wants a nominative.

W. S. You certainly have had the toothache. Why, it puts me in mind of the epigram, when Pitt and Dundas came drunk into the House of Commons:—

"I cannot see the Speaker, Hal, can you?"
"Not see the Speaker? d—n me, I see two."

In Lockhart's "Life of Scott," some transcripts from the proofs of the "Field of Waterloo" show much bandying of this sort:

Proof-text.

"The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And *cease* when these are passed.
Vain hope!"

J. B. I must needs repeat that the deadly tug *did* cease in the case supposed. It lasted long—very long; but, when the limits of resistance, of human strength, were passed—that is, after they had fought for ten hours, then the deadly tug *did* cease. Therefore the "hope" was not "vain."

W. S. I answer, that it did *not*,—because the observation relates to the strength of those actually engaged, and when *their* strength was exhausted, other squadrons were brought up. Suppose you saw two lawyers scolding at the bar, you might say this must have an end—human lungs cannot hold out,—but, if the debate were continued by the senior counsel, your well-grounded expectations would be disappointed—"Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull!"

At the time when Scott was worrying over his money troubles one of the proof-sheets came to him, pointing out that he had repeated a whole passage of history that he had given before, and he thereupon writes in his diary these words from Chaucer:

"There is na workeman
That can both worken well and hastilie.
This must be done at leasure parfaitly."

He always watched for Ballantyne's comments on the margin of the proofs, as if it were a graduated scale indicating fluctuations in the work; and in the last days of his failing strength the novelist looked eagerly and most often in vain for some exclamation of the printer's delight. Here are some of Bal-

CHAPTER VIII.

Bessus. It's a challenge, sir; is't not?
Gentleman. 'Tis an inviting to the field.
Bessus. An inviting! A man now, to my thinking, had as well give me poison with such a compliment.

LADY PEVERIL remained in no small anxiety for several hours after her husband and the Countess had departed from Martindale Castle; more especially when she learned that Major Bridgenorth, concerning whose motions she made private inquiry, had taken horse with a party, and was gone to the westward in the same direction with Sir Geoffrey.

At length her immediate uneasiness ~~on account~~ of the safety of her husband and the Countess was removed, by the arrival of Whitaker, with her husband's commendations, and an account of the scuffle betwixt himself and Major Bridgenorth.

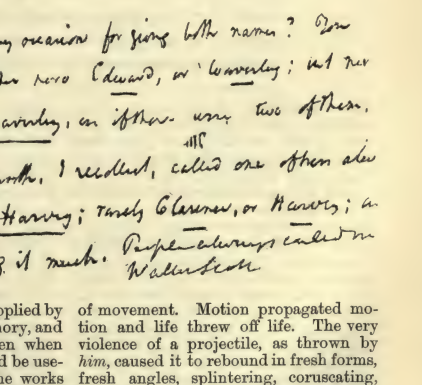
lantyne's suggestions running alongside the text on the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak:" "Incomplete," "Imperfect," "Incorrect," "This is inimitable in all respects," "Something not clear in this," "Capital! there is something new under the sun," "There seems to be some want of distinctness here," "This is almost magnificent," "Unintelligible and probably incomplete," "Repetition." Scott's own corrections on the proofs are chiefly confined to matters of diction. When he touches a word he does so in order to put in additional color.

The mottoes at the beginning of each chapter were often not inserted until the proof was being read by the author. They were generally composed by Scott himself and credited to an "Old Song" or "Old Play," though sometimes they were actual quotations taken either from immediate reference or from memory. Finding it too troublesome to hunt up suitable passages, he supplied by invention any defect of his memory, and he admits that sometimes, even when actual names are affixed, it would be useless to seek the selections in the works of the authors to whom he has credited the quotation. To Scott's great amusement, one of these mottoes of his own invention was recited to him by a lady as being a selection from one of the hymns of Dr. Watts, whom she greatly admired.

What DeQuincey says of the inventive faculty in Burke applies equally well to Sir Walter: "The mere act of movement became the principle or cause of movement. Motion propagated motion and life threw off life. The very violence of a projectile, as thrown by *him*, caused it to rebound in fresh forms, fresh angles, splintering, coruscating, which gave out thoughts as new (and that would at the beginning have been as startling) to himself as to his reader." Scott says he never could lay down a

thing seemed to announce as impending. But ~~Julian~~ Peveril, his youth considered, was strict in judging his duty, and severely resolved in executing it. He trusted not his imagination to pursue the vision which presented itself; but resolutely seizing on his pen, wrote to Alice the following letter, explaining his situation, as far as justice to the Countess permitted him to do so:—

"I leave you, dearest Alice," thus ran the letter, "I leave you; and though, in doing so, I but obey the command you have laid on me, yet I can claim little merit for my compliance, since, without additional and most forcible rea-



plan, or, having laid it down, could not follow it. The action of composition always extended one passage and abridged or omitted another, and the characters were rendered important or insignificant by the strength they manifested in asserting a place for themselves during the composition of the story. They might be given a good place at the start, but if they retained that place, they must do so because they were fit to survive. His ideas came to him as he wrote, and a character had to adapt itself to them as the condition of its existence. When the author strains his mind for ideas in purely imaginative composition they dissipate as the perfume of a flower in the hand of a botanist. Scott, while writing "Woodstock," more than once says that he has tied the thread of the story so tight that he scarcely knows how to loosen the knot; and nearing the end of "Anne of Geierstein" he exclaims: "But how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it? . . . There's no help for it, I must make a *tour de force* and annihilate both time and space."

It was not only in his habits of composition that Sir Walter was the progenitor of our contemporary writers, but also in the external relations of professional authorship he seems to have anticipated their generally self-respecting attitude toward publishers, critics, and bores. He sold his work to those publishers who would employ the Ballantyne press, in which he was interested, and he said that, very much like farmers, publishers thrive best at a high rent and in general take the most pains to sell the book that costs them the most money.

His anonymity was purely a matter of business; it would not do for a Clerk of the Session to write stories; and, besides, had it been known at first that Scott the poet was the author of "Waverley," the critics might have tried to bar his way to the field of fiction. Later the anonymity was preserved perhaps for a purpose not wholly unconnected with advertising; at least in these days a suspicion of such a purpose would be excited.

Sir Walter's feeling about critics was

CHAPTER XII.

The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

THE celebrated passage which we have prefixed to this chapter, has, like all observations of the same author, its foundation in real experience. The period at which love is felt most strongly, is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a happy issue. The state of artificial society exposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great, that they prove insurmountable. In fine, there are few grown men who do not look back in secret to some period of their youth, at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed, or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little pas-

sensible enough. When he had decided to make literature his profession, he resolved to write on serenely for the public that paid for his books and not to be provoked by the reviewers who were paid to write about his books. He knew that if he allowed himself to feel annoyed by critical notices he would be laying in a plentiful stock of unhappiness for the rest of his life. As for personal attacks, he said: "If my writings and tenor of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should."

Of course, Scott has been charged with plagiarism. But what great author does not assert his right in some degree to act upon Molière's principle, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*" Shakespeare took his material wherever he found it had been appropriated by an earlier writer,—for there is such a thing as *pre*-plagiarism. Sheridan confessedly adopted Molière's plan. Scott did take a scene in "Kenilworth" from Goethe's "Egmont." But Goethe said of it in a conversation with Eckermann, "Walter Scott used a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so, and because he did it well he deserves praise." And who would complain because Scott took the facts for the picture of old German manners in one chapter of "Anne of Geierstein" from Erasmus's dialogue *Diversoria?*

Then, too, of course, the man arose who clearly proved to his own satisfaction that the Waverley novels were not written by Scott alone. This Mr. Fitz-Patrick told us that it was Scott's brother in Canada who was deprived of hard-earned fame by the ungrateful brother at Abbotsford. Mr. Fitz-Patrick did not prove it by a cipher,—he was above such foolery. He pointed out the evidence given by Sir Walter's own words,—words not always closely connected, to be sure, but still Sir Walter's own words. Fortunately, however, there were persons then living who could truthfully have contradicted Scott's denial of his own authorship had he ever chosen to make one: they had seen him write the novels and had read them in his own handwriting. Had Mr. Fitz-Patrick been born two hundred years later he might have been the author of a "Great Scott Cryptogram!"

Sir Walter suffered from all the species of bores known at present, and his treatment of them was altogether admirable. He was never testy to them, and however much he may have been annoyed by them he never let them know it. There was the American young lady who sent him the tragedy of the "Cherokee Lovers," asking him to insert it between a prologue and epilogue of his own, secure its production at Drury Lane, and have it published by Murray or Constable. Scott had to pay £5 postage on that package. Two or three weeks later, he received from the same young lady a duplicate of the tragedy with a letter stating that she

~~was deprived of his office, and condemned to exile, which was equally natural on my mother's.~~ Now this ~~fellow, it seems, is~~ his brother—but I dare say you know all about it."

"Not I, on my honour," said Peveril; "you know the Countess seldom or never alludes to the subject.

"Yes," replied the Count, "I believe in her heart she is something ashamed of that gallant act of royalty and supreme jurisdiction, the con-

was afraid the first copy might have been lost on the voyage; and on this package, too, he was obliged to pay a similar amount of postage. Then there was the ancient gentleman full of hoary jokes and frayed quotations, whom Scott took for a walk. The visitor in an unsuspecting moment mentioned the new railway, and Scott, who had a minute familiarity with every cut, every elevation, and the entire route of the proposed road, seized the opportunity and talked railway so fast, so furious, and so long, never allowing the man to say a word, that the bore fled, declining to stay to dinner as he had previously been asked to do. Oxford and Cambridge students who had overrun their allowance wrote to Abbotsford for loans ranging from £20 to £100. A Danish naval officer wrote to him stating that he had dreamed that Scott had advanced him a sum of money and asked for the fulfilment of his dream. One enterprising patent-medicine dealer offered a share of the profits from the sales of the nostrum if Scott would give the medicine a recommendation. And one woman was especially persistent: she first asked for a contribution of money and received a guinea; then she sent the manuscript of a novel she had written and offered Scott half the profits of the work if he would publish it under his name; finally she asked him to enter into partnership with her for the sale of some Soothing Syrup or other that she had invented.

Only four months after the death of Lady Scott, a woman of wealth and high rank proposed marriage to him, the offer coming through a privy councillor. Later a letter from a young man announced that his sister supposed that Sir Walter was only deterred by modesty from proposing, etc., etc. But after Scott had become old and ill, we find this entry in his diary: "God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls. Another fool sends to entreat an autograph, which he should be ashamed in civility to ask as I am to deny."

In Scott there was a remarkable association of literary genius and superb common-sense. When he found that "The Lord of the Isles" had disappointed the public he simply said, "Since one line has failed we must just strike into something else." He understood the fact that fashions in literature change, and, as he was tied to no theory, he gave the public what it wanted. Lockhart thinks that Scott considered literature as something of far inferior importance to the concerns of practical life, and that for this reason the novelist preferred the society of men of affairs to that of literary men. Concerning Scott's wonderful good humor and reasonableness Emerson said on one occasion: "His strong good sense saved him from the faults and foibles incident to poets,—from nervous egotism, sham modesty, or jealousy. He had no insanity or vice or blemish. What an ornament and safeguard is humor! far better than wit for a poet or writer. It is a genius itself and so defends from the insanities."

Yet with all his practical notions, Sir Walter did think that there was in imaginative writing such an agency as inspiration. He says that at times such composition seems to depend upon something besides the volition of the author; and that more than once his fingers appeared to set up independent of his head. But he did not believe that literary men should plead genius as a defence for their weaknesses. Scott had no liking for the "bed-gown and slipper tricks" of authors, and he had no patience at all with Bohemianism, with "the foolish fastidiousness formerly supposed to be essential to the poetical temperament and which has induced some men of real talents to become coxcombs, some to become sots, some to plunge themselves into want, others into the equal miseries of dependence, merely because forsooth they were men of genius and wise above the ordinary and, I say, the manly duties of human life." He liked even less the literary man who looks upon men and women as so many subjects for art treatment. The high moral value of Scott's work comes from his not regarding men and women merely as specimens. He strove to educate his heart by sympathetic intercourse with his fellow-creatures. That is the reason why the characters in the Waverley novels are something more than anatomical cross-sections.

Journeys, illness, misfortune had not been able to stay the mighty pen, but the time came when approaching death reached out and wrung the wand from his hand. Lockhart describes that scene, and there is nothing in imaginative literature, not even the death of *Colonel Newcome*, more pathetic than Sir Walter's last and futile effort to command his powers. "On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk?' He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk and he found himself in the old position he smiled and thanked us and said—'Now give me my pen and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to hold his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned for me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter after a little while again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he—'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself,—get me to bed—that's the only place.'"

Good sense and good cheer, great heart and great mind, these made the literary man who, looking back over his life-work, could say: "I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith,—to corrupt no man's principle."

A SONG OF PLEASURE.

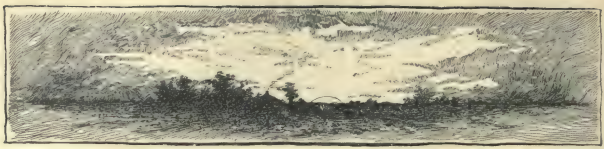
By Maybury Fleming.

Ah, me! for the snows of winter;
And oh! for the winds of March,
The crocus in the garden,
And the whorl upon the larch.

There has been no time for mourning,
There is all time now for mirth,
In the sweet fair face of heaven
And the dear close face of earth.

There is laughter in the snowflake,
The wind sings a roundelay,
And the green green grass is luscious
In the life of a summer day.

Then ah! for the snows of winter,
And oh! for the winds of March,
The crocus in the garden,
And the whorl upon the larch.



TO J. S. D.

By Christopher P. Cranch.

We love not—you and I—these winters drear.
Beneath a star that might have been a flower
Of music and of verse, some balmy hour,
We both were born in Spring, the self-same year.
Yet now the winter of our lives is near;
And while its dull gray clouds around us lower,
Though we must bow beneath their chilling power,
We wait with patient faith, and feel no fear.
Nor shall we grieve if the faint sunshine brings
The freezing winds, the banks of drifting snow;
And on our windows spectral frost-work clings,
And mocks the plumy flowers of long-ago.
Have not our hearts full sight of thoughts and things
That breathe through wintry age youth's summer glow?

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

IV.

ACCOUNT OF THE PERSECUTIONS ENDURED BY MR. HENRY.



You can guess on what part of his adventures the Colonel principally dwelled. Indeed, if we had heard it all, it is to be thought the current of this business had been wholly altered; but the pirate ship was very gently touched upon. Nor did I hear the Colonel to an end even of that which he was willing to disclose; for Mr. Henry, having for some while been plunged in a brown study, rose at last from his seat and (reminding the Colonel there were matters that he must attend to) bade me follow him immediately to the office.

Once there, he sought no longer to dissemble his concern, walking to and fro in the room with a contorted face, and passing his hand repeatedly upon his brow.

"We have some business," he began at last; and there broke off, declared we must have wine, and sent for a magnum of the best. This was extremely foreign to his habitudes; and what was still more so, when the wine had come, he gulped down one glass upon another like a man careless of appearances. But the drink steadied him.

"You will scarce be surprised, Mac-

kellar," says he, "when I tell you that my brother (whose safety we are all rejoiced to learn) stands in some need of money."

I told him I had misdoubted as much; but the time was not very fortunate, as the stock was low.

"Not mine," said he. "There is the money for the mortgage."

I reminded him it was Mrs. Henry's.

"I will be answerable to my wife," he cried, violently.

"And then," said I, "there is the mortgage."

"I know," said he, "it is on that I would consult you."

I showed him how unfortunate a time it was to divert this money from its destination, and how by so doing we must lose the profit of our past economies, and plunge back the estate into the mire. I even took the liberty to plead with him; and when he still opposed me with a shake of the head and a bitter dogged smile, my zeal quite carried me beyond my place. "This is midsummer madness," cried I; "and I for one will be no party to it."

"You speak as though I did it for my pleasure," says he. "But I have a child now; and besides I love order; and to say the honest truth, Mackellar, I had begun to take a pride in the estates." He gloomed for a moment. "But what would you have?" he went on. "Nothing is mine, nothing. This day's news has knocked the bottom out of my life. I have only the name and the shadow of things; only the shadow; there is no substance in my rights."

"They will prove substantial enough before the court," said I.

He looked at me with a burning eye, and seemed to repress the word upon his lips; and I repented what I had said, for I saw that while he spoke of the estates he had still a side-thought to his marriage. And then, of a sudden, he twitched the letter from his pocket, where it lay all crumpled, smoothed it violently on the table, and read these words to me with a trembling tongue. "'My dear Jacob'—This is how he begins!" cries he—"'My dear Jacob, I once called you so, you may remember; and you have now done the business, and flung my heels as high as Criffel.' What do you think of that, Mackellar," says he, "from an only brother? I declare to God I liked him very well; I was always stanch to him; and this is how he writes! But I will not sit down under the imputation—" (walking to and fro)—"I am as good as he, I am a better man than he, I call on God to prove it! I cannot give him all the monstrous sum he asks; he knows the estate to be incompetent; but I will give him what I have, and it is more than he expects. I have borne all this too long. See what he writes further on; read it for yourself: 'I know you are a niggardly dog.' A niggardly dog! I, niggardly? Is that true, Mackellar? You think it is?" I really thought he would have struck me at that. "O, you all think so! Well, you shall see, and he shall see, and God shall see. If I ruin the estate and go barefoot, I shall stuff this bloodsucker. Let him ask all—all, and he shall have it! It is all his by rights. Ah!" he cried, "and I foresaw all this and worse, when he would not let me go." He poured out another glass of wine and was about to carry it to his lips, when I made so bold as to lay a finger on his arm. He stopped a moment. "You are very right," said he, and flung glass and all in the fireplace. "Come, let us count the money."

I durst no longer oppose him; indeed I was very much affected by the sight of so much disorder in a man usually so controlled; and we sat down together, counted the money, and made it up in packets for the greater ease of Colonel Burke, who was to be the bearer. This done, Mr. Henry returned to the hall, where he and my old lord sat all night through with their guest.

A little before dawn I was called and set out with the Colonel. He would scarce have liked a less responsible convoy, for he was a man who valued himself; nor could we afford him one more dignified, for Mr. Henry must not appear with the freetraders. It was a very bitter morning of wind, and as we went down through the long shrubbery, the Colonel held himself muffled in his cloak.

"Sir," said I, "this is a great sum of money that your friend requires. I

must suppose his necessities to be very great."

"We must suppose so," says he, I thought drily, but perhaps it was the cloak about his mouth.

"I am only a servant of the family," said I. "You may deal openly with me. I think we are likely to get little good by him?"

"My dear man," said the Colonel, "Ballantrae is a gentleman of the most eminent natural abilities, and a man that I admire and that I revere, to the very ground he treads on." And then he seemed to me to pause like one in a difficulty.

"But for all that," said I, "we are likely to get little good by him?"

"Sure, and you can have it your own way, my dear man," says the Colonel.

By this time we had come to the side of the creek, where the boat awaited him. "Well," said he, "I am sure I am very much your debtor for all your civility, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is; and just as a last word, and since you show so much intelligent interest, I will mention a small circumstance that may be of use to the family. For I believe my friend omitted to mention that he has the largest pension on the Scotch Fund of any refugee in Paris; and it's the more disgraceful, sir," cries the Colonel, warming, "because there's not one dirty penny for myself."

He cocked his hat at me, as if I had been to blame for this partiality; then changed again into his usual swaggering civility, shook me by the hand, and set off down to the boat, with the money under his arms, and whistling as he went the pathetic air of *Shule Aroon*. It was the first time I had heard that tune; I was to hear it again, words and all, as you shall learn; but I remember how that little stave of it rang in my head, after the freetraders had bade him "Wheesht, in the deil's name," and the grating of the oars had taken its place, and I stood and watched the dawn creeping on the sea, and the boat drawing away, and the lugger lying with her foresail backed awaiting it.

THE gap made in our money was a sore embarrassment; and among other consequences, it had this: that I must ride to Edinburgh, and there raise a new loan on very questionable terms to keep the old afloat; and was thus, for close upon three weeks, absent from the house of Durrisdeer.

What passed in the interval I had none to tell me; but I found Mrs. Henry, upon my return, much changed in her demeanor; the old talks with my lord for the most part pretermitted; a certain deprecation visible toward her husband, to whom I thought she addressed herself more often; and for one thing, she was now greatly wrapped up in Miss Katharine. You would think the change was agreeable to Mr. Henry. No such matter! To the contrary, every circumstance of alteration was a stab to him; he read in each the avowal of her truant fancies:—that constancy to the Master of which she was proud while she supposed him dead, she had to blush for now she knew he was alive: and these blushes were the hated spring of her new conduct. I am to conceal no truth; and I will here say plainly, I think this was the period in which Mr. Henry showed the worst. He contained himself, indeed, in public; but there was a deep-seated irritation visible underneath. With me, from whom he had less concealment, he was often grossly unjust; and even for his wife, he would sometimes have a sharp retort: perhaps when she had ruffled him with some unwonted kindness; perhaps upon no tangible occasion, the mere habitual tenor of the man's annoyance bursting spontaneously forth. When he would thus forget himself (a thing so strangely out of keeping with the terms of their relation), there went a shock through the whole company; and the pair would look upon each other in a kind of pained amazement.

All the time too, while he was injuring himself by this defect of temper, he was hurting his position by a silence, of which I scarce know whether to say it was the child of generosity or pride. The freetraders came again and again, bringing messengers from the Master, and none departed empty handed. I never durst reason with Mr. Henry; he gave what was asked of him in a kind of noble rage. Perhaps because he knew he was by nature inclining to the parsi-

monious, he took a backforemost pleasure in the recklessness with which he supplied his brother's exigence. Perhaps the falsity of the position would have spurred a humbler man into the same excesses. But the estate (if I may say so) groaned under it; our daily expenses were shorn lower and lower; the stables were emptied, all but four roadsters; servants were discharged, which raised a dreadful murmuring in the country and heated up the old disfavor upon Mr. Henry; and at last the yearly visit to Edinburgh must be discontinued.

This was in 1756. You are to suppose that for seven years this bloodsucker had been drawing the life's blood from Durrisdeer; and that all this time my patron had held his peace. It was an effect of devilish malice in the Master, that he addressed Mr. Henry alone upon the matter of his demands; and there was never a word to my lord. The family had looked on wondering at our economies. They had lamented, I have no doubt, that my patron had become so great a miser; a fault always despicable, but in the young abhorrent; and Mr. Henry was not yet thirty years of age. Still he had managed the business of Durrisdeer almost from a boy; and they bore with these changes in a silence as proud and bitter as his own, until the coping stone of the Edinburgh visit.

At this time I believe my patron and his wife were rarely together save at meals. Immediately on the back of Colonel Burke's announcement, Mrs. Henry made palpable advances; you might say she had laid a sort of timid court to her husband different indeed from her former manner of unconcern and distance. I never had the heart to blame Mr. Henry because he recoiled from these advances; nor yet to censure the wife, when she was cut to the quick by their rejection. But the result was an entire estrangement, so that (as I say) they rarely spoke except at meals. Even the matter of the Edinburgh visit was first broached at table; and it chanced that Mrs. Henry was that day ailing and querulous. She had no sooner understood her husband's meaning, than the red flew in her face.

"At last," she cried, "this is too much! Heaven knows what pleasure I have in my life, that I should be denied my only consolation. These shameful proclivities must be trod down; we are already a mark and an eyesore in the neighborhood; I will not endure this fresh insanity."

"I cannot afford it," says Mr. Henry.

"Afford?" she cried. "For shame! But I have money of my own."

"That is all mine, madam, by marriage," he snarled, and instantly left the room.

My old lord threw up his hands to heaven, and he and his daughter, withdrawing to the chimney, gave me a broad hint to be gone. I found Mr. Henry in his usual retreat, the steward's room, perched on the end of the table and plunging his penknife in it, with a very ugly countenance.

"Mr. Henry," said I, "you do yourself too much injustice; and it is time this should cease."

"O!" cries he, "nobody minds here. They think it only natural. I have shameful proclivities. I am a niggardly dog," and he drove his knife up to the hilt. "But I will show that fellow," he cried with an oath, "I will show him which is the more generous."

"This is no generosity," said I, "this is only pride."

"Do you think I want morality," he asked.

I thought he wanted help, and I should give it him, willy-nilly; and no sooner was Mrs. Henry gone to her room, than I presented myself at her door and sought admittance.

She openly showed her wonder. "What do you want with me, Mr. Mackellar?" said she.

"The Lord knows, madam," says I, "I have never troubled you before with any freedoms; but this thing lies too hard upon my conscience, and it will out. Is it possible that two people can be so blind as you and my lord? and have lived all these years with a noble gentleman like Mr. Henry, and understand so little of his nature?"

"What does this mean?" she cried.

"Do you not know where his money goes to? his—and yours—and the money for the very wine he does not drink at table?" I went on. "To Paris—to

that man! Eight thousand pounds has he had of us in seven years, and my patron fool enough to keep it secret!"

"Eight thousand pounds!" she repeated. "It is impossible, the estate is not sufficient."

"God knows how we have sweated farthings to produce it," said I. "But eight thousand and sixty is the sum, beside odd shillings. And if you can think my patron miserly after that, this shall be my last interference."

"You need say no more, Mr. Mackellar," said she. "You have done most properly in what you too modestly call your interference. I am much to blame; you must think me indeed a very unobservant wife"—(looking upon me with a strange smile)—"but I shall put this right at once. The Master was always of a very thoughtless nature; but his heart is excellent; he is the soul of generosity. I shall write to him myself. You cannot think how you have pained me by this communication."

"Indeed, madam, I had hoped to have pleased you," said I, for I raged to see her still thinking of the Master.

"And pleased," said she, "and pleased me of course."

That same day (I will not say but what I watched) I had the satisfaction to see Mr. Henry come from his wife's room in a state most unlike himself; for his face was all bloated with weeping, and yet he seemed to me to walk upon the air. By this, I was sure his wife had made him full amends for once; "Ah," thought I to myself, "I have done a brave stroke this day."

On the morrow, as I was seated at my books, Mr. Henry came in softly behind me, took me by the shoulders and shook me in a manner of playfulness. "I find you are a faithless fellow after all," says he; which was his only reference to my part, but the tone he spoke in was more to me than any eloquence of protestation. Nor was this all I had effected; for when the next messenger came (as he did not long afterwards) from the Master, he got nothing away with him but a letter. For some while back, it had been I myself who had conducted these affairs; Mr. Henry not setting pen to paper, and I only in the dryest and most formal terms. But this letter I did not even see; it would scarce be pleasant reading, for Mr. Henry felt he had his wife behind him for once, and I observed, on the day it was dispatched, he had a very gratified expression.

Things went better now in the family, though it could scarce be pretended they went well. There was now at least no misconception; there was kindness upon all sides; and I believe my patron and his wife might again have drawn together, if he could have pocketed his pride, and she forgot (what was the ground of all) her brooding on another man. It is wonderful how a private thought leaks out; it is wonderful to me now, how we should all have followed the current of her sentiments; and though she bore herself quietly, and had a very even disposition, yet we should have known whenever her fancy ran to Paris. And would not any one have thought that my disclosure must have rooted up that idol? I think there is the devil in women: all these years passed, never a sight of the man, little enough kindness to remember (by all accounts) even while she had him, the notion of his death intervening, his heartless rapacity laid bare to her: that all should not do, and she must still keep the best place in her heart for this accursed fellow, is a thing to make a plain man rage. I had never much natural sympathy for the passion of love; but this unreason in my patron's wife disgusted me outright with the whole matter. I remember checking a maid, because she sang some bairnly kickshaw while my mind was thus engaged; and my asperity brought about my ears the enmity of all the petticoats about the house; of which I recked very little, but it amused Mr. Henry, who rallied me much upon our joint unpopularity. It is strange enough (for my own mother was certainly one of the salt of the earth and my Aunt Dickson, who paid my fees at the University, a very notable woman) but I have never had much toleration for the female sex, possibly not much understanding; and being far from a bold man, I have ever shunned their company. Not only do I see no cause to regret this diffidence in myself, but have invariably remarked

the most unhappy consequences follow those who were less wise. So much I thought proper to set down, lest I show myself unjust to Mrs. Henry. And besides the remark arose naturally, on a reperusal of the letter which was the next step in these affairs, and reached me to my sincere astonishment by a private hand, some week or so after the departure of the last messenger.

LETTER FROM COLONEL BURKE (afterwards Chevalier) TO MR. MACKELLAR.

TROYES IN CHAMPAGNE,
July 12, 1756.

MY DEAR SIR:—You will doubtless be surprised to receive a communication from one so little known to you; but on the occasion I had the good fortune to rencounter you at Durrisdeer, I remarked you for a young man of a solid gravity of character: a qualification which I profess I admire and revere next to natural genius or the bold chivalrous spirit of the soldier. I was besides interested in the noble family which you have the honor to serve or (to speak more by the book) to be the humble and respected friend of; and a conversation I had the pleasure to have with you very early in the morning has remained much upon my mind.

Being the other day in Paris, on a visit from this famous city where I am in garrison, I took occasion to inquire your name (which I profess I had forgot) at my friend, the Master of B.; and a fair opportunity occurring, I write to inform you of what's new.

The Master of B. (when we had last some talk of him together) was in receipt, as I think I then told you, of a highly advantageous pension on the Scots Fund. He next received a company, and was soon after advanced to a regiment of his own. My dear Sir, I do not offer to explain this circumstance; any more than why I myself, who have rid at the right hand of Princes, should be fubbed off with a pair of colors and sent to rot in a hole at the bottom of the province. Accustomed as I am to courts, I cannot but feel it is no atmosphere for a plain soldier; and I could never hope to advance by similar means, even could I stoop to the endeavor. But our friend has a particular aptitude to succeed by the means of ladies; and if all be true that I have heard, he enjoyed a remarkable protection. It is like this turned against him; for when I had the honor to shake him by the hand, he was but newly released from the Bastile where he had been cast on a sealed letter; and though now released, has both lost his regiment and his pension. My dear Sir, the loyalty of a plain Irishman will ultimately succeed in the place of craft; as I am sure a gentleman of your probity will agree.

Now, Sir, the Master is a man whose genius I admire beyond expression, and besides he is my friend; but I thought a little word of this revolution in his fortunes would not come amiss, for in my opinion, the man's desperate. He spoke when I saw him of a trip to India (whither I am myself in some hope of accompanying my illustrious countryman, Mr. Lally); but for this he would require (as I understood) more money than was readily at his command. You may have heard a military proverb; that it is a good thing to make a bridge of gold to a flying enemy? I trust you will take my meaning;—and I subscribe myself, with proper respects to my Lord Durrisdeer, to his son, and to the beauteous Mrs. Durie.

My dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
FRANCIS BURKE.

This missive I carried at once to Mr. Henry; and I think there was but the one thought between the two of us: that it had come a week too late. I made haste to send an answer to Colonel Burke, in which I begged him, if he should see the Master, to assure him his next messenger would be attended to. But with all my haste I was not in time to avert what was impending; the arrow had been drawn, it must now fly. I could almost doubt the power of providence (and certainly His will) to stay the issue of events; and it is a strange thought, how many of us had been storing up the elements of this catastrophe, for how long a time, and with how blind an ignorance of what we did.

From the coming of the Colonel's letter, I had a spyglass in my room, began to drop questions to the tenant folk, and as there was no great secrecy observed and the freetrade (in our part) went by force as much as stealth, I had soon got together a knowledge of the signals in use, and knew pretty well to an hour when any messenger might be expected. I say I questioned the tenants; for with the traders themselves, desperate blades that went habitually armed, I could never bring myself to meddle willingly. Indeed, by what proved in the sequel an unhappy chance, I was an object of scorn to some of these braggadocios; who had not only gratified me with a nickname, but catching me one night upon a by-path and being all (as they would have said) somewhat merry, had caused me to dance for their diversion. The method employed was that of cruelly chipping at my toes with naked cutlasses, shouting at the same time "Square-Toes"; and though they did me no

bodily mischief, I was none the less deplorably affected, and was indeed for several days confined to my bed: a scandal on the state of Scotland on which no comment is required.

It happened on the afternoon of November 7th, in this same unfortunate year, that I espied, during my walk, the smoke of a beacon fire upon the Muckleross. It was drawing near time for my return; but the uneasiness upon my spirits was that day so great, that I must burst through the thickets to the edge of what they call the Craig Head. The sun was already down, but there was still a broad light in the west, which showed me some of the smugglers treading out their signal fire upon the Ross, and in the bay the lugger lying with her sails brailed up. She was plainly but new come to anchor, and yet the skiff was already lowered and pulling for the landing place at the end of the long shrubbery. And this I knew could signify but one thing, the coming of a messenger for Durrisdeer.

I laid aside the remainder of my terrors, clambered down the brae—a place I had never ventured through before, and was hid among the shore-side thickets in time to see the boat touch. Captain Crail himself was steering, a thing not usual; by his side there sat a passenger; and the men gave way with difficulty, being hampered with near upon half a dozen portmanteaus, great and small. But the business of landing was briskly carried through; and presently the baggage was all tumbled on shore, the boat on its return voyage to the lugger, and the passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall, slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking cane upon his wrist. As he so stood, he waved the cane to Captain Crail by way of salutation, with something both of grace and mockery that wrote the gesture deeply on my mind.

No sooner was the boat away with my sworn enemies, than I took a sort of half courage, came forth to the margin of the thicket, and there halted again, my mind being greatly pulled about between natural diffidence and a dark foreboding of the truth. Indeed I might have stood there swithering all night, had not the stranger turned, spied me through the mists, which were beginning to fall, and waved and cried on me to draw near. I did so with a heart like lead.

"Here, my good man," said he, in the English accent, "here are some things for Durrisdeer."

I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance, swarthy, lean, long, with a quick, alert, black look, as of one who was a fighter and accustomed to command; upon one cheek he had a mole, not unbecoming; a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise, when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger. At the same time, he had a better look at me, toised me a second time sharply, and then smiled.

"I wager, my friend," says he, "that I know both your name and your nickname. I divined these very clothes upon your hand of writing, Mr. Mackellar."

At these words I fell to shaking.

"O," says he, "you need not be afraid of me. I bear no malice for your tedious letters; and it is my purpose to employ you a good deal. You may call me Mr. Bally; it is the name I have assumed; or rather (since I am addressing so great a precision) it is so I have curtailed my own. Come now, pick up that and that"—indicating two of the portmanteaus. "That will be as much as you are fit to bear, and the rest can very well wait. Come, lose no more time, if you please."

His tone was so cutting that I managed to do as he bid by a sort of instinct, my mind being all the time quite lost. No sooner had I picked up the portmanteaus, than he turned his back and marched off through the long shrubbery; where it began already to be dusk, for the wood is thick and evergreen. I followed behind, loaded almost to the dust, though I profess I was not conscious of the burden; being swallowed up in the monstrosity of this re-

turn and my mind flying like a weaver's shuttle.

On a sudden I set the portmanteaus to the ground and halted. He turned and looked back at me.

"Well?" said he.

"You are the Master of Ballantrae?"

"You will do me the justice to observe," says he, "that I have made no secret with the astute Mackellar."

"And in the name of God," cries I, "what brings you here? Go back, while it is yet time."

"I thank you," said he. "Your master has chosen this way, and not I; but since he has made the choice, he (and you also) must abide by the result. And now pick up these things of mine, which you have set down in a very boggy place, and attend to that which I have made your business."

But I had no thought now of obedience; I came straight up to him. "If nothing will move you to go back," said I; "though sure, under all the circumstances, any Christian or even any gentleman would scruple to go forward. . . ."

"These are gratifying expressions," he threw in.

"If nothing will move you to go back," I continued, "there are still some decencies to be observed. Wait here with your baggage, and I will go forward and prepare your family. Your father is an old man; and—" I stumbled—"there are decencies to be observed."

"Truly," said he, "this Mackellar improves upon acquaintance. But look you here, my man, and understand it once for all—you waste your breath upon me, and I go my own way with inevitable motion."

"Ah!" says I. "Is that so? We shall see then!"

And I turned and took to my heels for Durrisdeer. He clutched at me and cried out angrily, and then I believe I heard him laugh, and then I am certain he pursued me for a step or two, and (I suppose) desisted. One thing at least is sure, that I came but a few minutes later to the door of the great house, nearly strangled for the lack of breath but quite alone. Straight up the stair I ran, and burst into the hall, and stopped before the family without the power of speech; but I must have carried my story in my looks for they rose out of their places and stared on me like changelings.

"He has come," I panted out at last.

"He?" said Mr. Henry.

"Himself," said I.

"My son?" cried my lord. "Imprudent, imprudent boy! O, could he not stay where he was safe!"

Never a word said Mrs. Henry; nor did I look at her, I scarce knew why.

"Well," said Mr. Henry, with a very deep breath, "and where is he?"

"I left him in the long shrubbery," said I.

"Take me to him," said he.

So we went out together, he and I, without another word from any one; and in the midst of the gravelled plot, encountered the Master strolling up, whistling as he came and beating the air with his cane. There was still light enough overhead to recognize though not to read a countenance.

"Ah, Jacob!" says the Master. "So here is Esau back."

"James," says Mr. Henry, "for God's sake, call me by my name. I will not pretend that I am glad to see you; but I would fain make you as welcome as I can in the house of our fathers."

"Or in *my* house? or *yours?*" says the Master. "Which was you about to say? But this is an old sore, and we need not rub it. If you would not share with me in Paris, I hope you will yet scarce deny your elder brother a corner of the fire at Durrisdeer?"

"That is very idle speech," replied Mr. Henry. "And you understand the power of your position excellently well."

"Why, I believe I do," said the other with a little laugh. And this, though they had never touched hands, was (as we may say) the end of the brothers' meeting; for at this, the Master turned to me and bade me fetch his baggage.

I, on my side, turned to Mr. Henry for a confirmation; perhaps with some defiance.

"As long as the Master is here, Mr. Mackellar, you will very much oblige me by regarding his wishes as you would my own," says Mr. Henry. "We are constantly troubling you: will you be

so good as send one of the servants?"—with an accent on the word.

If this speech were anything at all, it was surely a well deserved reproof upon the stranger; and yet, so devilish was his impudence, he twisted it the other way.

"And shall we be common enough to say 'Sneck up?'" inquires he, softly, looking upon me sideways.

Had a kingdom depended upon the act, I could not have trusted myself in words; even to call a servant was beyond me; I had rather serve the man myself than speak; and I turned away in silence and went into the long shrubbery, with a heart full of anger and despair. It was dark under the trees, and I walked before me and forgot what business I was come upon, till I near broke my shin on the portmanteaus. Then it was that I remarked a strange particular; for whereas I had before carried both and scarce observed it, it was now as much as I could do to manage one. And this, as it forced me to make two journeys, kept me the longer from the hall.

When I got there the business of welcome was over long ago; the company was already at supper; and by an oversight that cut me to the quick, my place had been forgotten. I had seen one side of the Master's return: now I was to see the other. It was he who first remarked my coming in and standing back (as I did) in some annoyance. He jumped from his seat.

"And if I have not got the good Mackellar's place!" cries he. "John, lay another for Mr. Bally; I protest he will disturb no one, and your table is big enough for all."

I could scarce credit my ears; nor yet my senses when he took me by the shoulders and thrust me laughing into my own place; such an affectionate playfulness was in his voice. And while John laid the fresh place for him (a thing on which he still insisted) he went and leaned on his father's chair and looked down upon him, and the old man turned about and looked upwards on his son, with such a pleasant mutual tenderness, that I could have carried my hand to my head in mere amazement.

Yet all was of a piece. Never a harsh word fell from him, never a sneer showed upon his lip. He had laid aside even his cutting English accent, and spoke with the kindly Scots tongue, that sets a value on affectionate words; and though his manners had a graceful elegance mighty foreign to our ways in Durrisdeer, it was still a homely courtliness, that did not shame but flattered us. All that he did throughout the meal, indeed, drinking wine with me with a notable respect, turning about for a pleasant word with John, fondling his father's hand, breaking into little merry tales of his adventures, calling up the past with happy reference—all he did was so becoming, and himself so handsome, that I could scarce wonder if my lord and Mrs. Henry sat about the board with radiant faces, or if John waited behind with dropping tears.

As soon as supper was over, Mrs. Henry rose to withdraw.

"This was never your way, Alison," said he.

"It is my way now," she replied: which was notoriously false, "and I will give you a good-night, James, and a welcome—from the dead," said she, and her voice drooped and trembled.

Poor Mr. Henry, who had made rather a heavy figure through the meal, was more concerned than ever: pleased to see his wife withdraw, and yet half displeased, as he thought upon the cause of it; and the next moment altogether dashed by the fervor of her speech.

On my part, I thought I was now one too many; and was stealing after Mrs. Henry, when the Master saw me.

"Now, Mr. Mackellar," says he, "I take this near on an unfriendliness. I cannot have you go: this is to make a stranger of the prodigal son—and let me remind you where—in his own father's house! Come, sit ye down, and drink another glass with Mr. Bally."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Mackellar," says my lord, "we must not make a stranger either of him or you. I have been telling my son," he added, his voice brightening as usual on the word, "how much we valued all your friendly service."

So I sat there silent till my usual hour; and might have been almost deceived in the man's nature, but for one passage in which his perfidy appeared



"The passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall, slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black."

too plain. Here was the passage; of which, after what he knows of the brothers' meeting, the reader shall consider for himself. Mr. Henry sitting somewhat dully, in spite of his best endeavors to carry things before my lord, up jumps the Master, passes about the board, and claps his brother on the shoulder.

"Come, come, *Hairry lad*," says he, with a broad accent such as they must have used together when they were boys, "you must not be downcast because your brother has come home. All's yours, that's sure enough, and little I grudge it you. Neither must you grudge me my place beside my father's fire."

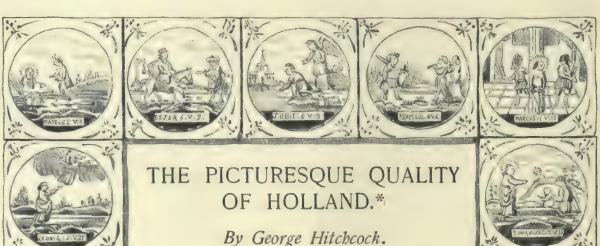
"And that is too true, Henry," says my old lord with a little frown, a thing rare with him. "You have been the elder brother of the parable in the good sense; you must be careful of the other."

"I am easily put in the wrong," said Mr. Henry.

"Who puts you in the wrong?" cried my lord, I thought very tartly for so mild a man. "You have earned my gratitude and your brother's many thousand times; you may count on its endurance; and let that suffice."

"Ay, Harry, that you may," said the Master; and I thought Mr. Henry looked at him with a kind of wildness in his eye.

(To be continued.)



THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.*

By George Hitchcock.

INTERIORS AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE fascinating country of Terburg and De Hoog is still much as they left it. Their mysteriously artistic, rich-toned land, enclosed within the walls of houses or courtyards, has not changed to any great extent during the centuries since the hands of these most characteristic of all Dutch masters were stilled in death; and much as they made of it, it still shows many new and interesting features.

It is no wonder that the Dutch school finds its greatest masters in the painters of interiors, for no more paintable or artistic houses ever existed, judged from their works, or from the examples of their subjects which time has spared to us. The wealth, political freedom, and artistic character of the people tend to make the sixteenth century in Holland memorable through all history, in having given not only the delightful Dutch school of art to the world but to Holland a precious inheritance of loving artistic labor, which has filled the land with the most pleasing objects of domestic use, and made it the richest mine of the bric-a-brac hunter, and which though fast disappearing still gives a hint to all manufactures.

The Dutch, though a sturdy race, have ever taken their chief comfort within doors, which their treacherous though picturesque climate has made necessary, and the outcome of which has been as well the adornment and

*See also a paper by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1887.

beautifying of the interior and the objects of domestic use as the foundation of a distinctive school of art, which has immortalized this tendency.

That Holland has entirely escaped the commonplace utilitarian spirit of our own times is too much to expect, but to this wind-swept, half-submerged corner of the earth it has been last to come; and when even the grand canal of Venice is cursed by an iron bridge it would be unnatural if "bent-wood" furniture and imitation tile wall-paper were not seen among real tiled walls and beside the dignified natural lines of wood in decoration and furniture; but there lurks in many an object still undiscovered of the collector, or treasured even against persuasive offers, an immense amount of really honest and beautiful work, that no artist need be ashamed to represent, though the modern painter of tasteless ugliness should scoff.



The main cause of this survival is found in the exceedingly conservative spirit of the race, which dislikes to part from the beaten track; what if, for example, "our skim-milk cheese is being driven from the markets by the richer cream cheeses of our rivals; our ancestors ruled the markets with such cheese, and so it is good enough for us," says the modern Dutch farmer, which illustrates the spirit of one who has saved so much history for our present use; for in retaining the methods he has also retained the tools of the craft, and many of the accompaniments of an early and idyllic period of agriculture, before the advent of the violent vermilion mowing machines, vicious looking hay machines, steam churns, and a host of hideous inartistic monsters.

Whoever saw the tongue of a "sulky-plough" carved? But in the long, still winter twilight many a plough-handle has been lovingly decorated with a simple spiral serving the double purpose of grip and ornament; the churn-dasher ending in a rude though charmingly cut Hollandish lion, done over the dull glow of the turf fire, is much more beautiful than a steam churn, no matter how much red paint a hasty manufacturer has had stencilled upon it; and they are still in use, with the spade, the honest pitchfork, hand-rake, and straight scythe-handle, all ornamented rudely but well, and all most grateful to a painter in composing pastoral pictures.

In color again, these primitive instruments are never inharmonious: painted in soft greens and blues, a carving picked out in red or yellow here and there, with a real feeling for color, and showing thought and care in the choice and arrangement.

The interiors of the churches and public buildings, the burghers' and farmers' dwellings are to a great extent untouched, and yet not decayed to the point of being merely picturesque, merely questions of tone; there is yet much



A Skipper's Home.

of the living interest of the sixteenth century. It is true that the exigencies of the ritual of a narrow Protestantism have caused the noble Gothic interiors of the churches to be divided up into small pens into which gather the scattered worshippers; and the white-wash brush directed by the Dutch idea of cleanliness has destroyed the color of the original decoration, but otherwise the edifices are intact, and these objectionable pens are not devoid of interest, made, as they are often-times, of richly carved oak, which through centuries of a peculiar whitening process, supplemented by diligent polishing, is very harmonious with the white-wash of the walls and the gray stone of the columns and floors.

But it is not here, nor in the beautiful

dark panelled chapter-houses, nor in the public buildings, that Terburg found his motives, or that we of to-day look to find a characteristically artistic note.

These deserted town-halls and offices, where a couple of rusty clerks and an attenuated burgomaster whisper in the gorgeous and magnificent chambers once noisy with a busy and important throng and filled by the portly presence of the council and president of the flourishing port, these halls with their gobelins and Rembrandt, or the "Archers" of Franz Hals. Many of these buildings are of the best period of Dutch Renaissance, and all through of great interest to a painter; and here and there a small forgotten room is often a treasure, so untouched as to be a real bit of the past.

It was not here, however, that Jan Steen loved to paint, or that Brenklekamp (that little-known and almost most sincere of Dutchmen) did his fine work, but among the people, in their



A Corner of a Farmer's Dining-room.

panelling and beautifully carved decorations, and the council-chambers and dignified chairs of the councilmen are a sad reminder of a past glory and greatness. Here, on an elegant buffet, are the goblets and drinking-horns in silver and gold, heavy and richly chased, the baton and sword of state of the fine old burghers, "hung up for monument," no longer singing of riches and power, but the more sadly of the present poverty and decadence, by contrast; and with small effort the imagination again peoples these chambers with stately men in doublet and hose—the "Syndics" of shops, taverns, and homes, that we can see to-day and find as picturesque as they did.

How find words to praise the fitness of the decorations of a fishing-boat captain's home, consisting of tiles from floor to ceiling and, painted on them, in the centre of the panels, representations of the captain's ships with mottoes telling of their staunch and brave qualities? or of the farmer's, whose capacious chimney bears upon its tiles naïve pictures of cows and sheep in those fine blue tints of the Delft decorators? or how say enough in praise of the care and

cleanliness of them and their descendants who have preserved them to us?

True, the original arrangement of whitewash and indestructible tiles has helped the survival greatly, as well as the honest work in the furniture of the room and in the setting of the tiles; and can a painter find anything more proper for his brush, in the lesser walks of art, than such honest soulful work, that which is imbued with a man's spirit and is not turned out at lightning speed by a soulless machine, whose product neither fits man's hand nor adorns his life. It is this which makes the ordinary American interior so absolutely unpaintable, and excuses the expatriation of those who seek, from a picturesque standpoint, the sympathetic evidences of man in his objects of daily use and toil.

The shops tell of the character of the people, clean and inviting. Even the gory butcher's (with its stock not too prominent) is worthy of study; its beams are so solidly and well arranged, and perhaps it has a sixteenth century front of small diamond-paned sashes, and sturdy hooks beneath an overhanging second story with carved corbels. But the harmonies in polished brass and whitewash, with perhaps one note of contrast in a deep-toned tall mahogany clock, which compose the seed shops are things of beauty: the stock arranged in bins of white panelled wood-work showing the pale green of dried peas, the ivory of the bean, and dead whiteness of flour; only the cereals of unpleasant color are kept out of sight; and the scales, scoops, and fittings are of brilliant brass. The workers in copper and brass let you into their work-rooms where the honest hammer is playing a noisy tune, and the ruddy copper, in all useful forms, hangs ready on the beams and walls; the cooper shows a bewildering arrangement of vivid blue and red milk-buckets, churns of sturdy oak with satisfyingly thick wrought-iron hoops, and many and curiously formed tuns and barrels—in really good colors when not in the integrity of natural wood—placed in a low-roofed, heavy-beamed chamber with a curled shaving hung on an ornamental iron bracket at the door for a sign.



Fire-place in a Dutch Studio.

The brass-lidded blue Delft jars of the tobacconist, with an Indian furiously smoking in an archaic manner, make a pleasant interior of an ordinary shop; and so does sometimes a partition of old panelling, with door and window letting into an inner room, and a staircase, curving to the sleeping-rooms above, bravely showing its under side into the shop of the barber, whose round, presumably luxurious chair, not later than the seventeenth century, is most serviceable either if you wish to perpetuate the modern phase of life therein or make a sham historical picture.

Low ceilings, walls of immaculate whitewash, dado of tiles either virgin

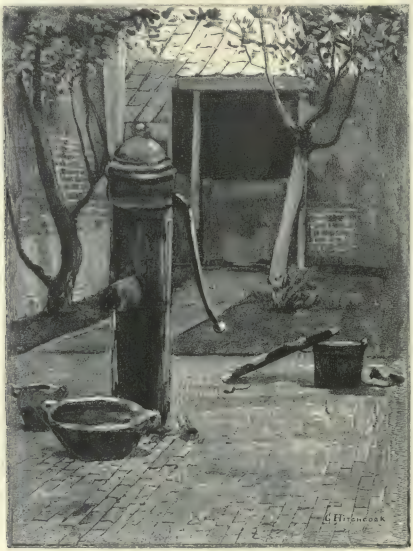


A Tiled Hallway.

white, blue, or pale red in decoration, wood-work panelled and painted in pale blue, green, or white, corner cupboards with glass doors showing the china within, an oak cabinet or two, darkened and polished by a century or so of polishing, are the main features of the living-room of a farmer, with of course the necessary table and chairs, oftentimes of great age and simple form ; and whether these are the same or not as in a past age, they are an expression of a deep though unconscious artistic feeling.

Nearly every farmer's wife still treasures a collection of Delft plaques and vases, sufficient to stock a bric-a-brac shop ; and nearly every cabinet has a set of vases of this blue upon it, with the original price and number of pieces fired upon the bases, as fresh as when hot from the kiln, but more beautiful, since time has given them an opalescent lustre undreamt of by their makers. And what monuments of artistic skill these cabinets are, how cunningly panelled and lovingly carved, speaking of a time when honest labor was no disgrace and time not too short in which to do things

well and beautifully, no matter how humble their purpose. Think of the numberless times those sturdy oak doors have turned upon their hinges during three centuries, and yet see how perfectly they fit and work to-day. Think of the extremes of heat and cold those intricate panels have weathered, and find a crack or warp if you can; and then wonder what it is that makes sincere labor beautiful, or why, when time has given it an added beauty of tone, it is of use to a painter.



In a Farmer's Court-yard.

These charming pieces of workmanship in their original places, when their example has unconsciously influenced their surroundings and time has given them a perfect harmony, are a thousand times more beautiful than when, carried over seas, they shame the decorations and their companion pieces, in the modern drawing-room where it is now the fashion to have them. In these quaint, old-time interiors is often seen the clock with its polished brass weights hanging clear and its face (around which a single hand slowly travels, telling of the times when seconds were not counted grudgingly) surrounded by perforated iron work; surrounded it may be by the arms of the great "Stadtholder" in tarnished gold; or the more elaborate tall stand-clock with a tinkling chime and case of elaborate inlaid wood-work as perfect and without blemish as when it came from the maker centuries ago.

By the wide high chimney, upon whose tiled back only one day's smoke is allowed to accumulate, hangs a bewildering arrangement of brass fire-irons, pewter trenchers, and copper

pots, adding the beauty of various metallic colors and textures to that of the shining tiles; and with all these attractions, a perfection of tone, a peculiar charm, the result of long care and cleanliness, fresh and yet rich, bright and yet deep or golden, much as De Hoog must have seen them and as he has indeed painted them.



Outside, in the spacious barns, stand the wagons: if not the veritable vehicle, at least of much the same model as that from which Mynheer Van Rijn might have received his grist at his hoary mill-door; a wagon for the most humble purposes, with a wealth of fruit and flowers carved upon its axle, surrounding the name of its owner and date of construction, its side-boards from end to end cut into the semblance of flowers and painted in semi-natural colors. The carriage for Sundays and market days is graceful in form, hung on high leather C springs, ornamented with gilded and painted carvings upon natural wood; and the curricle yet in use is richly carved, and ornamented by worsted tassels hung on stamped leather pendants, as in the days of the Louis; drawn by horses decked with a harness carrying much polished brass (or, among the richer farmers, silver), and sometimes made of red leather with small shells stitched upon it, or with a head-stall of green or blue velvet, and with reins of red cords ending in large tassels.

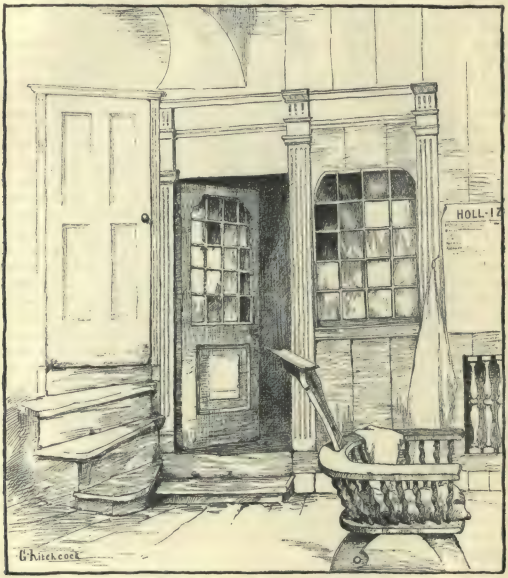
Picturesque as are the wagons and carriages, they do not compare with the beauty of the little-used sleighs, like the cabinets and interiors a pure survival of the best period of Dutch decorative art, swan-like in line, painted in fine color, peacock's feathers upon a blue ground or a fairly good winter landscape upon a red body. They have place for but one in the interior, the driver sitting astride a saddle at the rear, supported by iron work in really good scrolls. Many still in use are of great age, but those of to-day closely follow the ancient ones in form and color.

No part of a farmer's house is more characteristic or pleasing than the court-yards, where about the house door stand the various objects of domestic or farm use, milk-buckets, and the red or pale-green stone-ware pots; the yoke of fine color for carrying the milk-pails; pans and brooms, all interesting in color and texture, standing upon the pale yellow of the brick paving, relieved by the red of the house walls, the lines of the small fruit trees, and the bordering beds of flowers. So much of the house washing is done here about the pump or well that they become almost a part of the house proper, and are as spotlessly clean, fresh, and agreeable.

A prominent decoration in all the interiors is the blue Delft-ware, in all forms and sizes, dishes large and small, vases and bowls and, until recently, the cow and horse, now rare on account of their great value. The plaques stand upon chimney-piece and mouldings above the panelling, are hung on the walls, and in summer decorate the immaculately clean and brightly painted stalls of the cattle luxuriating in the rich grass without. From many a dark corner of the deserted stable comes an iridescent gleam from these plates, making an artistic arrangement out of what in most lands is a thing to be avoided. The local color in a Dutch house is usually good; the house painter seems to be as sensitive as the artisan, and loves a robins'-egg blue, a sea green, or cream white, all of which

are particularly appropriate to the cold color of the tiles and whitewash; and since panelling usually fills one side of the room at least, enclosing the sleeping places, this color plays an important part in any pictorial arrangement of domestic life. The little curtain which hangs around the mantel, the hangings of the beds, the cushion of the master (the only upholstery of a simple dwelling) are invariably of fine color, and as they are often of great age and sometimes embroidered, are carefully preserved—the frequent washings having brought the perhaps too crude original colors to those soft right tones a colorist must have, which do not tire the eye, much gazed upon as they must of necessity be.

Another really sweet color now is met with in the churches, where each upholstered seat, chair, or cushion is the individual property and in the taste of the holder; such a bouquet of secondary colors is rarely met with as in these ancient velvets and brocades,—pale green, blue in the most charming and unexpected shades (no two faded to the same color and yet all harmonious), cool yellow grays, deeper orange tones, atmospheric reds like the after-glow of a warm sunset, and withal not a single color which seems out of place. In short there is the greatest abundance of color and a great variety of selection through all the varied interiors and bric-a-brac;—one needs only to supply taste in selection, and the idealization of color, one of the chiefest of pictorial beauties, is ready at hand.



A Barber's Chair of the Seventeenth Century.

Many of the most ordinary articles of modern manufacture are full of a fine artistic quality: the haft of an ordinary knife will have an archaic lion done at its butt, supported by scroll-work bearing its date; with the lion a cage containing a minute wooden shoe; the ordinary pottery of the cheapest sort carries a beautiful pale green or rich red glaze; the copper and brass is usually hammered, and pewter is sold in simple dignified forms. Heartless nickel-plate is nearly unknown, and the tin-plated iron not used to any extent.

That which is indiscriminately old is not of necessity picturesque. Dilapidation does not presuppose artistic qualities, yet this condition of things certainly solves one of the most difficult problems of art—that of harmony; and so the interiors of the poorest of Dutchmen, the fishermen, are full of unity and most attractive to a painter. They tell of the sea in every corner, and so of the character and calling of the man; here a sea-chest or a rude model of a ship, a net, or a "sou'-wester;" the furniture proper but the fragments of a simple construction painted years ago a red or green—long since lost in the mysteries of tertiary grays; the doors and windows broken and dilapidated; a red-tiled floor and perhaps a big chimney with broken and missing tiles; all these go to make up an interior full of pathos, and illustrate a principle of pastoral art—the character of man as seen in its effects upon inanimate nature, which makes the study of so-called bric-a-brac of the highest interest to amateur and painter. It has been the debasement of this principle by the glorification of the "thing" on account of its mere beauty which has brought so much odium upon a school of painters, and put a weapon into the hands of the painters of strictly contemporary life, at the same time leading them into grave sins of omission:—since no fitting representation of the Holland of to-day is true without the introduction of some characteristically beautiful work either old or new, or some methods of labor which must appear out of date and of another period.

Terburg has painted the interiors of his land as they should be—entirely subservient to the human interest, to the character of his figures and their action; but one must forgive De Hoog his artistic sins since he has left to us such poetic bits of color, such wonderful charms of tone and light, and dealing with the most commonplace things of life, has given the substantial truth and at the same time the very highest beauty by his idealization of color, while showing the very essence of the Dutch school. Contemporary life in Holland to-day offers much of the same ideal beauty these great masters found in it, for though old it is not dilapidated or commonplace, and though the offspring of poverty is not sordid or ugly.



THE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN.

By D. A. Sargent.



N the trophy room of the Hemenway Gymnasium are a number of tablets upon which are inscribed the names and records of prominent Harvard athletes. Each tablet is dedicated to some special event in athletic sports, such as "100 yards dash," "1 mile run," "Putting the shot," "Running high jump," etc., etc., and the name of no student is inscribed thereon until he surpasses in one of these performances all previous Harvard College records.

It is interesting to notice the rapid advance that has been made in these sports within the past few years as indicated by the establishing of new records. For instance, one reads that in 1874, when the Harvard Athlete Association was established, the best college record for the mile run was 5 minutes 41¾ seconds. The last performance recorded was in 1883, when the same distance was covered in 4 minutes 38¾ seconds—a difference of more than a minute, which would allow the 1883 runner to give the 1874 runner a start of nearly a quarter of a mile, and then pass him at the finish. In the record for running one half mile, there is shown a drop from 2 minutes 52½ seconds, in 1874, to 2 minutes ⅛ second in 1885. In running one quarter of a mile the best college performance in 1875 was 60 seconds. In 1885 this was reduced to 50¼ seconds. Here also is the name of a college man who in 1886 ran this distance in 47¾ seconds. In 1874 the best running high jump recorded was 4 feet 8 inches. In 1886 the height cleared was 5 feet 10⅜ inches. In 1874 the best running broad jump recorded was 15 feet 8½ inches and in 1882, 20 feet 10 inches. In 1879, 33 feet 10 inches was the greatest distance that had been covered in putting the 16-pound shot. In 1886 an iron shot of the same weight was put 40 feet 1½ inch. In that year the same student threw the 16-pound hammer 90 feet 1 inch. The first performance in this event at Harvard was in 1879, when 59 feet 8 inches was the record established.

Hearing of this rapid progress in physical exercises a stranger from some land where athletes and athletics are unknown would have reason to infer that we were a very weak people twelve or fourteen years ago, or that we had discovered a new process of training that was destined to make us rival the achievements of the Greeks. As some eminent authorities in matters of education in our country have ventured to make the same prediction, let us consider a few facts in regard to our present system of athletics, and then see what are our chances, not only of rivalling the Greeks, but of making these physical exercises of some permanent value to the American people.

The records of progress that I have just recounted—one of them the best performance in the world—are certainly remarkable, considering the short time that has been devoted to the cultivation of athletics. If we could hope for anything like this progress within the next fourteen years we should certainly show promise of rivalling all nations, past or present, in the superiority of our physique. Before this expectation can be realized, however, there are difficulties to be overcome.

The problem before us is how to get the masses up to something approaching our present athletic standard. In this endeavor rest the hopes and destinies of the American people. The men who now hold the highest Harvard records for athletic performances had from four to ten years' physical training under the most favorable circumstances, while most of them were naturally endowed with the peculiar qualifications necessary to insure success in their respective events. In other words, they were picked men, trained to excel in a special sport. The students who prac-

tised these athletic exercises in 1874 had no such preparatory training as the contestants of a later period, and as the rivalry at that time was less intense, and the special points governing the selection of athletic material comparatively unknown, it is fair to presume that the natural qualifications possessed by the record breakers of the present day were wanting. All that has been said of the progress of athletics at Harvard is equally true of other colleges and of school and city athletic associations. In every case the advancement has been rapid. That many, if not all, of the present records will be surpassed, no one familiar with the subject can consistently doubt.

It does not require a great amount of foresight, however, to see that the time is rapidly approaching when the gain will be no longer realized. At the present time it is impossible for a trainer to bring a man of ordinary ability up to the record standard with four years of persistent coaching and drilling. His preliminary training and experience must date further back, and in addition to these requisites he must be endowed by nature with a vital capacity that is not possessed by one man in a thousand. So well established has this fact become that, in the opinion of many, athletes, like poets, are born, not made. Certain it is that in great trials of strength and endurance there is a growing tendency to rely upon constitutional vigor, instead of what is termed the artificial product of the running-track and gymnasium. In our great universities and wealthy city clubs with their fine equipments for physical training, men turn to the natural athlete from the country, or to the noble product of a healthy ancestry to represent them in their athletic contests and games.

This is most strange, that our athletic institutions, organized and supported ostensibly for cultivating the physique and improving the health and constitutional power of their members, should be forced outside of their own boundaries for want of suitable material within to secure first-class competitors in athletic events. But, after all, what an eloquent plea this is for physical training in its noblest and most comprehensive sense! It is a tacit admission that were the great aim of all this athletic work to produce a class of men capable of performing the greatest feats of skill, strength, or endurance, we should be obliged not only to put them under the most favorable sanitary conditions, and insist upon correct habits of living, but to secure to them as far as possible a right which would seem to belong to every human being, the *right of being well born*. This privilege has been secured for the better class of animals through the intelligent intervention of men. As Herbert Spencer says: "Consider the fact from any but the conventional point of view, and it will seem strange that while the raising of first-rate bullocks is an occupation on which men of education willingly bestow much time, inquiry, and thought, the bringing up of fine human beings is an occupation tacitly voted unworthy of their attention. Infinite pains will be taken to produce a racer that shall win the Derby; none to produce a modern athlete."

We are forced to believe that our neglect to apply the truths of modern science to the nurture of human beings as well as to the rearing of dumb animals is one of the most serious obstacles in the path of human progress. Now that our country has passed through its infancy and our material structures and institutions are beginning to assume an air of solidity and permanence that will outlast several generations, would it not be well for us to interest ourselves in the well-being of those who are to perpetuate our institutions? When we consider that the results of most of the time and labor of this generation will reach out far beyond the limits of its own brief existence, and that the wealth accumulated, the position attained, and the physical and mental characteristics developed by our present efforts will naturally be transmitted to others—is it not reasonable that we should wish to endow them with sufficient physical vigor to maintain a footing in the world, and to carry on the work to which our lives have been devoted? If we deny this conclusion, we tacitly admit that all of our present endeavors are simply exciting pastimes, having no more future significance than idle games of chance or children's pleas-

ures. For what and for whom are we striving?

If, on the other hand, we admit that the present is a link in the great chain that binds the past to the future, and that what we are, we are largely by inheritance, and that what our descendants shall be in mind and body, as well as what they shall enjoy in material blessing, must depend upon us—then life assumes a deeper significance, and our duties and responsibilities to the next generation grow in magnitude and importance.

In the present revival of interest in health topics and the physical training of men and boys there is an indication that we are beginning to realize the necessity for better bodies to perpetuate our institutions, insure a higher development of the individual, and advance the conditions of the race. In order that this result may be attained, we must not only extend the movement further among men, but we must give equal attention to the physical training of women. All agree that both the parents are represented in the offspring, and probably to the same extent, though many biographers credit the maternal ancestor with the qualities that have made most men illustrious. In some cases it is easy to recognize the characteristics that have been inherited from the mother or from the father. In other cases the transmitted qualities are not so readily traced to either parent, and probably come from more distant ancestors.

It is fair to presume that most offspring will represent the average condition of their progenitors. Thus, in a physical sense, if the father is 5 feet 8 inches in height and the mother is 5 feet 4 inches the probability is that a child born to those parents would have a stature of about 5 feet 6 inches. This I understand to be Francis Galton's theory; but he states in the same paper that the height of the daughter resembles the height of the father more than it does that of the mother. If this statement is true, it would not be an unfair inference to assume that the height of the son is largely influenced by that of the mother.

But we will not attempt to claim any specific inheritances from either parent. Let us accept Mr. Galton's theory in regard to stature as the correct one, and assume that the entire physical condition of the children will depend closely upon the average physical condition of the parents. With this theory in mind, I purpose making some general inquiries into the physical condition of women, in order to ascertain its probable influence upon the physical development of the race. At the outset I must apologize for the meagreness of the material that is available for deductions at this time, as I shall arrive at conclusions that might not seem to be justified by the amount of data at hand.

In order that we may form some idea of the physical condition of women, I shall first compare the physical condition of girls with that of boys of the same age and condition in life. For this comparison I have taken for tabulation the measurements of twelve hundred girls and boys from the student class of the community—the age of each class ranging from 13 to 16 inclusive, the mean age being 15. When plotted on a chart by themselves all the mean measurements of the girls come upon the 50 per cent. line, for their chart, and all the mean measurements of the boys upon the same line for the boys' chart. When the mean measurements of the girls, however, are plotted on the boys' chart, they fall at the points indicated by the irregular full line (Chart I.), and the mean measurements of the boys fall on the girls' chart at the points indicated by the broken line on the same chart.

In following the two lines on the chart, some interesting facts are brought to light. We find that at the age of 15 the mean weight of the girls and boys is the same. At the age of 13 the girl is heavier and taller than the boy of the same age. It will be observed, however, that at the age of 15 the boys exceed the girls in height about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. The height of the knee is only a trifle lower than that of the boys, while the sitting height of the girls is actually greater than the mean sitting height of the boys. How, then, shall we account for the superior total height of the boys? In looking on the chart for the height of the pubic arch in girls we find it on

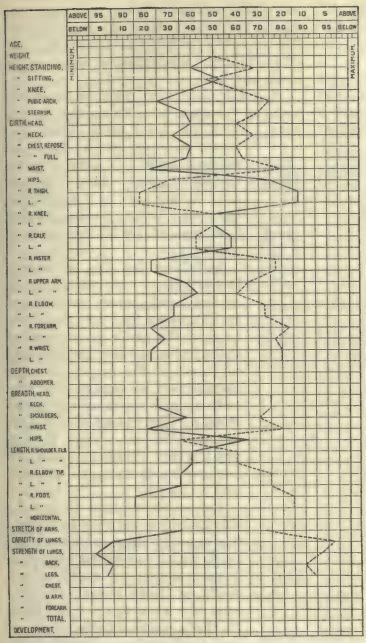


Chart I.

the 25 per cent. line of the boys' chart. This means that 75 per cent. of the boys surpass this measurement, while only 60 per cent of them surpass the mean total height of the girls. The difference in height, then, is due to the shortness of the bones below the pelvis. I have already shown that the height of knee is nearly equal to that of the boys, so we must look to the comparative shortness of the thigh-bone in girls to account for the difference in stature. Although the body-length in girls is greater than that in boys, the difference as shown by the sitting height is largely due to the greater length of neck and head in girls, as shown by the superiority in boys in the height of the sternum.

In girths the differences are more marked, the mean girth of head in the girls being only about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch below that of the boys, while the neck is about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch smaller. There is but little difference in the natural chest of the two sexes at this age. The boys, however, show a superior expansive power when the chest is inflated. In the girth of waist the measurement of the girls is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch smaller than that of boys, while the girth of the hips is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch larger. The greatest difference, however, is in the girth of the thighs. Here the actual measurements exceed that of the boys by 2 inches, while the relative difference is much greater. It will be observed that the mean girth of the knee is the same in both sexes, but that the girth of the calf is $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch greater in the girl. In the bone measurements, as indicated by the instep, elbow, and wrist, the superiority of the boys becomes more manifest. There is but a slight difference in the girths of the upper arm, but the right arm of the boys is $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch larger than the left. This makes the left arm of the girl appear larger than the right, though both are of the same size.

At the time these measurements were taken the depth of the chest and abdomen had not been added to the list, and have consequently been omitted in the plotting. The difference in the mean measurements of the breadth of the head and neck is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch for each part. The shoulders of the boys are about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wider than the shoulders of the girls, while the hips of the girls are $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch broader than those of the boys. The actual difference in the breadth of the waist in the two sexes is quite marked. Even at this age the girls' waist is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch narrower than the boys'. The relative difference between breadth of waist and breadth of hips of the girls is greater, when compared with the same measure-

ments of the boys, than the relative difference between the breadth of waist and breadth of shoulders in the two sexes.

The length of upper-arm of the girls is about $\frac{1}{6}$ of an inch less than that of the boys, while the forearm and hand is $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch shorter. In length of foot

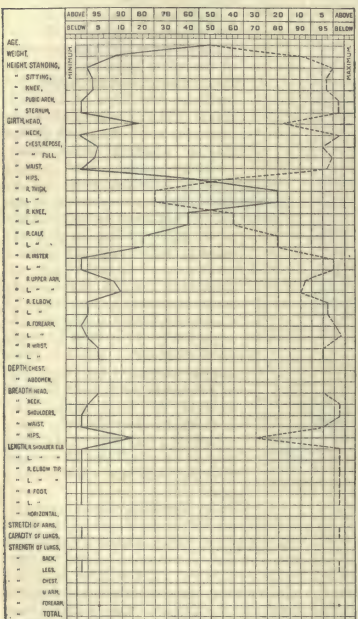


Chart II.

the boys have the start of the girls at this age by over $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch, and in stretch of arms by fully 2 inches. The girls compare less favorably with the boys in the point of strength. In capacity of lungs the girls are 70 cubic inches behind the boys, and in the strength of expiratory muscles the weakest boys, in the 5 per cent. class, are stronger than the average girl. In strength of back, legs, chest, and arms the showing is a little better for the girls, though considerably below what it should be.

It will be seen that the mean strength tests of the girls falls below the 10 per cent. line of the boys' table, while the mean strength of the boys exceeds the 90 per cent. line on the girls' table. This indicates that 50 per cent. of the girls fail to reach a point in strength that is surpassed by 90 per cent. of the boys.

In taking the sum of certain important measurements, such as the head, chest, waist, legs, and arms, we find that the mean total of the girth dimensions of these parts in the girls are equal to those of the boys. We are accustomed to regard the sum of these measurements as indicative of the potential strength of the individual. Why, then, is not the girl of this age equal to her brother in strength, activity, and endurance?

Before attempting to answer this question we wish to pass to the consideration of Chart II., upon which is plotted the mean measurements of college students of both sexes. In this case the ages range from 17 to 35, the mean age being 20 years, and the number plotted about four thousand. Here, as on the previous chart, the irregular full line to the left represents the mean measurement of the women plotted on the men's chart, while the broken line to the right represents the mean of the men's measurements plotted on the women's chart. In both cases the mean measurements fall on the centre or 50 per cent. line, but with different values for each table, and when one is expressed in terms of the other we get the line tracing as represented on Chart I. Now it will be noticed that the mean weight of the two sexes is no longer equal, as the weight of the man of the same age exceeds the woman by about 20 pounds. The relative

difference in the height is still greater, as the mean of the woman falls below the 5 per cent. line on the man's chart. The actual difference is 5 inches. The woman still has a slight relative advantage, as far as it relates to her own stature, in superior length of body, and a corresponding disadvantage in relative shortness of thighs.

In girth of head the woman has only dropped from the 40 to the 20 per cent. line, the real difference in the mean measurement being only $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch. The chest and waist girths are smaller proportionally in women, even when of the same weight and height. Contrary to the prevailing notion the actual hip girth of the average woman is shown to be smaller at this age than that of the average man by nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. In proportion to the same weight, however, this measurement in women exceeds the same measurement in men by about 4 inches, and in women of the same height as men the hip girth is nearly 6 inches larger. The girth of thigh is the only measurement of women which actually exceeds that of man from the age of thirteen onward. At the age of fifteen the difference is nearly 2 inches, but as the boy continues to develop for a year or two longer than the girl this difference is gradually reduced to about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in the adult. In girth of knee and calf the measurements of men exceed those of women after the age of eighteen, though for the same height and weight the women still surpass the men in the size of these parts. With the exception of the girth of upper arm and breadth of hips, all the other measurements of the woman as compared with the man are very small. The upper arm falls on the 10 per cent. line on the man's chart, and the breadth of hips measurement on the 15 per cent. line. There is a difference of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the girth of the former in the two sexes, but only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the breadth of the latter. In relation to the height and weight, however, the hips are larger in women than in men.

The mean length from shoulder to elbow is $1\frac{1}{10}$ inch, and from the elbow to the tip of fingers $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch less at this age in women than in men. But for the same height these measurements, as well as the length of feet, correspond very closely. The total stretch of arms is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches greater in the mean man than in the mean woman. The difference, however, is only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the man's favor when both are of the same stature.

In considering the strength of the two sexes, the superiority of the male becomes much more apparent than at an earlier period. There is, for instance, a difference of 90 cubic inches in the capacity of the lungs, and 143 pounds in the strength of legs, while the muscular power of the arms and chest is more than double that of the female. For equal height and weight these differences in the strength of the two sexes are much less, though still proportionately greater than the difference in measurement would warrant, and they are far below the strength of the average man. It may be urged that these charts were made up from the measurements of college students, many of whom were in the growing period of life, and consequently the proportions and differences stated would not hold good of the sexes in the world at large.

The acknowledged difference in height weight, etc., due to race distinction, I do not purpose discussing in this article, nor the influence of nurture or occupation upon the physique of different classes of both sexes. In order, however, that my readers may have some basis for comparing the data from which my deductions are made, and that they may have some means of judging of the great law of variation that runs through the human family, pointing so suggestively to a unity of origin, I have printed the tables of Francis Galton which were compiled from the measurements taken in England at the International Health Exhibition in 1884. Mr. Galton's percentage tables were made up from fewer measurements than my own; in some cases the range of age is greater, and in all cases the individuals examined were above the age (22 years) which is usually allotted for completion of growth. In my own tables the age ranges from 16 to 26 years inclusive, and the persons examined are from one class in the community, while Mr. Galton's tables represent all classes attending the Health Exhibition.

The further question might be raised whether the student body of America may be said to represent a class, as well as a period of life. Certainly all classes are represented, and now through the aid of scholarship funds the son of the day-laborer may be pursuing his studies in company with the better-nurtured son of the banker or wealthy manufacturer. Perhaps these class differences are less marked in colleges for women than in colleges for men. Let it suffice to say that I have every reason for believing that the student class of both sexes are fair representatives of the physique of all Americans of the same age. A comparison of the two tables, therefore, will not be without interest to those who think that the race on this side of the Atlantic is deteriorating. When it is considered that the average age of those persons composing the American table was two years less than the youngest one accepted for the English measurements, the American does not suffer much in comparison with his English cousin. It should be borne in mind, however, that this table is not given here as a means of comparing the representatives of two nationalities. For obvious reasons such a comparison would not be strictly correct.

The object of the table is to show the relation which exists between the different measurements of the two sexes in

TABLE I.—*Showing comparisons in certain measurements of American and English men and women.*

Subject of measurement.	Unit of measurement.	Sex.	Nationality.	Number measured.	Age.	ABOVE 95	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	10	5
						BELOW 5	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	95
Weight *	Pounds	Male	American	2,935	18-26	111.3	116.3	122.9	127.2	131.2	135.1	139.1	143.5	149.2	156.9	163.5
			English	509	25-65	111	115	121	125	129	134	137	140	145	153	162
						+.3	+1.3	+1.8	+2.2	+2.2	+2.1	+2.1	+3.5	+3.2	+1.9	+3.5
		Female	American	1,901	18-26	99.6	97	102	108	111	114.6	118	124	129	137	145
			English	276	25-36	92	95	100	104	108	112	119	122	126	133	139
						+.5	+2	+3	+4	+3	+2.6	0	0	+3	+5	+6
Height, standing	Inches	Male	American	2,935	18-26	64	64.6	65.7	66.5	67.1	67.7	68.3	69.1	69.1	70.9	71.7
			English	811	25-51	63.8	64.8	65.7	66.5	67.3	67.9	68.5	69.3	70	71.3	73.4
						0	0	0	0	0	-.2	-.2	-.2	-.9	-.4	-1.7
		Female	American	1,895	18-26	59.1	59.8	60.6	61.4	62	62.6	63.3	63.8	64.6	65.6	66.8
			English	770	25-51	58.9	59.9	61.3	62.1	62.7	63.3	63.9	64.6	65.3	66.4	67.9
						+.2	-.1	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.6	-.8	-.7	-.2	-1.1
Height, sitting	Inches	Male	American	2,935	18-26	33.3	33.9	34.5	34.8	35	35.4	35.8	36	36.4	37	37.4
			English	1,018	25-51	33.6	34.3	34.9	35.3	35.4	36	36.2	36.7	37.1	37.7	38.6
						-.3	-.4	-.4	-.5	-.4	-.6	-.5	-.7	-.7	-.7	-1.2
		Female	American	1,893	18-26	30.7	31.5	31.9	32.3	32.7	33.1	33.5	33.7	34.1	34.6	35
			English	775	25-51	31.1	31.9	32.9	33.3	33.6	33.9	34.3	34.6	34.9	35.5	36
						-.1	-.4	-1	-1	-.9	-.8	-.8	-.9	-.8	-1	-1
Stretch of arms	Inches	Male	American	2,916	18-26	65.4	66.1	67.3	68.5	69.9	69.7	70.5	71.2	72	73.2	74.4
			English	819	25-51	66	66.1	67.3	68.3	69	69.9	70.6	71.5	72.3	73.5	74.9
						+.4	0	+.1	+.2	+.1	-.2	-.1	-.3	-.3	-.4	-.4
		Female	American	1,854	18-26	58.7	59.5	60.8	61.6	62.4	63	63.6	64.6	65.4	66.5	67.7
			English	276	25-51	58.6	59.5	60.7	61.7	62.4	63	63.7	64.5	65.4	66.7	68.1
						+.1	0	+.1	-.1	0	0	-.1	+.1	0	-.2	-.3
Capacity of lungs	Cubic inches.	Male	American	1,113	16-26	170	190	209	216	240	260	265	280	275	290	310
			English	219	25-36	161	177	197	199	211	219	226	248	277	290	290
						+9	+3	+12	+11	+9	+11	+34	+34	+22	+13	+20
		Female	American	1,045	16-26	92	98	110	126	135	140	150	160	170	195	200
			English	277	25-36	92	102	115	134	131	133	144	151	164	177	186
						+7	+1	+5	+1	+4	+7	+6	+9	+6	+18	+14
Strength of forearm	Pounds	Male	American	2,119	16-26	44.7	50.7	59.5	61.7	68.5	72.5	77.2	83.8	86	97	103.6
			English	519	25-36	42	71	76	79	82	86	93	91	95	100	104
						+2.7	-20.3	-16.5	-17.3	-13.7	-13.5	-15.8	-7.2	-9	-3	-.4
		Female	American	1,923	16-26	35.5	39.8	45.3	48.6	51.9	54.1	57.4	59.7	65.1	69.6	69
			English	276	25-36	36	39	43	47	49	53	54	62	63	67	72
						-.5	+.3	+.7	-.4	+.3	+.7	+.9	-.7	+.3	+.4	-.7

* A deduction of 10 pounds for clothing was made from the original weights of the English men and women.

The relative difference between the mean weight of the two sexes in both nationalities is very nearly the same, being 21.5 pounds for the American, and 22 pounds for the English. The relative difference in the height of the sexes is shown to be 5.1 inches for the American and 4.6 inches for the English. Nearly the same proportion maintains for the sitting height, the difference being 2.3 inches for the American and 2.1 inches for the English. The closeness of the correspondence in the percentages representing the stretch of arms is very striking. That there should be an exact agreement in many of the measurements and a difference of but $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in so many others, not reached or surpassed by given per cents of the numbers examined in both countries, is remarkable. In the arm stretch the relative difference between the sexes is 6.7

inches for the Americans and 6.9 inches for the English.

The figures indicating the capacity of lungs are much more favorable to the Americans than to the English. This may be due to a difference in the spirometers, although both were designed to register cubic inches, or it may be due to the fact that all of the American tests were made either without clothing or with that about the chest loosened. Here it will be noticed that the mean of the capacity of lungs is 11 cubic inches larger in the American male, while the mean for the same test is only 2 cubic inches larger in the American female. The difference, therefore, between the lung capacity of the men and women tested in America is much greater than the difference between the lung capacity of the two sexes in England—the former being represented by a difference of 90 cubic inches, while the latter show a difference of 81 cubic inches.

The figures indicating the strength of forearm would seem to show that the men and women of England have a better "grip" than those tested in America. It must be borne in mind, however, that the English figures give the test for the strongest arm, presumably the right, while the American figures indicate the average strength of both forearms. The difference between the mean of the American and English tests for strength of forearm in men is 12½ pounds, and that for the women of the two nationalities 7.9 pounds. The difference between the forearm strength tests of the sexes in America is 28.7 pounds, while 33 pounds are registered as the difference existing between the strength of forearm in the men and women in England. This is very interesting, but it would be much more gratifying and instructive if the same tests could be made with similarly constructed instruments, on a larger number of persons of the same age.

What are the practical lessons to be learned from these observations?

It must be noticed, I think, by all who have studied the charts and tables that women are physically inferior to men in almost every particular. The anthropometrist accounts for this difference from the fact that women are born smaller than men, grow more slowly after the age of fourteen, and complete their growth two years earlier. The biologist tells us that this earlier arrest of individual evolution in women is necessitated by the reservation of vital power to meet the cost of reproduction, whereas in man individual evolution continues until the physiological cost of self-maintenance very nearly balances what nutrition supplies. Hence the chief contrasts in bodily form, the masculine figure being distinguished from the feminine by the greater relative size of the parts which carry on external actions and entail physiological cost—the limbs, and those thoracic viscera which their activity immediately taxes; and hence, too, the physiological truth that throughout their lives women exhale smaller quanties of carbonic acid relatively to their weights than men do—showing that the evolution of energy is relatively less as well as absolutely less.

To these deductions of the biologist I cheerfully accede. We admit that woman has been retarded in her development to a certain extent by nature, but we are not prepared to believe that the necessary preparations for maternity have entailed such differences in strength and physical formation as exist at the present day between the two sexes. Throughout nature the female is not uniformly smaller than the male, for in many of the lower forms of life the reverse is true. In the more highly developed mammals, however, the male is generally the larger. Whether this is true of the whole human family has never been satisfactorily shown for want of sufficient data. Travellers have observed in the lower races of mankind a much greater similarity in physical characteristics of the sexes than exists in the highly civilized races. Certainly in those nations which are now called the most advanced the peculiar bodily formations which distinguish men from women are to-day well marked. But whether the physical characteristics which our civilized women are assuming and perpetuating are the ones best calculated to further their own development in the race and to advance the progress of humanity is a question worthy of grave consideration. I do not at this time in-

tend to discuss the subject fully, or to use all the material at hand. My object is to call attention in a popular way to what appear to me to be serious defects in the physical structure of woman, and after reviewing the aggravating cause to suggest a remedy.

The principal characteristics of general form that distinguish women from men are smaller muscles, sloping shoulders, broader hips, and shorter legs. Of these characteristics the smaller muscles and shorter legs may be said to be embryonic, while the superior breadth of hips indicates a greater evolutionary advancement in this part of the body than has taken place in man. The constricted waist we must regard as a deformity artificially produced, and it may be likened to the cramped feet of the Chinese and the flattened heads of the Peruvians. Where the hips are broad in the male or female the waist will be naturally large if the muscles that connect the trunk with the pelvis have nothing to constrict them.

Since the hips of woman are much wider than those of men of the same stature we should expect to find the waist proportionally larger in women than in men. In women of the primitive ages there could have been no waist, and in some of the Indian tribes of the present time there is no evidence of the slightest bodily constriction in this region. What, then, is the primary cause of the narrow contracted waist as seen in woman throughout the civilized world to-day?

In the early history of the primitive races women were often subjected to the brutality of conquering tribes, and only lived at the mercy of men they were able to please. Through centuries of personal contact with merciless savages and bold, unscrupulous, and intensely egoistic men, women have acquired certain mental traits, such as the ability to please and the love of approbation, which have helped them to survive in the struggle for existence.

At the time of the worship of the beautiful by the Greeks, women quickly discerned the harmonious curves and symmetrical lines that received the approval of the men of that age, and they fashioned themselves accordingly. The ideals predominating at that time have been transmitted to us in marble and bronze, and illustrate the highest ideals of feminine beauty and loveliness of figure. As soon as the moral fibre of the Greeks grew lax the courtesans set the fashion, and in order to make the hips more prominent the graceful curve of the pelvis was gradually increased by constricting the waist with a many-layered girdle. This custom was then carried to such an extent that, according to Cerviotte, Hippocrates "vigorously reproached the ladies of Cos for too tightly compressing their ribs and thus interfering with their breathing powers." The custom was imitated by the Romans, and the works of Martial and Galen frequently allude to the unnaturally small waist of the women of their times. In fact, stays and breast-bands were regarded by Galen as the cause of many of the evils attributed to them at the present day.

This art of constricting the waist has flourished at different periods in different ages for the past three thousand years. The reason of the masses has been so warped and twisted on this subject in times gone by, that women have laced their children, and men, yes, even soldiers, the athletic defenders of a nation's welfare, have worn corsets to enhance the elegance of their figure. In thinking over the origin of this custom and the moral significance of it, we simply marvel at its prevalence in a civilized community.

From an anatomical point of view the tissues of a woman do not differ materially from the tissues of a man. The bones, muscles, arteries, and nerves are similarly constituted, and are governed by the same laws in their development. So, also, are the heart, lungs, stomach, and brain. Anything that will impair the function of an organ in one sex will certainly interfere with its action in the other. If you put a tight bandage around the waist of a man, the physiological functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs are for the time impaired and the man is unable to make more than two-thirds of the mental and physical exertion of which he is capable. When we reflect that woman has constricted her body for centuries, we believe that to this fashion alone is due

much of her failure to realize her best opportunities for development, and through natural heritage to advance the mental and physical progress of the race. We are the more firmly convinced of this fact from the rapid advancement that women make in health, strength, and physical improvement under favorable circumstances. This would seem to indicate that their bodies had been held in arrears and were pining for freedom of movement and exercise.

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise a dozen young women consented this summer to run 540 yards in their loose gymnasium garments, and then to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial, and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was 84 beats to the minute; after running the above-named distance the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute; the average natural waist girth being 25 inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to 24 inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 168 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there were not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.

In order to ascertain the effect of tight clothing upon respiration, the spirometer was tried. The average natural girth of the chest over the ninth rib was 28 inches, and with corsets 26 inches. The average lung capacity when corsets were worn was 134 cubic inches; when the corsets were removed the test showed an average lung capacity of 167 cubic inches—a gain of 33 cubic inches. Who can estimate its value to the entire system? Why preach the gospel of fresh air to women who deliberately throw away 20 per cent. of it by the use of tight stays and corsets?

But there are other evils arising indirectly from this interference with the action of the heart and lungs. I refer to the malnutrition of all parts of the body in consequence of imperfect circulation. From long-continued observation, with the history of the individual before me, I have come to associate disproportionately large lower limbs with what is termed a feeble aspiration of the thorax. This means a failure of the heart and lungs to draw the blood back to the centre of the body. It tends to linger in the extremities through force of gravity; oxidation of the tissues is interfered with, and an accumulation of adipose below the waist is frequently the result. This tendency is much more common in women than in men. In my opinion this is largely due to the want of a sufficient aspiration of the thorax in consequence of the usual constriction about the waist. In some cases this accumulation of adipose in the lower extremities has become so excessive that the girth of the thighs actually exceeds the girth of the waist. It would hardly seem necessary to state to any one that a woman so formed is incapacitated not only for all gymnastic and athletic work, but for the common enjoyments of active life.

It is the symmetrical and proportionate development of parts, with adipose enough to cover the angles and hollows, that constitutes true beauty. This is the style of development that is likely to accompany the active gyrations of the première danseuse, the skater, and the lady fencer. It may be attained by such exercises as running, walking, rowing, swimming, tennis, or gymnastics where the lower limbs and body are actively used and the circulation and respiration are not impeded by tight clothing.

In the opinion of many physiologists the respiration of women is largely

thoracic, in distinction from that of men and children, which is principally diaphragmatic or abdominal. On this ground many have argued that corsets do not necessarily interfere with respiration. I am of the opinion that this deduction of the physiologists is a mistake, and that the habit of thoracic breathing has been brought about by constricting the waist and lower ribs. This opinion is held by many observers in this country and in Europe.

The effect of tight clothing upon the functions of the stomach, liver, and other abdominal viscera has long been known to physicians, and their observations have been published at length. Could my fair readers know the importance of the organs compressed and displaced by the waist-band, and the part they play not only in administering to the welfare of the body, but in influencing thoughts and feelings and really enhancing life's pleasures, they would certainly need no argument to convince them that it would be worth while to give these agents a fair chance to perform the work that nature imposes upon them.

The proportion that the length of body bears to the length of legs is a matter of interest to scientific men as indicating the progress of evolution in the human race. According to Mr. Darwin short, weak legs are a Simian characteristic. In nearly all of the inferior races the bones of the legs are smaller and shorter and the muscles are wanting in strength and development as compared with the civilized races.

Mr. Spencer says that during the struggles between races, ever invading one another's localities, an advantage must have been gained by those having the legs somewhat developed at the expense of the body at large. In combat, the power exercised by arms and trunk is limited by the power of the legs to withstand the strain thrown upon them. Hence, apart from the advantages in locomotion, the stronger-legged races have tended to become, other things equal, dominant races. In the human species short legs are considered embryonic and characterize the infant stage.

In cases of arrested growth it is generally the legs that are undeveloped.

In another table (II.) we have the percentage of sitting height and of stretch of arms to total height, obtained from the measurements of about two thousand males and the same number of females, of the mean age of 20 years.

TABLE II.—*Showing the percentage of sitting height and stretch of arms to standing height, in both sexes, so arranged as to indicate the values surpassed and values unreached by the various percentages of the persons measured.*

Subject of measurement.	Sex.	95	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	10	5
		5	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	95
Sitting height	Female...	.506	.511	.516	.521	.524	.527	.531	.534	.539	.544	.549
	Male.....	.502	.505	.511	.516	.520	.522	.526	.529	.533	.538	.543
Stretch of arms	Female...	.970	.979	.988	.997	1.003	1.008	1.013	1.019	1.029	1.038	1.045
	Male.....	.991	1.000	1.009	1.017	1.022	1.028	1.034	1.040	1.048	1.060	1.068

The table has been arranged in accordance with Mr. Galton's plan of showing the values surpassed and values unreached by various percentages of the persons measured. Thus, in the first column on the left of the table we find among the females 5 per cent. in whom the sitting height was $50\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. of the total height, and among the males 5 per cent. where the sitting height was $50\frac{2}{10}$ per cent. of the total height. In other words the ratio of the length of legs to the length of body in this class is nearly the same for both sexes, among the females being as 494 : 506, and among the men, as 498 : 502. If we look at the centre of the table, in the 50 per cent. column we find that the relative difference between the legs and body of the sexes is greater than at the 5 per cent. line; the figures showing that the ratio among the women of this class is as 473 : 527 and among the men, as 478 : 522. Passing to the right to the 95 per cent. class, we find that the percentage of sitting height to total height is still greater, and that the

ratio of leg to body in the two sexes is as 451 : 549 and 457 : 543. It would not be safe to conclude that this change in the ratio of sitting height to total height uniformly accompanies increase in stature as might be inferred from the arrangement of the figures in the percentage columns. As a matter of fact we frequently find persons of both sexes who are of small stature with long legs and a short body, or of large stature with short legs and a long body. The ratio which the lower limbs bear to the trunk in a large number of men and women of the same height is yet to be determined. The figures would seem to refute the opinion of the English anthropologist that the ratio of height sitting to height standing is uniform in men up to 6 feet, and to establish conclusively that in both sexes increase of stature is accompanied by a greater increase in length of leg compared with length of body. The relative gain, however, in length of leg is shown to be much greater in women than in men, as the total height increases.

In comparing the percentage of the stretch of arms to the stature in the same table we find that the relation of the two measurements in the two sexes curiously differs. Here it will be seen that among men the stretch of arms of only 10 per cent. of those measured was less than the total height, while among women over 35 per cent. of them showed an arm-stretch less than the height. As a general rule the arms increase in length with the legs, and a gain in one part is usually accompanied by a gain in the other. But in this instance, though the arm-stretch tends to exceed the height in both sexes as the stature advances, it would seem that the relative gain in stretch of arms to height was greater in men than in women. From my observations I am inclined to the belief that where the length of legs and arms of women are above the average of their sex, this advantage is largely inherited from the father. But why should the limbs of the average woman be shorter than the limbs of the average man? Is there anything in the physiological function peculiar to women that should call for this difference? Increased weight of body and prolonged standing during the formative period of the bones of the legs might hinder their rate of growth, as is seen in factory children and those who are compelled to be on their feet in constrained positions for most of the day. But it is hardly probable that such a cause should have extended its influence so far.

Here again to woman's peculiar mode of dress and to the many constraints to which she has been subjected for centuries, we must look for the constant factors that have tended to retard her development. The most powerful agents in giving shape to the bony framework and accelerating its growth and development are the muscles that are attached to it. Muscles grow large and vigorous from use, and from disuse become weak, flabby, and relaxed. If the muscles are inactive the nutrition of the bones to which they are connected will be impaired. Put a restriction around the waist of a boy or girl so that the arms cannot be raised above the head, or issue an edict that the legs shall never be raised above a certain angle, and you will as certainly retard the growth and development of the limbs of your boy and girl as you would the limbs of a tree similarly interfered with. Remove the restriction from the waist of the boy and place still another around the legs of the girl, merely to remind her that she is a girl, and in a year or two you will find a difference in their development. The arms and legs of the boy will be stronger and longer, and the muscles of his chest, shoulders, and back increased in size from frequent practice in rowing, ball-playing, running, jumping, and such general gymnastics as boys indulge in. If the girl were allowed to enjoy the same privileges she would realize the same physical advantages to just such an extent as her clothes would render it possible for nature to work upon her body.

On the other hand, through a too rigid regard for the proprieties that must be observed just to remind the girl of her sex (as though her whole life afterward was not to be a continual reminder of it), the young lady will probably not touch a ball, or row, run, swim, or enter the gymnasium. As a consequence she will probably not enjoy the physical and mental advantages of these invigorat-

ing exercises, but she will have relatively shortened limbs, a weak back, drooping head, flat chest and all the mental and nervous characteristics of a girl wanting a good physical tone.

Should girls and boys then engage in the same exercises? Up to ten years of age any exercise that will be beneficial to a boy will be just as valuable to a girl. Between ten and fourteen years of age girls should take lighter exercise with more frequent intervals of rest. After that age it is simply a question of time, amount, and degree rather than of quality. As a general rule girls need more muscle-making exercise than they get, not so much for the sake of acquiring greater strength, as for the influence that well-developed muscles have upon the brain, nerve-centres, and other parts of the system. For this reason many of the so-called calisthenic movements do not meet the demands of the female organism. They weary and exhaust without giving sufficient compensation in return. These matters can safely be left to the judgment of a well-trained teacher.

One hour's physical exercise, however, even though it be of the best kind and under the most favorable circumstances, will not make amends for ten to fourteen hours of unfavorable treatment. The girl's corsets must be taken off, in order that the heart, lungs, stomach, and viscera may have an opportunity to build up the body with the new material that will come to it as a result of the exercise, and to eliminate the old broken-down tissue from the system.

Appropriate exercise for the waist will soon reduce superfluous flesh, and healthy muscle will take the place of the corsets in supporting the bust and giving uprightness to the figure.

Tight sleeves that interrupt the circulation in the arms should never be worn in exercising; and those who are ambitious to realize a good muscular development in the arms can afford to dispense with sleeves altogether.

As to skirts—what shall we say of them? They have hampered the progress of civilized women for three thousand years. If they must be worn let them be reduced to the minimum in number if not in thickness, so as to restrict the free movement of the limbs as little as possible. The lower garments should be fastened to a waist so that the support shall come from the hips at the rim of the pelvis, and not from the shoulders. If the waist jacket is properly made it will support the abdominal walls in front, and not allow the weight of the garments to drag on these parts, as is generally the case in garments supported from the waist.

During exercise the skirt should be worn to the knee, or should be exchanged for the bloomer costume, such as is now in use in the college gymnasia for women.

The common-sense garments that are now being worn by hundreds of young ladies throughout the land who are practising and teaching physical exercises, are having a great influence in bringing about the much-needed dress reform. The girl of athletic taste finds much enjoyment in garments that allow her plenty of air to breathe and freedom of movement.

But why waste so much time and energy in talking about the physical development of women? Do they not already outnumber the men in the civilized world? and are they expected to engage in occupations requiring great muscular strength or exertion? My first answer would be that, for their own sakes, they ought to have an equal chance with men for realizing the full perfection of their being. If physical training is necessary to secure the best types of men, it is equally important as an agent toward securing the fullest development of women.

Furthermore, most men are engaged in the struggle for material gains, and are obliged to confine themselves to efforts prescribed for them by the division of labor. The tendencies of our civilization is to warp, twist, and belittle men with the stamp of their occupation. Leisure for physical culture for its own sake can only come with increase of wealth, and this will ever be in the possession of the minority.

At the present time women as a class have more leisure than men for self-improvement, and we must look to them to help on the higher evolution of mind and body, not only in perfecting them-

selves, but in helping to perfect others. Already three-fourths of the school-teaching force in the United States is composed of women, and they will soon be in the majority as instructors in physical training. The gospel of fresh air and physical improvement is being slowly imbibed by our best families, and the stock of fine specimens of physical womanhood is slowly and steadily improving. When the young women throughout the land shall have felt the influence of this new religion, and become thoroughly aroused to the importance of making the most of themselves in body as well as in mind we shall not only elevate the average mental and physical condition of the masses, and so raise the athletic standard, but we shall be much more likely than at the present time to produce a few of the intellectual giants that are needed to grapple with the great problems of our complex civilization.

OLD VAUXHALL GARDENS

By Austin Dobson.

In gay *Vauxhall* now saunter beaux and belles,
And happier cits resort to Sadler's Wells.

THUS sings one of Sylvanus Urban's poets, in the year of grace 1754, describing the pleasures of spring in the London of George the Second. There is "the least little touch of spleen" in the epithet "happier"—an epithet probably suggested by the not very profound observation that the middle classes as a rule took their pleasures less sadly than mere persons of quality. But the social distinction implied between the fashionable gardens on the Surrey side of the water and the more popular place of entertainment to which the tired dyer and his fat wife are trudging wearily in Hogarth's *Evening* is practically preserved in the advertisements to be found between May and October in the newspapers of the time. Sadler's Wells is specific in its attractions—its burletta or its rope-dancer; Vauxhall, on the contrary, with a disdainful reticence—a *superbia quæsita meritis* befitting the "genuine and only Jarley"—shortly sets forth that its "Evening Entertainments" will begin on such a date, that the price of admission is one shilling, and that the doors will be open at five. After this notification it continued, at rare intervals, to repeat that the gardens were at the service of the public, but made no more definite sign. Obviously the thing to do was to go. With the help of a few old prints it is proposed to invite the reader to make that expedition, and to revive, if it may be, some memory of a place, the traces of which are strewn broadcast over the literature of the last century. It is true that Vauxhall Gardens survived to a date much later than this. But it was Vauxhall "with a difference," and the Vauxhall here intended is Vauxhall in its prime, between 1750 and 1790—the Vauxhall of Walpole and the "Connoisseur," of Beau Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow, of Fielding's *Amelia* and Fanny Burney's *Evelina*.



Medallion in Lead, from the Statue of Handel by Roubiliac, formerly in Vauxhall Gardens, now in the Possession of the Rev. D. Jonathan Gerbardie.

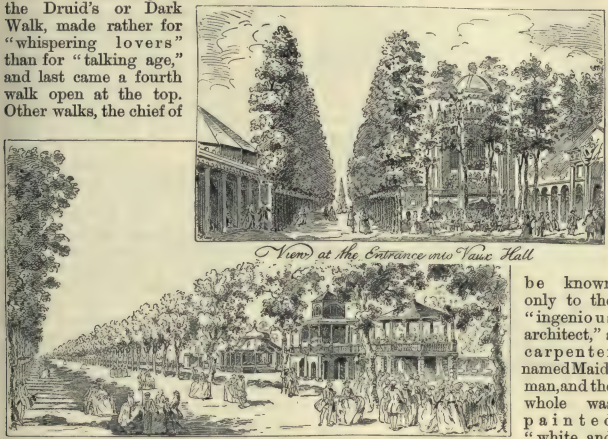
In 1750, the customary approach to this earthly paradise was still along that silent highway of the Thames over which, nearly forty years before, Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator had been rowed by the wooden-legged waterman who had fought at La Hogue. There was, indeed, a bridge built or being built at Westminster, but more than half a century was to elapse before there was another at Vauxhall. This little preliminary boating-party, especially to the accompaniment of French horns, must have been one of the delights of the journey, although, if we are to believe a Gallic poet who, in 1769, addressed a copy of verses upon *Le Vauxhall de Londres* to M. de Fontenelle, "*le trajet du fleuve fatal*" was not without its terrors to would-be visitors. Goldsmith's Mrs. Tibbs, at all events, had "a natural aversion to the water," and when Mr. Matthew Bramble went, in 1771 or thereabouts, he went by coach for fear of cold, while the younger and bolder spirits of his party took ship from Ranelagh in "a wherry so light and slender" that, says poetical Miss Lydia Melford, they looked "like fairies sailing in a nutshell." They were four in the boat, she nevertheless adds, besides the oarsman; and if, instead of antiquarian documents this paper were to be illustrated by fancy pictures, the artist's attention might be particularly invited to that very fantastic fairy, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, who, we are told, "with her rumpt gown and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet-head, deep triple ruffles and high stays" was (in Lady Griskin's opinion) "twenty good years behind the fashion." What the waterman charged, Miss Lydia does not tell us, but he probably asked more than his ordinary fare for so exceptional a cargo. The old rates shown in the "Court and City Registers" of the time are, however, moderate enough. From Whitehall Stairs, the favorite starting place, the cost of a pair of oars was sixpence; from the Temple eightpence. For sculls you paid no more than half.

When, after passing Lambeth Palace on the left—and possibly undergoing from neighboring boats some of those flowers of rhetoric to which Johnson once so triumphantly retorted—you reached Vauxhall Stairs, your experiences were, in all probability, still those of Lydia Melford and her friends. There would be the same crush of wherries and confusion of tongues at the landing-place, and the same crowd of mud-larks and loafers would come rushing into the water to offer their unsolicited (but not gratuitous) services. Once free of these, a few steps would bring you to the unimposing entrance of the garden—a gate or wicket in the front of an ordinary-looking house. Here you either exhibited your ticket, or paid your shilling, hurried (not without a throb of anticipation) down a darkened passage, and then, if you were as young and unsophisticated as Fanny Bolton in *Pendennis*, probably uttered an involuntary exclamation of wonder as, with a sudden sound of muffled music, the illuminated enclosure burst upon your view. There seems to be no doubt as to the surprise —heightened of course by the mean approach, and the genuine fascination of this first impression. The tall elms and sycamores, with the colored lamps braced to the tree-trunks or twinkling through the leaves, the long ranges of alcoves with their seductive supper-tables, the brightly lighted temples and pavilions, the fading vistas and the ever-changing groups of pleasure-seekers, must all have combined to form a whole which fully justified the enthusiasm of contemporaries, even if it did not, in the florid language of the old guide-books, exactly "furnish the pen of a sublime and poetic genius with inexhaustible scenes of luxuriant fancy."

The general disposition of the gardens, which covered about ten acres, was extremely simple and, in Miss Burney's opinion, even "formal." Opposite you as you entered, was the Grand Walk extending the entire length of the garden for a distance of 900 feet, and terminated, at the farther end, by a gilded statue of Aurora, apparently "tip-toe on the mountain tops." For this was afterwards substituted "a grand gothic obelisk," at the corners of which were painted a number of slaves chained, and over them the inscription :—

SPECTATOR
FASTIDIOSUS
SIBI MOLESTUS.

Beyond the end of this walk was a *ha-ha* which separated the gardens from the hayfields then adjoining it. Parallel to the Grand Walk ran the South Walk with its triumphal arches; next to this again was the covered alley known indifferently as the Druid's or Dark Walk, made rather for "whispering lovers" than for "talking age," and last came a fourth walk open at the top. Other walks, the chief of which was the Cross Walk, traversed the garden from side to side; and in the quadrangle formed by the Grand Walk, the Cross Walk, the South Walk, and the remaining side of the grounds, [See p. 193] was a space of about five acres. This, which lay to the right of the entrance, was known as The Grove.



A View of the Grand Walk in Vauxhall, taken from the Entrance.—The Orchestra.
(From old prints.)

The chief feature of The Grove was its open air orchestra, at first no more than the modest structure shown in Canaletti's print of 1750, and bearing the unambitious title of the "rustic music house." But about 1758, this made way for a much more ornate building "in the Gothic manner," having, like its predecessor, pavilions beneath for the accommodation of supper parties. Above, it contained a magnificent organ, in front of which, encircling an open space for the singers, were ranged the seats and desks of the musicians. This second orchestra, which was lavishly ornamented with niches and carvings, was surmounted by the ostrich plumes of the Prince of Wales. The decorations were modelled in a composition said to be known only to the "ingenious architect," a carpenter named Maidman, and the whole was painted "white and bloom color." Immediately behind the orchestra was a building described as "a Turkish tent," with a carved blue and gold dome supported on eight internal Ionic, and twelve external Doric columns. This was profusely embellished, both within and without, by rich festoons of flowers. A good idea of the orchestra in its renovated form may be gathered from the little plate by Wale, here copied, in which the supper-tables are shown laid out in front. These for a long time were covered with red baize, an arrangement that added greatly to the general effect, which was enhanced by arches of colored lamps and other contrivances. There is a tinted design by Rowlandson—one indeed of his most popular efforts—depicting a motley group in front of the orchestra during the performance of a favorite songstress, and numbering among the crowd of

listeners the Prince of Wales and Perdita. But its unusually large size would make reproduction difficult, even if it were not, as it is, a little too late for the period here concerned.

The musical performances in the orchestra generally began at six. At first they were wholly instrumental, and confined to "sonatas and concertos." In time, however, songs were added to the programme; and later still, in 1775, these were diversified by catches and glees, which generally came in the middle and at the end of the sixteen pieces to which the entertainment was restricted. Before the introduction of glees and catches, it was the practice to wind up with a duet or trio, accompanied by a chorus. In the old Vauxhall song-books may be studied the species of lyric which was trilled or quavered nightly from the Gothic temple in the Grove. There is not much variety in these hymns to "Jem of Aberdovey" or "Kate of Aberdare," and the prevailing tone is abjectly sentimental. A favorite form was the "Rondeau," a much more rudimentary production than the little French plaything now known by that name, and characterized chiefly by its immoderate use of the refrain.

> "Tarry awhile with me, my Love,
> O tarry awhile with me."

This is the artless burden of one of the "celebrated Roundelays" sung at Vauxhall by the celebrated Mrs. Bland to the music of the equally celebrated Mr. Hook, and the "young Shepherd by Love sore opprest, When the Maid of his heart he fondly addrest" can scarcely be acquitted of needless iteration. But the music was often of a much higher kind, and the beautiful Shakespearean songs of Arne, "When daisies pied" and "Where the bee sucks," or "Water parted," from the same composer's Opera of *Artaxerxes*, alternated occasionally with the more popular ditties which delighted the average listener. Hook, who was organist for upward of forty years, and Arne, who often conducted, were the most assiduous composers. Among the female singers were many vocal celebrities of the last century, Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent (of whom Goldsmith writes in *The Bee*), the above-named Mrs. Bland (*blandior Orpheo!*), Mrs. Weichsell, fair mother of the fairer Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain; and for men, Denman, Vernon, the "great Dignum," and the famous tenor Beard, whose name, as well as that of one of his gentler colleagues, survives in Churchill's hectoring couplets:

> "Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
> Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
> To BRITONS far more noble pleasures spring
> In native notes while BEARD and VINCENT sing."

The poet of the *Rosciad* himself, it may be added, was one of the constant frequenters of the garden, where he was wont to appear, not in clerical black, as in the pit of Drury Lane, but resplendent in a blue coat, white silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles, and a gold-laced hat.

The "native notes" of the Orchestra, however, could only be comfortably enjoyed in fine weather. When it rained (and the eighteenth century had no immunity in this respect), the company, like Mr. Bramble, took shelter in the Rotunda [p. 194]. This, first built about 1750, was a large circular room, standing nearly opposite to the Orchestra, and entered through a colonnade to the left of the Grand Walk. It was freely furnished with busts, mirrors, sconces, and the like. But its chief glory was its roof, known popularly as "the umbrella," and specially constructed for musical purposes. Profusely ornamented with gilding and festoons, it seems to have presented something of the appearance of a large fluted shell. When the "new music room," as it was at first called, was erected, the organ and orchestra it contained fronted the entrance through the colonnade in the Grove. By and by these were moved to the left, so as to face a new room which was added to the Rotunda, and ran forward into the garden at the back of the colonnade, parallel to the Grove. This room or saloon, supported by elaborate columns, and lighted from two cupolas painted with gods and goddesses, must have added considerably to the attractions of the Rotunda when entered through it. In course of time the spaces between

the side-columns were filled with large pictures representing national subjects, from the brush of Hogarth's friend, the history-painter, Frank Hayman. In one, Britannia distributed laurels to Lord Granby and other distinguished officers; in another, Clive received the homage of the Nabob; in the third, Neptune rejoiced over Hawke's victory of 1759. But the best known, and the first finished of the group—it was exhibited in 1761—was the surrender of Montreal to Amherst. Whether copies of these still exist is not clear, but, to judge from its effect upon a simple young German pastor, this last, at all events, must have had its merits. "Among the paintings," says Moritz in his "Travels through Several Parts of England, in 1782," "one represents the surrender of a besieged city. If you look at this painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you so much, that you even shed tears. The expression of the greatest distress, even bordering on despair, on the part of the besieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain issue, and what the victor will determine concerning those unfortunate people, may all be read so plainly and so naturally in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head to the suckling whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourself, and in the end scarcely believe it to be a painting before you."

The new saloon was entered through a Gothic portal or temple, which contained portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and also formed the starting-point of a semi-circular piazza or colonnade that swept round to a similar terminal temple at the end of the arc. Between these two, in the middle of the semi-circle, was a higher central structure denominated in old prints the Temple of Comus. This is said (rather vaguely) to have been "embellished with rays," and had above it a large star or sun, which, from the description, would seem to have been illuminated at night. Inside, it was painted with a composition "in the Chinese taste" representing Vulcan catching Mars and Venus in the historical net, the painter being named, not inappropriately, Risquet. The two pavilions or alcoves immediately adjoining also contained pictures. To the right a lady and gentleman were shown entering Vauxhall; to the left was a (presumably) emblematic design of "Friendship, on the grass,



A View of the Temple of Comus in Old Vauxhall.
(From a print published in 1753.)

drinking." Other boxes fitted for the accommodation of supper-parties, but having no pictorial decorations, extended on either side of the Temple of Comus.

One of the terminal temples, as already stated, served as the porch to the new saloon; its fellow at the farther end ultimately formed the entrance to a famous and popular entertainment mentioned in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," and known indifferently as the "Waterworks" or the "Cascade." Some of the earlier references to this, or to the earliest form of this, are more or less contemptuous, as the *World*, the *Connoisseur* and the *Gray's Inn Journal* all speak of it slightingly as the "Tin Cascade." But it must have been greatly improved as time went on. Here is Pastor Moritz's description of it in 1782. "Latish in the evening, we were entertained with a sight, that is indeed singularly curious and interesting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of some mechanism, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are so completely deceived, that it is not easy to persuade one's self it is a deception; and that one does not actually see and hear a natural waterfall from a high rock." The next sentence adds a characteristic detail. "As every one was flocking to this scene in crowds, there arose, all at once, a loud cry of 'Take care of your pockets.' This informed us, but too clearly, that there were some pickpockets among the crowd, who had already made some fortunate strokes." Ten years later, still many other details and effects must have been added, since the descriptions speak of representations of trees blown by the wind, of thatches torn off, of wagons and troops of soldiers crossing bridges, etc. By this time, in fact, it was a monster "moving picture" of the kind which Pinchbeck and Fawkes were in the habit of exhibiting at Bartholomew Fair. But in Goldsmith's day it was still in the elementary stage described by Sylvanus Urban in 1765—of "water flowing down a declivity, rising up in a foam at the bottom, and then gliding away." This was the so-called "Waterworks" of which, to her not unnatural disgust, the pawnbroker's widow "in green damask," immortalized in the "Citizen of the World" was defrauded by the inopportune vocalization of Mrs. Tibbs. The company—it will be remembered—were in a supper-box at Vauxhall Gardens, and the little beau's wife was regaling the guests with a melody to which they were hearkening with far more politeness than good will. "In this mortifying situation (proceeds Lien Chi Altangi) we had continued for some time listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information, I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs who had seen the water-works an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had she the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and she seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life or high-lived company ever after: Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing and we continued to listen, till at last when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over! 'The water-works over!' cried the widow, 'the water-works over already? that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!' 'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship, I'll run again and see.' He went and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns."

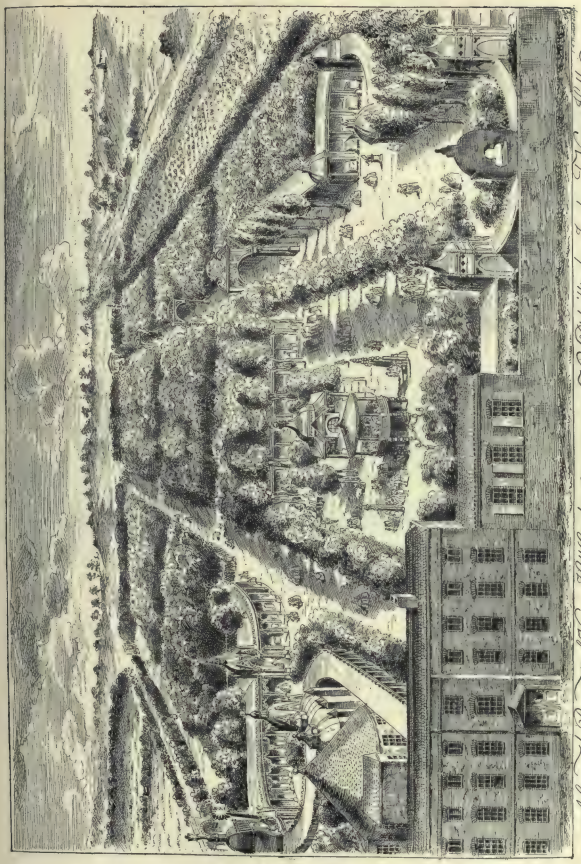
Beyond the terminal temple which served as the approach to the waterworks a sweep of pavilions led back to the Grand Walk. In the last of these was a picture of Gay's "Black Eyed Susan," taken apparently at that affecting moment when, returning to shore from her faithful William, she "waved her lily hand." A little higher the Grand Walk was intersected at right angles by the Grand Cross Walk, which, as already stated, traversed the gardens. To the right this was terminated by the Druid's Walk and a statue of Apollo; to the left, by one of the favorite illusions of the place, a large painting representing ruins and running water. In this part of the garden, as far as it is possible to make it out from the descriptions, extending on the left towards the bottom, were, on one side, a wilderness, on the other rural downs "with several little eminences . . . after the manner of a Roman camp." These were "covered with turf, and pleasingly interspersed with cypress, fir, yew, cedar, and tulip trees." On one of these heights, the attentive spectator soon discovered, like Pastor Moritz, the statue of Milton (in lead) by the celebrated Roubiliac, "and seated on a rock, in an attitude listening to soft music, as described by himself, in his "Il Penseroso." At night this statue was lighted with lamps. From the downs, say the old guide-books, you had a good view of Lambeth, Westminster, and St. Paul's. It was in this part of the garden, from some of the bushes of the Roman camp, that proceeded the subterranean entertainment known as the "Fairy Music." But this "lodging on the cold ground"—to quote the old Caroline song—was found prejudicial to the instruments (probably also to the instrumentalists) and it was ultimately discontinued.

If, turning your back upon the picture of ruins and running water, you followed the Cross Walk behind the pavilions which formed the north side of the Grove, you came upon the South Walk, which ran parallel to the Grand Walk. The specialty of this promenade was its "three splendid triumphal arches" [p. 193], and its statue of Handel. The vista through the arches was, at first, closed by a pictorial representation of the Ruins of Palmyra. But the simulated ruins themselves grew ruinous, and finally made way for "a noble view of architecture designed by Sandby [no doubt Hogarth's enemy of that name], and painted by Mortimer." At night the same painter's work was exhibited in the form of an illuminated transparency. Where the South Walk ran parallel to the right side of the Grove was a further range of pavilions, part of which formed a semicircle shaded in front by lofty trees. In the centre of this semicircle stood, for some time, the cynosure of Vauxhall, Roubiliac's statue of Handel, rather less than life-size, in the character of Orpheus playing on his lyre [p. 185]. It was, however, frequently moved, and its different positions are a source of considerable mystification to the student of the old prints of the place. In 1744, according to Smith's "Nollekens," it had its habitat "under an inclosed lofty arch, surrounded by a figure [of St. Cecilia] playing the violoncello, attended by two boys, and it was then screened from the weather by a curtain, which was drawn up when the visitor arrived." In Canaletti's view of six years later it is disporting itself in the open, as above described; but after the new Gothic Orchestra was erected, it seems to have returned to its original retreat, and later still had found an asylum in a new supper-room which was added to the Rotunda. Bartolozzi is credited with a fine engraving of this statue, which was the first work Roubiliac carved in England, but the print has escaped us. The statue is also said to have been specially "approved of by Mr. Pope;" and it may be added that the ears, which, as becoming a composer, were especially beautiful, were modelled from those of the daughter of the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, the Miss Rich of whom Hogarth has left so charming a portrait. From the descriptions of critics, the statue must nevertheless have been a reposeless and somewhat "tortured" performance. It did not always remain at Vauxhall, and ultimately passed into the keeping of the descendants of the proprietor of the garden, where we need no further follow its fortunes.

As already stated, each of the four sides of the quadrangle which enclosed the Grove was occupied by pavilions, alcoves, or booths fitted up for the accommodation of supper-parties. These were of varying importance, since we are expressly told, in the "Citizen of the World," that some were more "genteel" than others, and that those in that "very focus of public view" affected by Goldsmith's Beau and his lady were appropriated more or less by persons of quality. The one that fronted the Orchestra was larger than the rest, having been specially built for Frederick, Prince of Wales. It was decorated by Hayman with paintings from "The Tempest," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Henry V.," and had behind it a handsome drawing-room.

The mention of the decorations in the Prince of Wales's pavilion recalls one of the traditional attractions of the gardens, the pictures in the other supper-boxes. A story which has always seemed to us a little mythical, traces the suggestion of these to Hogarth, and, upon the precedent of the ingenious M. Josse, nothing indeed could be more appropriate than that a painter should put forward paintings as an indispensable method of adornment. But one of the earliest and most trustworthy of the guides—the "Sketch of the Spring Gardens Vauxhall: In a Letter to a Noble Lord"—seems to imply that Hayman was the true originator in this matter. It is certain, however, that Hogarth contributed specimens of his own works to the cause, and that others were copied. According to Nichols, his first annotator, Hayman reproduced the Four Times of the Day for Vauxhall, and in 1782 two of these, Evening and Night, were still there, and must have been seen by Pastor Moritz, while in the portico of the Rotunda was an unquestioned picture from Hogarth's own brush, Henry VIIIth and Anna Bullen, names which, it is whispered, but thinly veiled the likenesses of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his mistress, Anne Vane, not to be confused with the notorious "Lady of Quality" of the same surname in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." Another work claimed as Hogarth's when, years after, obscured by dirt and slashed by sandwich knives, the relics of the gallery came to the hammer, was Harper and Mrs. Clive (then Miss Raftor) as *Jobson the Cobbler* and his wife *Nell* in Coffey's farce of "The Devil to Pay; or, the Wives Metamorphosed" [p. 196]; but this, as well as a *genre* picture called The Wapping Landlady [p. 195], in which a short-trousered tar of the Tom Bowling era is deliberately executing a marine *pas seul* in the parlor of a waterside alehouse, with the aid of a whangee, is plainly attributed to Hayman in the old prints published by Sayer, copies of which are here given. It is probable also that Hayman had the chief hand in Mademoiselle Catherina [p. 198], a diminutive lady whose history has escaped the chroniclers, and Building Houses with Cards [p. 197], although the two children in the latter have certainly a look of his more illustrious contemporary. But, on the whole, it may be concluded that there was little of Hogarth's original work among the sea-fights, popular games (*e.g.* the ancient pastimes of "Bob Cherry" and "Hot Cockles") and the other engaging compositions which delighted the simple soul of the pawnbroker's widow and disgusted the eclectic Mr. Tibbs, full of Grisoni and the grand *contorno*. But Hogarth's picture in the Rotunda portico, coupled with his permission to reproduce his other works, would be ground enough to justify the gold ticket *In perpetuam Beneficii memoriam* with which he was presented by the grateful proprietor. This ticket, which admitted "a coachful," that is, six persons, was, in 1808, in the possession of the painter's niece, Mary Lewis, in whose arms he died. It had passed into other hands in 1825, when, with half a dozen silver tickets, all said to be struck from Hogarth's designs, and including among the rest that of George Carey, the author of many Vauxhall songs, it was engraved for Wilkinson [p. 199].

The greater part of the literary memories of Vauxhall Gardens cluster round these gaily painted boxes from which, at some moment of their careers, most of the notabilities of the day had taken their view of "many-colored life." Churchill we have already seen there in his habit as he lived; and Collins is said to have divided his attentions between Vauxhall and the playhouses. Goldsmith and Reynolds, we know, were fre-

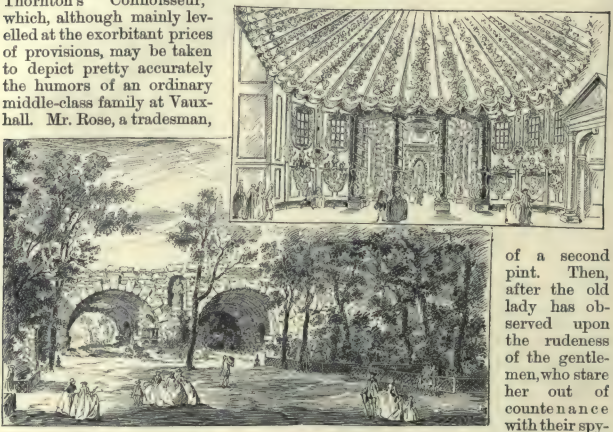


A General Prospect of Vaux Hall Gardens. The Delaille du Jardin de Vaux Hall.

(From a print after a painting by Wale.)

quent visitors; Johnson, according to Dr. Maxwell, was more partial to Ranelagh. It is in the "proud alcoves of Vauxhall" that Fielding places one of the scenes of "Amelia," prefacing it with a handsome compliment to the extreme "elegance" and "beauty" of the place. The account of the rudeness which his heroine and her party suffered from *Captain Trent* and his companions is scarcely separable from its context, although it conveys a graphic idea, confirmed

by other records, of the annoyances to which the more peaceable visitors were occasionally exposed at the hands of the Georgian man about town. But there is a pen-and-ink picture in Colman and Thornton's "Connoisseur," which, although mainly levelled at the exorbitant prices of provisions, may be taken to depict pretty accurately the humors of an ordinary middle-class family at Vauxhall. Mr. Rose, a tradesman, his wife and his two daughters, make the turn of the place, and then sit down to supper. "Do let us have a chick, papa," says one of the young ladies. Papa replies that "they are half a crown apiece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Thereupon he is very properly rebuked by his wife for stinginess. "When one is out upon pleasure" (she says), "I love to appear like somebody; and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" So the chick is ordered, and brought. And then ensues a dialogue between the cit and the waiter, in which the former, from the price of the sample before him, ironically estimated the price of an entire Vauxhall ham to be about £24, and after being decorated by his wife with a clean handkerchief by way of bib, proceeds to eat, saying at every mouthful, "There goes two pence—there goes three pence—there goes a groat." Beef and tarts, which are also freely criticised, follow, and finally Mr. Rose calls for a bottle of port, the size of which does not escape invidious comparisons, although the contents have the effect of soothing the critic into the unwonted extravagance of a second pint. Then, after the old lady has observed upon the rudeness of the gentlemen, who stare her out of countenance with their spy-glasses, and the younger girl is speculating whether, if she buys the words of the last new song, she can carry home the tune, arrives the reckoning, which is exactly thirteen and two pence. The last glimpse we get of the little party shows them leaving the gardens in a shower, the wife and daughters with their skirts thrown over their heads, and paterfamilias with his flapped hat tied round with a pocket handkerchief, his coat buttoned to save his laced waistcoat, and his wife's cardinal spread wrong side out over his shoulders to save his coat. So they sally out to their hack—he lamenting half humorously, half ruefully, that he might have spent his evening at Sot's Hole for four pence halfpenny, whereas Vauxhall, with the coach hire, will have cost him "almost a pound." In the *Wits' Magazine* for 1784 you may see the whole group depicted to the life after the broad ungentle fashion of the time.



View of the Centre Cross Walk (1751).—Interior of the Rotunda (1752).

That the cost of the refreshments was a fertile topic of discussion is—to cite but one of many witnesses—confirmed by Miss Burney in "Evelina," and the popular legend that an expert Vauxhall carver could cover the entire garden (eleven acres) with slices from one ham may be accepted as corroborative evidence. Old frequenters, indeed, pre-

Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. Thereupon he repairs to her house, and finds "her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her," having "just finished their last layer of red," and looking as handsome as crimson could make them. Others of the company are the Duke of Kingston, Lord March (of Thackeray's "Virginians"),



"The Wapping Landlady."
(From a painting in Old Vauxhall by F. Hayman.)

tended to remember the particular angle at which the plates had to be carried to prevent their leaf-like contents from becoming the playthings of the wind. But the above picture from the "Connoisseur," it must be noted, is a picture of the occasional visitor—the visitor who made but one annual visit, which was the event of the year. The real supporters of the place were the persons of honor, of whom Walpole gossips so delightfully in his correspondence, and it is to his pages that one must go for a faithful representation of high life at Vauxhall. In one of his letters to George Montagu, he describes, with his inimitable air of a fine gentleman on a frolic, a party of pleasure at which he has assisted, and which (he considers) exhibits "the manners of the age." He tells how he receives a card from Lady Caroline Mr. Whitehed, "a pretty Miss Beauclere, and a very foolish Miss Sparre." As they "sail up the Mall," they encounter crossed-grained Lord Petersham (my lady's husband) "as sulkily as a ghost that nobody will speak to first," and who declines to accompany his wife and her friends. So they march to their barge, which has "a boat of French horns attending," and little Ashe sings. After parading up and down the river, they "debark" at Vauxhall, where at the outset they narrowly escape the excitement of a duel. For a certain Mrs. Lloyd, of Spring Gardens (afterwards married to Lord Haddington), seeing Miss Beauclere and her companion following Lady Petersham, says audibly: "Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company," a remark which "the foolish Miss Sparre" (she is but

fifteen) for the fun of seeing a duel, endeavors to make Lord March resent. But my Lord, who is "very lively and agreeable," laughs her out of "this charming frolic with a great deal of humor." "At last," says Walpole—and here we must surrender the story to him entirely—"we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the Hussey if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry;' she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey.' You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would



Harper and Mrs. Clive as "Jobson" and "Nell," in "The Devil to Pay."
(From the painting by F. Hayman.)

vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Oxford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. spoil this story that was to repeat it and say, I won't, you jade!' In short the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Whether these "high jinks" in high life included the passage of the Dark Walk, their chronicler has not related. But this, also known as the "Druid's" or "Lover's Walk," is almost the only feature of the gardens which now needs

to be particularized. Its position has already been roughly indicated. It was formed by tall overarching trees which met at the top, and in which, in the place's palmiest days, blackbirds, Thus this "most impetuous of men;" and thus did they make love in Vauxhall's "green retreats" "when George was King." Nor love alone apparently; —for if the old descriptions are accurate



"Building Houses with Cards."
(From a painting in Old Vauxhall, probably by Hayman.)

thrushes, and nightingales, made their nests. A visit to this *selva oscura* was the prime ambition of the more inquiring visitor to Vauxhall, either upon the simple ground put forward by the elder Miss Rose in the "Connoisseur" that it was "*solentary*," or upon the more specious excuse, advanced by the generality, that the music of the Orchestra sounded better through the thick foliage of the trees. But the pretexts for seeking these attractive shades were probably as manifold as the old reasons for drinking, the last of which was "any other reason." In Miss Burney's "Evelina," that charming heroine is decoyed into the Dark Walk by her vulgar friends the Branghtons. There she is insulted by a gang of rakes, and is rescued by Sir Clement Willoughby, who, apparently under the influence of the *genius loci*, proceeds, after certain impertinences, to make her a spasmodic declaration, freely decorated with dashes in this wise—"O Miss Anville,—loveliest of women,—forgive me; —my—I beseech you forgive me;—if I have offended—if I have hurt you,—I could kill myself at the thought! etc." in representing some of its frequenters as yelling "in sounds fully as terrific as the imagined horrors of Cavalcanti's blood-hounds," there must have been a considerable amount of more than questionable horse-play beside, and the licensing magistrates, who, in 1763, bound the proprietors to do away with the "dark walks" and to appoint proper watchmen, were no doubt well advised.

From the use of the plural, it may be that the prohibition also included the numerous wildernesses which occupied the north of the enclosure—wildernesses so intricate that, even in the prehistoric era of the place, the most experienced mothers—to use the expressive words of Tom Brown "of facetious memory"—have often "lost themselves in looking for their daughters." And this brings us to the final item in our catalogue, the walk which bounded the garden on the north, closing and terminating the four great promenades that crossed it from top to bottom. This, shaded like the rest by trees, had at each end one of the favorite "scenes." That to the east was a view in a Chi-

nese garden; that to the west a building with a scaffold and a ladder before it, which at a distance "often deceived the eye very agreeably." History has neglected the artist of these performances. But Hayman had begun with stage decoration, and may perhaps have executed them. Or they may have been then have had many of the appurtenances of a public garden, for the deed enumerates a Ham-room and a Milk-house, and there were already primitive alcoves in the shape of tiled arbors entitled Royal George, Ship, Eagle, Phœnix, Checker, and the like. Nay, there were already lofty trees which dated

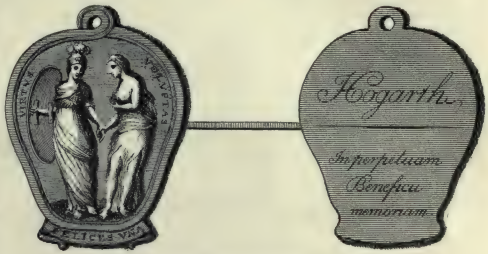


"Mademoiselle Catherina."
(Probably by Hayman.)

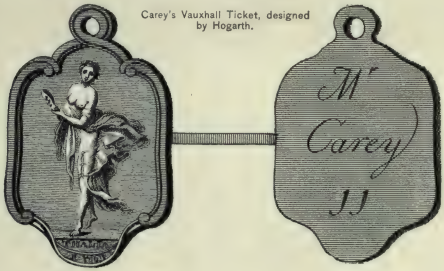
from the brush of George Lambert, the well-known scene-painter of Covent Garden, who, like Hayman, was a friend of Hogarth, and is reported to have borne his part in the beautifying of the place.

Taking advantage of the fact that this article is freely illustrated, we have endeavored, in the foregoing passages, rather to revive some specific idea of the aspect of a forgotten place of amusement than to produce that indefinite patchwork of anecdote which, with a judicious sprinkling of shoe-buckles and periwigs, of hoops and gipsy hats, so often does duty for "a picture of the time." But a final word must certainly be devoted to the proprietor and presiding spirit, Jonathan Tyers. Little seems to be known of him before he acquired the site of the old Spring Garden of the *Spectator* from one Elizabeth Masters, of London, upon a thirty years lease in March, 1728. It must even from the seventeenth century and the days of an earlier possessor, the Sir Samuel Morland of Pepys's Diary. The rent which Tyers paid was £250. He added music, then by degrees the orchestra and organ, the statues, the pictures, and the other adornments. He opened the garden in June, 1732, with illuminations and a *Ridotto al Fresco*, at which Frederick, Prince of Wales, was present; and the company, numbering four hundred, wore masks, dominoes, and lawyers' gowns. Order was kept by a detachment of footguards, and the admission ticket was designed by Jack Laguerre, son of the Louis, whose saints sprawl in Pope's verse upon the ceilings of "Timon's Villa." Payment was subsequently made at the gate, but in 1738, apparently with a view to make the attendance somewhat more select, a thousand silver season tickets were issued. In 1752 Tyers purchased part of the estate out and out, and a few years afterwards acquired

the remainder. To the last day of his life he retained the keenest interest in the place, and only a few hours before his death caused himself to be carried into the gardens to take a last look at them. At his country seat of Denbighs near Dorking in Surrey, he had another private garden, in the embellishment of which he must have found an outlet for some otherwise obstructed eccentricity, since it contained a representation of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where, in an alcove, had been depicted, in two compartments, the ends of the infidel and the Christian. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Tyers passed through the Valley himself in July, 1767. His descendants long continued to manage Vauxhall. Perhaps the most notable of these was his eldest son Tom, the friend and biographer of Johnson, and the "Tom Restless" of the *Idler*.



Hogarth's Gold Ticket for Vauxhall, from his own design.



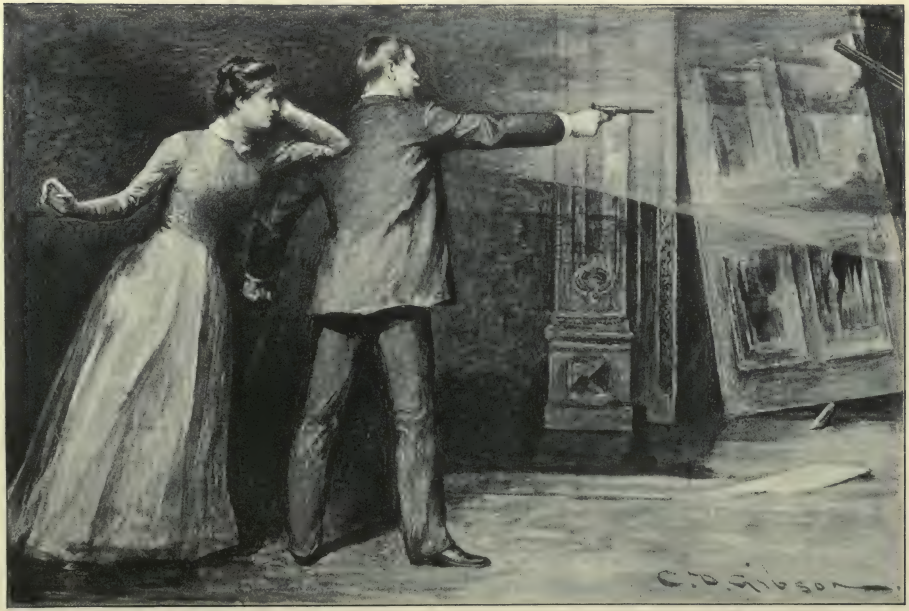
Carey's Vauxhall Ticket, designed by Hogarth.

SNOW.

By Anne R. Aldrich.

LAST year I watched it drift, and said
With leaping heart, and happy sigh,
"The fair earth wears her bridal robe,
So, soon, please God, shall I."

To-day, with quiet heart, I see
The little flakes go whirling by,
"The fair earth wears her winding-sheet,
So, soon, please God, shall I."



"In an instant Harold had swept her behind him, and stood, revolver in hand, his breast her bulwark, confronting the mob."—*Page* 213.

THE EMERGENCY MEN.

By George H. Jessop.



THE fourth morning after his arrival in Dublin, Mr. Harold Hayes, of New York, entered the breakfast-room of the Shelbourne Hotel in a very bad humor. He was sick of the city, of the people, and of his own company. Before leaving London he had written to his friend, Jack Connolly, that he was coming to Ireland, and he had expected to find a reply at the Shelbourne. For three days he had waited in vain, and it was partly, at least, on Jack's account that Mr. Hayes was in Ireland at all. When Jack sailed from New York he had bound Harold by a solemn promise to spend a few weeks at Lisnahoe on his next visit to Europe. Miss Connolly, who had accompanied her brother on his American tour, had echoed and endorsed the invitation.

Harold had naturally expected to find at the hotel a letter urging him to take the first train for the south. He had seen a great deal of the Connollys during their stay in the United States, and Jack and he had become firm friends. He had crossed at this unusual season mainly on Jack's account—on Jack's account and his sister's; so it was little wonder if the young man considered himself ill-used. He felt that he had been lured across the Irish Channel—across the Atlantic Ocean itself, on false pretences.

But in a moment the cloud lifted from his brow, a quick smile stirred under his yellow mustache, and his eyes brightened, for a waiter handed him a letter. It lay, address uppermost, on the salver, and bore the Ballydoon postmark, and the handwriting was the disjointed scrawl which he had often ridiculed but now welcomed as Jack Connolly's.

This is what Hayes read as he sipped his coffee:

LISNAHOE, December 23d.

MY DEAR HAROLD: Home I come from Ballinasloe yesterday, and find your letter, the best part of a week old, kicking about among the bills and notices of meets that make the biggest end of my correspondence. You must be destroyed entirely, my poor fellow, if you've been three days in dear dirty Dublin, and you not knowing a soul in it. Come down at once and you'll find a hearty welcome here if you won't find much else. I don't see why you couldn't have come anyhow, without waiting to write, but you were always so confoundedly ceremonious. We're rather at sixes and sevens, for the Governor's got "in howlts" with his tenants and we're boycotted. It's not bad fun when you're used to it, but a trifle inconvenient in certain small ways. Let me know what train you take and I'll meet you at the station. You must be here for Christmas Day anyhow. Polly sends her regards, and says she knew the letter was from you, and she came near opening it. I'm sure I wish she had, and answered it, for I'm a poor fist at a letter.

Yours truly,

JACK CONNOLLY.

The first available train carried Harold southward. On the way he read the letter again. The notion of entering a boycotted household amused and pleased him. He had never been in Ireland before, and he was quite willing that his first visit should be well spiced with the national flavor. Of course he had his views on the Irish question. Every American newspaper reader is cheerfully satisfied with the conviction that the Celtic race on its native sod has no real faults. A constitutional antipathy to rent may exist, but that is a national foible which, owing doubtless to some peculiarity of the climate, is almost praiseworthy in Ireland, though elsewhere regarded as hardly respectable. At any rate, with the consciousness that he was about to come face to face with the much-talked-of boycott, Harold's spirits rose, and as he read Polly Connolly's message they rose still higher. He was a lively young fellow and fond of excitement. And at one time, as he recalled with a smile and a sigh, he had been almost fond of Polly Connolly.

When he alighted at the station—a small place in Tipperary—the dusk of the early winter evening was closing in, and Harold recollected that his prompt departure from Dublin had prevented him from apprising Jack of his movements. Of course there would be no

trap from Lisnahoe to meet this train, but that mattered little. Half a dozen hack drivers were already extolling the merits of their various conveyances, and imploring his patronage. Selecting the best looking car he swung himself into his seat, while the "Jarvey" hoisted his portmanteau on the other side.

"Where to, yer honor?" inquired the latter, climbing to his place.

"To Lisnahoe House," answered Hayes.

"Where?"

This question was asked with a vehemence that startled the young American.

"Lisnahoe. Don't you know the way?" he replied.

"In troth an' I do. Is it Connolly's?"

"Yes," answered Harold. "Drive on, my good fellow; it's growing late."

The man's only answer was to spring from his seat and seize Harold's portmanteau, which he deposited on the road with no gentle hand.

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, indignantly.

"I mane that ye'd betther come down out o' that, afore I make ye."

Harold was on the ground in a moment and approached the man with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"How dare you, you scoundrel. Will you drive me to Lisnahoe or will you not?"

"The divil a fut," answered the fellow, sullenly.

Hayes controlled his anger by an effort. There was nothing to be gained by a row with the man. He turned to another driver.

"Pick up that portmanteau. Drive me out to Mr. Connolly's. I'll pay double fare."

But they all with one consent, like the guests in the parable, began to make excuse. One man's horse was lame, another's car was broken down. The services of a third had been "bespoke." Few were as frank as the man first engaged, but all were prompt with obvious lies, scarcely less aggravating than actual rudeness. The station master appeared, and attempted to use his influence in the traveller's behalf, but he effected nothing.

"You'll have to walk, sir," said the official, civilly. "I'll keep your portmanteau here till Mr. Connolly sends for it," and he carried the luggage back into the station.

"How far is it to Mr. Connolly's?" Harold inquired of a ragged urchin who had strolled up with several companions.

"Fish an' find out," answered the youngster with a grin.

"We'll tache them to be sendin' Emergency men down here," said another.

The New Yorker was fast losing patience.

"This is Irish hospitality and native courtesy," he remarked bitterly. "Will any one tell me the road I am to follow?"

"Folly yer nose," a voice shouted, and there was a general laugh, in the midst of which the station master reappeared.

He pointed out the way, and Harold trudged off to accomplish, as best he might, five Irish miles over miry highways and byways through the darkness of the December evening.

This was the young American's first practical experience of boycotting.

It was nearly seven o'clock when, tired and mud-bespattered, he reached Lisnahoe, but the warmth of his reception there went far to banish all recollection of the discomforts of his solitary tramp. A hearty hand-clasp from Jack, a frank and smiling greeting from Polly (she looked handsomer than ever, Harold thought, with her lustrous black hair and soft dark gray eyes) put him at his ease at once. Then came introductions to the rest of the family. Mr. Connolly, stout and whitehaired, bade him welcome in a voice which owned more than a touch of Tipperary brogue. Mrs. Connolly, florid and good humored, was very solicitous for his comfort. The children confused him at first. There were so many of them, of all sizes, that Hayes abandoned for the present any attempt to distinguish them by name. There was a tall lad of twenty or thereabouts—a faithful copy of his elder brother Jack—who was addressed as Dick, and a pretty, fair-haired girl of seventeen, whom, as Polly's sister, Harold was prepared to like at once. She was Agnes. After these came a long array—no less than nine more—ending with a sturdy

little chap of three, whom Polly presently picked up and carried off to bed. Mr. Connolly, of Lisnahoe, could boast of a full quiver.

There was a general chorus of laughter as Harold related his experience at the railway station. The Connollys had rested for several days under the ban of the most rigid boycott, and had become used to small discomforts. They faced the situation bravely, and turned all such petty troubles into jest, but the American was sorely disquieted to learn that there was only one servant in the house: an old man who for many years had blacked boots and cleaned knives for the family, and who had refused to crouch to heel under the lash of the boycott.

Harold stammered an apology for his unseasonable visit, but Jack cut him short.

"Nonsense, man; the more the merrier. We're glad to have you, and if you can rough it a bit you won't find it half bad fun."

"Oh, I don't mind, I'm sure," said Harold; "only I'm afraid you'd rather have your house to yourselves at such a time as this."

"Not we. Why we expect some Emergency men down here in a few days. We'll treat you as the advance guard; we'll set you to work and give you your grub the same as an Emergency man."

"What is an Emergency man?" inquired Harold. "Those Chesterfieldian drivers at the station seemed to think it was the worst name they could call me."

A hearty laugh went round the circle.

"If they took ye for an Emergency man, its small wonder they were none too swate on ye," observed Mr. Connolly.

"But what does it mean?" asked the New Yorker.

"Well," began the old gentleman, "there's good and bad in this world of ours. When tenants kick and laborers clare out, an' a boycott's put on a man, they'd lave yer cattle to die an' yer crops to rot for all they care. It's what they want. Well, there happens to be a few dacent people left in Ireland yet, and they have got up an organization they call the Emergency men—they go to any part of the country and help out people that have been boycotted through no fault of their own—plough their fields or reap their oats or dig their potatoes, an' generally knock the legs out from under the boycott. It stands to reason that the blaggards in these parts hate an Emergency man as the divil hates holy water, but ye may take it as a compliment that ye were mistook for one, for all that."

Here Dick thrust his head into the door of the large library in which the party was assembled.

"Dinner is served, my lords and ladies," he cried, and there was a general movement toward the dining-room.

"No ceremony here, my boy," laughed Jack as he led Harold across the hall. "I'll be your cavalier and show you the way. The girls are in the kitchen, I suppose."

But Miss Connolly and Agnes were already in the dining-room, and the party gathered round the well-spread board and proceeded to do full justice to the good things thereon. The meal was more like a picnic than a set dinner. Old Peter Dwyer, the last remaining retainer, had never attended at table, so he confined himself to kitchen duties, while the young Connollys waited on themselves and on each other. A certain little maid, whom Harold by this time had identified as Bella, devoted herself to the stranger, and took care that neither his glass nor his plate should be empty. A glance of approval, which he intercepted on its way from Miss Connolly to her little sister, told Harold that Bella had been given a charge concerning him, and he appreciated the attention none the less on that account; while he ate his dinner with the agreeable confidence that it had been prepared by Miss Polly's own fair hands.

Everything at table was abundant and good of its kind, and conversation was alert and merry, as it is apt to be in a large family party. So far, the boycott seemed to have anything but a depressing effect, though Harold could not help smiling as he realized how it would have crushed to powder more than one estimable family of his acquaintance.

After dinner Jack rose, saying that he must go round to the stables and bed down the horses for the night. Harold

accompanied him, and acquitted himself very well with a pitchfork, considering that he had little experience with such an implement. Dick had gone with a couple of the younger boys to chop turnips for certain cattle which were being fattened for the market.

"How did you come to be boycotted?" inquired Harold, with some curiosity, as soon as he found himself alone with Jack.

"Oh, it doesn't take much talent to accomplish that now-a-days," answered the young Irishman with a laugh. "In the first place, the governor has a habit of asking for his rent, which is an unpopular proceeding at the best of times. In the second place, I bought half a dozen bullocks from a boycotted farmer out Limerick way."

"And is that all?" asked Harold in astonishment. Notwithstanding his regard for his friend, he had never doubted that there must have been some appalling piece of persecution to justify this determined ostracism.

"All!" echoed Jack, laughing. "You don't know much of Ireland, my boy, or you wouldn't ask that question. We bought cattle that had been raised by a farmer on land from which a defaulting tenant had been evicted. Men have been shot in these parts for less than that."

"Pleasant state of affairs," remarked the New Yorker.

"I don't much care," Jack went on lightly. "We're promised a couple of Emergency men from Ulster in a few days, and that will take the weight of the work off our hands. It isn't as if it were a busy time. No crops to be saved in winter, you see, and no farm work except stall-feeding the cattle. That can't wait."

"But your sisters—all the work of that big house——" began Harold, who was thinking of Polly.

"We expect two Protestant girls down from Belfast to-morrow. That'll be all right. We get all our grub from Dublin—they won't sell us anything in Ballydoon—and we mean to keep on doing so, boycott or no boycott. We have been about the best customers to the shopkeepers round here, and it'll come near ruining the town, and serve them right," the young man added with the first touch of bitterness he had displayed in speaking of the persecution of his family.

By next day the situation had improved. A couple of servant girls arrived from the north. They were expected, and accordingly Dick was on hand with the jaunting car to meet them and drive them from the station. The Emergency men had not yet appeared, so Jack and such of his brothers as were old enough to be of use were kept pretty busy round the place. Harold had wished to return to England and postpone his visit till a more convenient time, but to this no one would listen. He made no trouble; he was not a bit in the way; in fact, he was a great help. So said they all, and the young New Yorker was quite willing to believe them.

He did occasionally offer assistance in stable or farm-yard, but he much preferred to spend his time rambling over the old place, admiring the lawns, the woods, the gardens, all strangely silent and deserted now. Miss Connolly was often his companion. The importation from Belfast relieved her of some of the pressure of household cares, and since her brothers were fully occupied, it devolved upon her to play host as well as hostess, and point out to the stranger the various charms of Lisnahoe.

This suited Harold exactly. He usually carried a gun and sometimes shot a rabbit or a wood-pigeon, but generally he was content to listen to Polly's lively conversation, and gaze into the depths of her eyes, wondering why they looked darker and softer here under the shadow of her native woods than they had ever seemed in the glare and dazzle of a New York ball-room. Harold Hayes was falling in love—falling consciously, yet without a struggle. He was beginning to realize that life could have nothing better in store for him than this tall, graceful girl, in her becoming sealskin cap and jacket, whose little feet, so stoutly and serviceably shod, kept pace with his own over so many miles of pleasant rambles.

One day, it was the last of the old year, Miss Connolly and Harold were strolling along a path on which the wintry sunshine was tracing fantastic

patterns as it streamed through the naked branches of the giant beech-trees. The young man had a gun on his shoulder, but he was paying little attention to the nimble rabbits that now and then frisked across the road. He was thinking, and thinking deeply.

He could not hope for many more such quiet walks with his fair companion. She would soon have more efficient chaperones than the children, who often made a pretence of accompanying them, but invariably dashed off disdainful of the sober pace of their elders. Before long—next day probably—he would be handed over to the tender mercies of Jack, who had constantly lamented the occupations that prevented his paying proper attention to his guest. The heir of Lisnahoe had promised to show the young stranger some "real good sport," as soon as other duties would permit. That time was close at hand now. The Emergency men had been at work for several days; they were thoroughly at home in their duties; besides, the fat cattle would be finished very shortly and sent off to be sold in Dublin. Jack had announced his intention of stealing a holiday on the morrow, and taking Hayes to a certain famous "snipe bottom," where the game was, to use Dick's expression, "as thick as plums in one of Polly's puddings."

It was hard to guess when they might have such another ramble, and Harold had much to say to the girl at his side, and yet, for the life of him, he could not utter the words that were trembling on his lips.

"I don't believe you care much for shooting, Mr. Hayes."

A rabbit loped slowly across the road not twenty yards from the gun, but Harold had not noticed it. He roused himself with a start, however, at the sound of his companion's voice.

"Oh, yes I do, sometimes," he answered, glancing alertly to both sides of the road, but no game was in sight for the moment.

"If this frost should break up, you may have some hunting," pursued Miss Connolly. "I'm afraid you're having an awfully stupid time."

Harold interposed an eager denial.

"Oh, yes, you must be," insisted the young lady, "but Jack will find more time now, and if we have a thaw you will have a day with the hounds. Are you fond of hunting?"

"I am very fond of riding, but I have never hunted," answered the New Yorker.

"Just like me. I am never so happy as when I am on horseback, but mamma won't let me ride to hounds. She says she does not approve of ladies on the field. It is traditional, I suppose, that every mistress of Lisnahoe should oppose hunting."

"Indeed, why so?" inquired Harold.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the girl. "Has nobody told you our family ghost story?"

"No one as yet," answered Hayes.

"Then mine be the pleasing task, and there is a peculiar fitness in your hearing it just now, for to-morrow will be New Year's Day."

Harold failed to see the applicability of the date, but he made no observation, and Miss Connolly went on.

"Ever so many years ago, this place belonged to an ancestor of mine who was devoted to field sports of all kinds. He lived for nothing else, people thought, but suddenly he surprised all the world by getting married."

Harold thought that if her remote grandmother had chanced to resemble the fair young girl at his side, there was a good excuse for the sportsman, but he held his tongue.

"The bride was exacting—or perhaps she was only timid. At any rate she used her influence to wean her husband from his out-door pursuits—especially hunting. He must have been very much in love with her, for she succeeded, and he promised to give it all up—after one day more. It seems that he could not get out of this last run. The meet was on the lawn; the hunt breakfast was to be at Lisnahoe House. In short, it was an affair that could neither be altered nor postponed.

"This meet," continued Polly, "was on New Year's Day. There was a great gathering; and after breakfast the gentlemen came out and mounted at the door—the hounds were grouped on the lawn; it must have been a beautiful sight."

"It must indeed," assented Harold.

"Well, this old Mr. Connolly—but you must understand that he was not old at all, only all this happened so long ago—he mounted his horse, and his wife came out on the step to bid him good-bye, and to remind him of his promise that this should be his last hunt. And so it was, poor fellow; for while she was standing talking to him, a gust of wind came and blew part of her dress right into the horse's face. Mr. Connolly was riding a very spirited animal. It reared up and fell back on him, killing him on the spot."

"How horrible," exclaimed Harold.

"Wait! The shock to the young wife was so great that she died the next day."

"The poor girl!"

"Don't waste your sympathy. It was all very long ago, and perhaps it never happened at all. However, the curious part of the story is to come. Every one that had been present at that meet—men, dogs, horses, everything died within the year."

"To the ruin of the local insurance companies?" remarked Harold with a smile.

"You needn't laugh. They did. And next New Year's night, between twelve and one o'clock, the whole hunt passed through the place, and they have kept on doing it every New Year's night since."

"A most interesting and elaborate ghost story," said Harold. "Pray, Miss Connolly, may I ask if you yourself have seen the phantom hunt?"

"No one has ever done that," replied Polly, "but when there is moonlight they say the shadows can be seen passing over the grass, and any New Year's night you may hear the huntsman's horn."

"I should like amazingly to hear it," replied the young man. "Have you ever heard this horn?"

"I have heard *a* horn," the girl answered with some reluctance.

"On New Year's night between twelve and one?" he pursued.

"Of course—but I can't swear it was blown by a ghost. My brothers or some one may have been playing tricks. You can sit up to-night and listen for it yourself if you want."

"Nothing I should like better," exclaimed Harold. "Will you sit up too?"

"Oh, yes. We always wait to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Come, Mr. Hayes, it's almost luncheon time," she added glancing at her watch, and they turned back toward the house, which was just visible through the leafless trees.

Harold walked at her side in silence. He had heard a ghost story, but the words he had hoped to speak that day were still unuttered.

Loud were the pleadings when the little ones' bedtime came, that they might be allowed to sit up to see the Old Year die, but Mrs. Connolly was inexorable. The very young ones were sent off to bed at their usual hour.

Cards and music passed the time pleasantly till the clock was almost on the stroke of twelve. Then wine was brought in, and healths were drunk, and warm, cheerful wishes were uttered, invoking all the blessings that the New Year might have in store. Hands were clasped and kisses were exchanged. Harold would willingly have been included in this last ceremony, but that might not be. However, he could and did press Polly's hand very warmly, and the earnestness of the wishes he breathed in her ear called a bright color to her cheek. Then came good-night, and the young American's heart grew strangely soft when he found himself included in Mrs. Connolly's motherly blessing. He thought he had never seen a happier, a more united family.

The party was breaking up—some had retired; others were standing, bedroom candlesticks in their hands, exchanging a last word, when suddenly, out of the silence of the night, the melodious notes of a huntsman's horn echoed through the room. Harold recalled the legend and paused at the door, mute and wondering.

Jack and his father exchanged glances.

"Now which of you's tryin' to humbug us this year?" asked the old man, laughing, while Jack looked round and proceeded, as he said, to "count noses."

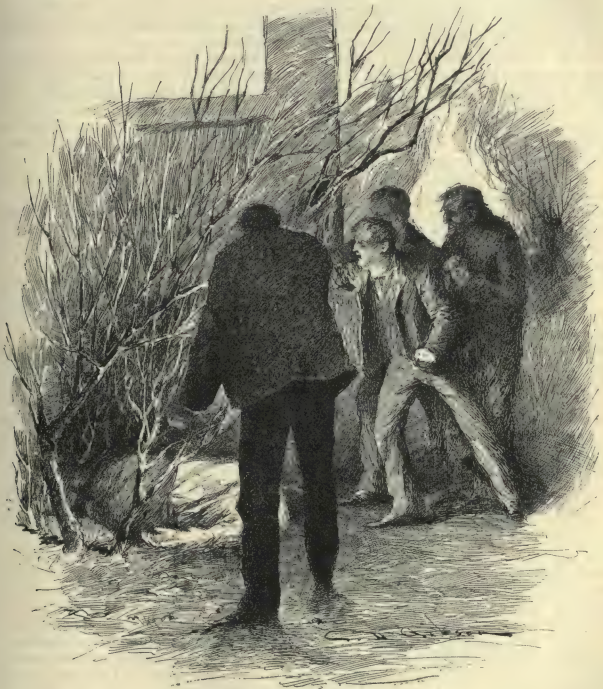
This was a useless attempt, for half the party that had sat up to wait for the New Year had already disappeared.

Dick sprang to the window and threw it open, but the night was cloudy and dark.

Again came the notes of the horn, floating in through the open window, and almost at the same moment there was a sound of hoofs crunching the gravel of the drive as a dozen or more animals swept past at wild gallop.

reached it first. Wrenching it open he stood on the step, while the others crowded about him and peered out into the night. Only darkness, rendered mirker by the lights in the hall, and from the distance, fainter now, came the measured beat of the galloping hoofs.

No other sound? Yes, a long drawn, quivering, piteous sigh, and as their eyes



"Out of the darkness something white shaped itself."

"This is past a joke," cried Jack. "I never heard of the old hunt materializing in any such way as this."

They rushed to the front door—Jack, Mr. Connolly—all of them. Harold grew more accustomed to the night, out of the darkness something white shaped itself—something prone and helpless, lying on the gravel beneath the lowest step. They did not stop to speculate as

to what it might be. With a single impulse, Jack and Harold sprang down, and between them they carried back into the hall the inanimate body of Polly Connolly.

Her eyes were closed and her face was as white as the muslin dress she wore. Clutched in her right hand was a hunting horn belonging to Dick. It was evident that the girl had stolen out unobserved to reproduce—perhaps for the visitor's benefit—the legendary notes of the phantom huntsman. This was a favorite joke among the young Connollys, and scarcely a New Year's night passed that it was not practised by one or other of the large family—but what had occurred to-night? Whence came those galloping hoofs, and what was the explanation of Polly's condition?

The swoon quickly yielded to the usual remedies, but even when she revived, it was some time before the girl could speak intelligibly. Her voice was broken by hysterical sobs; she trembled in every limb. It was evident that her nerves had received a severe shock.

While the others were occupied with Polly, Dick had stepped out on the gravel sweep, where he was endeavoring, by close examination, to discover some clue to the puzzle. Suddenly he ran back into the house.

"Something's on fire!" he cried. "I believe it's the yard."

They all pressed to the open door—all except Mrs. Connolly, who still busied herself with her daughter, and Harold, whose sole interest was centred in the girl he loved.

Above a fringe of shrubbery which masked the farmyard, a red glow lit up the sky. It was evident the buildings were on fire. And even while they looked a man, half dressed, panting, smoke-stained, dashed up the steps. It was Tom Neil, one of the Emergency men.

These men slept in the yard, in the quarters vacated by the deserting coachman. In a few breathless words the big, raw-boned Ulsterman told the story of the last half hour.

He and his comrade Fergus had been awakened by suspicious sounds in the yard. Descending, they had found the cattle-shed in flames. Neil had forced his way in and had liberated and driven out the terrified bullocks. The poor animals, wild with terror, had burst from the yard and galloped off in the direction of the house. This accounted for the trampling hoofs that had swept across the lawn, but scarcely for Polly's terrified condition. A country-bred girl like Miss Connolly would not lose her wits over the spectacle of a dozen fat oxen broken loose from their stalls. Had the barn been purposely burned, and had the girl fallen in with the retreating incendiaries?

It seemed likely. No one there doubted the origin of the fire, and Mr. Connolly expressed the general feeling as he shook his head and muttered:

"I mistrusted that they wouldn't let us get them cattle out o' the country without some trouble."

"But where is Fergus?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Isn't he here?" asked the Ulsterman. "When we seen the fire he started up to the big house to give the alarm, while I turned to to save the bullocks."

"No, he never came to the house," answered Jack, and there was an added gravity in his manner as he turned to his brother.

"Get a lantern, Dick. This thing must be looked into at once."

While the boy went in search of a light, Mr. Connolly attempted to obtain from his daughter a connected statement of what had happened and how much she had seen, but she was in no condition to answer questions. The poor girl could only sob and moan and cover her face with her hands, while convulsive tremblings shook her slight figure.

"Oh, don't ask me, Papa; don't speak to me about it. It was dreadful—dreadful. I saw it all."

This was all they could gain from her.

"Don't thrubble the poor young lady," interposed old Peter, compassionately. "Sure the heart's put acrass in her wid the fright. Lave her be till mornin'."

There seemed nothing else to be done, so Polly was left in charge of her mother and sister, while the men, headed by Dick who carried a lantern, set out to examine the grounds.

There was no trace of Fergus be-

tween the house and the farm-yard. The lawn was much cut up by the cattle, for the frost had turned to rain early in the evening, and a rapid thaw was in progress. The ground was quite soft on the surface, and it was carefully scrutinized for traces of footsteps, but nothing could be distinguished among the hoof-prints of the bullocks.

In the yard all was quiet. The fire had died down; the roof of the cattle-shed had fallen in and smothered the last embers. The barn was a ruin, but no other damage had been done, and there were no signs of the missing man.

They turned back, this time making a wider circle. Almost under the kitchen window grew a dense thicket of laurel and other evergreen shrubs. Dick stooped and let the light of the lantern penetrate beneath the overhanging branches.

There, within three steps of the house, lay Fergus, pale and bloodstained, with a sickening dent in his temple—a murdered man.

Old Peter Dwyer was the first to break the silence, "The Lord be good to him! They've done for him this time, an' no mistake."

The lifeless body was lifted gently and borne toward the house. Harold hastened in advance to make sure that none of the ladies were astir to be shocked by the grisly sight. The hall was deserted. Doubtless Polly's condition demanded all their attention.

"The girl saw him murdered," muttered Mr. Connolly. "I thought it must have been something out of the common to upset her so."

"D'ye think did she, sir?" asked old Peter, eagerly.

"I haven't a doubt of it," replied the old gentleman, shortly. "Thank goodness her evidence will hang the villain, whoever he may be."

"Ah, the poor thing, the poor thing," murmured the servant, and then the sad procession entered the house.

The body was laid on a table. It would have been useless to send for a surgeon. There was not one to be found within several miles, and it was but too evident that life was extinct. The top of the man's head was beaten to a pulp. He had been clubbed to death.

"If it costs me every shilling I have in the world, and my life to the boot of it," said Mr. Connolly, "I'll see the ruffians that did the deed swing for their night's work."

"Amin," assented Peter, solemnly, and Jack's handsome face darkened as he mentally recorded an oath of vengeance.

"There'll be little sleep for this house to-night," resumed the old gentleman after a pause. "I'm goin' to look round and see if the doors are locked, an' then take a look at Polly.—An' Peter."

"Sir!"

"The first light in the mornin', its only a few hours off," he added with a glance at his watch, "you run over to the police station, and give notice of what's happened."

"I will, yer honor."

"Come up-stairs with me, boys. I want to talk with you. Good-night, Mr. Hayes. This has been a blackguard business, but there's no reason you should lose your rest for it."

Mr. Connolly left the room, resting his arms on the shoulders of his two sons. Harold glanced at the motionless figure of the murdered man, and followed. He did not seek his bedroom, however; he knew it would be idle to think of sleep. He entered the smoking-room, lit a cigar, and threw himself into a chair to wait for morning.

All his ideas as to the Irish question had been changing insensibly during his visit to Lisnahoe. This night's work had revolutionized them. He saw the agrarian feud—not as he had been wont to read of it, glozed over by the New York papers. He saw it as it was—in all its naked, brutal horror.

He had observed that there had been no attempt on the part of the Connollys to appeal to neighbors for help or sympathy in this time of trouble, and he had asked Jack the reason. Jack's answer had been brief and pregnant.

"Where's the good? We're boycotted."

And that dead man lying on the table outside was only an example of boycotting, carried to its logical conclusion.

The sound of a door closing softly aroused Harold from his reverie. A little postern leading from the servants' quarters opened close to the smoking-

room window. Harold looked out, and as the night had grown clearer, he distinctly saw old Peter Dwyer making his way with elaborate caution down the shrubbery path.

"Going to the police station, I suppose," mused Hayes. "Well, he has started betimes."

Then he resumed his seat and thought of Polly.

What a shock for her, poor girl, to leave a happy home with her heart full of innocent mirth, only to encounter murder, lurking redhanded at the very threshold.

"I wish I had spoken to her to-day," he muttered. "Goodness alone knows when I shall find a chance now. I wonder how she is?"

He realized that he could see nothing of her till breakfast-time at any rate—if, indeed, she would be strong enough to appear at that meal. He had been sitting in the dark; he now threw aside his cigar and drawing his chair closer to the window, set himself resolutely to watch for the dawn, and solace his vigil with dreams of Polly.

A raw, chill air blew into the room. He noticed that a pane of glass was broken. One of the children had thrown a ball through it a few days before, and in the present situation of the Connolly household a glazier was an unattainable luxury.

Harold rose with the intention of moving his chair out of the draught, but as he did so the sound of whispered words, seemingly at his very ear, made him pause. The voices came from the shrubbery below the window, and in one of them he recognized the unmistakable brogue of old Peter Dwyer.

Had the man been to the police station and returned with the constables so quickly? This was Harold's first thought, but he dismissed it as soon as formed. Peter had been barely half an hour absent, and the station was several miles off. Where had he been then, and with whom was he conversing? Harold bent his head close to the broken pane and listened.

"Are ye sure sartin that the young woman seen us?" inquired a rough voice—not Peter's—"because this is goin' to be an ugly job, an' there's no call for us to tackle it widout needcessity?"

"Sartin as stalks," whispered the old servant. "She was all of a thrimble, as if she'd met a sperrit, an' all the words she had was 'I seen it—I seen it all,' an' she yowlin' like a banshee."

"It's quare we didn't take notice to her, for she must ha' been powerful close to see us such a night. I thought I heerd the horn, too, an' I lavin the yard."

"She wint out to blow it," whispered Peter. "Most like it was stuck in the shrubbery she was."

"Come on, thin," growled the other; "it's got to be done an' the byes is all here. Ye left the little dure beyant on the latch?"

"I did that," responded old Peter, and then a low, soft whistle sounded in the darkness. It was a signal.

Rapidly but cautiously Harold Hayes left the window and stole across the room. He understood it all. Polly had seen the murder and had recognized the assassins. Old Dwyer was a traitor. He had slipped out and warned the ruffians of the peril in which they stood, and now they were here to seal their own safety by another crime—by the sacrifice of a life far dearer to Harold than his own.

Swiftly, silently, he sped down the gloomy passage. The lives of all beneath that roof were hanging on his speed. Breathless he reached the little door and flung himself against it with all his weight, while his trembling fingers groped in the darkness for bolt or bar.

A heavy hand was laid on the latch and the door was tried from without.

"How's this, Peter?" inquired the rough voice; "I thought ye said it wasn't locked."

"No more it is; it's only stiff it is, bad cess to it. Push hard, yer sowl ye."

But at this moment Harold's hand encountered the bolt. With a sigh of relief he shot it into the socket, and then, searching further, he supplemented the defences with a massive bar, which he knew ought always to be in place at night.

Then he sped back along the passage, while muttered curses reached his ears from without, and the door was shaken furiously.

"Jack, Jack," he panted as he flung open the door of the room in which the young men slept—"Jack, come down and——"

He stopped abruptly. Mr. Connolly was kneeling at the bedside and his two sons knelt to the right and left of him.

There were no family prayers at Lisnahoe—only the ladies were regular church-goers, but that it was a religious household no one could have doubted who knew the events of the night and saw the old man on his knees between his boys.

They rose at the noise of Harold's entrance, and the American, who felt that there were no moments to be wasted on apologies, announced his errand.

"Old Peter Dwyer is a traitor! He has gone out and brought the murderers to finish the work they have commenced."

And then, in eager, breathless words, he told them how he had heard the conversation in the shrubbery, and how the men, apprehensive that Miss Connolly could identify them, had returned to stifle her testimony.

"They were right there," said the old man. "She saw the first blow, and it was struck by Red Mike Driscoll."

"Then she is better?" asked Harold, eagerly.

The boys were at the other end of the room, slipping cartridges loaded with small shot into the fowling-pieces they had snatched from the walls.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Connolly, "she is all right now."

A sound of heavy blows echoed through the house. The men below had convinced themselves that the door was firmly fastened, and desperate from the conviction that they were identified, and relying on the loneliness of the place, they were attacking the barrier with a pickaxe.

"I'll soon put a stop to that," cried Jack; and cocking his gun he left the room.

Dick was about to follow but his father stopped him.

"There's no one in front of the house yet," said the old gentleman. "Slip out quietly, my boy, and make a dash for it to the police station. You've taken the cup for the two mile race at Trinity. Let's see how quick you can be when you are running for all our lives."

"I'll go down and fasten the door after him," volunteered Hayes, and the old man nodded.

Outside, on the landing, they could hear the blows of the pickaxe more distinctly. Suddenly, above the clangor, rang out close and sharp the two reports of Jack's double-barrel. He had selected a window commanding the attack and had fired point blank down into the group of men.

Shrieks and groans and curses testified to the accuracy of the young man's aim, and the sound of blows ceased. Harold and Dick ran rapidly down-stairs. The latter unbarred the front door.

"Don't you run a fearful risk if you are seen?" inquired the American.

"Of course I do," returned the brave lad without a tremor in his voice, "but somebody's got to take the chance; we can't defend the house forever; and I wouldn't miss this opportunity of nabbing the whole gang for a thousand pounds."

He opened the door and sped out into the night. He was out of sight in a moment and as far as Harold could judge he had not been observed. Again the blows of the pickaxe rang out from the rear of the house.

Hayes closed the door and replaced the heavy bar. Then he turned to remount the stairs, and met Polly, who was standing near the top with a candle in her hand.

She was quite composed now, but very pale. He tried to ask if she had recovered, but she cut him short impatiently.

"There is nothing the matter with me. What is the meaning of all this uproar and—and the firing?"

For at this moment the twin reports of Jack's breech-loader again echoed through the house, and this time it was answered by a fusilade from below.

There was nothing to be gained by concealment, and Harold told her the whole story in a few words.

"How prompt and clever of you," she said; "you have saved all our lives."

Her praise was very sweet to him, but there was no time to enjoy it now. "Where are you going?" she asked as he turned again to spring up the stairs.

"I am going to my room for my revolver," he answered. "I may have use for it before this night is over."

"Do," she replied. "I will wait for you here;" and Hayes hurried on.

Jack was in the guest's room. The young Irishman had selected that window, as it commanded the little door against which the brunt of the attack had hitherto been directed. Every pane was shattered, and walls and ceiling showed the effect of the volley that had been directed against him, but the young fellow stood his ground uninjured.

"Don't mind me," he said in answer to Harold's inquiry. "I'm all right and can hold this fort till morning if they don't get ladders. I fancy I've sickened them of trying that door below."

Harold hastily grasped his revolver and went out. His idea was to stand in the passage near the smoking room, and defend the place should the door give way, for he did not believe that timber had ever been grown to withstand such blows.

Mrs. Connolly put her head out of the nursery door as he passed. Her husband had told her of the position of affairs.

"Is that you, Mr. Hayes," she whispered. "Is Jack hurt?"

"Jack is quite safe," answered the young American. "Are the children very much frightened?"

"Not as long as I am with them," the old lady answered. "And Dick—what of him?"

"Dick is all right too," replied Harold. He could not tell the poor woman that her boy was out in the open country without a wall between him and the ruffians.

Mrs. Connolly drew back into the nursery to take the post assigned her—assuredly not the easiest on that terrible night—to listen to the doubtful sounds from without and to support, by her own constancy, the courage of her children.

Harold found Miss Connolly in the hall where he had left her.

"What do you intend to do?" she asked.

"I was going to stand inside the door they have been hammering at," he answered, "in case they should break it in."

"Papa is there," said the girl, "perhaps you had better wait here. They will try the front door next."

"Very good," he assented, and then added, with a sudden apprehension, "but the windows. There are so many of them. How can we watch them all?"

"There are bars to all the lower windows," she replied, "and I do not think they know where to find ladders. No, their next attempt will be at the hall door, and it will be harder to repel than anywhere else, for the portico will protect them from shots from the windows."

"And now, Miss Connolly," urged Harold, "you can do no good here. Had not you better go up-stairs out of the way?"

"No, no, I would rather wait here," she answered, "don't be afraid. I shan't give way again as I did to-night. I don't know what came over me, but it was all so horrible—so unexpected—" she broke off with a little shuddering sigh.

"You saw them attack him?" asked Harold.

She nodded. "I was under that big cedar outside the parlor window. I had hidden there to blow the horn. Suddenly, I saw Fergus with a lantern in his hand coming full speed toward the house. Just as he got within a few paces of me, half a dozen men burst out from the laurels. Oh, how savagely they struck at him. He was down in a moment. It was all so close to me: I recognized Red Mike by the light of poor Fergus's lantern."

"And then——" asked Hayes.

"I don't think I remember any more. I must have staggered on to the house, for they tell me I was found at the foot of the steps, but I don't know how I got there. I was terribly frightened, but I shan't do it again—not if they blow the roof off," she said, trying to smile.

"I should think they would be afraid to persevere now that they are discovered," observed Harold. "This firing must alarm the neighborhood."

"In a lonely place like this!" said the girl. "No, no, Mr. Hayes; there are not many to hear these shots, and none that would not sooner fight against

us than on our side. We must depend on ourselves. But oh," she wailed, her woman's heart betraying itself through the mechanical calm she had maintained so long, "oh, I am sorry that your friendship for us should have brought you into such peril—to think that your visit here may cost you your life," and she broke off and covered her streaming eyes with her hands.

"Indeed, indeed," said Harold, earnestly, "I think any danger I may run a small price to pay for the privilege of knowing you, and, and—of loving you."

It was out at last—the words that had been so difficult to say came trippingly from his tongue now, and she did not repulse nor attempt to silence him.

There, in the dimly lighted, lofty hall, he poured out all that had been in his heart since he had known her, and won from her in return a whisper that emboldened him to draw the yielding form toward him and press his lips to hers.

With a pealing crash the pickaxe bit into the stout oaken door, and the young lovers sprang apart, terrified at this rude interruption of their dreams. Blow followed blow, and the massive woodwork shivered and splintered and swayed under the savage impulse from without.

The assailants had abandoned their attempt on the postern; they had ignored the kitchen door, within which stout Tom Neil with Dick's double-barrel stood on guard; they had turned their attention to the main entrance, where a projecting portico partially sheltered them from the galling discharges of Jack's favorite "Rigby."

They were only partially sheltered, however. The heir of Lisnahoe had quickly shifted his ground when the attack on the postern was abandoned, and he now stood in another room, ready, with the quickness of a practised snipe shot, to fire on any arm, or hand, or foot which showed even for an instant outside the shadow of the portico.

Crash, crash, crash! Again and again the steel fangs of the pick ate their way through the solid timber. The lock yielded quickly, but, heavily barred at top and bottom, the good door resisted staunchly. Polly had glided away from Harold's side. He fancied that she had sought a place of safety, and rejoiced thereat, but in a moment she reappeared. She carried a shot-gun in her hands, and when she reached his side she rested the butt on the ground and leaned on the weapon.

"I have often fired at things," she said simply. "Why shouldn't I now?"

Mr. Connolly and Jack joined them in the hall, and Neil had come up from the kitchen door. The main entrance was evidently the weak point, and the whole garrison must be on hand to defend it. The assailants had waxed cautious of late, and for some time had allowed the sharp-shooter no chance. He thought that he would be of more service below, but, as it proved, when he abandoned his post he committed a fatal error.

Apparently the enemy had discovered that the galling fire from above had ceased. Perhaps some of their number had ventured out and returned scatheless. They speedily took advantage of this immunity. While the attacks with the pickaxe were not relaxed for a moment, a score of men had brought the trunk of a young larch from the sawpit at the back of the house. Poised by forty strong arms this improvised battering ram was hurled against the front door, carrying it clear off its hinges. In the naked entry a crowd of rough men jostled each other, as they sprang forward with hoarse imprecations on their prey. The garrison was vanquished at last.

Not yet. Four shots rang out as one, instantly repeated as the defenders discharged their second barrels into the very teeth of the advancing mob. Then Mr. Connolly, Neil, and Jack clubbed the guns they had no time to reload, and prepared to sell their lives dearly in a hand to hand struggle.

Polly, as soon as she had fired, dropped her weapon, and in an instant Harold had swept her behind him, and stood, revolver in hand, his breast her bulwark, confronting the mob.

But the mob, withered by the volley, hesitated a moment. The vestibule was streaming with blood, and shrieking, writhing victims strove in vain to rise. It was a sickening sight, but there was the electricity of anger in the air and no one faltered long. On they came again with undiminished fury.

But again the rush was checked. Sharp and vengeful rang out the close reports of the American revolver, and at each echo a man fell. Less noisy, less terrific, but far more deadly, the six-shooter took up the work where the breech-loaders had left it, and Harold, covering with his body the girl he loved, fired as steadily as if practising in a pistol gallery, and made every shot tell.

He had not used his weapon in the first rush; somewhere or other, young Hayes had heard of the advantages of platoon firing.

The lights had been extinguished and day was just breaking. Firing from the obscurity into the growing light, the garrison had the best of the position, but there were fire-arms among the assailants, too, and the balls whistled through the long hall and buried themselves in the panelling.

But this could not last. Much as they had suffered in the assault, the assailants were too numerous to be longer held at bay. With a feeling of despair, Harold recognized the futile click that followed his pressure on the trigger, and told him that he had fired his last cartridge.

With a wild yell the assailants rushed forward. Not a shot met them—nothing stood between them and their vengeance but four pale, determined men, weaponless but unflinching.

A quick trampling as of a body of horse was heard on the gravel without. A sharp, stern order reached the ears even of those in the house.

"Unsling carbines! Make ready—present—!"

Clubs and blunderbusses dropped from nerveless hands as the advancing mob paused, faltered, and then surged backward through the doorway. The lust of vengeance gave way to the instinct of self-preservation, and the rioters scattered in flight.

Dick's gallant race against time had not been fruitless. A squadron of constabulary had reached the ground at the critical moment, and Lisnahoe was saved.

Few of the assailants escaped. Every avenue was guarded by mounted policemen, and the gang which had long terrorized the neighborhood—whose teachings and example had done so much to convert the sullen discontent of the peasantry into overt violence, was effectually broken up. From that night the boycott on the Connolly household was raised.

Red Mike Driscoll expiated on the gallows the murder of the Emergency man, Fergus, and nearly a score of others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for assault and housebreaking.

The attacking party had lost three men killed besides many wounded, more or less severely, by the shot-guns. The judicial inquiry into the casualties brought out details of the defence which struck terror to the hearts of the country people. It was not likely that Lisnahoe would be molested again.

Harold Hayes and Polly Connolly were married shortly after Easter. They are living in New York now—in a pleasant flat overlooking Central Park. They entertain a good deal, and Irish affairs are sometimes discussed at Mr. Hayes's table; but so far he has failed to convince any of his American friends that there may be more than one side to the agrarian question in Ireland.

"Nonsense," remarked one gentleman, who professed to be deeply read in the subject, "they are an oppressed and suffering people. Let them have their land."

"And what is to become of the landlords?" inquired Polly, with a wistful remembrance of her girlhood's beautiful home.

But to this question there has been no reply, and none has been offered yet.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BIG-HORN.

By Frederick H. Chapin.



THE Sierras of northern Colorado retain all their primeval wildness and attractiveness.

Many of the peaks in the Front and Rabbit Ear Ranges remain unscaled, cañons among them are still unexplored, and dark forests which fill the upper valleys have never known the foot of man. The consciousness that the traveller is treading on virgin soil makes mountaineering in the Rockies even more interesting than climbing in the Alps. Still another feature adds to the excitement and novelty of expeditions in the high Rockies, and that is the chance which the explorer runs of meeting with rare wild animals, sometimes of a ferocious type.

In many trips taken during three seasons spent in Colorado I did very little shooting. My excursions were for the most part of a mountaineering nature, or were made for the purpose of examining and measuring ice-fields. For the work on snow a camera was requisite, and this was a sufficient burden, without lugging a rifle; but I was always on the alert to capture big game with the former instrument, and once on the terminal moraine of Hallett Glacier I photographed a grizzly. On Ypsilon Peak we met with five cinnamon bears in one day. One of them approached very near to me as I carried my camera over the boulders, but he was moving at a lively gait on ledges above my position, and would not pose for me.

Later, however, farther away from the ranches, I met with rarer game, and found opportunity to study it carefully. This was big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep, a beautiful creature that has disappeared from the foot-hills and valleys and is to be found only on the wild mountain tops. Even by early travellers this animal is described as very shy and difficult of approach. Frémont's description of his first sight of the big-horn is interesting: "It was on the 12th of June, 1843, that we first saw this remarkable animal. We were near the confluence of the Yellowstone River with the Missouri, when a group of them, numbering twenty-two in all, came in sight. This flock was composed of rams and ewes, with only one lamb or young one among them. They scampered up and down the hills much in the manner of common sheep, but notwithstanding all our anxious efforts to get within gunshot we were unable to do so, and were obliged to content ourselves with the first sight of the Rocky Mountain ram."

Hunters and ranchmen assured me that big-horn had entirely forsaken the Front Range of Colorado, and were only to be found in the mountains beyond North Park, or in Wyoming, but I was able to prove it otherwise.

It chanced that one day, with one companion, I was making the ascent of Stone's Peak, a mountain about seven miles northwest of Long's Peak. The task laid out for the day was a hard one, occupying us from 4 A.M. till 12 P.M., and involving fifteen hours of tramping and climbing. At an elevation of eleven thousand feet began the difficult part of the work, for our route lay over the summits of three very steep minor peaks, and we were often brought face to face with precipices, and obliged to change our course. In among the ledges were frequent grass plots, where we noticed signs of big-horn. Rounding a crag, we suddenly startled two noble rams—perfect specimens, with magnificent curling horns. They hastily made off; but reasoning that more of the animals might be feeding on the grassy slopes of the opposite side of the mountain, as we surmounted each ridge we kept our bodies hidden and worked our way very carefully for two hours, crawling in many places. Finally, when very near the summit, we peered over a broken ledge and were rewarded for our long fatiguing

stalk by beholding twelve big-horn quietly feeding or resting only a hundred yards below us. The rams had gone off in a different direction, and so had not alarmed the herd. Quickly and stealthily slipping over the ridge, we slid behind a boulder and were able to observe, with a powerful field-glass, the family life and movements of these wild animals, perfectly unaware of our presence. The flock consisted of eight ewes, two yearlings, and two very young ones. The ewes we frequently observed in the act of suckling. An old ewe lying on a little eminence seemed to be doing guard duty. The flock moved but slowly; we noticed some getting up, and others lying down. It was an hour before the group passed out of sight around the side of the mountain.

Notwithstanding our proximity to the big-horn that day, it would have been impossible to photograph them, for on account of the roughness of the ground I could not have got the camera in place quickly enough to catch the rams in a good position; again the flock was too far away, and their color, a dusky brown, too nearly that of the rocks through which they moved to secure clearness of outline in a picture. Seventy-five yards is about the limit of distance at which a picture of animals of such size, *i.e.*, about six feet long and three feet six inches high, could be successfully obtained.

In July, 1887, I had a chance meeting with big-horn even more interesting than the episode just related. With the same companion, who acted as leader, and two other friends, I was making the ascent of the gradual slopes of Table Mountain, over the top of which lies the only direct pass between Estes Park and Middle Park; for the wooded slope on this mountain marks the only break in the solid rock-wall which extends from Long's Peak to Willow Cañon. Our route was along the brink of a mighty gorge, two thousand feet deep. Icy lakes lay in the bottom of the cañon, from which the eye followed up the ravine, over rushing cascades, dazzling snow, and ancient moraines, to a large ice-field which hangs from the mountain-top like a true glacier. From over the ice-field the tapering cone of Mount Hallett looks down upon it. From the opposite side of the gorge a vertical wall rises to a height of twelve hundred feet.

The surface of the ridge that we stood upon is broken into masses of boulders and blocks, a wilderness of débris, unevenly distributed; while upon the precipice there are no signs of such uneven destruction, or of aqueous erosion. The rocks cleave off smoothly in straight up and down planes along the whole extent of the face of the cliff. Taken in conjunction with the view of the rocky tower of Long's Peak, standing 3,000 feet above the observer, this view rivals any of the other sublime sights met with in the Cordilleras of the West.

While threading our way among the boulders, we were keeping very quiet, and were on the lookout for ptarmigan, when we came upon three big-horn quietly browsing upon the scant tufts of grass only a few hundred feet distant on our right. Our leader told us to duck, and said in an undertone to me, "Follow me with your camera." I did so. Dropping our packs we all advanced, almost crawling along, and soon saw the big-horn again, though they had not observed us. The wind was blowing a gale in our faces, so they had no scent of us. Luckily my instrument was focussed. I pointed the lens at the animals and exposed one plate, although they were not as near to us as when we first saw them. They now discovered us, and after a glance in our direction, trotted off over the slope to the brow of the hill. It was remarkable how easily they moved over rocks and boulders among which we could hardly find a way. Imagine our surprise when they turned and walked a little way toward us again. I asked my friends to return to the packs for more plates, and while they were gone I focussed more carefully on the still distant animals, as they stared at me, their curiosity overcoming their fear. My companions now brought up the relay of fresh plates, and retired behind some ledges farther off. At this moment, as I remained there alone by the camera, the ram stood up on his hind legs, and struck out with his fore feet as if inviting combat; then the three stood looking at me. We were in one of the wild-



A Quarry of Big-Horn.

(From an instantaneous photograph made in July, 1887, on Table Mountain, Colorado, by Frederick H. Chapin, Esq.)

est spots on the mountains ; a seemingly endless field of ledge and boulder all around, snow mountains and rocky peaks only in the panorama ; all signs of valley or glen, tree or river far below. I had a moment to reflect on what I was beholding, and carefully adjusting the glass again on these rare creatures, closely watched them.

Our leader crawled up to my side, and as the quarry showed signs of alarm I attempted to take another picture, but I was now so excited that I took a slide out of one plate-holder before putting the cap on, and that ruined piece of glass now lies among the rocks to amuse the conies and ptarmigan ; while the slide which I had placed on the camera was whirled far away by the strong wind. Even so experienced a hunter as my companion lost his head as the big-horn were trotting away, and exclaimed : "Take them quick!" "Take them quick!" Then as they stopped once more and looked at us, he called himself bad names, saying : "I might have known they would stop again, and that there was no need of haste." But lo ! what did those sheep do but turn around and walk deliberately toward us, until they were within about a hundred feet. We were fairly trembling with excitement, and I first took off the cap without pulling the slide. When I made this blunder they were all facing us, standing on granite pedestals a little elevated above the general level, and in line with the broad snow-field on the cliffs back of them, which showed them in relief with startling clearness. But the one seen in the background in the illustration then turned ; the others stepped down from their bold positions, and the best opportunity was lost. The next moment I succeeded in capturing them as seen in the picture ; and then the animals decided to trot off, and we saw them no more.

Hunters talk of the excitement which a novice experiences when he shoots at his first buck, but I could have shot those three big-horn without being one-half as nervous as when trying to photograph them.

Of the five plates which I used in trying to capture the big-horn on glass, three proved worthless, besides the light-struck one already referred to, and it was indeed exceptional good fortune that I was enabled to secure even one picture of these very shy animals. When one reflects that hunters are obliged to use every precaution when approaching their haunts, and sometimes are obliged to lie concealed for hours, or to crawl on the edge of dizzy precipices in order to obtain a distant shot, he will appreciate the value of what we saw and took away with us.

The photograph of the big-horn naturally occupies the place of honor among a great many pictures which I took in the Rockies, most of which were secured from very high elevations. The reader will perhaps pardon a little boasting when he realizes that such luck has probably never befallen a mountaineering photographer before. European climbers have been photographing for years in the high Alps, and even in more remote regions, but I doubt if a chamois has ever sat for his likeness, for it is rarely that one is closely approached. When I gaze at my picture of the big-horn, and recall their appearance on the wild apex of our continent, I think of Tyndall's description of a day on the great Aletsch Glacier, in which he tells of watching the approach of a chamois, till through his field-glass he "could see the glistening of its eyes," but "soon it made a final pause, assured itself of its error (in approaching so near) and flew with the speed of the wind to its refuge in the mountains."

Persons unfamiliar with the game in the Rockies, or who have no idea of the wildness of the big-horn, I would refer to the pages of that very interesting book by Baillie-Grohman, "Camps in the Rockies," or to a paper by W. S. Rainsford in this Magazine, for September, 1887. After reading either or both of these accounts of the chase of the big-horn, I think they will agree that it was a marvel that such an animal could ever be photographed among the wild crags of his native ranges. I certainly wish the noble ram and his little company a long and happy life among the rock-peaks of the great Front Range, and may the rifleman's bullet never bring low the beautiful pair of horns carried so grandly by the leader of the quarry.

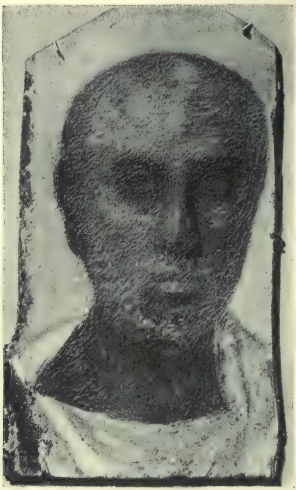


Portrait Number 8 in Theodor Graf's Collection of Graeco-Egyptian pictures, discovered near Fayoum, 1887.—Now on Exhibition at Munich.)

SOME GREEK PORTRAITS.

By Thomas Sergeant Perry.

WHILE there is abundant evidence left to the modern world of the excellence of the ancient Greeks in architecture and sculpture, their work in painting has been known to us almost entirely by report. The classical writers have spoken of it in terms of high praise, and it has been easy to say that whatever they did could not have been any thing but admirable, yet it has been impossible to know just how high their performance would have been rated by us after we have seen all the masterpieces of one of the great modern arts. The absence of direct testimony has, however, proved no obstacle to some German writers who have constructed from the reports of old writers, and the meagre evidence of the mural paintings of Pompeii, accounts of what the paintings of the later Greeks must have been. Among these is Helbig, whose interesting and important book "Wandgemälde der vom Vesuv verschütteten Städte Campaniens," (Leipzig, 1868), by the ingenuity



Number 2.

and accuracy of his views, makes us feel sure that the German in the familiar story who evolved the camel out of his inner consciousness, came nearer the truth than the Englishman who sailed to Africa to study the animal, or than the Frenchman who recorded the observations he made at the Jardin des Plantes. Yet, without these odious international comparisons, it may be said that the portraits which have recently been discovered do most wonderfully bear out the accuracy of Helbig's statements.

These portraits, about seventy in number, are some which were found near Fayoum, at a place called Rubaiyat, in July and August, 1887. There are about seventy in all, and they were taken from the graves at what appears to have been a favorite place of burial. It was an old Egyptian custom to represent upon the mummy case a likeness of the person contained within. On those of stone this was done by carving, and the art of painting was employed when the material was of wood or *papier-mâché*. The habit doubtless survived under the Hellenic domination of the country, but, as these discoveries show, in a modified form. The portraits were painted on separate panels of sycamore wood, which were placed upon the body and kept in position by the bands of linen employed as a shroud. The panels were about a foot or a foot and a half long, and six or eight inches broad.

Inasmuch as almost all of the portraits represent men or women between fifteen and forty, it is not easy to suppose that they were painted after the death of the person represented, for otherwise we should find pictures of infants and of a greater number of old persons, and, moreover, nearly every one represents the sitter in a condition of health and unimpaired strength. It seems more reasonable to suppose that the habit of portrait-painting was common, and that some one picture was chosen to be laid with the body in the tomb, although the fact that many wear the funeral dress makes a decision of this question more difficult. That these were evidently close portraits can be stoutly maintained by those who have



Number 23.

seen them, and the accompanying illustrations will doubtless corroborate this view. The pictures are, to be sure, of varying merit, but the first impression which the spectator receives is one of close accuracy. The various hues are well given, from fairness through and beyond the different shades of the brunette to a very full admixture of African blood. The different degrees of skill seem at first to establish a wide differ-



Number 16.

ence of date, for it is easy, too easy, to conjecture that the crude pictures were painted a century or so before the good ones, but, since similar inequalities may be found in every modern picture exhibition, it is fairer to conjecture that then, as in more recent days, some preferred, from motives of economy or from lack of taste, incompetent artists, while others made a wiser choice.

Even more weighty arguments leave the determination of the exact date of the portraits somewhat vague. They must have been painted before 395 A.D., when the edict of Theodosius forbade heathen funeral rites, and Professor Ebers is inclined to believe that some were painted possibly three or four centuries before the Christian era, and others probably in the first two centuries after



Number 43.

Christ. This would bring them into the flowering time of Alexandrine art, when the Antinous, for example, was produced, in the reign of Hadrian, 117–138 A.D.

The best of the portraits certainly do not contradict the hypothesis that they belong to a period of brilliant art work. The quality that most distinguishes them is a directness, a simplicity, which is most attractive. There is, perhaps, a certain conventionality in the treatment of the eyes, which have a somewhat monotonous stare, but, with that exception the portraits are above all things natural and evidently life-like. In all of them the person is painted quite, or very nearly in full face, and the shoulders form the lower limit of the picture. They are generally painted in encaustic, that is to say, in a mixture of pure wax and a liquid balsam, into which were

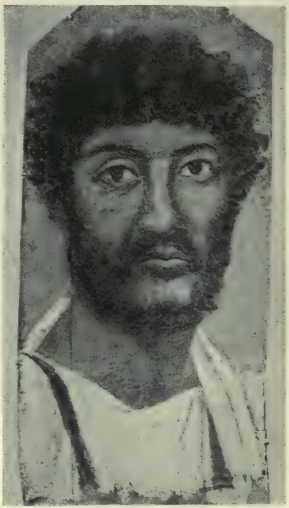
added the colors in the form of powder. The various hues were arranged in something like a mosaic, and were then blended together in the right proportions by an instrument called the *cestrum*. This cestrum was something like



Number 35.

a spoon, the bowl of which was shaped like a birch-leaf, and the toothed edges cut into the material, while the rounded handle could be employed to spread the colors, as well as to mark the lines of the eyebrows, mustache, lips, etc. The last operation was to smooth the whole picture over by the application of heat. A German artist, Herr Otto Donner von Richter, who has studied the process carefully, has made an excellent copy of one of the portraits by diluting wax with Venetian turpentine, into which the necessary colors were placed in powder; this mass was laid on with a modern cestrum, and a few days later the whole surface was smoothed and, as it were, ironed by means of something unknown to the ancients—the hot chimney of a petroleum lamp. The result is excellent. Others are painted in distemper, that is to say, with the yolk of egg, the color powder, and a little oil; and a third process consists of wax, oil, and color powder melted together and put on hot. Sometimes two, and occasionally all three methods are employed in the same picture, so that in some we see the modelled wax following the lines of the face, and thus resembling the brush-strokes of certain old painters, for example, Ribera and Rembrandt, while in others the result is perfectly smooth.

One of the most pleasing is that numbered 8 [p. 219] in the collection, a copy of which is here given. The face is certainly attractive even in the engraving,



Number 50.

although it lacks the brilliant complexion of the original. The ear-rings will be noticed, and curiously enough, the set from which these were copied was found in the tomb, and is now on view by the side of the picture. The gold is



Number 19.



Number 63.

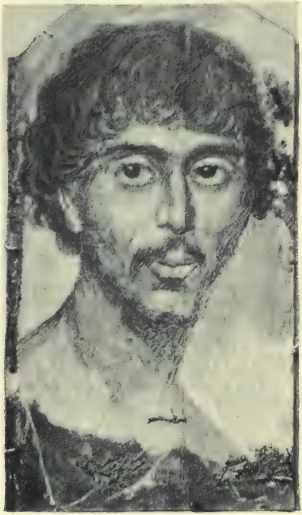
soft, and the pearls are of irregular shape, reminding one of Etruscan jewelry. A very different one is No. 2 [p. 220], which in point of execution is one of the best in the collection. The man's complexion is very dark, he has grizzled hair, and light hazel or gray eyes. The eyes and features are very softly modelled, and escape the crude hard outline of many of the pictures. It is, besides, almost the only one in which the eyes do not stare directly at the spectator. Another dark one is No. 23 [p. 220], which is also very well painted. The waving gray hair is very soft, and the lips and neck are very beautifully modelled. It is a very interesting and even touching portrait.

No. 16 [p. 221] is evidently the portrait of a Jewess, and is one of those painted in all the three processes described above; the eyes and the mouth being done in wax. The dress, like that in No. 2, is white; the complexion has a yellowish hue, but even without the aid of the original colors, and with all the perversions of the photograph, it is a striking head.

Those who may be ready to maintain that its excellence is partly the product of flattery may look at the next picture, No. 43 [p. 221] in the collection, which represents a woman of about forty, evidently ill, or suffering, for beneath the eyes are violet circles, and the whole face wears a look of distress. No. 35 [p. 222], again, is one of the crude ones, not wholly unlike the work of a second or third rate miniature painter, with a contour reminding one irresistibly of a large brooch. Yet the color, though rather awkwardly laid on, is pleasant and exceptionally fresh and well preserved. The hair is black; the dress, purple.

In the man's portrait, No. 50 [p. 222], we have a piece of successful and serious work. The eyes are unusually good, and the whole picture bears all the marks of a faithful presentation of an interesting head. In the two girls' portraits, Nos. 19 and 63 [above], we have again good work

of a very charming kind, and in these pictures, as indeed in all, we notice a certain unconscious simplicity, such as we often notice in the work of beginners who paint without attempting to do what some one else has done, who try to copy what they see. There is, for instance, not merely a direct uncomplicated pose, but also in the execution, an entire absence of what we may call the atmospheric blues or grays. The colors of the face, at least, are only white, browns, blacks, yellows, and reds. Often the modelling is extremely good, and always the effects are produced by very simple means. The direct observation of nature, which was one of the qualities of the Greeks at all times, and, during the period of Hellenism, brought forth in



Number 21.

literature a refined realism, inspired this as well as the kindred art of sculpture. Yet it must be remembered that these portraits have to be compared with great rivals. Painting still remains one of the two great modern arts, and it may be safe to ask if it is not fortunate that both it and music have grown up in practical independence of the ancients. When we compare these portraits with later masterpieces, the objection may still be made that in this chance collection we have but, as it were, a suburban



Number 45.

gallery to judge from, and that there have already turned to dust works outdoing Titian, Velasquez, Moroni, and Vandyke. But so far as we judge from the evidence—and, after all, that is a safer thing to do—we can only see that painting was still a new thing which did not, and, ancient history being what it is, could not attain its full development. It made a wonderful start, escaping apparently all the curious fumbling of the early modern painters who tried to break away from the Middle Ages, but it did not attain its full growth. The best example that we have, No. 45 above, shows this. Here the eyes are very fine, and the

whole modelling of the face is very striking. Here, as elsewhere, however, the light upon the forehead is not carried up over the hair, but the same thing is true of the beautiful Sebastian del Piombo recently acquired by the Berlin Museum. All of which shows, what every artist knows very well, that it takes several centuries for painters to learn to see what is put before them.

The interesting portrait of a man, No. 21 [p. 224], must be the last of which an illustration can be given. In the photograph, the strong, effective modelling is very clearly to be seen, and the impression is most life-like.

So much then for these portraits, which open up to us a most valuable chapter of the history of art, and throw new light on the vaguely known condition of things in northern Egypt under the Hellenic domination. And apart from their great historic value, the paintings themselves have the charm of all good work, for they are not merely attractive, they are also evidently accurate. On the whole, this last quality has its value, for who would not rather see portraits of these people as they were, rather than as they might have wanted to appear, or as the painters might have wanted them to look?

A LYRIC OF LYRICS.

By R. H. Stoddard.

THESE lyrics are writ
In my heart of heart,
By a sleight of wit,
And the lucky hit
Which is better than art.

In the clatter of city cars,
In the babble of falling waters,
Where the twinkle of summer stars
Is a lance the leafage shatters,
Or a flight of arrows that darkness scatters.

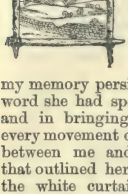
Others that went before,
And some that were to follow,
Crooned themselves like fairy elves
Of haunted hill or hollow,
That where no eye is seeing
Dance their sweet souls into being.

Others again in shady nooks,
Whose leaves are the only books
That a poet ever reads,
And whose rainfall his only beads,—
In dying again were born
Betwixt the night and the morn.

A FAMILY TREE.

By Brander Matthews.

I.



JUNE 22, 1887.—This is the longest day of the year;—and it has seemed the longest of my life. I scarcely closed my eyes last night during the endless hours, while my memory persisted in recalling every word she had spoken in our brief talk, and in bringing up before me again every movement of her head as she sat between me and the fading twilight that outlined her delicate figure against the white curtain. I arose restlessly with the early dawn, impatient to get away from solitude; I began the day with a railroad ride of five hours in cars which grew hotter and dustier as the train sped along the arid track—but it is not because of any of these things, or because of all of them, that the day has seemed so long to me. There is a reason deeper and more potent than these trifles. Even as I write now her face comes between me and this paper—I see again the laughing eye and the twisted wave of the golden hair—and it is only by a tense effort that I can refrain from throwing down the pen and rushing out into the night to pace aimlessly until I shall drop from exhaustion.

Just why I have taken up my pen to begin this journal, I confess I do not know. It is in obedience to a vague impulse, almost irresistible and altogether inexplicable. To talk to a friend is a relief; and with a pen in my hand and this blank-book before me, I feel as though I might hold silent converse with myself. A man, heart-sore and ready to hate all women for the sake of one, whom he has loved too well for his own peace, must try vainly to supply the male need of the female by a development in himself of feminine traits. To keep a diary calls for an introspective loquacity wherein woman is more gifted than man; but if there comes a demand for a faculty, I suppose that the male of our species is as ready to develop it as the female; and I must make out here with some feeble masculine imitation of the feminine garrulity of egotism. A man writing a diary resembles one of the plants which are both male and female. (What is the use of having studied botany if I cannot draw on my little learning for a figure of speech? What does it profit me to have studied moral philosophy if I cannot bear up under a blow as a philosopher ought? And why was I the poet of our class if I cannot deck this consolatory diary with a dried flower of speech now and again?)

I have come to the country for hard work. I am to spend my summer searching the town records, reading the court-rolls, comparing deeds and wills, until I can construct anew and with legal certainty the Wycherly genealogy, that we may know whether or not our client Bradford is the rightful heir. It is not often that a lawyer here in our new America has to go back two centuries and a half, more or less, to get at the rights and wrongs of a suit brought only a month or two ago. But so it is, and if the Richard Wycherly who is said to have lived in this little town about the time of the Pequot War, and who was the elder brother of the Walter Wycherly, serving as aide to Colonel Nicolls when New Amsterdam surrendered,—if this Wycherly died without children or if none of his issue survive to this day, then our client, John Bradford, Esq., of Eastbourne, England, a direct descendant of the younger brother, Walter Wycherly, is the heir-at-law of the vast estate which has suddenly lapsed and devolved on the Wycherly family. But if even a single descendant of Richard Wycherly, the elder brother, survive, then our client has no case and the estate, with all the accumulated rentals of half a century, belongs to this unknown and unsuspecting offspring of the man who came hither when there was little else here than a block-house for a place

of refuge against the roving Niantics and Narragansetts. I can foresee endless labor before me in tracing out the posterity of this Richard Wycherly if he left a large family. Indeed, if that be the case, my task is almost hopeless. Yet it may prove easier than I think; he may not have married, or there may be so few descendants that I can climb along the family tree with but little labor.

II.

JUNE 29TH.—I have been here a week now and I make slow headway. I fear I put little heart into my work—I fear, indeed, that I have little heart left to put into anything. The town-clerk is away, and no one else can guide me through the old records. A certain Dr. Darling, once the rector of the Episcopalian church here and an indefatigable antiquary, is said to know more than any one else about the countless details of the local history: he was called by a congregation in Chicago three or four years ago, but he is in the habit of returning for a fortnight or so every summer; and he is expected to arrive early next month. In the meanwhile I read in the old records as best I may; and I study out the worn inscriptions on the broken tombstones in the little old cemetery. There are graves there of men born three centuries ago, in England, when Elizabeth was Queen, before the Invincible Armada set sail from the coast of Spain,—men who left old England to cross the doubtful ocean and to lay their bones here at last on the bleak shores of New England. This little town has its history thickset with deeds of gold and men of character. A mere summer resort it is now, with a beach, a lighthouse, a life-saving station, two large hotels, and three boarding-houses.

The chief street bends as it nears the old stone pier which is the centre of the settlement, and from which it straightens itself out on one side toward the beach and on the other along the rocky cliff. The village store—it has rivals, but as yet no one seriously threatens its supremacy and its ample adequacy for the needs of the little town—the store is near the centre of the curve and within a stone's throw of the water. The druggist's shop, which is also the post-office, is hard by, and so are the barber's shop and the cavernous smithy and a queer and tiny den where all sorts of curiosities, oriental rugs, Japanese fans, ostrich eggs, specimens of coral, and numberless other unrelated things are vended by a dark man who is dressed like a Turk and looks like an English Jew. Not far off is a little low building on which a sign announces that the sojourner or the wayfarer may always refresh himself with Ice-Cream and Clam-Chowder—either simultaneously or consecutively, at his choice.

Beyond these are the boarding-houses, enlarged and enlarged again, with wings out-stretched on every side, and with unending out-houses dark with negro cooks and washer-women. The two larger hotels are at opposite ends of this crescent, one towering high over the rocks and the other spreading wide on the broad meadow back of the beach. One is called the Hope Haven House—and I have already discovered that Hope Haven was the earliest name given to the little harbor by the weary adventurer who first lowered sail and dropped anchor in the grateful shelter of the headland. The sagamore who held sway over the painted Indians with whom these European immigrants were soon to quarrel, was Miantonomo; and his name is commemorated to-day by the other hotel—the one within a minute's walk of the surf as it breaks sharply on the broad, hard beach.

It is at the Miantonomo that I have spent the past seven days seeking surcease of thought in such work as I have been able to do, and in dull mechanic observation of my neighbors. I am in no mood to agree with Browning—

> "This world's no blot for us
> Nor blank; it means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

And yet to spy out the secrets of feminine psychology is a vent for my bitterness against woman. I should like to try my hand at a monograph on the Summer Girl, caustic enough even for her to detect its acidity,—if ever she happened to read it. In general, however, she reads nothing but imported novels in

flimsy paper covers ; and she reads these only in the intervals of flirting and chatter — infrequent interstices of time. About dusk the omnibus arrives from the railroad station and little giggling groups gather in the corners of the piazza to take stock of the new-comers. If a young man appears, I think they wonder to what fortunate maiden he comes consigned ; there is a dearth of young men here, as there is at most other summer resorts, and any young lady having captured a young man is more willing to withstand the accusation of forestalling than she is to merge her proprietary right to her bond-slave.

When other girls arrive, there is a moment of impatience at the augmented over-supply of the perishable article ; there is a glut of girls already. The new-comers are scrutinized as they step up on the piazza and stand there uncomfortably while the father of the family registers his name at the office. But the next morning, after breakfast, acquaintance is scraped speedily enough ; and before night comes again, the new-comer and the earlier guests are already bosom-friends. I see them promenading the wide corridor to and fro, with their arms about each others' waists. We have had a drenching down-pour of rain for two days now, and if it continues for twenty-four hours longer I look for a falling out of some of these caged tigresses, impatiently pacing the piazzas in the lee of the rain. I doubt if their nerves can stand the depression and the compression much longer.

III.

June 30th.—Shortly after I had written my journal yesterday afternoon, the rain suddenly ceased. I was sitting on the piazza—smoking silently and rejoicing inwardly as I marked the thunderous crash of the angry waves, vaguely consonant with my stormy mood—when I became conscious of the subdued excitement always perceptible here when the morning and evening trains arrive. I raised my eyes when a carriage stopped in front of the steps and a young lady alighted. As she approached, she seemed to give the lie to the thoughts about her kind which I had been expressing here in black and white. Woman is unfathomable at all times, and as inscrutable as the sphinx and as unchanging as that stony creature of art :—yet this girl was not as other girls, by virtue of an undefinable grace which was as a revelation of her beauty of spirit.

She wore a simple gray travelling dress, which tightly sheathed her tall, slim figure. With one hand she was loosing a dark veil which had been drawn snugly about her head, and which fell just as she passed before me : I saw a face of pathetic beauty. I fancied even that there was an expression of appealing timidity in her large dark eyes ! At the top of the steps the landlord of the hotel met her, and she asked him if the rooms she had written for were ready. Then she returned to the carriage and assisted an old gentleman to alight from it ; leaning on her young arm he climbed slowly to the piazza and passed into the house.

As she disappeared in the open door I caught myself wondering who she was —as if any woman was of any consequence to me now ! And yet her portrait lingered with me and I recalled the slight figure, the curve of her arm as she released the veil, the gentleness with which she aided the feeble steps of her aged companion, the helpless expression as though she had a burden put on her when she herself would fain lean on another. I sat still for a few moments wondering why I was thinking about her. Then I threw my cigar over the piazza-rail with an impatient gesture and called myself a fool for giving a second thought to a girl who was probably as healthy as I, and twice as happy. What reason had I to read my melancholy into her face ? Probably she was ready for her three meals a day and capable of letting good digestion wait on appetite. Striding into the office of the hotel, I joined the usual little group of inquisitive folk looking over the register ; and there I read in the feeble handwriting of the old man—

Abram Bell, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Martha Ransom, Buffalo, N. Y.

It mattered little to me that her name was Martha and that she came from

Buffalo. In indignation at my own weak curiosity, I lighted another cigar and set out for a brisk walk. When a man is sick at heart, a tramp through the moist fields after a summer shower is consoling, even though the melancholy twilight is soon to settle down.

Back of the village, in the hollow of the triangle it forms, is the old cemetery; and here I am wont to walk, partly because a grave-yard seems a fit place for my disconsolate soul and partly because it is from tombstones that I hope to get help in my genealogical quest. I have already deciphered, as best I can, every epitaph in the cemetery, and perhaps this was the reason I walked through the grave-yard and into a barren patch of land beyond it and nearer to the cross-roads. This scant acre, rocky and overgrown with weeds is known as Dedman's Field, although there is now no Dedman in the village, nor has there been so far back as I have been able to trace. Almost in the centre of this little field, on a little hillock, stands an aspen tree, a most unusual growth for this part of the New England coast.

As I drew near, the evening breeze sprang up and the loose branches shivered. There was an uncanny suggestion in the sudden movement, and I looked at the tree askance. I knew the old tradition that the aspen trembles to-day because it gave its wood to make the cross which was set on the hill of Calvary, just as the willow is thought to weep forever because its branches were taken to make a scourge as the slow procession toiled up Golgotha. Again these dread legends came back to me, and I felt again the weight of the awful idea of an eternity of punishment. The aspen or the willow were fit wood to make an oar for the cursed Vanderdecken, or a staff for the wandering Ahasuerus. As this fancy came to me, the tree near which I stood shivered again, as though possessed by an evil spirit.

For the moment I had surrendered myself so fully to this morbid mood that I started when a young man stepped from behind the aspen and asked me if I could direct him to the Miantonomo House. He was a handsome youngster, tall and sturdy. A slight but not unpleasing accent betrayed that he was a Southerner, probably from Baltimore. I gave him the simple directions needed, only wondering how any man might lose his way so near so small a village as this. He thanked me courteously and strode forward like one going to see his beloved. Trust comes before betrayal, I thought bitterly, as I went on.

After a few paces more I found myself at the neglected stone wall which marked the irregular boundaries of Dedman's Field, and almost involuntarily I turned to gaze again on the impatient lover, for so he seemed to me. At the other side of the field he, too, had come to the low wall. The tall aspen towered between us, shivering with the brisk breeze; and its bending branches, swaying with the wind, were now green and now white, as the leaves were blown about and exposed their lower sides. Just then the dark clouds which had shrouded the sun for two days broke at last, and the red rays of the sunset sprang toward us. As I paused in one corner of the field to look at the young man stepping over the low wall, I saw a strange sight. A gust of wind smote the aspen tree and it shivered again, and in the red rays of the setting sun every white leaf seemed suddenly to be dipped in blood.

When I drew near to the hotel, I heard the jangle of the bell announcing supper. After that simple meal I fell into conversation with the landlord, who is what many people would call a character. He began life as a sailor, going up to the Banks regularly for cod; then he turned farmer; after a while he began to take summer boarders; and in time he made enough out of them to sell his frequently enlarged farm-house and build the Miantonomo. Despite his present exalted functions, he retains the exterior of a fisherman, and whenever his pushing, bustling, ambitious wife will allow it, he is to be seen in his shirt-sleeves by the kitchen door, smoking a pipe.

"So you've been to Dedman's Field and seen Mary Martin's tree about dusk, eh?" he said, when I had told him of my walk. "Well, I dunno's I'd like to spend the night there. They doo say that lot is ha'nted; but then they'll say

anything, an' I ain't never seen anyone who'd ever seen anything there."

Having thus whetted my curiosity artistically, he yielded to my request for the history of Mary Martin, with the reasons why she was thought not to rest in her grave.

"Well," he began, "I dunno's there's much to tell"—and then he told the whole story, and it was a story common enough and commonplace.

Just before the outbreak of the Revolution a girl named Mary Martin had fallen in love with her cousin—and she had loved too well. After a while, as usual, he tired of her—more often I think it is the woman who tires of the man—and he gave out that he was going away. She besought him to do her justice and to make her an honest woman —as though it were in his power to do that! He refused and got ready to depart. The night before he was to go, she met him again at the aspen tree which had often been their trysting-place :—and for her this was a final and fatal tryst. He refused her pleadings, and as she clung to him, he shook her off roughly and went on his way, leaving her lying alone at the foot of the tree. There she was found the next morning, dying. She was an orphan, and the man who had wronged her was her nearest kinsman. No news came from him for a year or so, and then a messenger bore away the child of the dead girl —a daughter. Neither the girl nor her father was ever seen in the town, although there was a report, so the landlord told me, that Nathan Martin had joined the Tories during the war, and that he even guided the marauding band which had harried his old home.

IV.

JULY 3D.—Yesterday was Saturday, and in the evening there was a hop here at the Miantonomo, the first of the season. Few men could feel less attuned for dancing than I, but I took a seat near a window and fed my melancholy by watching the dancers. These were mostly young girls ; I think I have recorded already that there is a plentiful lack of young men here. Now indeed is the time foretold of the prophet when seven women shall lay hold of one man. I am not vain, but I think I could see in the eyes of more than seven women a desire to lay hold of this young man, but they restrained themselves and were guilty of no overt act. There are more than twice seven young women in the hotel, and there were only two young men to trip a measure with them—one is a very young man of sixteen, and the other is an old young man of forty, with a coming corpulency and a baldness already achieved. They devoted themselves nobly and did their duty in the dance like men—but what are two among so many ?

Quite the prettiest girl in the room was the tender-eyed Miss Ransom, whose dark beauty was heightened by the simplicity of her white dress. I could not but watch the graceful poise of her head as she turned in the circles of the waltz. Then I noted the delicate lines of her slim figure and her exquisite coloring. Why is it, I wonder, that I see her face as through a veil of sorrow ? She is not morose or downcast, and she bore her share in the innocent revelry of the dance gayly enough. Although I have no warrant of any such separation, I find myself looking at her as a being apart from the others. Unconsciously, my eyes followed her about the floor. As the waltz ceased she sat down almost opposite the window where I had taken up my post of observation. Unexpectedly a color kindled in her cheeks, to fade at once and leave her paler than before.

I looked up and I saw a young man crossing the room. As he stood before her, the momentary confusion had given place to contentment. A smile came back to her lips and the light beamed from her deep eyes. When the signal was given for a square dance, she took the arm of the young man. As they moved off together, past my window, to take their places at the head of the room, I recognized in her partner the wanderer who had accosted me near the aspen tree, in the twilight, two days ago. He is a fine, manly, handsome young fellow, and the crisp curls of his light hair encircle a bright and elevated countenance.

I heard the first notes of the lancers and I saw them bow to each other and advance hand in hand in unison with the

lively music. Then I gave up the sport of looking on and went out for a walk on the beach, where the treacherous waves were now rippling gently, forgetful of their vicious violence of two days ago. I paced the hard sand for two hours or more, and then I came back to bed. I slept well, though I awoke early, and I am writing this now before breakfast, for it is Sunday morning and I think I shall go to church.

V.

JULY 5TH.—After all, there was a peculiar and horrible history attached to that tree, a history far weirder and more wonderful than the commonplace tale of desertion and death that the landlord told me. Yesterday a few of the visitors at the two hotels arranged an impromptu celebration of the glorious Fourth. After the boys had split the air all the morning with the sharp snapping of their firecrackers, there was a gathering at an open space in an orchard just back of the centre of the village. The former rector of the Episcopalian church, Dr. Darling, read the Declaration of Independence in a fine orotund manner. Then a young lawyer from Atlanta delivered the oration of the day. His name is Thaxter, and he is the wanderer I met under the blood-red aspen on the evening of his arrival.

Although he is a Southerner, his oration was wholly free from the perfervid rhetoric we have been used to expect from the speakers of the Southland. He was dignified, direct, practical. He is one of the men of the new South, strong in their patriotism and hopeful for the future of our common country. There was much in his unaffected and unstudied speech which called for thoughtful consideration and which would repay it. At first he dwelt on the political needs of our time, and he showed us how much our forefathers had left for us to do. Toward the end of his speech he became a little more florid, and it was then that he pictured to us the Liberty Tree planted by the men of the Revolution, watered by their blood, and spreading its branches over us to-day—a Liberty Tree here in the West, which like the banyan of the East, sends down new shoots to take root in new soil and to become new trunks, each self-sustaining and all firmly bound together. Then he made an antithesis between this Liberty Tree, which is a Tree of Life, and that fit symbol of license, the gallows, which is the Tree of Death. So by easy stages he was brought to the telling of the fateful origin of the lonely aspen standing solitary in a barren field within sight of us all—a tree which might fairly serve as a type of the superstitions of a dark day now long past and never to return. That aspen had its roots in a human heart, and it drew its first nourishment from the body of a murdered man.

Amid the indefinite disquiet of the audience, the speaker told his story, and I think it was new to nearly all his hearers, as it was to me. Not many years after this coast was first settled, a man of this little town committed suicide, and in accordance with the harsh jurisprudence of those unenlightened days, he was buried at the cross-roads with a stake through his heart, that the people passing on four ways might be warned not to sin as he had sinned—not to take that which it was not theirs to take at will, a human life. This barbarous custom, common enough in Europe, had never been established in the American colonies, and perhaps but this single instance is recorded. So great was the horror excited by the execution of the dread sentence, that the wayfarers shunned the unhallowed spot. Both roads swerved aside and met again where they cross each other now, many feet beyond the place where the stake was planted; and it was not for a long while that a strange thing was known to have happened. The dry stick thrust through a man's body and moistened by his blood had taken root in its human bed and had begun to put forth leaves. Men came from far and near to gaze on a growth as mysterious as it was appalling. Year by year as they watched, the tree grew and flourished; it sent out roots to take hold of the earth, and branches that spread abroad to the air. It grew apace, like an ill weed. It grew sturdily, as though it were a good tree and not an accursed thing—and yet it

was an aspen, and it shivered perpetually as though in remembrance of its shameful planting.

Having told this grewsome tale to his horror-stricken hearers, the orator paused for a moment only, and then he applied the figure adroitly to the contemporary politicians, committing suicide for the sake of party spoils, and encouraging a noxious growth even by their awful death.

I liked the speech—and even before I heard it I had liked the speaker. After the exercises were over I found a common friend to make us acquainted, and I hastened to tell Mr. Thaxter what I thought about his oration. He showed unaffected pleasure when praised and a modest surprise that anybody should care for so hasty an improvisation.

I recalled our first meeting almost within the shadow of the impious tree he had made into so fine a figure in his address. He told me that he had the legend from Dr. Darling. I asked if he knew the cause of the suicide which had met with so peculiar a *post-mortem* punishment. The young Southerner answered that he had inferred from something the clergyman had said casually that it was because of a woman. But what need had I to inquire? I might have known that when there was mischief to be made, there was a wife or a sweetheart at the bottom of it.

I must have let fall some hint of what I was thinking, for Thaxter flushed and ventured gravely to differ from me; no doubt the man himself was to blame for the way the woman had treated him. The young Southerner said this with a certain fierceness of manner which made me smile, but it did not displease me. It struck me as fit and proper that woman should be defended by a man who is in love with Miss Martha Ransom:—and I have seen the two together too often in the past three days not to have detected the symptoms I know only too well.

"I must refer you to Dr. Darling," he said, at last, "if you want any further information about this Richard Wycherly."

As he spoke this name I confess that I started with surprise. Richard Wycherly is the man whose descendants I have come here to trace. I had already searched for his tombstone in vain, and no wonder, since the stake that marked his resting-place waves its eerie boughs above his grave. I have found traces also of a son of Richard Wycherly, but any record of that son's death and burial has hitherto evaded me. The books of the town were ill-kept at the time, and they are ill-preserved now; they give me little help.

I asked the Southerner a few questions, but soon I saw that he had told me all he knew, and that for more I must go to Dr. Darling. From what Thaxter said I take it that the rector is an enthusiast—a man with a hobby—and I doubt not that I shall find him willing to take me up behind him for a canter: it will be my fault if I do not get him to go the road I seek to explore.

VI.

JULY 8TH.—I have had one long talk with Dr. Darling at the Hope Haven House, and I am to have another. Thaxter told the tale as told to him; and the Doctor has confirmed it in every detail. Richard Wycherly came here from Bristol, England, in 1640. He was a widower. It was about ten years later that an intrigue between him and the wife of one Captain Clark, then absent on an expedition to South America, was broken off. The woman saw the error of her ways, so the writer of a contemporary letter puts it, and she renounced the devil and all his works, including Richard Wycherly. Her lover seems to have pleaded with her often and vainly. At last, when he abandoned hope of recovering her, he gave up his life. It was the loss of his wife which had driven him out of England to America, so tradition said; and it was the loss of another man's wife which sent him out of the world.

After Richard Wycherly's untimely death by his own hand, his only child, Robert, a boy who been left behind in England, grew to manhood and crossed to America and made a futile effort to clear his father's memory from the stain of self-slaughter. Failing in this filial duty, Robert intended to return to Eng-

land, but instead, having a full share of the paternal foolishness where a woman was concerned, he fell in love with Patience, a daughter of Judge Hutton. So he settled down in America and married her, and lived with her for ten years or more in increasing enmity and strife. Of this unhappy marriage of Robert, three children were born; two boys, twins, Roderick and Rupert, were so like their mother that their father came to hate them almost before they left their cradles. There was a third child, a girl, Mercy, on whom her father bestowed all the pent-up affection of his impulsive nature.

With increasing years the acerbity of Mrs. Robert Wycherly's temper was sharpened, until at last her husband could bear it no longer. He threatened to take his daughter and leave his wife and go where she would never hear of him again. The shrew retorted that nothing would please her better. One evening, as they were returning home from a funeral, they had words of an unforgetable bitterness, and the wife clinched her thrust by an allusion to the living sign of his father's disgraceful death and burial—the aspen tree which was casting its shivering shadow across their path, as they came back from the graveyard in the twilight. Robert Wycherly made no answer, but he took his little daughter by the hand and he was never seen here again. In vindictive solitude his wife awaited his return; and without him his sons grew to manhood. At last the wife and mother died without a word from her husband or a sight of her daughter.

I asked Dr. Darling if he had any notion where Robert Wycherly went and what befell him. What happened in the end, the doctor could not tell me, but where Robert probably went was known by a letter (still extant and in the antiquary's private collection) from a friend of old Judge Hutton's, who saw a man remarkably like Robert Wycherly in New York in 1673, and this man had with him a beautiful girl apparently about eighteen years old and very like the Judge's daughter, Patience, as the friend recalled her in girlhood. Now it was in 1660 that Robert Wycherly had fled from here, taking with him his daughter, Mercy, then five years old; and in 1673 she would be just eighteen.

VII.

July 10th.—This afternoon I went again to Dedman's Field for another look at the aspen which has for me an enigmatic fascination. It has been a glaring hot day and there was a heated stillness throughout the village; and apparently every one was resting before venturing out again under the brazen sky. I could not feel a breath of wind, and yet as I drew near the tree, it sighed as though a lost soul were imprisoned within it.

When I went up to the tree, to my surprise—and yet why should I be surprised?—I discovered that its trunk was curiously carved with hearts and linked initials. I begin to think that the tree must be a trysting-place for the village lovers in the spring; and that even the summer-boarders when they go forth in pairs fall in with this odd fashion which makes a Flirtation Walk of Dedman's Field.

The newest of all these many emblems of displayed affection was a large heart, forcibly but irregularly incised, and enclosing two pairs of initials—M. R. above P. T. Can these stand for Martha Ranson and Paul Thaxter?

Turning my back on the ominous tree, I stepped over the low wall into the churchyard, where I sat down on a crumbling tombstone. The date cut on it was 1649—the year before Richard Wycherly killed himself for a woman. It seemed to me strange and inscrutable that the stone should be cold, and as it were dead, while the tree, a year younger only, was alive.

Sitting there idly, ruminant and lazy, I became conscious of music. The organ of the church swelled out as the congregation began to pour forth. Almost at the head of the procession came Miss Ransom and Mr. Thaxter. Is he looking forward with the hope that there may come a day when he will take her to church, once for all, to make her his own for life? He has his dream, the happy man, and it may be that there shall come no sharp awakening. But who knows what a day may bring forth?

Who knows aught of the tempest or of the treachery which may be hidden even in the pathetic placidity of a face like hers? Why is it that I find myself pitying them both?

VIII.

JULY 18TH.—To-day I have made great progress in the quest which brought me here. Richard Wycherly, the suicide, left one child, Robert, who married here within a year after his father's death, and who, about 1660, deserted his wife and fled to New York, taking with him his daughter, Mercy, and leaving behind with their mother his twin sons, Rupert and Roderick. This much I knew and had recorded here already. To-day I found two books, one a missing volume of the old town-records, and within its covers closely hidden was the other, a thin copy-book wherein a former town-clerk (who seems to have been a bit of a gossip with his pen) had kept a fragmentary diary. From these two sources I have been enabled to piece together a segment of the history as terrible as what has gone before. It is again a tale of death, and a death on account of a woman.

Together Rupert and Roderick grew to manhood, and they were with their abandoned and embittered mother when she died in 1687:—I have this morning scraped the moss from her tombstone, and the date is plain enough. After she had departed this life, the smouldering jealousy between her two sons blazed out fiercely, and soon it was fed with new fuel. Each had begrudged the other the slightest caress from the withered mother; and now each found the other his rival for the smiles of the village beauty. For a year or more they both wooed her, and for a year she doubted which she would take or whether she would take either. But so fierce were they both that all other suitors were discouraged, and the twins alone remained, and between them she had to make her choice. Of the two, Rupert was the less harsh, the less brutal, and to him she gave her hand. In vain Roderick raged. Before the wedding he withdrew himself from the village and joined a tribe of Indians. For months after the marriage, and after a son, Ralph, had been born to Rupert and his wife, Roderick was never seen. He dwelt alone in the woods with his envy and his unrequited passion. He consorted only with the redskin, not fiercer or more cruel than he.

At last, without warning, he came back, worn and thin, consumed by an inward fire, which had not wasted away or burned itself out. It was at least a fortnight after his return before the brothers met. Then they came together for the last time, and the spot where they stood face to face was within sight of the church in which Rupert had wedded the woman Roderick loved. As near as I can make out from the incomplete notes of the clerk, it must have been almost under the shadow of the aspen tree which was rooted in their grandfather's heart.

As to what passed between them before the fatal blow was struck, I can conjecture only. But I surmise that it must have been some foul insult hurled by Roderick against the woman he had wished to marry. Whatever it may have been, it was more than Rupert could brook. He seized the nearest weapon, the broken limb of a tree—perhaps a branch of the very aspen which trembles there to-day in direful memory of the murder. With this he smote his brother. As the club fell, Roderick tried to spring aside and it struck him on the temple and he pitched forward—dead. And thus was the old story of Cain and Abel acted over again here in new America two centuries ago.

The rest is soon told. Rupert was tried for the fratricide and he was hanged on a gallows set up in a corner of Dedman's Field. His widow died of a broken heart; and his son, Ralph, was left to the care of strangers. Born in 1681, Ralph Wycherly did not marry until 1715, being then thirty-four years of age. He died in 1762; and his death was unlike the death of his father and of his grandfather and of his great-grandfather. He expired of old age, in his bed, comforted by the devotion of his only child, a daughter, Margaret by name.

IX.

JULY 20TH.—I had hoped to close this catalogue of crime, but it is not to be. There is a blight on the Wycherly family, and in my questing I go from bad to worse. Margaret Wycherly became the wife of one John Martin in 1734. She was the mother of two sons, who married and died young. When Mrs. Martin died, in 1771, only two of her grandchildren survived her—Nathan, a son of her elder son, and Mary, a daughter of her younger son. She had lived to see these grandchildren grow to youth. Happy for her that she did not live to see them die!

Shortly after I arrived here the landlord of this hotel told me the legend of Dedman's Field, and the village belief that Mary Martin's spirit walked there at night. Now I find that this tale of horror is part of the family history I am trying to piece together. It was Mary, Mrs. Martin's granddaughter, who died of a broken heart under the shadow of the aspen; and it was Nathan, the grandson, who had abandoned his cousin.

X.

JULY 23D.—Dr. Darling is again at the Hope Haven Hotel, and I shall try to have a talk with him to-day. In the meantime I must set down here the news just received in a letter from our office in New York. The man to whom I had written went to work without delay. He found that Robert Wycherly was in New York in 1676 and that he died in 1685 and was buried in Trinity churchyard, although his tombstone is no longer to be found there. There are no signs of his having married again, and as I happen to have discovered that his deserted wife survived him, not departing this life, which she had used to make all about her miserable, until 1687, this question need not detain me further. Before her father's death Mercy Wycherly married Arthur Rampisham or Ransom—the name seems then to have been written both ways. It is an English place-name and its abbreviated pronunciation is not in accord with the earlier orthography. As it happens, the Rampisham or Ransom genealogy has been worked out in detail by an Albany antiquary; and from this it is easy to see that there was only one descendant of this Mrs. Arthur Ransom alive in 1870, the year in which the genealogy was printed and just two hundred years since she herself had been married.

Other branches of the Rampisham or Ransom stock had flourished and spread, but this branch had withered as though there were a fatality upon it; the families were always small and early deaths were frequent. The sole representative of the daughter of Robert Wycherly was Edward Ransom, who in 1870 was living in Buffalo, where, in 1862, he had married a daughter of Abram Bell, Esq. As to any children he might have, the compiler of the genealogy was not informed. But the world is very small, and what the complier did not know, I am in a position to learn at will. Mr. Abram Bell, of Buffalo, is now in this hotel, and his granddaughter with him is Miss Martha Ransom.

If this Martha Ransom is an only child, and if I find that Nathan Martin left no legitimate children, then the wealth that our English client is seeking belongs to her, and to her alone.

I was seated on the piazza this morning after breakfast when the mail arrived with this letter from the office in New York, and I read it while I finished my cigar. As I was folding the letter and putting it away in my pocket I chanced to look up, and Miss Ransom passed before me. Full of the extraordinary information I had just received I gazed at her for a moment unwittingly, and it was not until I happened to find myself staring at her brown hair brushed back tightly and tied in an old-fashioned knot, that I awoke to her presence and my unconscious rudeness. But she did not see me. Her mind was elsewhere—as mine had been.

There is a gentle simplicity about her, a certain old-world quaintness which charms me. I delight to follow her about with my eyes so long as I may do so without discourtesy. If she chances to catch my glance I get a frank look from her deep brown eyes—and I find myself puzzled by the pathetic appeal I

imagine I see in them. For this pathos there is no apparent reason, and I suppose it is all a figment of my fancy. Sometimes it seems to me that even a suggestion of humor lurks at the corner of her mouth. And there is no disputing that often enough her laugh rings cheerily.

But not to-day did I hear its silver music. To-day there was a stiffness in her carriage and a fire in her eye I have not seen there before. Unexpected as was this change in her, I do not find it unbecoming. Paul Thaxter was by her side as they came up the walk to the hotel, and it appeared as though he were pleading—and in vain. As they drew near the piazza-steps, something she said seemed to cut him sharply, and then he, too, stiffened. And so they parted, at the foot of the steps, in the full bitterness of a lovers' quarrel—the first, it may be, but of a certainty not the last. The momentary grief of this morning will serve to give flavor to the reconciliation which is sure to follow it this afternoon. Joys without sorrows are as impossible as valleys without mountains. "The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken," so Longfellow tells us; and though Longfellow was a sentimentalist he was right for once. Through a prism of misery many a man has seen for the first time a rainbow of hope. There are more people happy in the world than there are people who think themselves happy. Within a day or two I have begun to suspect that my morbid misogyny was dying, and that in its place there was coming an indefinable feeling of oblivion as remote from contentment as it is from unrest.

XI.

JULY 24TH.—Before I went to bed last night I had ten minutes' talk with old Mr. Bell. Miss Ransom sat by his side in the parlor all the evening, refusing to dance, and trying not to let the world suspect her misery; and it was not until two or three of the more lively young ladies in this house fairly forced her to join them in a game of "Consequences," that I had a chance for a brief chat with her grandfather. When once we got into conversation, it was not long before I had all the information I sought:—I wonder how I should succeed as a reporter or as a detective? I began by a compliment to Miss Ransom and by a remark that she took good care of her grandfather. Mr. Bell needed no more than this to begin her praises, and I soon knew that she was his only granddaughter, and the only surviving child of her parents. She at least can read her title clear, and her claim to direct descent from Richard Wycherly is beyond dispute.

XII.

JULY 26TH.—Yesterday evening I met Dr. Darling at the Hope Haven House by appointment. He stood on the piazza by the door as I came up the path.

"Would you object to a walk with our talk?" he asked, as we shook hands. "It has been oppressively hot all the afternoon, and I have not left the house to-day. A tramp for a mile or two in the night air will rest me."

I expressed my preference for walking, especially in the cool of the evening.

"Then what do you say to our taking a little turn up by the church-yard?" he suggested, as we came down the steps of the hotel. "We can have another look at the wicked tree in the so-called Dedman's Field."

"So-called?" I queried, adding that I had often wondered who Dedman might have been, especially since I had failed to find any of the name mentioned either in the town records or in the cemetery.

"There never was a Dedman," the Doctor answered; "and the proper name, as we have it now, is a corruption. This waste place was called Dead Man's Field, as who should say Aceldama, the Field of Blood."

"Much as the church-yard has been styled God's Acre," I remarked.

"Precisely. And this Dedman's Field is truly the Devil's Acre, for it has seen deviltry enough and to spare since that foul tree began to grow in the midst of it."

When we came in sight of the lonely aspen in the centre of the dead man's

field, we saw it bathed in white by the moonlight, and there was something spectral about it, as though it were draped with a shroud.

Reminded of my quest, I asked the Doctor if he could tell me anything of the career of Nathan Martin after he had abandoned his cousin Mary.

He answered that he had traced Martin to his death.

"Did he ever marry?"

"No."

"Was it true that he sent back here for his child?"

"Yes."

"Was he one of the Tory bushwhackers?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose he got shot in one of their skirmishes with the patriots. Where did he die?"

The Doctor pointed to the aspen in front of us and answered impressively:

"There—on the tree before you."

"What?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "here he died. He had ventured back as a member of a band of Tory raiders which ravaged the coast with fire and sword. At last the patriots could stand it no longer, and they formed a strong body to punish the miscreants who were murdering throughout the coast. On the outskirts of this village these Americans captured a man wearing a Continental uniform. It was Nathan Martin. He was tried as a spy, and as a spy he was sentenced to be hanged. But before daybreak on the day of execution he escaped. The alarm was given speedily and men scattered on all sides in pursuit. A little knot of them came upon Martin, hiding here among the tombstones of this churchyard. When he saw he was discovered he ran down that road and leaped over the low wall into Dedman's Field in the gray dawn. They fired at him from the road as he tried to shelter himself behind the aspen, and the bullets aimed at him were embedded in the bark."

"Then, for once, at least," said I, "that tree saved a man's life."

"Yes," Dr. Darling retorted, "it saved a man's life for a fate worse than death."

"How so?"

"In this way. Nathan Martin was unarmed, and while their guns covered him he dared not stir a step. Two of the patriots threatened him with their rifles while the rest spread through the field and surrounded him. In less than a minute the miserable wretch was in their hands, and in two minutes more he was hanging amid the boughs of the aspen. At last the tree had brought forth fruit after its kind."

The Doctor ceased speaking, and we walked on in silence for a few moments. As we turned the corner of the churchyard a young couple passed us. The shadow of the moonlight was on their faces, but I had no difficulty in recognizing Miss Martha Ransom and Mr. Paul Thaxter. Evidently they had made up their quarrel, and their manner displayed unconsciously a full enjoyment of the happiness which follows the reconciliation of lovers.

The sight of Miss Ransom brought to mind the other question I wished to ask Dr. Darling:

"You said that Nathan Martin recovered his child before he died. What became of her?"

"She was brought up by a distant cousin of her father's living in Providence, and in 1800 or thereabouts she married a man named Thaxter. Her only son went South to Atlanta not long before the war, and married there. And his only son again—who is thus the only grandchild of Nathan Martin's daughter—is here now."

I did not start at this, startling as it was. I felt almost as though I had expected some such strange disclosure.

"Mr. Paul Thaxter?" I asked.

And the Doctor answered, "Yes."

"Do you know the young lady with whom he was walking?" I inquired.

"Her name is Ransom—is it not?" he returned. "I think I have seen her with Mr. Abram Bell."

"She is Miss Martha Ransom, and she too is a direct descendant of Richard Wycherly."

"You don't tell me?" cried the Doctor. "This is really extraordinary." It was his turn to be astonished.

The young couple came in sight again as we turned the corner of the churchyard.

"There they are before us now," said

I, "the sole surviving offspring of the man who is buried under that tree. They are ignorant of their remote relationship; they little think they have a common ancestor; they know nothing of the family history, with its bloodshed, its wrongs, its woes, and its avengings."

Dr. Darling paused and laid his hand on my arm.

"Are we the only men who know them to be akin?" he asked, impressively.

"I think I am the only man who has worked out the relationship, and you are the only man I have told."

"Then let us say nothing about it to them!" he urged, impetuously. "Why soil their young minds and blacken their happy youth by a knowledge of these sad sins? There is no need to lay this burden of sorrow and wickedness on their young shoulders. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let them be happy while they may."

I agreed with him in thinking that it would not be right to tell them anything without due cause.

"But there is no cause," the Doctor declared; "there can be no cause."

"I do not know," I answered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"We may have to tell Miss Ransom that a great fortune has fallen at her feet unawares."

The Doctor hesitated:

"Would it not be best to say nothing—even if a million dollars were to depend on her knowing? The possession of riches is a great trial, and few come out of the ordeal with unscarred hearts."

XIII.

AUGUST 7TH.—I linger here needlessly. My work is done and I ought to be about my business. But I am captive to the lazy charm of this place, and I lack energy to go away. It is hotter now than it has been. Even here on this rocky coast, where the breeze may blow across three thousand miles of blue water, there are times when I feel as though I had wandered inadvertently into the torrid zone.

To-day after church I had a little talk with old Mr. Bell, who seemed unusually excited, with moods of alternate depression and elation. Finally he told me that his granddaughter was engaged to be married to Mr. Paul Thaxter. The wedding is not to take place until late in the fall. The young Southerner has accepted an offered partnership with a growing firm of New York lawyers, and he is soon to come North to live. I congratulated the old gentleman on the engagement and on the northward migration of the bridegroom, which would soften the separation of Mr. Bell and his granddaughter.

"New York is not so very far from Buffalo," I said. "The trip is but a span compared with the journey to Atlanta."

He sighed and answered:

"It is a long way for an old man."

As he spoke, the young people came in view. I had seen them together at church, and they had since gone for a walk. Miss Ransom's hand was laid shyly in Mr. Thaxter's arm. He bore himself boldly and proudly, as became a man who knew what a prize he had won. Her happiness, although less expansive, was not less obvious to a persistent observer.

The color came and went in her cheeks as she and her lover drew near. She brought him straight to Mr. Bell.

"Grandpa," she said, standing before him and twining her arm about his, with a pretty caressing gesture, "I have a favor to ask you—a very great favor indeed."

The old man smiled before he spoke, as though to suggest that he had rarely denied her any request.

"Present your petition," he said, at last.

"Well," she began, "Paul"—and as his name passed her lips, a blush fled again across her face—"Paul has had a letter from a friend in New York who wants to rent his house, a lovely little house in Irving Place, near Union Square. It is beautifully furnished, and Paul thinks it is just what I should like."

She paused—hesitated for a moment—and then said no more.

"And what is this great favor you have to ask?" Mr. Bell inquired.

"Only this, sir," answered young Thaxter, after a glance at his future wife; "this house, small as it is, would be

lonely for Martha, if you were not there. What we have come to beg of you is that you be our guest."

"That is it, grandpa," cried she; "I know it is a great deal to ask, to expect you to give up your own house to join us in a strange city—but you will make me so happy, if you will promise."

The old man looked from one to the other.

"Do you really wish me to come and live with you in New York?" he asked.

"Indeed we do," answered his granddaughter, hastily.

"It is what I most desire," said Thaxter.

I had drawn a little on one side as the young people joined Mr. Bell. Now, as they were wishing to talk freely of their hopes and plans, I edged away without notice, and I heard no more of their projects for the future.

XIV.

August 14th.—The story I have to tell is strange enough in itself and it had best be told swiftly and simply. For the past fortnight the heat has been continuous and intense. For a month no rain has fallen. The fields have been parched for want of water, and the grass has yellowed and shrunk. Here, by the sea, we thought we could fairly count on a breeze; but of late it has been infrequent and unsatisfactory. Even at night the heat was relentless.

But this morning there were the first signs of a coming change. Before the sun rose the heat was as great as it had been at noon on other days. There was a tense oppression in the air, not wholly due to the sultriness, and not to be thrown off by the utmost endeavor.

"This is what I call earthquake weather," said a Californian, after breakfast; and a Wisconsin man capped this remark by the assertion that if he were at home, he should think a tornado might descend on him before nightfall.

The morning wore away with increasing discomfort. From our hotel few people ventured out into the pitiless scorching of the sun; and when I entered the church there was but a scanty congregation. It was to hear Dr. Darling's final sermon for the summer that I had come. He preached from the text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

After the service I lingered to walk home with him, and as the congregation scattered, I joined him at the vestry door. Before he was ready to depart the church was empty. When he came out, it was obvious that a storm was upon us. In the far northwest ponderous clouds rolled up, and the atmosphere was even heavier than it had been earlier in the day. As we left the church door, the angry mass on the horizon lifted a little, and in the rift was revealed an ominous copper color. I glanced up at the vane on the steeple, and I saw that the wind was still blowing fitfully toward the northwest, where the clouds were darkly compacting themselves.

Before we had taken ten steps there was a vague and indefinite movement of this dense mass toward us. The upper current of air had changed already and the lower was dying away. Clouds began to break away from the northwest and to drift toward us and to scud away over our heads—certain forerunners of the fast-approaching storm. Soon these lesser clouds, which had been fleecy, thickened into gray. We quickened our pace as streaks of forked light split the huge bulk of cloud, and the low muttering of thunder reached our ears. The solid body lowering on the horizon spread up and moved over us with increasing speed.

Not a breath of wind was yet to be felt, as we walked rapidly through the churchyard and skirted Dedman's Field. Soon we saw the trees on a low hill, a mile or more in the distance, bend and sway and thrash their branches, as the wind caught them and twisted them. Far off down the road the dust sprang up in a whirling cone. Then at last the full force of the wind was upon us all at once, and we were almost choked with the hot, sandy particles that filled the air. The flashes of lightning were more frequent and the thunder had a sharper clang; and we knew that we were in the midst of one of the most magnificent midsummer storms that ever man had seen.

The members of the congregation had

had a fair start of us, and only a few were still in sight hurrying home. Miss Ransom and Mr. Thaxter, who had loitered as we had, had also been caught. They were crossing Dedmaa's Field as the first great drops of rain fell, and they took refuge under the aspen in the centre of the acre, waiting for the storm to spend itself and pass away. With another wider flash of lightning and a cracking and tearing report as though the thunder were rending some stout obstacle, the rain fell fast,—in sheets—in torrents—with terrific force. The heavens opened and the floods came. In a moment we were drenched to the skin, and the road on which we were walking was gullied by the resistless rush. There was no respite. The wind and the rain gained in velocity; and we were in the thick of the storm.

Suddenly there was a more blinding flash and a crash as of a park of artillery. They came almost together; and we knew that the bolt must have fallen within a few feet of us.

Stunned and blinded, we glanced about us. Then all at once we stood still. The aspen in the centre of Dedman's Field was shattered to the ground. The lightning had struck it fairly, and it was split in two. The falling branches, twisted and scorched already, hid from sight the young couple we had seen standing in its shelter but a moment before.

I called to the Doctor as I sprang over the wall into the field. Before I could reach the tree, the western sky lightened a little and the darkness began to pass away. It seemed as though the aspen had been felled by the last bolt of the storm.

As I ran up, I saw the two figures lying on the ground side by side just back of the broken trunk. I stooped over them, and then I started back in horror. There lay Martha Ransom and Paul Thaxter—lifeless. It flashed through me that the decree of fate was fulfilled at last. As I stood there transfixed with dread, I felt as though this were the inscrutable, inexorable end of a Greek tragedy, whereof I might be chorus, witness of all things and powerless to prevent evil. The Greeks, I remembered, had a fancy that the laurel averted lightning, and I found myself wondering if they had any legend about the aspen.

By this time the rain had ceased altogether, and over the hills afar off, where we had first seen the trees swaying, there was now a gleam of sunshine, creeping slowly toward us. The storm was still muttering as it rolled away to the east, but a rainbow arched its black abyss. The worst had been done here and the destroyer had gone on its way.

When Dr. Darling joined me, we raised the bodies, gently extricating them from the broken branches which had felled the lovers to the earth. Apparently the main stem of the tree had struck the young Southerner on the shoulder. As we laid him on the grass beside his future bride, a deep sigh broke from her lips and she opened her eyes. In a minute more we knew that she had no other injury than the shock.

Help came, and we bore Paul Thaxter to the nearest house, where a skilful surgeon was prompt with his services. Dr. Darling and I waited at the door to learn the worst.

At last, the physician beckoned to us.

"The man's arm is broken," he said, "and he is stunned by the blow—but he is not dead and I see no reason why he should not get well."

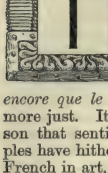
Dr. Darling and I looked at each other, as he left us to go back to the wounded man. The same thought was in our hearts.

"Love is too strong for Fate," he said at length; "let us hope that the curse which was on Richard Wycherly and on his children and on his children's children, has died now that Heaven has destroyed the living witness to his shameful end."



FRENCH TRAITS—THE ART INSTINCT.

By W. C. Brownell.



N art," exclaims a French critic, M. Jacques de Biez, "we care more for the true than even for the beautiful"—*ce qu'il nous faut, c'est le vrai dans l'art plus encore que le beau.* Nothing could be more just. It is precisely for this reason that sentimental and poetical peoples have hitherto wholly surpassed the French in art, where the beautiful is of even more importance than the true; Italy in plastic art, for example, the Germans in music, the English in poetry. In vain does Victor Hugo, running down the list of great poets, associate Voltaire with Dante and Shakespeare; in vain does every French writer on art, having occasion, in any general way, to mention Raphael, habitually add the name of Poussin; none but Frenchmen are deceived. Corneille, Racine, Jouvenet, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Watteau, Puget, Jean Goujon, Mignard, Houdon are glorious names, but they are not to be imposed as names of the first class, ranking with Velasquez, with Rembrandt, with Milton, Donatello, Leonardo, Goethe, when it is "the art of art" that is in question. What foreigner has not been struck by the struggle which the French canvases in the *Salon carré* of the Louvre make to justify their places in the serene and lofty company of the great Flemish, Dutch, Venetian masterpieces? One looks at Jouvenet's fine "Descent from the Cross," and thinks of Rubens's at Antwerp, of Daniele da Volterra's at Rome, of Sodoma's at Sienna, of Rembrandt's at Munich. A glance from Le Sueur's soft "Saint Scholastica" to the gorgeous Rubens above it, from Poussin's portrait of himself to Rembrandt's "Saskia," from Rigaud's "Bossuet" to Holbein's "Erasmus," from Gaspar Poussin's rural idyl to Giorgione's, brings one into a wholly different æsthetic atmosphere; just as turning from "Hernani," or "Le Roi s'Amuse," to Wordsworth or Keats, or from "Fra Diavolo" to "Oberon," does in other departments of fine art. It is the change from the atmosphere of the intelligence to that of poetry, from an atmosphere in which the true is insisted on to the region where the sense of discovery, the imagination, genius with its unexpectedness and its aspirations, are overmasteringly occupied with beauty. Metaphysical critics will deny the distinction, perhaps, and remind us of Plato's definition of beauty as merely "the splendor of truth," but plain-thinking minds will readily perceive the practical difference arising between the art of a nation which devotes itself to the splendor, and that of one concerned chiefly about the constitution, of truth. When the latter attitude of mind, indeed, becomes excessive, as it has become in France, the very intelligence which is the object of such direct and concentrated cultivation suffers obscuration, and the faculty itself of appreciation loses the keenness of its edge. Thus Stendhal, who passed his life among the masterpieces of Italian art, and who had a passion for the beautiful which made him the bitterest of the critics of pure rhetoric—Stendhal is perpetually finding the sum of all pictorial qualities in Guido. And Fromentin, an *esprit délicat*, if ever there was one, discovers with every mark of surprise, and proclaims with every sign of conscious temerity, that Rembrandt was an idealist in disguise. Why in disguise? asks every reader but the Frenchman, the devotee of order and measure, who finds it astonishing that poetry should be extracted from ordinarily prosaic material. Down to Delacroix, French painting is mainly a continuation of the Bolognese school.

It is precisely for the same reason that the French art of the present day, while it interests everyone extremely, moves and touches so little anyone but the French themselves. It is true that French painting and sculpture stand at

the head of contemporary plastic art. It is true that such sculptors as M. Rodin and M. Dalou recall the best days of the Italian Renaissance; and that from Delacroix to Degas is a line of painters whose works are as sure of the admiration of posterity as of their present fame. And nowhere else is there anything in contemporary art to be seriously compared with the productions of these men. There is a fine landscape school at The Hague. Mr. Alma Tadema is an extremely clever painter, and Mr. Poynter and Mr. Burne-Jones are men indisputably provided with what the French call a "temperament." There are Mr. Whistler and Mr. La Farge, who are unclassifiable, and so entirely individual that to argue from them to their respective *milieus* would be unwarrantable. There are Signor Nona in Venice, and Signor Segantini in Milan, truly poetic artists as well as thoroughly equipped painters, who are sure one day of a fame of wider than Italian extent. But putting all these together (and adding even, if any reader chooses, the painting professors of Germany), it is evident that they make but an insignificant showing beside the names first mentioned and those with which these are associated—Carpeaux, Rude, Barye, Corot, Courbet, Rousseau, Troyon, and Millet. These men, however, are wholly exceptional, not only in the possession of conspicuous genius, but in the quality of their genius. It cannot be said that this is not French—it is certainly nothing else; but it is the kind of genius that is the rare exception in France, and that makes its way there, not amid the favoring and forwarding influences of popular sympathy, but against the current of opinion and the whole drift of feeling. Make their way, too, these men have all done. The Institute might frown on Barye, and the Salon juries reject Millet; but it is idle to argue from this hostility, as ignorance so frequently does, that France has often failed to appreciate her most admirable artists, her most poetic and truly exalted talent. Invariably they "arrive," as the phrase is; and they arrive first in Paris, where they have indeed, from the first, never failed of supporters. M. Rodin's most pronounced and most uncompromising work is now in the Luxembourg; we may one day expect to see a work by Manet in the Louvre. The French mind is elastic, and French public opinion tolerant to a degree which shames the prejudice of other peoples.

All these considerations, however, do not at all obscure the fact that it is not M. Puvis de Chavannes that Paris really admires, but—let us not say M. Bouguereau, for that would be unfair, or M. Cabanel, or even M. Gérôme, though each of these painters is honored in his own country in a way which it is difficult for a foreigner to understand. Let us say M. Meissonier. M. Meissonier presides without a rival in French estimation generally; his qualities are precisely those which appeal to French admiration—sanity, flawless workmanship, thoroughly adequate expression of a wholly clear and dignified pictorial motive. Or, if his defective sense for what is poetic be pointed out, the Parisian will in turn point to M. Henner, with whose art he has in general less sympathy, but whose poetic sense he feels must be striking enough for anyone's taste. And it is undeniable that the *Salon*, or even the greater part of the Luxembourg, seems, to the sensitive foreigner the æsthetic side of whose nature is developed in any considerable degree, particularly lacking in those elements which place the plastic arts in the same category with music and poetry. The trail of the conventional is apparent on every hand. Original inspiration, of whatever character, is infrequent. The faculties are, in the vast majority of instances, mainly occupied and occasionally exhausted in technical expression. With the idea, the sentiment, the theme, the artist does not concern himself in anything like the same degree. As to this, he selects rather than invents, and his material is inexhaustible. France is the only country which has kept alive the Renaissance tradition, and consequently education in France means familiarity with a far greater number of artistic generalizations, of precedents, and authorities than exist elsewhere. Speaking loosely, it may be said that, of every problem which the French artist attacks, he knows in advance various authoritative and accepted solutions.

Irresistibly he is impelled to take advantage of these. He could not, if he would, go over the whole ground for himself as if it were virgin soil. Inevitably his zest for discovery is less vivacious, and the edge of his impulse dulled. He counts the less personally for his acquisitions; his equipment saps his original force; he cares less about subject and more about treatment. Incompetence is what he most dreads in the general competition. To avoid appearing ridiculous is as much an anxiety of the artist as of any other Frenchman. He holds himself therefore well in hand, and proceeds systematically. He surrenders himself to no afflatus but that of science. In every department of artistic effort, then, where training is salutary and education possible—that is to say, not merely in method but in general attitude—the French artist excels. Freak, fantasticality, emotional exuberance are nearly unknown. *Les incohérents* are mainly practical jokers, and the rest gain no acceptance. In this way, as the epoch changes in taste, seriousness, ideas, objects of interest, Le Brun, Boucher, David, M. Meissonier, are successively developed. And to-day the French appreciation of M. Meissonier — the French feeling that he is the fine flower of what in France is most confidently believed in—has become in fact a cult. It would scarcely be fanciful to find something religious in the intelligent idolatry of the daily crowd at M. Meissonier's exhibition of his works a few years ago. The Galerie Petit was a temple. M. Meissonier himself conceives his mission in eminently hierarchical fashion.

In fine, the lack of personal quality born of the social instinct and illustrated in French manners, shows itself in French art as well, and has done so from the time of Francis I., when classicism was born in full panoply instead of, like its Italian foster-mother, attaining classic stature through natural stages of growth. The arts of comedy and conversation aside, in which personality is almost obliterated and the social, appreciative, and purely intellectual faculties are most actively engaged, French art does not in general contain enough personal flavor to escape conventionality. To thus escape it depends on its geniuses, its wholly exceptional names. Certainly strenuous personality is sure to *percer*—to come to the surface—and its ability to issue from the mass to which culture gives a conventional uniformity is excellent test and witness of its quality. A triumph over the Institute affirms an artist's force and fortifies his vitality as nothing else can. And it is equally true that where art is classic and its following popular, more individuals practise it, and the chances of thus developing an exceptional personality are proportionally increased. But these considerations, however obvious, are more or less speculative, and the fact remains that not only the mass of French art, but the portion of it which is at once most characteristic and most cordially appreciated by the French public, is altogether too impersonal to be poetic.

Personality, I take it, is of the essence of poetry. Wherever the note of culture predominates and the individual is subordinated, poetry suffers. The personality may be illusory, and "barbaric yawps" as unaccompanied by poetry as by culture. But there is no poetry without sentiment and feeling, and sentiment and feeling mean individuality accentuated in proportion to their intensity. The intellect is in comparison impersonality itself. Less personal, less concentrated, and less sentimental than any other people's, French expression in every department of art is less poetic also. Wordsworth's objection to Goethe's poetry, that it was not "inevitable enough," is applicable to all French art. "Possession" implies not less, but more personality, since it means an intensification of the sentimental, incommunicable, individual side of the poet's nature, and its proportionate emancipation from control by the definite and rational standards which mankind enjoy in common. "Superiority of intellect," Carlyle notes as Shakespeare's distinguishing characteristic, but his Protean personality is rather what separates Shakespeare from other giants of intellect, and this indeed is what we really mean by calling his art "objective." Just as in the instance of the "objective" Goethe, the "Gedichte" and "Faust" are called immortal works by

Goethe's most incisive critic, who says that here only is Goethe "truly original and thoroughly superior," because "they issue from a personal feeling and the spirit of system has not petrified them." Perfectly impersonal art is infallibly marked by convention, and convention is the implacable foe of poetry everywhere. It is, on the other hand, a friend and ally of prose, of what is communicable and rational.

Frenchmen resent being told that their genius for prose is a possession which involves an incapacity for poetry, an insensitiveness to what is intimately poetic. But they must pay in this way for their highly-developed social and rational side. "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines," says Macaulay; which is perhaps too general a statement, considering the coincidence of civilization and poetry of the very highest order at one moment, at least, in the race's history. But M. Scherer is undoubtedly right, speaking for France alone, in doubting whether "our modern society will continue to have a poetry at all." M. Francisque Sarcey, who is in general good nature itself, becomes almost irritated at an English judgment of Victor Hugo maintaining that Hugo is a great romancer rather than a true poet. Yet in his charming "Souvenirs de Jeunesse," having to confess that he has made verses, he exclaims: "Where is the man who can flatter himself that he knows the language of prose, if he has not assiduously practised that of poetry?" And he adds, "One learns the happy choice of words, the number of the phrase, and the grace of felicitous expression only in forging his style on the hard anvil of the Alexandrine." *La pénible enclume de l'alexandrin!* Fancy an English or American writer of M. Sarcey's eminence speaking in that way of what a French critic calls "the majestic English iambic." "On n'est trahi que par les siens," according to the French proverb. This statement of M. Sarcey's hits the nail exactly on the head. Poetry is in France an exercise, not an expression. It is to real French expression, to prose, what gymnastics and hygiene are to health. And not only is this true of the verses of the littérateur forging his prose on the anvil of the ten-syllable couplet, the littérateur of whom M. Sarcey may be taken as the type, but of the poets themselves it is true that poetry is conceived and handled by them as something external rather than native, something whose qualities they are felicitously to illustrate rather than to employ sympathetically and spontaneously for illustration of the idea or emotion seeking expression. Conceived in this way, it is easy to see how the form became tyrannical, how the despotism of the Alexandrine arose. And we may certainly say that conceived in this way it never would have been but for the national genius for highly-developed regularity and symmetry of form, for clearness, compactness, measure, and balance, for forging its fine prose, in a word, on the anvil of the Alexandrine.

But for form the French have an unrivalled sense—a sense which unites them closely to the antique and to the Italian Renaissance. If they have not the highest substance, they have the severest expression of any modern people; if they are the least poetic, they are certainly the most artistic. I know that now-a-days the latter epithet is frequently used in a rigidly esoteric sense. But such terms have a literary as well as a professional and pedantic value, and no one will fail to seize the distinction here hinted at, however he may himself identify artistic with poetic. The one means keeping one's self well in hand, the other abandonment and exaltation; one is constructive, the other inventive; one manipulates, the other discovers. In this sense, then, "artistic" may be used to describe the Frenchman's universal attitude. He is disinclined to accept nature in any of her phases or aspects. His passion is to arrange, to modify, to combine. He is ineradicably synthetic. His gardens, parks, farms, the entire surface of France, in fact, are landscape compositions. At Hampton Court you are in the presence of the natural forces; at Versailles or St. Cloud, of artistic ones. That alliance with nature through the inspiration of sentiment, which gives such repose and delight to every other nationality, the Frenchman takes no satisfaction in. It

does not call for that active exercise of his intellectual faculties which is necessary to his enjoyment. And it seems to him rudimentary and formless. He is as intensely human as he is impersonal, and nature outside of man and unmoulded by man's influence interests him only scientifically. She is emphatically not something to be enjoyed in itself, but artistic material rather, lying more or less ready to the artist's hand, but demanding co-ordination and organizing before becoming truly worthy of contemplation. The hap-hazard, the fortuitous, what we call the picturesque, either jar on the French sense or strike it as insufficient and elementary. Naples, Andalusia, London are picturesque. They are formless, full of the unexpected, full of color, physical and moral. They are in these respects in complete contrast to Paris and the provinces, where every aspect is ordered and the *coup-d'œil* on every hand artistically organic. Here nothing is left to itself in any department of possible human activity. "The trouble with the French," said an Italian fellow-traveller to me once, "is that they can leave nothing alone. They charge you more for potatoes *au naturel* than for potatoes served in any other way."

French art is thus naturally characterized more by style than substance. It insists upon what Buffon calls "order and movement" more than upon motive. It addresses itself to the intellect mainly, rather than to the sense or the susceptibility. French painting occupies itself more than any art except that of the Dutch masters with subtle values, which give a refined intellectual pleasure. The magic of color or composition which moves and the sensuousness which charms are quite lacking. It is in line and mass, and light and shade, and delicate adjustments of harmonious tones that French painting excels. Baudry passes for grandiose, and Bouguereau for subtile, spite of the Eclecticism of the one and the insipidity of the other, fundamentally considered, because, abstractedly and impersonally considered, mass and line respectively are thus handled by them. The excess of a devotion to form is precisely this conventionality and insipidity. The excess of a devotion to color is violence. Violence of any kind is instinctively repugnant to the French sense. It is Ingres, and not Delacroix, that permanently attaches and really interests his countrymen. Delacroix seems to them not merely romantic; he seems violent. Théophile Gautier, himself a thorough romanticist, calls Tintoretto *le roi des fougueux*—quite missing the ineffable sweetness and distinction of Tintoretto's hues and poetic poses. There is very little color at the *Salon;* although there is an immense amount of quality, and of quality very sapiently understood, so that nature's color filtered through the *plein air* process is satisfactorily reproduced. Yet passed through the alembic of the painter's personality, specially observed, insisted on, developed, it rarely is. "Gray," says M. de Biez again, "which is the color of the sky in France, is also the color of truth itself, of that truth which tempers the impetuosity of enthusiasm and restrains the spirit within the middle spheres of precise reason." Nothing could more accurately attest the French feeling in regard to color—the French distrust of its riotous potentialities. And, as when one looks constantly at one side of anything, its other side escapes him, the *Salon* is not only lacking in color, but it frequently illustrates how a constant preoccupation with its *value* leads to toleration of very disagreeable *character* in color. The light and dark harmony is now and then perfect, while at the same time charm, perfume, purely sensuous quality is quite lacking.

Keats speaks somewhere of "Lord Byron's last flash poem." Following the lead of the English enervated school, which one of its admirers recently described as trying to do for painting what Keats did for poetry, one very frequent notion of an important side of French art is exactly expressed by this epithet. I mean the decorative side—everything in fact in which severity does not noticeably preside. The decorative art of the French does indeed oftener than not lend itself to the rococo, though baroque it has rarely been. The extravagances of the late Italian, Spanish, and German Renaissance were but imperfectly emulated in France, where, with an occa-

sional exception, such as the sculpture of Puget's school, the keynote of all the second-rate art since the days of Goujon's and Delorme's imitators has been the academic quality. Startling, sensational, whimsical, eccentric, that is to say "flash," it has never been except in that comparatively inconsiderable part which has always obtained infinitely less consideration than frivolity of the kind does elsewhere. Education and the subordination of idiosyncrasy make it rare and disesteemed. There is nothing in France like the cemetery at Genoa. There is nothing like the interior of the House of Lords, which a recent French writer compares to a "thirty-cent Bohemian glass bazar." Nor like the spectacle in the same hall during an important sitting, "when the Peeresses' Gallery is adorned with women in blue dresses, yellow flowers, red fans, and apple-green feathers," and when, consequently, he adds, "the Bohemian glass shop seems to have been invaded by an assortment of Brazilian parrots." And we may affirm that, even to M. Charles Garnier himself, who has loaded the Nouvel Opéra at Paris with every mark of luxurious elegance conceivable or collectable by him, the decoration of most American theatres and public buildings which antedate the present era of fastidious and forceless eclecticism, would seem "flash" to the last degree. What we call "*Salon* nudities" are not the catch-penny things similar canvases would be with us. Nudity is in no Latin country the sensational thing it is in the world inhabited by the British matron and the American young person, whose cheek it is traditionally so difficult to keep from blushing. In the second place, the *Salon* nudities are studies in the most difficult department of pictorial art, namely, in the painting of flesh; and the appeal of the painter concerns his success in this, and is directed to a trained jury and not at all to people to whom for climatic reasons nudity is a sensational thing. It is indeed doubtful if the Anglo-Saxon notion of his motive and of his accomplishment could be clearly conveyed to a French painter—all that we are apt to regard as "flash" is to him so thoroughly convention.

In fine, so far in general are French painting and sculpture from the extravagant or the wilfully meretricious, that painting and sculpture may be defined as, for the French, the representation of ideas in form. Sometimes the form becomes a mere symbol. Variations of it are esteemed violences. But even when it does not reach this state of petrifaction through system, it is employed mainly to embody ideas rather than images, and though never morally didactic, now and then seems to a true child of nature not a little notional and narrow. "At the Institute," says M. Rodin, contemptuously, "they have recipes for sentiments." As for *character*, style shrinks a little from representing anything so little systematized, so little brought into harmony with itself, so complex, so vague in outline and condensed in essence, so discordant, so tumultuous. Geniuses like Michael Angelo and Tintoretto, who have a special faculty for fusing style and character, form and color, are rare. Generally the artist leans toward one or the other—toward Raphael or Rubens, toward Leonardo or Velasquez. The "School of Athens" is the exemplar of French effort, minus its spirituality, which is as foreign to the French genius, perhaps, as it is sealed to Mr. Ruskin. Where we find the artist preoccupied with character it is apt to be a little factitious, as if he had wandered from, for him, the true path and were engaged in an effort for which he was distinctly not born, a work whose conditions are quite foreign to his capacities. Spontaneity thus is rather stifled than stimulated. All formative influences induce restraint, measure, order, and oppose invention and experiment. Even in conversation you hear the same expression, the same joke, indefinitely repeated. No one seeks to vary them because they have become classic, because their form is not to be improved upon, and any attempt in this direction is foredoomed to failure. Because, too, there is such an infinite variety of them. Excellence in this department of activity depends upon eclectic taste and cultivation; not at all upon personal inventiveness. An American gets tired of "Je vous le donne en mille," "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées," and the infinitude of such classic combinations

and tradition-enshrouded expressions. The Frenchman thinks no more of them than we do of "yes" and "no," and the ordinary parts of speech taken separately. He is interested in further combinations, and enjoys dealing with the classic ones as simple elements, so that his result is always far more refined and developed. But it is, after all, wholly impersonal and artistic; his originality has nowhere the chance of penetrating the substance, but exhausts itself in modifying the form. The same thing is true, not only of plastic art and of poetry, but even of music. French music is as scientific as Palladian architecture. Distinctly it lacks melody. It is full of ideas, and its form is full of interest; but compare not the sentiment of Saint-Saens to that of Schubert, but the counterpoint of Berlioz to that of Bach.

On the other hand, the predominance of the element of style rarely results in the insipidity which elsewhere seems the inevitable fate of the refugee from the rococo. The devotion to form is sometimes tiresome, as in superficial articles and prosy books, where a completeness, not logical and philosophical like the completeness of the Germans, but purely of literary form, is sought. Subject, which is in general made so little of, is occasionally valued in proportion to its hackneyed and lifeless dignity. But insipidity is usually escaped because the artist's work is always positive and, however conventional, almost never perfunctory. Even if it can be called insipid on occasion, its insipidity is never stupid. The special training of the artist gives at least the interest of competence in execution, and his general culture, the demands of the environment, his familiarity with the best models, ensure that its substance shall not be contemptible. There is nowhere the flatness, the lack of accent, the pallor, the wan, chill, meagre aspect which characterizes much of our Protestant and polemic reaction from the earlier tropicality. We are no longer brutal or boisterous, but candor must compel us to acknowledge that our artistic Puritanism is a trifle bleak. It is possible to avoid the commonplace and still be uninteresting. Round doorknobs and legible inscriptions may make an insufficient appeal to the sensitiveness which demands the soothing stimulus of pleasurable aspect everywhere, but merely to destroy the roundness and the legibility results in nothing positive enough to escape insipidity. Disgust with the painting of panoramas and the sculpture of ideal inanity does little to justify itself by resorting to equally empty possibilities and realities. French culture and artificiality save art from that spontaneity which ends in sterility. M. Benjamin Constant's "seraglio" painting is not truly rococo, nor is M. Jean Béraud's realism insipid. The sense for form indeed is equally a safeguard in either instance.

In every artistic effort, where the poetic note is not so imperatively needed that its absence is a positive flaw, it would be difficult to attach too much value to form. Form is the safeguard and quickener of all elevated prose. If it be not itself the highest of qualities, if free and forceful as it shows itself in Greek sculpture it is even there subordinate to sentiment and color, it is everywhere and always the inexorable condition of the highest qualities; they are useful to it—it is necessary to them. And how admirable and elevating is the prose which in every department of art the French sense for form produces! To talk of French painting as many of our amateurs and artists do, and as they would of French sculpture were they familiar enough with it to perceive that most of it has the same characteristics, is merely to exhibit blindness for a number of excellent qualities which, whatever they fail in, at least save French art from the pure caprices which many of our artists and amateurs execute and admire. As the national turn for intelligence prevents life in France from being taken *en amateur*, so the national sense for form prevents amateurishness in French art. Our art students go to Paris for instruction in technic, but it is a pity that they so universally content themselves with that, and so rarely acquire there the general artistic cultivation which is there as much a mark of professional excellence as is excellence of technic. Very seldom is a painter, like Mr. Bridgman, let us say, a painter who

understands his capacities as well as his tastes—a thoroughly professional painter, in a word—returned to us by Paris itself out of the varied and abundant material we send her. In the vast majority of cases she sends us back amateurs—the same amateurs who sought her schools, immensely better equipped in technic, but, in pretty exact proportion to their individuality, preserving still the notions, whims, and ambitions with which they set out—the visions, that is to say, of the incurable amateur. Hence our art, spite of the very great improvement in technic within the past dozen years, still remains essentially the experimentation which it has been from the first. Our artists are as anxious as ever to reconstruct the basis of art, to give it in their practice a national and personal flavor, to be racial and individual, to display originality, and to do all this fundamentally and radically, quite without regard to the immutable decorum of evolution, and in defiance rather than through the aid of culture. Europe has constantly been saying to us at every international exhibition, "Be less imitative. Give us something new, some 'new birth of your new soil.'" And quite unconscious that European interest in our art is one mainly of curiosity, and forgetful of the fact that our new soil, whatever its capacities for producing great natural triumphs from human character to railroads, from the very fact that it is new demands careful culture to produce anything so artificial as fine art, we have gone about being racial and individual by pointedly neglecting culture and by breaking definitively with tradition.

Culture has been acutely defined as "the power of doing easily what you don't like to do." Of culture in this sense our artists have no comprehension. Doing painfully what they nevertheless like exceedingly to do, describes rather their practice. What they like to do, at any rate, not at all what they are fitted to do, is the rule of their effort. And it is the unfailing trait of the amateur. No amount of cleverness can prevent the result from insecurity, from essential triviality, from having that ephemeral quality characteristic of pure experimentation. Like the cleverness of Walt Whitman's defiance of culture, only for a time can it conceal the essential elementariness, the really rudimentary attitude of mind which conceit leads *naïveté* to mistake for *finesse*. Curious conception of the relations of means to ends our amateur artists and their amateur admirers must entertain, in conceiving our formlessness of sufficient substance to revolutionize the judgment of the ages as to form and fitness. Interested as Europe may be in seeing us more "original," we may be sure we shall never compel her obeisance to amateur originality, to "originality" painfully retesting the exclusions which mark the progress of culture and imagining itself inventive. The inexpressible flatness which coexists with our lack of sobriety, of measure, of form is grotesque. We can all nowadays recognize this quality in our yesterday's art—in the architecture which aimed at effects in "frozen music" that would have been the despair of the *flamboyant* Gothic epoch; in the sculpture which attempted to unite repose and action, the "far off" and the familiar, in a way which Phidias and Donatello were too prudent to essay; in the painting which, despising Nature considered as merely artistic material, surprised her in her own pictorial moods and endeavored to surpass her in intensifications of autumn color, exaggerations of sierras, volcanoes, and cataracts, arrangements of woodland cascades, romantic pools, "coming storms," and sentimental *genre* situations,—endeavored, in fine, to "paint the lily" with an impasto touch, the mere notion of which would have startled Claude and dismayed Rembrandt. But we are quite blind to the same quality in our current art, which displays in its own way the same mental preoccupation with the search for the philosopher's stone and perpetual motion, in complete neglect of the cautious dictates of scientific discovery.

The amateur view of art, of its functions and character, pervades the public as well as the profession, which is thus at once measurably excused for and encouraged in its superficiality. Mr. Howells draws up a list of short story writers, embroidered with laudatory comment

calculated to make several dozen people imagine themselves the equals of Mérimée and Maupassant. It is followed promptly by a catalogue of poets from an equally friendly hand, which pleads for a more attentive audience for no fewer than forty-one "poets," of whom three-fourths (to be entirely within bounds let us say two-thirds) have never suffered for the want of a meal, a new suit of clothes, or a theatre-ticket, have never committed a serious moral indiscretion, know neither pain, ecstasy, nor remorse, have never experienced any deep emotional perturbation, or enjoyed any unusual spiritual excitement, and whose culture is shown by their product to correspond to their experience. The popular and good-natured criticism which thus rescues our littérateurs and poets from any peril of self-depreciation, and keeps them a little dazed as to the exactness of their equivalence to Boccaccio and Keats, has a similar effect in plastic art, where, as in the matter of prose and poetry, it merely formulates the feeling of the entire public which occupies itself with such subjects. The American attitude in the presence of novelty of any kind has been described as speculation as to "how to make something just as good for less money." In art, at all events, this accurately characterizes the demand of the public upon the artist, who is therefore stimulated to "supply long felt wants" rather than permitted to produce naturally. Of an artist of great taste and refined appreciation, for instance, we excuse, if we do not exact, parodies of the grandiose effects of Rome and of the large picturesqueness of Flanders. Of a painter born and trained evidently for high class periodical illustration, we greet with effusion naïf experimentation in the sphere of Christs, Venuses, Last Suppers, the acme of classic subject. Of a sculptor who has a decorative sense, we persist in calling for the heroic and statuesque. And while we thus pervert mere instinct and talent, we afford little scope to the free and natural exercise of its energy by the conspicuous genius we may legitimately boast. If in the informal organization some semblance of which in every civilized country all professions tend inevitably to acquire, our artists did not resemble less an army than a mob; if in the exercise of their functions normal conditions were not so sourly disturbed that "time is lost and no proportion kept;" does anyone suppose that Mr. Eidlitz would build an ecclesiastical savings-bank, Mr. La Farge set a Theocritan idyl in a church casement, or Mr. Eakins choose the Crucifixion for his masterpiece?

Of course, in all these respects artistic France presents the completest possible contrast to ourselves. The French art public does not demand mediæval cathedrals and Titians, early Renaissance low relief and Pre-Raphaelite intensity, the Florentine line and the Venetian palette. It demands instead M. Gérôme. M. Gérôme is by no means a favorite of mine. His work, largely considered, lacks just that element of reality which apparently its author and his public conceive to be its *raison d'être*. But the evolution of such a painter and his popularity witness strikingly the culture of the environment, where all serious effort is soberly and sanely made, where every artist seems occupied with what he was born to do, and where that crying disproportion between ambition and accomplishment characteristic of the amateur stage of progress is reduced to a minimum. M. Gérôme's work is in this sense admirably professional, and the almost universal honor in which it is held is admirable recognition of this aspect of it—its excellence, that is to say, in form, in restraint, in a certain felicity of style, often, which raises it far above almost any contemporary work of the kind, and occasionally (as in the "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant") achieves for it a dramatic distinction bordering on grandeur. Compare it for these qualities with any work produced among us by fellow-craftsmen who find Gérôme terribly deficient in charm, who have the true interests of art so much at heart as to fear compromising them should they admit the value of education, even in the absence of afflatus. And observe the prodigious difference between the *milieu* whose admiration fosters these qualities and our own, which expiates its ignorance of their importance by attaching itself to the experimental and the ephemeral, and which by its ingenuous

exaction of stimulating and contempt for sustaining viands is condemned oftenest to a Barmecide banquet in the halls of art.

Compare, on the other hand, such a work as the "Ave Cæsar" with the historical painting of Pilotty, or Wagner, or Kaulbach, or even Hans Makart. How wide is the interval by which it escapes their commonness, that element which in art as in life we know best as the exact opposite of distinction, the *Gemeinheit* which Goethe was always reprehending, and before which Heine fled into exile. Gérôme, Meissonier, Boulanger, Baudry, Laurens, Dubufe, Henner, Detaille, Mercié, Dubois, Lefebvre, Barrias, Luminais, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Chaplin, and a score of others placed in the front rank by their compatriots' esteem, testify, in a word, to the success of the national sense for form in developing the fine qualities of distinction and elegance, as well as the solid ones of special competence and general culture. Distinction is a trait as proper to prose as to poetry. It is perhaps even more necessary to prose, and hence apt to be therein more generally developed. It is at any rate a native and penetrating quality, which shows itself in every effort of the artist who possesses it. It implies that his point of view is always special and fastidious, that he does not look at things in a preoccupied and matter-of-course way, permitting their grosser traits to impress him, and inertly accepting the actual impression on the retina as equalling the artistic suggestion of the object. Such a painter as M. Alfred Stevens, for example, and such a sculptor as M. Moreau-Vautier, evince in the highest degree the French feeling for distinction, for what is fastidious in its correctness, for refinement, polish, artistic decorum. The patrician element is as characteristic in plastic art as in character or manners, and the French have an instinctive affinity for it. M. Moreau-Vautier stoops to trifles and M. Stevens sometimes suffers his art to exhale in mere millinery; but in each instance, and in a host of others of which these are simply typical, there is a high-bred, cultivated dignity which confers on the most frivolous work a certain amount of unmistakable distinction.

We come finally, thus, to recognize elegance as the characteristic quality of French art in its widest scope, and to perceive that the divinity which presides over every æsthetic shrine is Taste. A recent romance by M. Adolphe Racot pretends, indeed, that taste is the universal arbiter, of conduct as well as of the unmoral activities. This is, of course, not the French view, but it is a view which it is not surprising to encounter in a French book, and which would be encountered nowhere else. In everything plastic, however, taste is universally the French test of excellence. Offences against taste are the sins most shocking to the French sense; obedience to its dictates is the attitude most cordially approved by the French mind. One can see how distinctly national the trait is by observing, not merely how quickly elegance became the dominant note in all artistic importation at the Renaissance epoch—how even Primaticcio at Fontainebleau, for example, shows the effect of the new environment upon the Italian inspiration—but also how it struggles with the grandiose severity of Gothic at Rouen and Beauvais; as indeed, centuries before, the instinctive feeling for it developed Gothic line and movement out of the sombre massiveness of Romanesque. The quality is as noticeable in every department of effort as in formal art. From landscape gardening to needlework, from book-bindings to placards, from the carefully-considered proportions of a Neo-grec palace to the mouldings on a block of builder's buildings, from the decoration of a theatre to the arrangement of a kitchen-garden, in dress, in amusements, in household furnishings, in horses and carriages, in chandeliers, clocks, mirrors, table services—in fine, in every object produced by the hand of man—is visible the working of the art instinct under the direction of taste to the end of elegance. In Paris every vista is an artistic spectacle. From the point of view of art nothing in the world equals the picture one sees in looking toward the Louvre from the Arc de l'Étoile—unless it be the line of the boulevards, where the buildings, the terraces, the shop-windows, the people combine in the production of a scene from which every

natural element except the sky above it has been eliminated, and which would therefore be dazing and depressing if its harmony, its taste, its elegance did not render it beyond all expression stimulating and delightful. The entire city is a composition, the principle of fitness in whose lines and masses, tones, and local tints secures elegance in the *ensemble*. Elegance is embodied by Paris as perfectly as, according to Victor Hugo, majesty is by Rome, beauty by Venice, grace by Naples, and wealth by London.

Naturally the rule of taste results in the tyranny of the mode. Nowhere, perhaps, is fashion so exacting, not only in dress and demeanor, but in plastic art itself. Hence the development of schools, the erection of methods into systems, the succession of romanticists to classicists and of realists to both, the sequence of academic, *plein air*, impressionist, pre-Raphaelite notions. So that if the mass of French art is too conventional, too little spiritual, too far separated from nature, too material, in a word, to be constantly renewed by fresh impulses operating in the work of original geniuses continually springing up, it nevertheless always makes the most of a novel view, a fresh position by developing, systematizing, and finally imposing it as the mode. And, however extraordinary the germ of the mode, so severe is French taste and so acute is the French sense for harmony, that in its full flower any fashion is sure to be distinguished more by unity and measure than by caprice.

Taste, moreover, is universal in France. It pervades all ranks. It dictates the blouse of the *ouvrier*, the blue and white composure of the *blanchisseuse*, the furnishing of a *concierge's* lodge as explicitly as it does the apparel of the *élégante* or the etiquette of a *salon*. It banishes everywhere raggedness, dirt, slovenliness, disorder. Having classified people, so far as possible it uniforms them ; and by uniforming the classes it unifies the whole which the classes compose. Thus everyone is a critic ; everyone instinctively feels, as to any specific thing, whether or no it comes up to the general standard. The first-comer is a judge of art, as in Italy he is of beauty. Everyone's instinct is trained under the influence of taste all the time ; whichever way one turns he receives some imperceptible education. An Italian prince or pauper, *raffiné* or rustic, throws the concentrated charm of an absolute unconsciousness into a look, a gesture, an attitude, which the happiest art can never hope to rival. Perhaps we may maintain that there is a subtile order and harmony in the fortuitous, the accidental, which escapes the ordinary eye, and which the ordinary artist does not catch. But whereas this kind of harmony is somewhat insubstantial, and one's feeling for it speculative and fanciful, France presents the stimulating spectacle of an entire people convinced with Sénancour that the tendency to order should form "an essential part of our inclinations, of our instinct, like the tendency to self-preservation and to reproduction," and illustrating its conviction consciously and unremittently in every sphere of life and art—making indeed an art of life itself.

With this feeling impregnating the moral atmosphere, with the architectonic spirit informing all activities, the trifling as well as the serious, it is no wonder that Paris is the world's art clearing-house, whither everyone goes to perfect, or at least to "consecrate," his talent, and the centre of artistic production whence art objects as well as art ideas are disseminated throughout civilization. Nor is it surprising that even in music—for which the French have certainly no special gift, owing to their lack of sentiment, to the absence of rhythm and the predominance of the *saccadé* note in the French language and character—Paris should have reached its indisputable eminence. What is curious, however, and what constitutes a singular criticism of our century as the "heir of all the ages," is that the least poetic should be the most artistic of modern peoples ; that France, in fact, which "in art cares more for the true than even for the beautiful," should be the only country comparable with the Italy of the Renaissance and the Greece of antiquity, not only for the prodigious amount, but for the general excellence of her artistic activity.

THE COMPETITIVE ELEMENT IN MODERN LIFE.

By Henry C. Potter.

THE Protest against the Sacrifice of Education to Competitive Examinations, in connection with which Professors Max Müller, Freeman, and Frederic Harrison have lately spoken with such marked earnestness, raises an issue of much wider interest. The signatures to the published Protest include many of the most eminent men in Great Britain, and their presentation of the "dangerous mental pressure and misdirections of energies and aims" involved in the present system of competitive examinations is one which must compel attention.

It is noteworthy, however, that it has been almost immediately followed by a very vigorous counterblast which embraces the opinions of four hundred English Schoolmasters. Of these, one-fourth are disposed to own that the present system of competitive examinations has defects, but the remaining three hundred and more content themselves with returning to the question "Should competitive examinations be abolished?" a simple negative.

It helps sometimes to ameliorate a trying situation to know that others, subjected to the same trials, are worse off than ourselves. And so it may soften the hardships of the English or American competitive examination to read the following account of a competitive examination in China:

"At Foochow the candidates underwent much suffering and even death. One man went mad directly he saw the themes, and cut himself nearly to pieces with broken bits of pottery; a second also lost his senses and began to eat mud. On the second day a candidate spit blood from over-exertion and died. Each student was in a separate cell which was hurriedly run up, without any proper raised place for the men to sleep, so that many rolled off on the damp ground, and injured themselves, while one was stung by a poisonous snake. Thousands of students went up for the examination, but hundreds were plucked in the preliminary before the Literary Chancellor, who was exceptionally severe this year. The present examination rules have been in force for over a century, and are most strictly observed, no district being allowed more than a certain number of degrees. If any district offends, this number is reduced as a punishment; while next year additional numbers will be allowed in honor of the Emperor's marriage. At each examination there are two chief

and two subordinate examiners, with a corps of eighteen readers, who go through all the essays, and submit the best only to their superiors. Copyists then transcribe these essays in red. The examiners are shut up for five weeks. Hard-headed students who cannot get through after many efforts, are accorded an honorary degree when they reach a venerable age—*i.e.*, over ninety." *

Whatever the terrors or discouragements of the competitive examination among Westerns, they do not equal these. Nor indeed if they did, could we hope, by any modification of them, to eliminate that element of rivalry which, after all, is at the basis of all the competitions of life.

And yet nothing is more undeniably true than that such rivalries are among the most fruitful sources of evil in every department of life. The world lately has witnessed the spectacle of a great people, agitated by a heated political contest which for the hour has absorbed every other interest. We may laud the superiority of our institutions, and compare them boastfully with the monarchical governments of other countries, but I fancy that some of us, seeing the heat and acrimony that our political contests so easily engender, catching the echoes of the harsh speech and bitter innuendo and half smothered strife that have often filled the air, have seriously questioned whether that form of government which involves such strifes is, on the whole, so surely wiser and more wholesome than any other. And yet the rivalries and excitements of political life are by no means the largest or most conspicuous element in any ordinary experience. At most they are awakened but seldom, and by contests which occur at considerable intervals. But of other rivalries—the rivalries of the street and the shop, and the drawing-room, when and where do we not hear the echoes? How many men and women are there who, witnessing the success of their fellows, are not constrained daily to cry, with that soldier of old, "The triumphs of Miltiades will not let me sleep!" What is there that is really worth having which can be won except at the cost of another's disappointment? All are in the race, whether it be for place or power or fortune, "but one receiveth the prize." And when he does, at what cost he wins it! The disappointed competitors who take their punishment so bravely, does anybody believe that defeat does not wound them? When one has set his heart on a coveted possession, and has spent years in training for the arena, and then for other years has strained every nerve in the race to reach it, does any one suppose that failure costs him nothing? And if, on the other hand, the struggle has been successful and the outstretched hand has snatched the prize, can any of us imagine that even success is without its sting? To lose what you have toiled and schemed and striven for, and to see another finally possess it—yes, that is hard, but is there not a wretchedness quite as real in the consciousness that your success has caused another's failure—that your momentary triumph is his lasting misfortune, and that what you have gained for yourself you have gained by snatching it from him? Is there no element of misery in the consciousness that, whatever you may be in possession of, there are scores of other people who honestly believe that they have a better right to it, and will find no pleasure so keen as the pleasure of pointing at your defects and of detracting from your achievements? Would it comfort you to live in a palace if you knew that, every time your neighbors passed it, they dropped a sneer at your ostentation, your extravagance or your unfitness for your surroundings? The world has spoken and sung a great deal of sympathy for the unsuccessful, but I have sometimes thought that the men and women who succeed have a claim upon human sympathy quite as genuine and quite as imperious. To feel that, bear yourself as meekly as you may, your very existence is an affront to somebody else, to know that, live as uprightly as you will, there are others who think your very prosperity a crime, and who will find in your very virtues material for calumny, to know that there is nothing that the world counts worth gaining, which you can win without awakening an envious animosity in the breasts of others who are less successful, this surely

* North China Gazette.

is a thorn in the rose, a cloud in the sky which is sufficient, with many a sensitive nature, to rob success of its best perfume, and to quench the sunshine out of the fairest noon-day of achievement. It is impossible not to sympathize with that successful statesman who, when retiring to private life at the very height of his fame, answered to those who reproached him for forsaking the political arena, "I find that I am happier when I court the shade. In obscurity I can at any rate be sure that I provoke no man's envy; and, in a lowly station, there are some, at least, who are willing to admit that I am not the sum total of all perfidies and the incarnation of all the vices."

And yet, when we turn from these results of the rivalries and competitions of life, how universal is the training that produces them! It begins in the schoolroom and it ends only in the grave. From childhood all the way on, boy is matched against boy, cleverness against industry, man against man. If there is anything really worth having, competition is becoming daily the more common (and who will dare to say that it is not also the more equitable) way of attaining it. Once, when a boy wanted to go to West Point his friends made interest with some personage of influence, and procured him an appointment. But nowadays we have a competitive examination, and that principle of competitive examination as the basis of a large proportion of civil or political appointment or promotion we are daily recognizing more and more clearly to be an indispensable principle. Nay, if we look closely, we shall see that even in the matter of many of our amusements it is the element of competition and rivalry that lends to them their greatest charm. Who would be left as spectators of a boat-race or a cricket-match if all the people were withdrawn who had assembled, not to witness the contest itself, but the triumph of a particular crew or eleven? The ardor of the explorer in the wilds of central Africa, or of the voyager amid the ice-floes of the Arctic Circle, is fired not merely by the ambition of widening the circle of human knowledge but also of overtopping the limits of previous achievement.

And when we pass from the competitions of our more public or professional life, the spectacle is increasingly suggestive. How many people are there who covet a thing because it is intrinsically good, compared with those who covet it because it is relatively better than somebody else's? The race of competitive display which has been run nowhere else on earth, during the past quarter of a century, with such heat and at such a cost as we have illustrated right here—that race whose wrecks are strewn along the shores of the past in a mass of commercial ruin, the jetsam and flotsam of many a fair vessel that will never float again, was there ever rivalry more intense or competition more vehement and unremitting? What department of life, what form of undertaking is there so sacred as to be free from it? Nay, listen to the speech of children and you shall find it but an echo of the strifes and rivalries which are inflaming the breasts of their elders.

And yet, as I began by saying, nothing is clearer than that rivalry and competition are not merely actual but inevitable elements of human life. And therefore is it our wisdom not to pretend that they do not exist, and even less to pretend that there is something so naughty in them that they ought not to exist, and least of all, to pretend that though they are naughty, they are nevertheless necessary, and we must compete and strive and struggle to excel and outwit our neighbor just as hard as we can, only taking care, if possible, not to let anybody see what we are doing, or suspect in us the competitive spirit. In a word, this is just one of those questions which wants to be ventilated with a strong breeze of candid and courageous common sense, and there could be no fitter moment for opening the windows and letting such a breeze blow through than just now.

Let us understand, then, that competition—a strife to excel, nay if you choose, downright rivalry—has a just and rightful place in the plan of any human life. A prize fight is probably the most disgusting spectacle on earth, but it has in it just one moment which very nearly approaches the sublime; and that is when the combatants shake hands with

each other and exchange that salutation as old as the classic arena, "may the best man win." It is the equitable thing that the best man should win. When we turn to the most august and eventful conflict which human history records, we find it described as the winning of a prize, the reaching of a goal, the conquest of an adversary. Of course it is possible to suppose such a thing as a life without rivalries and competitions, and to look forward to a time, when, amid other conditions, they will be at once needless and incongruous, but in such a life as ours is now—in a life, that is to say, which so plainly has discipline and education for its end—to take all rivalry and competition out of it would be to rob it of one of the mightiest and most wholesome agencies for the ennobling of human character.

But to be that, the rivalries and competitions of our daily life must be rivalries exercised under manly and generous sanctions. Let no one of us be afraid to say to his fellows: "I am your rival in this race and I mean to beat you, if I can. But having said this, let us see to it that no eagerness for victory persuades us for one moment to forget that greater than any other triumph is the triumph of inflexible principle. It is just here that we touch what may be called the heroic side of human rivalries. There are some of us who, in these tamer days

"Would fain the old heroic ages back,"

and yet our age affords as fine a field for heroism—of a kind far higher, too, than the heroism of the camp and the fray—as human heart can possibly desire. To see to it that in the hottest competition and amid the fiercest rivalry the worst defeat is not experienced by our own integrity, this is sometimes the hardest strain of all. And whether it be success or failure that awaits us, what a fine school for virtues that grow weak and flaccid in retirement is to be found amid the fierce heats of our daily competitions. Granted that no rivalry is possible without a certain admixture of evil, what is there in life from which we can as yet wholly exclude that inevitable ingredient? Granted that any competition is almost sure to engender strife and malice and envy, and sometimes alas, a miserable spirit of exultation over another's defeat which is meaner and baser than all the rest—granted that failure, when, as often, we strive and are beaten, leaves a sting that rankles long and deeply—still here, as always in life, the evil in our own experience becomes an element in our training—a potential factor in that best resultant which is an invigorated and ennobled character. In the eagerness of business competition, in the race for a prize, whether it be social or commercial or political, what a rare field for that magnanimity which will not take an undue advantage of another, and which counts any and every success subordinate to unspotted uprightness in the winning of it! To be intensely in earnest in the race—to summon all our powers for the contest, and yet never to bend them to a mean use, this certainly is a victory on the side of righteousness more priceless than any prize. And then when defeat comes—when the student has burnt the midnight oil and paled his cheek in ineffectual studies—when the artist has mixed his colors almost literally with his own brains and put upon his canvas the loftiest conceptions and most conscientious and patient endeavor of days and months—to see our best accomplishments extinguished by another's better and more dazzling performances, and still amid it all to preserve a temper unsoured by defeat and a judgment uncorrupted by our own failure, this is a victory nobler than all besides.

And still more I think, when there comes that harder strain upon the nobility of our nature which comes with our successes. How few men and women there are who can bear meekly and generously the intoxication of their prosperity! Very often, the most deteriorating result of human competition is success—to win an advantage over another and then meanly to exult in it—to take, even for an instant, delight in the thought of another's baffled aspirations and to gloat over the spectacle of his failures, this is often a more degrading consequence of our human rivalries than all others put together. And this it is that makes victory so much more

dangerous to most of us than defeat. Milman has told us how Pope John the XXIst, bursting into exultant laughter as he entered for the first time that noble chamber which he had built for himself at Viterbo, is crushed by its avenging roof, which that instant comes down on his head. And thus it is true, in a deeper sense, that many a triumph crushes and extinguishes all that is noblest in him who has won it. Doubtless, failure and defeat are bitter, but hardest of all to bear are not our losses but our victories.

And so may it not be that the competitions of life are for its best and largest development? To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize and to win it honestly or —lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery;—verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it can cost us.





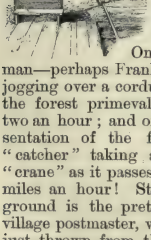
AT A WAY-STATION—THE POSTMASTER'S ASSISTANT.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

By Thomas L. James.



AT the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in the Post-Office exhibit, was a double picture showing the postal service at the beginning of the century and as it is to-day. On one side was a postman—perhaps Franklin—on horseback, jogging over a corduroy road, "through the forest primeval," making a mile or two an hour; and on the other a representation of the fast mail train, the "catcher" taking a pouch from the "crane" as it passes at the rate of fifty miles an hour! Standing in the foreground is the pretty daughter of the village postmaster, with the mail pouch just thrown from the car in her hand, a group of rustics, with ill-concealed admiration in their eyes, watching her as the swiftly passing train goes on its journey. This picture is not, perhaps, a work of art, but it is an "object lesson," giving at a glance the progress that our country has made in a hundred years.

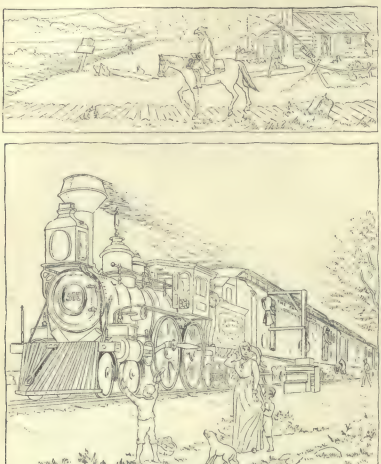
Of all the executive departments of the government, the Post-Office is the one nearest the people, and the one with which they are the most familiar. In addition to its work of collecting, transporting, and delivering legitimate mail matter, viz., letters, newspapers, and magazines, it is the greatest express company of the continent, since it has an office at almost every cross-roads, even carrying merchandise cheaper (considering the distance) than its rivals. Its registration system affords a means of forwarding valuable packages, at a slight additional cost, with almost absolute security. It is the greatest banking institution on this side of the Atlantic. The transactions of its money-order system, not only in our own country, but with almost every nation in the civilized world (Russia and Spain excepted), run up to well-nigh fabulous sums. Its drafts are easily obtained and cheap. Its notes are "gilt edged," and have never been repudiated. With the creation of the Postal Savings Bank system the working people's department, in its organization, will approach perfection.

The first mention of a travelling post-office occurs in a memorial addressed to Congress in November, 1776, by Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General under the Continental Congress, in which he states that, owing to the frequent removals of the Continental Army, he was subjected to extraordinary expense, difficulties, and fatigues, "having paid an exorbitant price for every necessary of life, and having been obliged, for want of a horse—which could not be procured—to follow the army on foot."

Directly after the inauguration of General Washington, in April, 1789, the organization of the Post-Office Department followed, and Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, was appointed Postmaster-General. That the people might derive the greatest possible advantage from an institution peculiarly their own, this

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gigantic monopoly—for it is nothing else—was created, and all competition forbidden. The Postmaster-General had



Postal Progress, 1776–1876.
(Facsimile of a print in the Post-Office Department.)

then but one clerk, and there were but 75 post-offices and 1,875 miles of post-roads in the United States; the cost of mail transportation being $22,081, the total revenue, $37,935, the total expenditures, $32,140; leaving a surplus of $5,795. From this time until 1836 the contracts made for the transportation of the mails do not mention any kind of service on post-roads except stages, sulkies, four-horse post-coaches, horseback, packets, and steamboats.

The growth of the Railway Mail Service has been coincident with that of the railway itself, and the importance of both cannot be underestimated in considering the future development of the country. Almost as soon as a railroad is fully organized it becomes a mail contractor with the Department.

The Act of Congress constituting every railroad in the United States a post-route was approved July 7, 1838. Postmaster-General Barry, in his annual report for 1836, speaks of the multiplication of railroads in many parts of the country, and suggests it as a subject worthy of inquiry, whether measures may not be taken to secure the transportation of the mail on them, and adds: "Already have the railroads between Frenchtown, in Maryland, and Newcastle, in Delaware, and between Camden and South Amboy, in New Jersey, afforded great and important facilities to the transmission of the great eastern mail." At this time a railroad between Washington and New York was in process of construction, and Postmaster-General Barry dwelt in his report on the importance of the facilities that would be afforded for speedy service between the two cities, predicting that the run between them would probably be made in sixteen hours. The service is now performed in about five hours.

At first the facilities for mail services were very limited. Postmaster-General Kendall, in 1835, suggested that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company might be asked to close in some portion of their baggage cars, a strong lock being placed on the apartment, to which only the postmasters at Washington and Baltimore should have keys. In the same report he adds: "If wheels can be constructed which can be used alike upon the railroads and the streets of the cities respectively, the Department will furnish an entire car containing the mail to be delivered at one depot, and received at the other, asking nothing of the company but to haul it." It was even proposed at this time that the Government should have its own locomotives, everything else on the road giving the right of way to the mail train. This proposition was not adopted. The fear was expressed, however, that if the

Department did not have absolute control over the road, the people would have to depend on stage or other horse transportation for mail service. All these early troubles in time passed away, and through concessions on both sides, the railways soon became the most important agent of the Post-Office Department.

This, of course, was not accomplished without many trials and tribulations. It seems strange, in the light of the present, to read in an official report a remonstrance from route agents that nearly every night dead bodies were placed in the mail crates between Philadelphia and New York, and the mails packed around the coffins. This breach of good order disappeared after that time, and with it came to an end the freight methods and the old stage-coach ideas of dealing with the mails.

who had taken it from the mother country.

The credit of suggesting the first step toward the present system has generally been given to Colonel G. B. Armstrong, who in 1864 was Assistant Postmaster at Chicago. This is incorrect; Mr. W. A. Davis, a clerk of the St. Joseph, Mo., Post-Office, where the overland mail was made up, conceived the idea in 1862 that if the letters and papers could be assorted on the cars between Quincy and St. Joseph, the overland mail could start promptly on time. He was given permission to carry out this idea, and there are vouchers on file in the Department at Washington showing that he was paid for that specific work. In 1864 Colonel Armstrong was authorized and encouraged by the Hon. Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster-General, to undertake the difficult task of arranging and introduc-

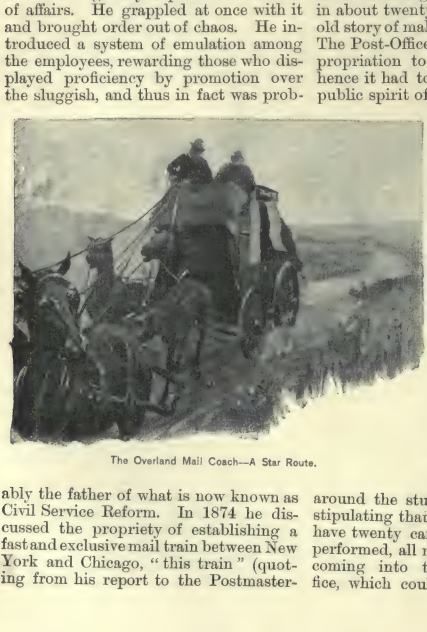


The Pony Express—The Relay.

A separate compartment in a baggage car, fitted up with few conveniences necessary for the distribution of local way mail, was the beginning of the system which has developed into the luxurious postal cars of the present time. As a matter of history, however, it is only fair to say that the system which we then adopted had been in use for some time with our northern neighbors of Canada,

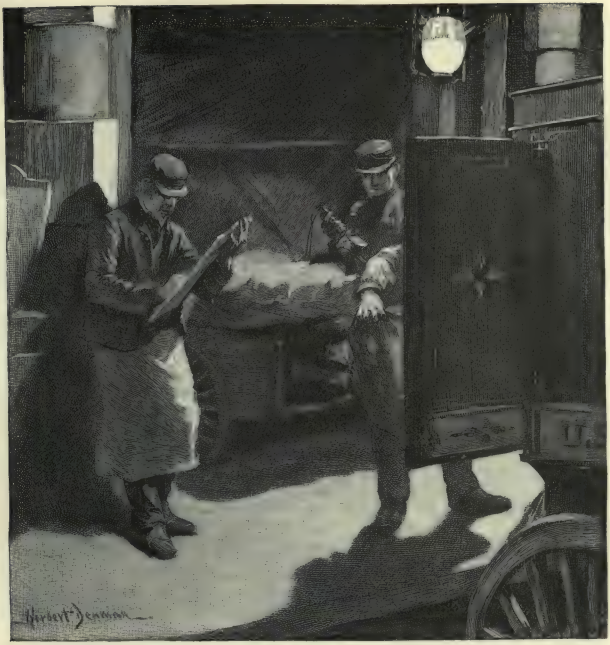
ing the service. On August 31, 1864, he wrote: "To-day I commenced the new distribution." Subsequently, Colonel Armstrong became the first General Railway Mail Superintendent, and held this office until ill-health compelled him to resign, in 1871. To Colonel George S. Bangs, of Illinois, and his successors, Theodore N. Vail, Wm. B. Thompson, and John Jameson is due the excellence of

the present system. Colonel Bangs was a thoroughly equipped Post-Office man, energetic, courageous, and progressive. Brimful of ideas, he was ever on the lookout for improvement. Never satisfied with old ways, he was constantly striving to simplify and better the service. He forgot himself in his work, and died a martyr to his duty, leaving the travelling Post-Office of to-day a monument to his memory. While to Colonel Armstrong is due the credit for the skeleton of the system, it was the genius of Colonel Bangs that clothed the bones with flesh, developed the sinew, put the blood in circulation, and breathed into its body the breath of life. Colonel Bangs found, in 1871, that everything was disjointed, disconnected, and sluggish. There was no attempt at "certainty, security, or celerity." It was a "go-as-you-please" condition of affairs. He grappled at once with it and brought order out of chaos. He introduced a system of emulation among the employees, rewarding those who displayed proficiency by promotion over the sluggish, and thus in fact was probably the father of what is now known as Civil Service Reform. In 1874 he discussed the propriety of establishing a fast and exclusive mail train between New York and Chicago, "this train" (quoting from his report to the Postmaster-General) "to be under the control of the Department, so far as it is necessary for the purposes designed, and to run the distance in about twenty-four hours. It is conceded by railway officials that this can be done. The importance of a line like this cannot be over-estimated. It would reduce the actual time of mail between the east and west from twelve to twenty-four hours. As it would necessarily be established upon one or more of the trunk lines, having an extended system of connections, its benefit would be in no case confined, but extended through all parts of the country alike."



The Overland Mail Coach—A Star Route.

This report met with the approval of Postmaster-General Jewell, who ordered Bangs to negotiate with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and the Lake Shore Railroad for a fast mail train, leaving New York at four o'clock in the morning, and arriving at Chicago in about twenty-four hours. It was the old story of making bricks without straw. The Post-Office Department had no appropriation to pay for such facilities, hence it had to depend at first on the public spirit of the railroad authorities. Commodore Vanderbilt, the president of the companies whose lines were to be used, had had dealings with the Department, and was perhaps not altogether sanguine as to the practical issue of the experiment, or in respect to the countenance it would receive from Congress; but Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the vice-president, lent a willing ear to Mr. Bangs's proposition, and did his utmost to aid him in putting it into effect. There being no special appropriation available for the purpose in hand, "the devil was whipped around the stump" by Colonel Bangs stipulating that if Mr. Vanderbilt would have twenty cars built and the service performed, all matter originating at or coming into the New York post-office, which could reach its destination



Loading for the Fast Mail, at the General Post-Office, New York.

at the same time by this line, should be sent by this train, and that the railway companies could have the right to demand a weighing of the mail matter at will, all railroads being paid according to weight. When the details of the plan were communicated to Commodore Vanderbilt, he is reported to have said to his son, "If you want to do this, go ahead, but I know the Post-Office Department, and you will, too, within a year." Mr. Vanderbilt did "go ahead." He constructed and equipped the finest mail train ever seen on the planet, ran it for ten months, never missed a connection at Chicago, and was always on time at New York. He did not have to wait a year, however, for a realization of the sagacious old Commodore's prophecy. Within three weeks, despite the indignant protest of Colonel Bangs, the mails of three States were ordered to be taken from this, and given to another route. A grosser and more wanton breach of plighted faith it would be hard to find, and its results were far-reaching and disastrous.

This train was a marvel of completeness and efficiency. It was manned by picked men, and the only complaint ever made against it was that it ran so fast that the clerks had not time to sort the mails for the post-offices between New York and Poughkeepsie. To ob-

viate this, Colonel Bangs requested the postmaster at New York to have two hundred mail-bags dyed red, which should contain the mail for those offices nearest together, so that the crew in the train could distribute them first. There was no complaint after that. But when the dyer's bill was sent by the postmaster to the Department, it was disallowed by a clerk of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, who, in a letter announcing the fact, said that there was no necessity for the outlay, if the postal clerks did their duty. Bangs, who had just arrived at the Post-Office from a day and night's ride on his favorite train, was lying on a sofa half asleep in the Postmaster's private office, as that official was opening his mail. When he came to that letter he handed it to Bangs. He was wide awake in an instant. "Mr. Postmaster," said he, "do you know the man who signed this letter? He is a wheezy priest, a fool and a Baptist, at that. Give me the letter." The bill was allowed as soon as Bangs reached the Department. He was wrong, however, in crediting the subordinate to the Baptist faith. He was an ornament of another persuasion.

So carefully had the project been considered and adapted that the service on the Central, from the start, moved with the precision of clock-work, and was an immediate success. It is proper to say that word of what was going on between the Department and the Vanderbilt system reached the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he at once made up his mind that the corporation under his management could not afford to be behind its great rival. One Saturday morning he telegraphed to J. D. Layng (now General Manager of the West Shore and President of the C. C. C. & I.) then General Manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, to know if by the following Monday week, the date on which the train was to start, four postal cars could be built and the first one in Chicago ready to start on its eastern trip. The answer came back, Yes. The order was given to the Allegheny shops on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Saturday the first of the cars, complete and equipped for mail service, started for Chicago, and began its east-bound trip on Monday morning. The second and third cars were finished on Monday night, and the fourth—thus fully equipping the line—on Tuesday.

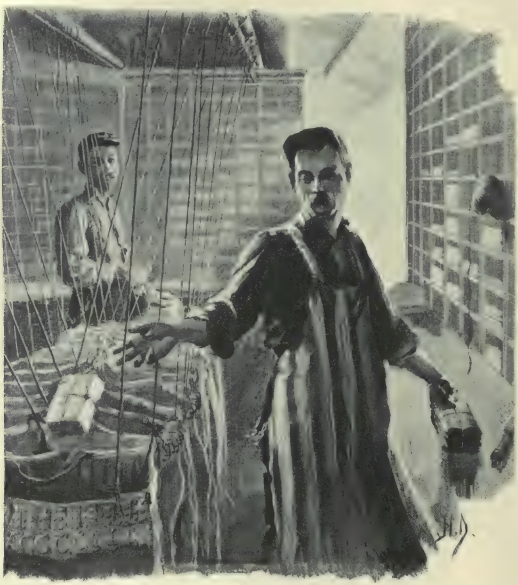
Thus had been established two splendid fast trains, and the outlook was bright for the future, when Congress, in spite of the efforts of the Post-Office Department, passed an Act reducing the already inadequate compensation to the trunk lines, at least for the carrying of the mails. This action brought official notice from Messrs. Vanderbilt and Scott of the discontinuance of the fast mail trains between New York City and Chicago, and that service ended.

Colonel Bangs was greatly mortified at this result, but he stood his ground and remained at his post until the close of the year. Then, worn out with never-ending toil, and disheartened by the action of Congress, he tendered his resignation and insisted on its acceptance. Parted from the Post-Office, President Grant, knowing his worth and wishing to recognize his services, appointed him Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Chicago. He lived to perform the duties of this office only a few months, as death overtook him suddenly, while on a visit to Washington on official business, December, 1876. His work, however, was not permitted to drop. He had left in the service three assistants, Theodore N. Vail, Wm. B. Thompson—afterward Second Assistant Postmaster-General—and John Jameson, who were fully imbued with the ideas of their late chief and were fully loyal to them. They, in the order named, became his successors, and never permitted opportunities to escape wherein there was a possible benefit to the service to be secured. Although the fast mail service was suspended for lack of support from Congress, its usefulness and practicability had been so thoroughly demonstrated that an appropriation of $150,000 was made in March, 1877, for its resumption on the trunk lines. This victory was not reached without untiring efforts on the part of Mr. Vail, and by generous support in both houses of Congress; in the Senate by the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and James G. Blaine, of Maine, and in



Transfer of Mail at the Grand Central Station, New York.

the House of Representatives by such broad and liberal statesmen as Mr. Waddell, of North Carolina, Mr. Ran-



Pouching the Mail in the Postal Car.

dall, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cox, of New York.

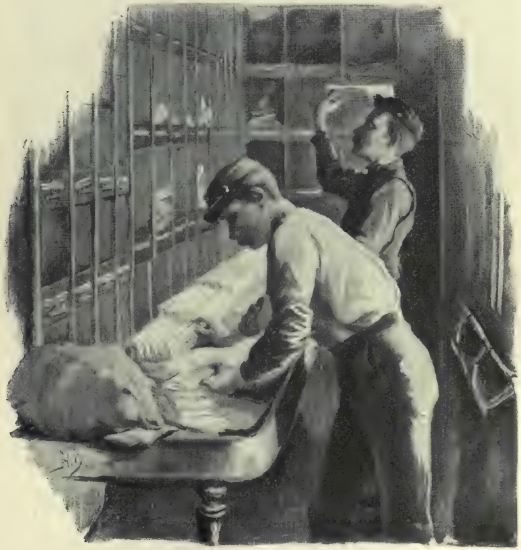
Since then, Messrs. Thompson and Jameson have watched the progress of the work with jealous eyes, and have succeeded in extending it practically to the whole country. The present service is due not alone to the liberality of Congress, because the appropriations have been parsimonious, but to the generosity of the railways, which have performed a valuable work for a price which in many cases does not pay the expense of the necessary additional labor involved.

The Railway Mail Service at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, gave employment to 5,094 clerks. Matter was distributed on 126,310 miles of railway, and on 17,402 miles additional closed pouches were carried. There were also operated 41 inland steamboat lines on which postal clerks were employed. The postal clerks travelled (in crews) 122,031,104 miles by railway, and 1,767,649 miles by steamboats. They distributed 6,528,772,060 pieces of ordinary mail matter, and handled 16,001,059 registered packages and cases, and 1,103,083 through registered pouches and inner registered sacks. The service is in charge of one General Superintendent, who has his head-quarters at Washington, and it is divided into eleven divisions with a superintendent in charge of each.

The majority of people who travel on railways (and how many Americans are there who do not?) have paid passing at-

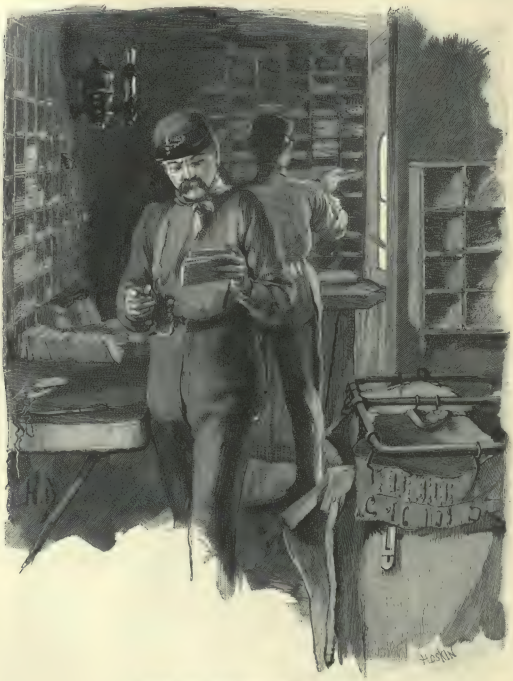
tention to the railway mail cars as they have stood at the station preparatory to the starting of the train, and have glanced through the open doors with more or less curiosity at the scene of energy and bustle witnessed within. At such a moment, no matter how great the curiosity, it is not feasible to investigate closely, for the workers must not be hampered by the prying public, however praiseworthy the motive. To supply this pardonable desire to know how it is done, I invite my readers to accompany me in spirit on a visit to the Grand Central Station, to witness the preparations for the departure of train number 11, known in railway parlance as "the New York and Chicago Fast Mail," which leaves New York every night at nine o'clock.

It must not be supposed that everything has been left until the last moment and that the mail matter has been tumbled into the cars on the eve of departure, to be handled as best it may in the short run to Albany; for under such conditions the task would be an impossibility even to an army of trained hands. Work has been in progress since four o'clock in the afternoon, and it has been steady, hard labor every minute of the time. The five cars have been backed down to the tracks opposite Forty-fifth Street and have been so placed that they are convenient of access to the big lumbering mail wagons which are familiar sights in the streets of the metropolis. The crew of nineteen men, skilled in the handling of mail matter and thorough experts in the geography of the country, reported to the chief clerk and took up their stations in the various cars at the hour named. At the same time the wagons began arriving from the general



Distributing the Mail by States and Routes.

post-office with their tons of matter which had "originated" in New York, and were soon transferring their loads to the cars, where agile hands were in waiting to receive them. Since the removal of the deadly stoves from the railway trains the occupants of the postal cars have suffered to no small extent owing to the lack of heat. These cars are provided with steam heating apparatus which is worked from the engine, but they are occupied for five hours before the engine comes near them, and in cold weather the hands of the men employed in distributing letters become numb with cold. This is a matter which should receive prompt attention.

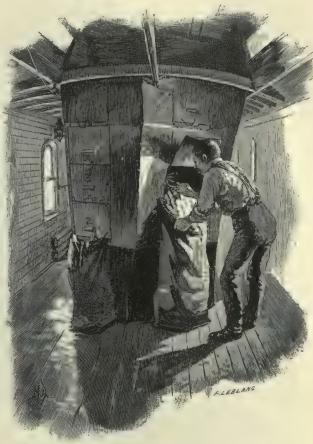


A Very Difficult Address—known as "a sticker."

Before we deal with the mail matter, let us look at the cars and the men who occupy them. The train, as it leaves New York, is made up of five cars which are placed immediately behind the engine, and are followed by express and baggage cars and one passenger coach. The car next to the engine is devoted entirely to letter mail, and the four following it to papers and packages. The letter car is fifty feet in length, while

those for the newspaper mail are ten feet longer. All are uniform in width, nine feet eight inches, and are six feet nine inches high in the clear. When newly built, before long and hard service had told on their appearance, their outsides were white in color with cream tinted borderings and gilt ornamentations, and were highly varnished. Midway on the outside, and below the windows of each car, is a large oval gilt finished frame within which is painted the name of the car with the words, "United States Post Office" above and below. The cars used by the New York Central are named for the Governors of the State and the members of President Garfield's cabinet. Along the upper edge and centre are painted in large gilt letters the words, "The Fast Mail Train," while on a line with these letters at the other end, in a square, are the words in like lettering, "New York Central" and "Lake Shore." The frieze and minute trimmings around the windows are of gilt finish. The body of the car also contains other ornamentation, including the coat-of-arms of the United States. The running gear is of the most approved pattern. The platforms are enclosed by swinging doors which when opened afford a protected passage between the cars. This arrangement no doubt suggested the modern improvement now known as the vestibule train. The letter car is provided with a "mail catcher," which is placed at a small door through which mail pouches are snatched from conveniently placed posts at way-side stations where stops are not made. Each car is divided into three sections, all fitted up alike with conveniences for the service to be performed. The letter car, however, is somewhat differently arranged from the others, to meet the requirements of that particular branch of the work.

In the first section of the letter car are received the pouches from the general post-office, which when opened are found to contain letters done up in packages of about a hundred, marked for Michigan, Indiana, New York, Ohio, western Pennsylvania, Montana, Dakota, and California. When this mass of matter has been emptied out of the pouches and, in the vernacular of the service, "dumped up" preparatory to distribution, the section is clear for the registered mail which is worked in it. Before this is accomplished, however, much work is done; in fact a sort of rough distribution is made. All packages which are directed to one office are



Pouching Newspapers for California—in Car No. 5.

distributed into pouches, which are afterward stored away until the towns are reached. The other packages are carried into the letter department for distribution, where a rack, similar to those seen in almost every post-office, although space is thoroughly economized, is used for the purpose. To give a slight idea of the work done in this section it may be mentioned that the distribution for New York State alone requires 325 boxes. Still there is plenty of space, otherwise the third section of the car would not be used, as it is, for the distribution of Montana and Dakota newspapers. How closely everything is packed and all available space utilized may be imagined when it is stated that for this newspaper mail ninety-five pouches are hung in the section, and that there is still sufficient room for the

storage of pouches locked up and ready for delivery, and also for the sealed registered mail. A separation of the California mail is also made in this car, so that when it reaches Chicago the pouches into which the matter is placed are transferred without delay, thus saving twenty-four hours on the time to the Pacific coast, not by any means an unimportant accomplishment.

There have been received in this car before it moves out of the Grand Central Station between 1,000 and 1,500 packages of letters and in addition forty or fifty sacks of Dakota and Montana papers. To handle this mass of correspondence there are six men in addition to the chief clerk, or superintendent. This official is not assigned to any particular duty, but he supervises the general work and lends aid where it is most required. The second clerk handles letters for Ohio, Dakota, and Montana; the third clerk takes charge of those for New York State; the fourth, Illinois; the fifth opens all pouches labelled, "New York and Chicago Railway Post-Office," distributes their contents, and afterward works on Dakota and Montana papers; the sixth, Michigan State letters, and the seventh, California letter mail. The salaries of these men entrusted with so much responsibility and of whom so much is expected range from $900 per annum for the lowest grade to $1,300 per annum for the superintendent.



At the Last Moment.

The second, or "Illinois Car," is devoted, as are the others which follow it, to the newspaper and periodical mail. In it are handled papers for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Oregon, and Wyoming. Two clerks and two assistants man this car. The first assistant, who "faces up" papers ready to be distributed, draws mails from stalls to case, and removes boxes as fast as they are filled, has gained the soubriquet of the "Illinois derrick," owing to the heavy nature of his duties. The second, who lends what aid he can in the heavy work on the run between New York and Albany, has become known on the train as "the short stop." The third section of the car is used for storing the bags of assorted matter.

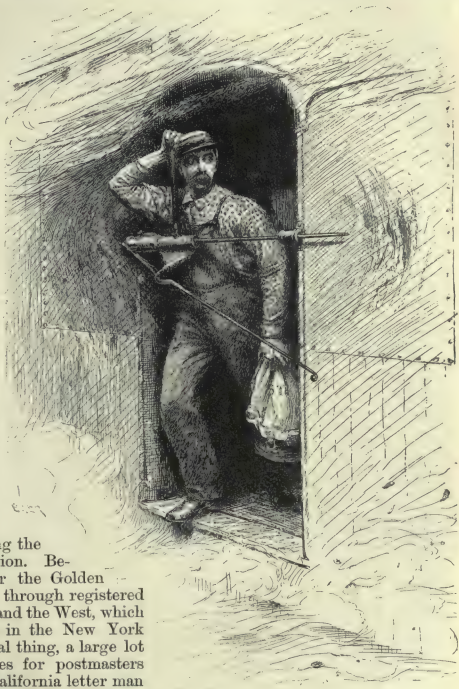
The third car is used for storing through mail for San Francisco, Omaha, and points west of Chicago. In it are also carried stamped envelopes from the manufacturer at Hartford, Conn., to postmasters in the West. This car is frequently fully loaded with matter from the New York office when the journey is begun, and it is then found necessary to add a similar car to the train on its

arrival at Albany for the accommodation of matter taken on by the way and bound for the same destination.

The Michigan paper car is the fourth. In it are handled papers for Michigan, Iowa, and the mixed Western States. In the first section are piled the Iowa pouches and those for points out of Utica, which have been distributed in the centre section, and in the third section the distribution for Michigan, Nebraska, and Minnesota, as well as for points reached from Buffalo, is made. Two men perform the work of the car, one of whom has already handled the registered mail and Indiana letters in the first car.

The fifth, or California paper car, is the last mail coach on the train as it is made up when leaving the Grand Central Station. Besides the papers for the Golden State the car carries through registered pouches to Chicago and the West, which have been made up in the New York office, and, as a usual thing, a large lot of stamped envelopes for postmasters in the West. The California letter man from the first car looks after the papers for the same State, and has an eye to the safety of the car. On reaching Albany another car is added to the train, making six in all from that point. This last addition comes from Boston, brings the morning mail from Bangor, Me., and is manned by four men.

The run to Chicago for post-office purposes is divided into three divisions: from New York to Syracuse, from Syracuse to Cleveland, and from Cleveland to Chicago. Each division has its own crew, so that the men leaving New York are relieved at Syracuse by others, and these in turn at Cleveland. The New



Catching the Pouch from the Crane.

York crew go to work, as has been said, at 4 P.M. and if the train is on time at Syracuse, as it usually is, they arrive there at 5.35 A.M., after thirteen and a half hours of as hard work as men are called upon to do. The same evening at 8.40 they relieve the east-bound crew, and are in New York again at six o'clock on the following morning. Half an hour later they are to be found on the top floor of



Sorting Letters in Car No. 1—The Fast Mail.

the general post-office building, comfortably ensconced in bunks in a large and airy room, provided as a dormitory for their use by the postmaster of New York at the time of the inauguration of the fast mail service. Each crew makes three round trips and is then laid off for six days, but its members are all this time subject to extra duty which they are called upon to perform with unpleasant frequency, particularly in holiday times.

After leaving New York, the first stop the train makes is at Poughkeepsie, but no mail is taken on there. At Albany the second halt is made, and there twenty minutes are spent in taking on the mail from New England and northeastern New York. At Palatine Bridge there is a brief stop, and after that comes Utica, where the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Ontario & Western, and the

bution for the main office and stations of the city of Chicago, thus saving much time. When the train arrives in Chicago it makes connection with a fast mail train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, as also with a like train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. The former train arrives at Council Bluffs about 7 P.M., and there overtakes the train which left Chicago on the previous evening. The Pacific coast mail is thus expedited just twenty-four hours. A similar train on the St. Paul road also saves twenty-four hours time on the trip to the northwestern portion of the Pacific coast.

The appropriation for special facilities for the year ending June 30, 1889, is $295,987.53. The uses to which the appropriation referred to is put are explained in the following table:

TERMINI.	RAILROAD COMPANY.	MILES.	PAY.
New York to Springfield	New York, New Haven & Hartford	136	$17,647 06
4.35 A.M. train	New York Central & Hudson River	144	25,000 00
Philadelphia to Bay View	Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore	91.80	20,000 00
Bay View to Quantico	Baltimore & Potomac	79.80	21,900 00
Quantico to Richmond	Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac	81.50	17,419 26
Richmond to Petersburg	Richmond & Petersburg	23.39	4,268 67
Petersburg to Weldon	Petersburg	64	11,680 00
Weldon to Wilmington	Wilmington & Weldon	162.07	29,541 27
Wilmington to Florence	Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta	110	20,075 00
Florence to Charleston Junction	Northeastern	95	17,337 50
Charleston Junction to Savannah	Charleston & Savannah	108	19,710 00
Savannah to Jacksonville	Savannah, Florida & Western	171.50	31,309 70
Baltimore to Hagerstown	Western Maryland	86.60	15,804 52
Jacksonville to Tampa	Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West & South Florida	242.57	43,962 42
Total			$295,655 38

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg roads exchange mail matter. At Syracuse more mails come, this time from the Oswego, Binghamton & Syracuse and the Auburn & Rochester branch of the New York Central. Here also comes welcome relief for the crew which left New York. Those who follow have much to keep them busy, but the heaviest part of the work has been already performed.

From Syracuse to Cleveland there are several distributing points where mail matter is also received on the train, and the routine is continued much as already described until the crew is relieved at Cleveland. There the men of the western division take charge and continue the work until Elkhart, Ind., is reached. There a special force from Chicago meets the train, takes possession of a portion of the letter car, and makes the distri-

A careful perusal of this table develops the fact that the greater portion of this money is expended south of Philadelphia, the railroad companies in that section not having sufficient weight of mails to warrant fast trains without some additional compensation. It will also be noted that with the exception of the sum of $25,000 for a special train to Poughkeepsie, which leaves New York City at 4.35 in the morning, the New York Central receives no compensation except that earned by them as common carriers of so many pounds of freight-mail matter carried, being paid for in accordance with its weight. It will also be observed that the Pennsylvania Railroad on its trunk line is not even so fortunate as its great rival.

There may be more dangerous pursuits in life than that of the railway post-

office clerk, but there are not many so, and there are few in which the risk to life and limb is so constant. The every-day citizen who is called upon occasionally to make a railroad journey of a few hundred miles feels it to be incumbent upon himself on such occasions to make special provision for those dependent on him in case injury or death should come while riding in the thoroughly appointed and luxurious coach placed in a portion of the train least likely to suffer from accident. But too little thought is devoted to the safety of those poorly paid but efficient servants of the state, in the forward cars, without whose services the business of the country as conducted to-day would come to a standstill. To show that the importance of this service is not here exaggerated, it is only necessary to recall the condition of affairs in New York City, and other cities as well, in March, 1888, when the great blizzard fell upon the land. There were then no mails for several days, and the prostration which came upon the community is too well remembered to need comment. The danger to those within the postal cars, however, is recognized by the railway people, and efforts have been made in the way of providing safety appliances, but it is of course impossible to lessen the danger to any great extent. All that American ingenuity suggests in the way of construction, both inside and outside of the cars, is provided. The body of the car is most substantially built, the platforms and couplings are of the most approved patterns, the trucks are similar to those used under the best passenger coaches, and the air-brakes and other safety apparatus are all brought into requisition. Within the cars are saws, axes, hammers, and crowbars conveniently placed in case of wreck, and safety-bars extend the length of the cars over-head to which the clerks cling when the cars leave the track and roll down embankments, as they often do. In the year ending June, 1888, there were 248 accidents to trains upon which postal clerks were employed. In these wrecks four clerks were killed, sixty-three were seriously, several of the number permanently, and forty-five slightly injured. The official report of the accidents shows that the majority of them resulted from collisions, while others were due to the spreading of the rails, the failure of air-brakes to work at critical moments, and obstructions on the track.

In every case where cars were wrecked the postal car was among the number.

In many instances the cars were telescoped, and on such occasions the clerks were found buried in the wreckage or pinned under the engine or its tender. And many times true heroism was shown by the injured men. Over and over again the General Superintendent reports that notwithstanding severe injuries received by the clerks, the scattered mail matter was collected by them and transferred either to another train or to the nearest post-office. Several times trains in the West were held up by robbers, who, after sacking the express car, visited the postal car, introducing themselves with pistol shots. One clerk was seriously wounded in the shoulder. An instance of self-possession is reported in Arkansas, where the robbers, before visiting the postal car, had secured $10,000 from the express safe. When they came to clerk R. P. Johnson he suggested that they had secured booty enough, and that under the circumstances they might let the mail matter alone. The masked men agreed with him and did not molest the mails.

In view of the dangers to which employees of the Railway Mail Service are exposed it may be permitted to quote from the last annual report of General Superintendent Bancroft on the subject of insurance. No action, he points out, has ever been taken by Congress toward providing for the care of clerks permanently injured in the service, or those dependent upon them in case of death, notwithstanding frequent recommendations by the Department. He attributes this to insurmountable objections on the part of the people's representatives to the creation of anything of the nature of a civil pension roll. He therefore suggests that there shall be deducted from the pay of each and every railway postal clerk ten cents per month, to be paid into "The Railway Postal Clerks' Insurance Fund," the custodian of which is to be the United States Treasury.

In case of death from injuries while on duty, $1,000 is to be paid to the clerk's heirs. While this proposition is in the right direction, it hardly goes far enough. Provision should be made for the disabled, and to do so, the clerks doubtless would not object to an assessment of double the amount suggested. That they should be compelled to resort to such a mode of relief, however, is a reflection upon the government of the United States.

The first great need of the Railway Mail Service is an adequate appropriation by Congress to extend its usefulness and to keep it up to the demands and the needs of the public. Where speed is required to make connections, the Department should have the cash on hand to buy what is necessary. The railways are business institutions, managed as such, and when the Department desires extra facilities it should be prepared to pay in coin and not in talk. In this connection it is a pleasant duty for the writer of this very imperfect sketch to say that during his term of service in the post-office at New York, and at the Department, he always found Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. J. H. Rutter, of the New York Central, Mr. John Newell, of the Lake Shore, Mr. George B. Roberts, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, and Mr. Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania system, Mr. Bridgers and Mr. H. B. Plant, of the Atlantic Coast Line, ready to grant any reasonable request for the improvement and extension of the service. Time after time Mr. Roberts has run a special train with the Australian trans-continental mail from Pittsburg to New York, that it might catch an outgoing steamer; and he and Mr. Vanderbilt practically re-established the fast mail, by taking letters on their limited trains. Mr. Roberts gave, in addition, an extra mail train from Philadelphia west at four o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanderbilt placed a postal car on the 4 P.M. train from New York, receiving in return—what they had a right to demand—an extra weighing of the mails, and what was not a matter of surprise to them, unmeasured abuse on the floor of Congress for giving these additional facilities to the people of the country.

The last and greatest need of the postal service is the total and complete elimination of partisan considerations as affecting appointments and removals in the working force. The spoils method invariably brings into the service a lot of do-nothings or a race of experimenters, whose performances never fail to breed disaster and to crush out substantial progress.

There is no position in the government more exacting than that of a postal clerk, and none that has so many requirements. He must not only be sound "in wind and limb," but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and a retentive memory. His work is constant, and his only recreation, study. He must not only be proficient in his own immediate work, but he must have a general knowledge of the entire country, so that the correspondence he handles shall reach its destination at the earliest possible moment. He must know no night and no day. He must be impervious to heat or cold. Rushing along at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, in charge of that which is sacred —the correspondence of the people—catching his meals as he may; at home only semi-occasionally, the wonder is that men competent to discharge the duties of so high a calling can be found for so small a compensation, and for so uncertain a tenure of official life. They have not only to take the extra hazardous risks of their toilsome duties, but they are at the mercy of the practical politicians, who believe that "to the victor belong the spoils." There are no public offices which are so emphatically "public trusts" as those whose duties comprise that of handling the correspondence of the people, because upon the proper and skilful performance of that duty depend—to a far greater degree than in the care of any other function accomplished through government agency—the business and social welfare of the entire community. The effects of ignorance, carelessness, and dishonesty in any other branch of the public service, although to be deplored, are not to be compared to those which follow the existence of such evils in the Post-Office. Can there be a more flagrant abuse of a "public trust" than the

perversion of a branch of the public service into an agency for furthering the ambitious ends of local and other partisans by allowing them to distribute its "patronage" as rewards for party services among those who by reason of inexperience—if for no graver cause—are incompetent to replace the skilled workman who must be routed out in order to give them room? This evil should be corrected at once. The Railway Mail Service must no longer be left at the mercy of the local partisans. The reform is not only a present necessity, but it was one in the past and will be in the future, until the force of public sentiment shall compel acquiescence in the reasonable demand, that what was so eminently meant for mankind shall not be given up to party; that the non-political business of letter-carrying, which the government has monopolized,



shall be conducted by it solely with a view to prompt and expeditious carrying of mail matter, and not with the object of bolstering up local "statesmen" or carrying elections.

At the coming in of Mr. Cleveland's administration, William B. Thompson was Second Assistant Postmaster-General—in charge of the contract office—and John Jameson was General Railway Mail Superintendent. Both of these gentlemen had worked their way from the ranks by sheer merit. In private business the value of their services would have been so highly appreciated that, no matter who became senior partner of the firm, under no circumstances would they have been permitted to retire. The case of these gentlemen is mentioned now simply to illustrate an idea and not to found a complaint. On the incoming of the new administration, General Thompson, in accordance with precedent, promptly tendered his resignation, and it was as promptly accepted; while General Superintendent Jameson struggled along doing his work, until to relieve his chief from embarrassment, he too tendered his resignation. The country was thus deprived of the services of two men who were experts in their profession, simply to give place to others, of high character no doubt, but with no knowledge and special aptitude for the great trust that was committed to them. And, now, at the incoming of another administration, the experience that these gentlemen have gained will count for nothing, and they will probably be rotated out. In no other civilized country would such an atrocity be possible. An attempt to remove, for similar reasons, such postal authorities as Messrs. Rich, of Liverpool, Johnston, of Manchester, or Hubson, of Glasgow, all of whom under a sound, logical, just, and economical business system have reached their present positions by merit and efficiency from more or less inferior places, would hurl an administration in Great Britain from power, and justly too. The possession of the immense patronage of the government did not save the Republican party from defeat in 1884, or keep the Democratic party in power in 1888. Ideas are stronger than "soap," and principles more potent than spoils. It is due to President Cleveland to state that toward the

close of his administration he recognized the importance of permanency in the Railway Mail Service, and that he made a long step in advance by approving a series of rules submitted by the Civil Service Commission having for its object the removal of the service from the influences of politicians. It needs more than this, however; it needs the sanctity of the statute law, declaring that the clerks should not only keep their offices during good behavior, but that after twenty years of faithful and efficient service, or before that time, if injured in the discharge of their duty, they should retire on half pay. In case of death from accident while on duty, proper provision should be made for the family of the official. Whenever justice is done by Congress in these particulars the United States will have the best and most efficient Railway Mail Service in the world.

VESTIS ANGELICA.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

[It was a custom of the early English Church for pious laymen to be carried in the hour of death to some monastery, that they might be clothed in the habit of the religious order and might die amid the prayers of the brotherhood. The garment thus assumed was known as the *Vestis Angelica*.—See Moroni: "Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastica," ii. 78; xcvi, 212.]

O GATHER, gather! Stand
Round her on either hand!
Ye shining angel-band
More pure than priest;
A garment white and whole
Weave for this passing soul
Whose earthly joy and dole
Have almost ceased.

Weave it of mothers' prayers,
Of sacred thoughts and cares,
Of peace beneath gray hairs,
Of hallowed pain;
Weave it of vanished tears,
Of childlike hopes and fears,
Of joys, by saintly years
Washed free from stain.

Weave it of happy hours,
Of smiles and summer flowers,
Of passing sunlit showers,
Of acts of love,
Of pathways that did go
Amid life's work and woe;
—Her eyes still fixed below,
Her thoughts above.

Then, as those eyes grow dim,
Chant ye her best-loved hymn
While from yon church tower's brim
A soft chime swells.
Her freed soul floats in bliss
To unseen worlds from this,
Nor knows in which it is
She hears the bells.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

V.



N all the miserable business that now followed, I have four questions that I asked myself often at the time and ask myself still. Was the man moved by a particular sentiment against Mr. Henry? or by what he thought to be his interest? or by a mere delight in cruelty such as cats display and theologians tell us of the devil? or by what he would have called love? My common opinion halts among the three first; but perhaps there lay at the spring of his behavior an element of all. As thus: Animosity to Mr. Henry would explain his hateful usage of him when they were alone; the interests he came to serve would explain his very different attitude before my lord; that and some spice of a design of gallantry, his care to stand well with Mrs. Henry; and the pleasure of malice for itself, the pains he was continually at to mingle and oppose these lines of conduct.

Partly because I was a very open friend to my patron, partly because in my letters to Paris I had often given myself some freedom of remonstrance, I was included in his diabolical amusement. When I was alone with him, he pursued me with sneers; before the family, he used me with the extreme of friendly condescension. This was not only painful in itself; not only did it put me continually in the wrong; but there was in it an element of insult indescribable. That he should thus leave me out in his dissimulation, as though even my testimony were too despicable to be considered, galled me to the blood. But what it was to me is not worth notice. I make but memorandum of it here; and chiefly for this reason, that it had one good result, and gave me the quicker sense of Mr. Henry's martyrdom.

It was on him the burthen fell. How was he to respond to the public advances of one who never lost a chance of gibing him in private? How was he to smile back on the deceiver and the insulter? He was condemned to seem ungracious. He was condemned to silence. Had he been less proud, had he spoken, who would have credited the truth? The acted calumny had done its work; my lord and Mrs. Henry were the daily witnesses of what went on; they could have sworn in court that the Master was a model of long-suffering good-nature, and Mr. Henry a pattern of jealousy and thanklessness. And ugly enough as these must have appeared in any one, they seemed tenfold uglier in Mr. Henry; for who could forget that the Master lay in peril of his life, and that he had already lost his mistress, his title, and his fortune?

"Henry, will you ride with me?" asks the Master one day.

And Mr. Henry, who had been goaded by the man all morning, raps out: "I will not."

"I sometimes wish you would be kinder, Henry," says the other, wistfully.

I give this for a specimen; but such scenes befell continually. Small wonder if Mr. Henry was blamed; small wonder if I fretted myself into something near upon a bilious fever; nay, and at the mere recollection feel a bitterness in my blood.

Sure, never in this world was a more diabolical contrivance: so perfidious, so simple, so impossible to combat. And yet I think again, and I think always, Mrs. Henry might have read between the lines; she might have had more knowledge of her husband's nature; after all these years of marriage, she might have commanded or captured his confidence. And my old lord too, that very watchful gentleman, where was all his observation? But for one thing, the deceit was practised by a

master hand, and might have gulled an angel. For another (in the case of Mrs. Henry), I have observed there are no persons so far away as those who are both married and estranged, so that they seem out of earshot or to have no common tongue. For a third (in the case of both of these spectators), they were blinded by old, ingrained predilection. And for a fourth, the risk the Master was supposed to stand in (supposed, I say—you will soon hear why) made it seem the more ungenerous to criticise; and keeping them in a perpetual tender solicitude about his life, blinded them the more effectually to his faults.

It was during this time that I perceived most clearly the effect of manner, and was led to lament most deeply the plainness of my own. Mr. Henry had the essence of a gentleman; when he was moved, when there was any call of circumstance, he could play his part with dignity and spirit; but in the day's commerce (it is idle to deny it) he fell short of the ornamental. The Master (on the other hand) had never a movement but it commended him. So it befell, that when the one appeared gracious and the other ungracious, every trick of their bodies seemed to call out confirmation. Nor that alone: but the more deeply Mr. Henry floundered in his brother's toils, the more clownish he grew; and the more the Master enjoyed his spiteful entertainment, the more engagingly, the more smilingly he went! So that the plot, by its own scope and progress, furthered and confirmed itself.

It was one of the man's arts to use the peril in which (as I say) he was supposed to stand. He spoke of it to those who loved him with a gentle pleasantry, which made it the more touching. To Mr. Henry, he used it as a cruel weapon of offence. I remember his laying his finger on the clean lozenge of the painted window, one day when we three were alone together in the hall. "Here went your lucky guinea, Jacob," said he. And when Mr. Henry only looked upon him darkly, "O," he added, "you need not look such impotent malice, my good fly. You can be rid of your spider when you please. How long, O Lord? When are you to be wrought to the point of a denunciation, scrupulous brother? It is one of my interests in this dreary hole. I ever loved experiment." Still Mr. Henry only stared upon him with a glooming brow, and a changed color; and at last the Master broke out in a laugh and clapped him on the shoulder, calling him a sulky dog. At this my patron leaped back with a gesture I thought very dangerous; and I must suppose the Master thought so too; for he looked the least in the world discountenanced, and I do not remember him again to have laid hands on Mr. Henry.

But though he had his peril always on his lips in the one way or the other, I thought his conduct strangely incautious, and began to fancy the government (who had set a price upon his head) was gone sound asleep. I will not deny I was tempted with the wish to denounce him; but two thoughts withheld me: one, that if he were thus to end his life upon an honorable scaffold, the man would be canonized for good in the minds of his father and my patron's wife; the other, that if I was anyway mingled in the matter, Mr. Henry himself would scarce escape some glancings of suspicion. And in the meanwhile our enemy went in and out more than I could have thought possible, the fact that he was home again was buzzed about all the countryside; and yet he was never stirred. Of all these so-many and so-different persons who were acquainted with his presence, none had the least greed (as I used to say, in my annoyance) or the least loyalty; and the man rode here and there—fully more welcome, considering the lees of old unpopularity, than Mr. Henry—and considering the freetraders, far safer than myself.

Not but what he had a trouble of his own; and this, as it brought about the gravest consequences, I must now relate. The reader will scarce have forgotten Jessie Brown; her way of life was much among the smuggling party; Captain Crail himself was of her intimates; and she had early word of Mr. Bally's presence at the house. In my opinion she had long ceased to care two straws for the Master's person; but it was become her habit to connect herself

continually with the Master's name; that was the ground of all her play-acting; and so, now when he was back, she thought she owed it to herself to grow a haunter of the neighborhood of Durrisdeer. The Master could scarce go abroad but she was there in wait for him; a scandalous figure of a woman, not often sober; hailing him wildly as "her bonny laddie," quoting pedlar's poetry, and as I receive the story, even seeking to weep upon his neck. I own I rubbed my hands over this persecution; but the Master, who laid so much upon others, was himself the least patient of men. There were strange scenes enacted in the policies. Some say he took his cane to her, and Jessie fell back upon her former weapon, stones. It is certain at least that he made a motion to Captain Crail to have the woman trepanned, and that the Captain refused the proposition with uncommon vehemence. And the end of the matter was victory for Jessie. Money was got together; an interview took place in which my proud gentleman must consent to be kissed and wept upon; and the woman was set up in a public of her own, somewhere on Solway side (but I forget where) and by the only news I ever had of it, extremely ill-frequented.

This is to look forward. After Jessie had been but a little while upon his heels, the Master comes to me one day in the steward's office, and with more civility than usual, "Mackellar," says he, "there is a damned crazy wench comes about here. I cannot well move in the matter myself, which brings me to you. Be so good as see to it: the men must have a strict injunction to drive the wench away."

"Sir," said I, trembling a little, "you can do your own dirty errands for yourself."

He said not a word to that, and left the room.

Presently came Mr. Henry. "Here is news!" cried he. "It seems all is not enough, and you must add to my wretchedness. It seems you have insulted Mr. Bally."

"Under your kind favor, Mr. Henry," said I, "it was he that insulted me, and as I think grossly. But I may have been careless of your position when I spoke; and if you think so when you know all, my dear patron, you have but to say the word. For you I would obey in any point whatever, even to sin, God pardon me!" And thereupon I told him what had passed.

Mr. Henry smiled to himself; a grimmer smile I never witnessed. "You did exactly well," said he. "He shall drink his Jessie Brown to the dregs." And then, spying the Master outside, he opened the window, and crying to him by the name of Mr. Bally, asked him to step up and have a word.

"James," said he, when our persecutor had come in and closed the door behind him, looking at me with a smile as if he thought I was to be humbled, "you brought me a complaint against Mr. Mackellar into which I have inquired. I need not tell you I would always take his word against yours; for we are alone, and I am going to use something of your own freedom. Mr. Mackellar is a gentleman I value; and you must contrive, so long as you are under this roof, to bring yourself into no more collisions with one whom I will support at any possible cost to me or mine. As for the errand upon which you came to him, you must deliver yourself from the consequences of your own cruelty, and none of my servants shall be at all employed in such a case."

"My father's servants, I believe," says the Master.

"Go to him with this tale," said Mr. Henry.

The Master grew very white. He pointed at me with his finger. "I want that man discharged," he said.

"He shall not be," said Mr. Henry.

"You shall pay pretty dear for this," says the Master.

"I have paid so dear already for a wicked brother," said Mr. Henry, "that I am bankrupt even of fears. You have no place left where you can strike me."

"I will show you about that," says the Master, and went softly away.

"What will he do next, Mackellar?" cries Mr. Henry.

"Let me go away," said I. "My dear patron, let me go away; I am but the beginning of fresh sorrows."

"Would you leave me quite alone?" said he.

We were not long in suspense as to the nature of the new assault. Up to that hour, the Master had played a very close game with Mrs. Henry; avoiding pointedly to be alone with her, which I took at the time for an effect of decency, but now think to be a most insidious art; meeting her, you may say, at mealtime only; and behaving, when he did so, like an affectionate brother. Up to that hour, you may say he had scarce directly interfered between Mr. Henry and his wife; except in so far as he had manœuvred the one quite forth from the good graces of the other. Now, all that was to be changed; but whether really in revenge, or because he was wearying of Durrisdeer and looked about for some diversion, who but the devil shall decide?

From that hour at least, began the siege of Mrs. Henry; a thing so deftly carried on that I scarce know if she was aware of it herself, and that her husband must look on in silence. The first parallel was opened (as was made to appear) by accident. The talk fell, as it did often, on the exiles in France; so it glided to the matter of their songs.

"There is one," says the Master, "if you are curious in these matters, that has always seemed to me very moving. The poetry is harsh; and yet, perhaps because of my situation, it has always found the way to my heart. It is supposed to be sung, I should tell you, by an exile's sweetheart; and represents, perhaps, not so much the truth of what she is thinking, as the truth of what he hopes of her, poor soul! in these far lands." And here the Master sighed. "I protest it is a pathetic sight when a score of rough Irish, all common sentinels, get to this song; and you may see, by their falling tears, how it strikes home to them. It goes thus, father," says he, very adroitly taking my lord for his listener, "and if I cannot get to the end of it, you must think it is a common case with us exiles." And thereupon he struck up the same air as I had heard the Colonel whistle; but now to words, rustic indeed, yet most pathetically setting forth a poor girl's aspirations for an exiled lover: of which one verse indeed (or something like it) still sticks by me:

O, I will dye my petticoat red,
With my dear boy I'll beg my bread,
Though all my friends should wish me dead,
For Willie among the rushes, O!

He sang it well even as a song; but he did better yet as a performer. I have heard famous actors, when there was not a dry eye in the Edinburgh theatre; a great wonder to behold; but no more wonderful than how the Master played upon that little ballad and on those who heard him like an instrument, and seemed now upon the point of failing, and now to conquer his distress, so that it seemed to pour out of his own heart and his own past, and to be aimed direct at Mrs. Henry. And his art went further yet; for all was so delicately touched, it seemed impossible to suspect him of the least design; and so far from making a parade of emotion, you would have sworn he was striving to be calm. When it came to an end, we all sat silent for a time; he had chosen the dusk of the afternoon, so that none could see his neighbor's face; but it seemed as if we held our breathing, only my old lord cleared his throat. The first to move was the singer, who got to his feet suddenly and softly, and went and walked softly to and fro in the low end of the hall, Mr. Henry's customary place. We were to suppose that he there struggled down the last of his emotion: for he presently returned and launched into a disquisition on the nature of the Irish (always so much miscalled, and whom he defended) in his natural voice; so that, before the lights were brought, we were in the usual course of talk. But even then, methought Mrs. Henry's face was a shade pale; and for another thing, she withdrew almost at once.

The next sign was a friendship this insidious devil struck up with innocent Miss Katharine; so that they were always together, hand in hand, or she climbing on his knee, like a pair of children. Like all his diabolical acts, this cut in several ways. It was the last stroke to Mr. Henry, to see his own babe debauched against him; it made him harsh with the poor innocent, which brought him still a peg lower in his wife's esteem; and (to conclude) it was a bond of union between the lady and

the Master. Under this influence, their old reserve melted by daily stages. Presently there came walks in the long shrubbery, talks in the Belvedere, and I know not what tender familiarity. I am sure Mrs. Henry was like many a good woman; she had a whole conscience, but perhaps by the means of a little winking. For even to so dull an observer as myself, it was plain her kindness was of a more moving nature than the sisterly. The tones of her voice appeared more numerous; she had a light and softness in her eye; she was more gentle with all of us, even with Mr. Henry, even with myself; methought she breathed of some quiet melancholy happiness.

To look on at this, what a torment it was for Mr. Henry! And yet it brought our ultimate deliverance, as I am soon to tell.

THE purport of the Master's stay was no more noble (gild it as they might) than to wring money out. He had some design of a fortune in the French Indies, as the Chevalier wrote me; and it was the sum required for this that he came seeking. For the rest of the family it spelled ruin; but my lord, in his incredible partiality, pushed ever for the granting. The family was now so narrowed down (indeed there were no more of them than just the father and the two sons), that it was possible to break the entail, and alienate a piece of land. And to this, at first by hints, and then by open pressure, Mr. Henry was brought to consent. He never would have done so, I am very well assured, but for the weight of the distress under which he labored. But for his passionate eagerness to see his brother gone, he would not thus have broken with his own sentiment and the traditions of his house. And even so, he sold them his consent at a dear rate, speaking for once openly and holding the business up in its own shameful colors.

"You will observe," he said, "this is an injustice to my son, if ever I have one."

"But that you are not likely to have," said my lord.

"God knows," says Mr. Henry. "And considering the cruel falseness of the position in which I stand to my brother, and that you, my lord, are my father and have the right to command me, I set my hand to this paper. But one thing I will say first: I have been ungenerously pushed, and when next, my lord, you are tempted to compare your sons, I call on you to remember what I have done and what he has done. Acts are the fair test."

My lord was the most uneasy man I ever saw; even in his old face, the blood came up. "I think this is not a very wisely chosen moment, Henry, for complaints," said he. "This takes away from the merit of your generosity."

"Do not deceive yourself, my lord," said Mr. Henry. "This injustice is not done from generosity to him, but in obedience to yourself."

"Before strangers . . ." begins my lord, still more unhappily affected.

"There is no one but Mackellar here," said Mr. Henry; "he is my friend. And, my lord, as you make him no stranger to your frequent blame, it were hard if I must keep him one to a thing so rare as my defence."

Almost I believe my lord would have rescinded his decision; but the Master was on the watch.

"Ah, Henry, Henry," says he, "you are the best of us still. Rugged and true! Ah, man, I wish I was as good."

And at that instance of his favorite's generosity, my lord desisted from his hesitation, and the deed was signed.

As soon as it could be brought about, the land of Oghterhall was sold for much below its value, and the money paid over to our leech and sent by some private carriage into France. Or so he said; though I have suspected since it did not go so far. And now here was all the man's business brought to a successful head and his pockets once more bulging with our gold; and yet the point for which we had consented to this sacrifice was still denied us, and the visitor still lingered on at Durrisdeer. Whether in malice, or because the time was not yet come for his adventure to the Indies, or because he had hopes of his design on Mrs. Henry, or from the orders of the government, who shall say? but linger he did and that for weeks.

You will observe I say: from the orders of government; for about this time, the man's disreputable secret trickled out.

The first hint I had was from a tenant, who commented on the Master's stay and yet more on his security; for this tenant was a Jacobitish sympathizer, and had lost a son at Culloden, which gave him the more critical eye. "There is one thing," said he, "that I cannot but think strange; and that is how he got to Cockermouth."

"To Cockermouth?" said I, with a sudden memory of my first wonder on beholding the man disembark so point-device after so long a voyage.

"Why, yes," says the tenant, "it was there he was picked up by Captain Crail. You thought he had come from France by sea? And so we all did."

I turned this news a little in my head, and then carried it to Mr. Henry. "Here is an odd circumstance," said I, and told him.

"What matters how he came, Mackellar, so long as he is here," groans Mr. Henry.

"No, sir," said I, "but think again! Does not this smack a little of some government connivance? You know how much we have wondered already at the man's security."

"Stop," said Mr. Henry. "Let me think of this." And as he thought, there came that grim smile upon his face that was a little like the Master's. "Give me paper," said he. And he sat without another word and wrote to a gentleman of his acquaintance—I will name no unnecessary names, but he was one in a high place. This letter I despatched by the only hand I could depend upon in such a case, Macconochie's; and the old man rode hard, for he was back with the reply before even my eagerness had ventured to expect him. Again, as he read it, Mr. Henry had the same grim smile.

"This is the best you have done for me yet, Mackellar," says he. "With this in my hand, I will give him a shog. Watch for us at dinner."

At dinner accordingly, Mr. Henry proposed some very public appearance for the Master; and my lord, as he had hoped, objected to the danger of the course.

"Oh," says Mr. Henry, very easily, "you need no longer keep this up with me. I am as much in the secret as yourself."

"In the secret?" says my lord. "What do you mean, Henry? I give you my word I am in no secret from which you are excluded."

The Master had changed countenance, and I saw he was struck in a joint of his harness.

"How?" says Mr. Henry, turning to him with a huge appearance of surprise. "I see you serve your masters very faithfully; but I had thought you would have been humane enough to set your father's mind at rest."

"What are you talking of? I refuse to have my business publicly discussed. I order this to cease," cries the Master, very foolishly and passionately, and indeed more like a child than a man.

"So much discretion was not looked for at your hands, I can assure you," continued Mr. Henry. "For see what my correspondent writes," unfolding the paper—"'It is, of course, in the interests both of the government and the gentleman whom we may perhaps best continue to call Mr. Bally, to keep this understanding secret; but it was never meant his own family should continue to endure the suspense you paint so feelingly; and I am pleased mine should be the hand to set these fears at rest. Mr. Bally is as safe in Great Britain as yourself.'"

"Is this possible?" cries my lord, looking at his son, with a great deal of wonder and still more of suspicion in his face.

"My dear father," says the Master, already much recovered, "I am overjoyed that this may be disclosed. My own instructions direct from London bore a very contrary sense, and I was charged to keep the indulgence secret from everyone, yourself not excepted, and indeed yourself expressly named—as I can show in black and white, unless I have destroyed the letter. They must have changed their minds very swiftly, for the whole matter is still quite fresh; or rather Henry's correspondent must have misconceived that part, as he seems to have misconceived the rest. To tell you the truth, sir," he continued, getting

visibly more easy, "I had supposed this unexplained favor to a rebel was the effect of some application from yourself; and the injunction to secrecy among my family the result of a desire on your part to conceal your kindness. Hence I was the more careful to obey orders. It remains now to guess by what other channel indulgence can have flowed on so notorious an offender as myself; for I do not think your son need defend himself from what seems hinted in Henry's letter. I have never yet heard of a Durrisdeer who was a turn-coat or a spy," says he, proudly.

And so it seemed he had swum out of this danger unharmed; but this was to reckon without a blunder he had made, and without the pertinacity of Mr. Henry, who was now to show he had something of his brother's spirit.

"You say the matter is still fresh," says Mr. Henry.

"It is recent," says the Master, with a fair show of stoutness and yet not without a quaver.

"Is it so recent as that?" asks Mr. Henry, like a man a little puzzled, and spreading his letter before him again.

In all the letter there was no word as to the date; but how was the Master to know that?

"It seemed to come late enough for me," says he, with a laugh. And at the sound of that laugh, which rang false like a cracked bell, my lord looked at him again across the table, and I saw his old lips draw together close.

"No," said Mr. Henry, still glancing on his letter, "but I remember your expression. You said it was very fresh."

And here we had a proof of our victory, and the strongest instance yet of my lord's incredible indulgence; for what must he do but interfere to save his favorite from exposure!

"I think, Henry," says he, with a kind of pitiful eagerness, "I think we need dispute no more. We are all rejoiced at last to find your brother safe; we are all at one on that; and as grateful subjects, we can do no less than drink to the king's health and bounty."

Thus was the Master extricated; but at least he had been put to his defence, he had come lamely out, and the attraction of his personal danger was now publicly plucked away from him. My lord, in his heart of hearts, now knew his favorite to be a government spy; and Mrs. Henry (however she explained the tale) was notably cold in her behavior to the discredited hero of romance. Thus in the best fabric of duplicity, there is some weak point, if we can strike it, which will loosen the whole; and if, by this fortunate stroke, we had not shaken the idol, who can say how it might have gone with us at the catastrophe?

And yet at the time we seemed to have accomplished nothing. Before a day or two, he had wiped off the ill results of his discomfiture, and, to all appearance, stood as high as ever. As for my Lord Durrisdeer, he was sunk in parental partiality; it was not so much love, which should be an active quality, as an apathy and torpor of his other powers; and forgiveness (so to misapply a noble word) flowed from him in sheer weakness, like the tears of senility. Mrs. Henry's was a different case; and heaven alone knows what he found to say to her or how he persuaded her from her contempt. It is one of the worst things of sentiment, that the voice grows to be more important than the words, and the speaker than that which is spoken. But some excuse the Master must have found, or perhaps he had even struck upon some art to wrest this exposure to his own advantage; for after a time of coldness, it seemed as if things went worse than ever between him and Mrs. Henry. They were then constantly together. I would not be thought to cast one shadow of blame, beyond what is due to a half-wilful blindness, on that unfortunate lady; but I do think, in these last days she was playing very near the fire; and whether I be wrong or not in that, one thing is sure and quite sufficient: Mr. Henry thought so. The poor gentleman sat for days in my room, so great a picture of distress that I could never venture to address him; yet it is to be thought he found some comfort even in my presence and the knowledge of my sympathy. There were times, too, when we talked, and a strange manner of talk it was; there was never a person named, nor an individual circumstance referred to; yet we had the same matter in our minds, and we were each



"The first to move was the singer, who got to his feet suddenly and softly."—*Page* 281.

aware of it. It is a strange art that can thus be practised: to talk for hours of a thing, and never name nor yet so much as hint at it. And I remember I wondered if it was by some such natural skill that the Master made love to Mrs. Henry all day long (as he manifestly did), yet never startled her into reserve.

To show how far affairs had gone with Mr. Henry, I will give some words of his, uttered (as I have cause not to forget) upon the 26th of February, 1757. It was unseasonable weather, a cast back into Winter; windless, bitter cold, the world all white with rime, the sky low and gray; the sea black and silent like a quarry hole. Mr. Henry sat close by the fire and debated (as was now common with him) whether "a man" should "do things," whether "interference was wise," and the like general propositions, which each of us particularly applied. I was by the window looking out, when there passed below me the Master, Mrs. Henry, and Miss Katharine, that now constant trio. The child was running to and fro delighted with the frost; the Master spoke close in the lady's ear with what seemed (even from so far) a devilish grace of insinuation; and she on her part looked on the ground like a person lost in listening. I broke out of my reserve.

"If I were you, Mr. Henry," said I, "I would deal openly with my lord."

"Mackellar, Mackellar," said he, "you do not see the weakness of my ground. I can carry no such base thoughts to any one: to my father least of all; that would be to fall into the bottom of his scorn. The weakness of my ground," he continued, "lies in myself, that I am not one who engages love. I have their gratitude, they all tell me that: I have a rich estate of it! But I am not present in their minds; they are moved neither to think with me nor to think for me. There is my loss!" He got to his feet, and trod down the fire. "But some method must be found, Mackellar," said he, looking at me suddenly over his shoulder; "some way must be found. I am a man of a great deal of patience—far too much—far too much. I begin to despise myself. And yet sure never was a man involved in such a toil." He fell back to his brooding.

"Cheer up," said I. "It will burst of itself."

"I am far past anger now," says he, which had so little coherency with my own observation, that I let both fall.

(To be continued.)



Roman Teacher and Pupils. (From a relief at Neumagen.)

A GERMAN ROME.

By W. B. Scott.

IN an amphitheatre of the charming Moselle valley, nearly midway between Coblentz and Metz, stands the quiet town of Treves (or Trier, as the inhabitants call it); a place comparatively little visited by travellers and especially neglected by Americans. John Bull has found his way there, however, as is indicated by the English names on the hotels and omnibuses, and by the frantic but not altogether successful efforts to speak that tongue, to which the sight of Baedeker's red covers stimulates the crowd of amateur guides. Treves is

not on the way to any place in particular, and till recently was rather difficult of access, hence the reason why so few American tourists have seen or even heard of it, for though a great literature exists in German upon the history and antiquities of the place, very little has been written about it in English; indeed, if we except an admirable essay by Mr. Freeman, next to nothing at all.

Yet this sleepy little town is well worthy of a visit; as the capital of the Roman Empire of the West, it once filled a great space in the world's eye, and for more than a century Italy, Africa, Spain, Gaul, and Britain looked up to it as the residence of the emperor and the seat of supreme power. The later Latin historians are profuse in their superlatives of the city; it is the "most wealthy," "most famous," "most splendid," and the like. Of these great days in her history Treves is by no means devoid of correspondingly great monuments; no city north of the Alps contains such a group of Roman buildings, none of them, perhaps, equalling the amphitheatre or the *Maison Carrée* at Nimes, yet as a whole they are unrivalled out of Italy. If we extend our view to the region around the ancient capital, the comparison becomes even more striking, for here Roman remains, monuments, altars, and country seats confront us on every side. The hurried vacation traveller who cannot cross the Alps may gain in the Moselle country an idea of what Roman culture, imposed upon a barbarian people, really was like, and may catch a glimpse of the Roman in his habit as he lived, freed from the husk of a language which must be painfully penetrated by the aid of grammar and dictionary, and which casts an air of unreality over what we read of him, at least to those of us who resemble Shakespeare so far as to have "small Latin and less Greek."

Mediæval Treves was not content with the distinction which history gave her nor could the men of that time believe that a race so near to their own degenerate day were capable of erecting the mighty works which they saw about them. Partly impelled by national vanity, partly by amazement, the monkish chroniclers elaborated a mythical history, according to which Treves was far more ancient than the mushroom city by the Tiber, which she finally supplanted as the capital of the western world. The pleasing fiction, as given in the "Gesta Trevirorum," is somewhat as follows: In the thirteenth century before the foundation of Rome, and therefore the twenty-first before the birth of Christ, Ninus, king of Assyria, desiring to extend his dominion, began his career of conquest, and for fifty years carried on bloody wars throughout Asia; from north to south, from



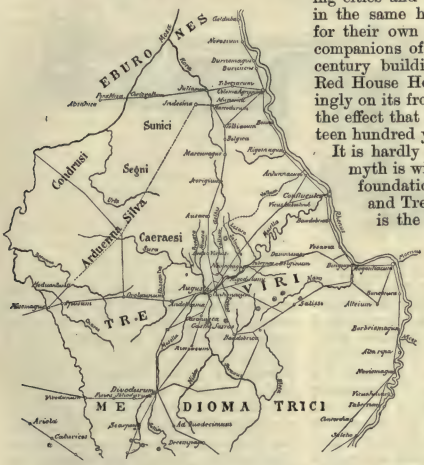
A Barber-shop, showing an Ancient Wicker Chair. (From a relief at Neumagen.)



Red House Hotel.

the Red Sea to the Black, he ravaged and subjected all lands. At last a hostile arrow smote the monster; he died, and left behind him his consort Semiramis and two sons, Trebeta and Ninyas, the latter the son, the former the stepson of the queen. After the death of her husband, Semiramis (who did not seem to relish the position of dowager) desired to marry her stepson Trebeta, but he resisted the abominable demand, and in order to escape the snares of his stepmother, resolved to forsake his country and abandon the right of succession to his father's throne. For a long time he wandered about aimlessly, till fate led him to Europe. He sailed across the Mediterranean, and journeying through desert regions and over pathless mountains, at last reached the Moselle, on whose banks he found a lovely vale, watered by brooks and

springs, shaded by forests, and encircled by mountains. Charmed by the landscape, he resolved to build a city here. Thus was Treves founded, 1250 years before the building of Rome, and called Treviris, after the name of its founder, in the year 2004 before Christ, when the patriarch Abraham was seven years old. People and city are very old, for the cities and peoples which now are were either colonized from Treves or established later. Trebeta died, and his son Hero succeeded him, but the imagination of the chroniclers was unequal to the task of finding exploits for Hero and for his long line of successors, who are not even provided with names. The history proceeds to an enthusiastic description of the buildings which adorned the Assyrian colony.



Map of the Rhine and Moselle in the Fourth Century, showing the System of Military Roads (Steiniger).

The dominion of the Trevirans was extended far and wide, and continued till the time of the Romans. When the latter through their arts of policy and war had conquered the whole world, they concluded friendship and alliance with the Trevirans, and on account of the ancient glory of the city, and the almost equal dignity of its citizens, they called it the second Rome. Then the Trevirans assumed the Roman privileges and laws.

This story found implicit belief all through the Middle Ages, and chroniclers repeatedly refer to Treves as the most ancient city in Europe. Neighboring cities and tribes, desiring to share in the same hoary antiquity, assumed for their own founders descendants or companions of Trebeta. A seventeenth century building (now a part of the Red House Hotel) still bears unblushingly on its front a Latin inscription to the effect that Treves was founded thirteen hundred years before Rome.

It is hardly necessary to say that the myth is without the least historical foundation, for Ninus, Semiramis, and Trebeta never existed. Nor is the legend even an original one, being in all its details derived from older sources. The one object the Treviran story-makers had ever before them was to equal or surpass Rome. The Middle Ages abounded in such tales, and this is to be placed in the same category as the myth which derived the English from the Trojans, or the Franks from the same people.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul, he found no such ancient and splendid civilization as the writers of the "Gesta" would have us believe, nor does Cæsar know anything of a city in this region. The Treviri, as he found them, were a tribe of barbarian Gauls (or Germans) who gave him a great deal of trouble, and were distinguished for the excellence of their cavalry.

The date of the foundation of the Roman colony (*Colonia Augusta Trevirorum*) is involved in obscurity, as the place was long so unimportant that the Latin historians ignore it entirely. At the time of the Batavian insurrection (A.D. 70) we find a flourishing city, and Tacitus describes a fierce night battle between the insurgents and the legions

which took place under the walls and on the bridge of Treves. Within the past year (1888) inscriptions have been discovered which lead archæologists to chose Treves as his residence and headquarters. The reason for this choice was evidently the strategical situation of the town, "near the Rhine, yet rest-



Old Roman Bridge over the Moselle (south view).

believe that the colony was founded under Augustus, very near the beginning of the Christian era. Be this as it may, the geographer Pomponius Mela, writing probably about 54 A.D., calls it "most wealthy city," but till near the close of the third century Treves was in no way distinguished above the crowd of provincial cities, and far inferior in beauty and importance to Nîmes and Arles. Of this peaceful and uneventful period but few monuments remain, of which the chief are the bridge, the aqueduct, the amphitheatre [p. 302], and the remarkable obelisk of the Secundini family at Igel [pp. 292, 293]; and to this period should probably be ascribed also the great system of military roads which radiated from the *Augusta Trevirorum*.

The accession of the Emperor Diocletian (A.D. 285) marked a radical change in the administration of the Roman empire. At this time the dominion of Rome had ceased to expand, and in order to keep what she had won, it was necessary that an army and an emperor should always be stationed at the more exposed frontiers. For the western world the most threatening danger was from the Germans, and accordingly Diocletian's colleague, Maximian, ing in security as in the lap of peace," as Ausonius describes it; it was far enough from the frontier to escape sudden attack, yet sufficiently near to rapidly reinforce, by river or road, any threatened point, Cologne, Coblentz, Mainz, or even Strassburg. Once selected, Treves remained for more than a century the principal seat of the western emperors: Maximian, Constantius, Constantine, Valentinian, Gratian, and Maximus all resided here for longer or shorter periods; Julian alone preferred Paris. The Latin proverb: "Where Cæsar is, there is everything," was well exemplified in the Augusta, for the presence of the emperors brought about a transformation of the city. The noble palace which rivals that of Rome was then built, public baths of immense extent and incredible magnificence, a forum adorned with colonnades, a circus, basilicas, a triumphal arch, and, most imposing of all, the mighty gateway known as the *Porta nigra* [p. 304]. Most of these buildings have been attributed to Constantine, though this cannot well be true of them all. In the year 310 Eumenius delivered a panegyric upon Constantine at Treves, in which occurs an often-quoted passage

of importance in this connection: "I see this so fortunate city, whose birthday is celebrated through thy grace and kindness, again arising so splendidly in all her structures that she may rather rejoice to have fallen in ruins before, since she becomes the greater by thy beneficence. I see the circus maximus which can rival that of Rome; I see the basilicas and the forum, truly royal works, arise to such a height that they seem to approach the stars and firmament of heaven. All these are the gifts of thy presence." From the tone of abject flattery which characterizes this speech we may feel confident that the orator omitted none of Constantine's works from his list, which includes neither the palace, the baths, the cathedral, nor the Porta nigra.

Nor did private luxury lag behind that of the emperors; the houses were magnificently adorned with columns of costly foreign marbles from Africa, Greece, or Italy; the floors were laid in tesselated pavements or beautiful mosaics; the walls were painted or covered with marble slabs; extensive baths and elaborate heating apparatus occur in many of the houses; statues were transported all the way from Italy to grace the streets and gardens in which the city was embowered. The surrounding country was filled with charming villas, which Ausonius so enthusiastically describes. Some of these were country-seats where the owners passed the summer months, others were designed for hunting parties. One Treviran gentleman had at Fliessem what we might call a "shooting-box," which was two hundred feet square and had sixty-three rooms on the ground floor. Remains of villas have been found at Euren, Wittingen, Wasserleisch, Wellen, Nennig, and many other places, even in barren districts of the Eifel. In some of these superb mosaics are still to be seen, notably at Nennig, where the sports of the amphitheatre are represented in brilliant colors. In other houses the heating apparatus may be studied in detail; the floors and walls were heated by means of terra cotta pipes connected with a charcoal furnace. The temperature was regulated by the number of pipes employed. At Auz was the summer palace of the Emperor Valentinian, and numbers of his edicts were dated there. Some of these country houses were remodelled and used by the Franks, till the altered conditions of life rendered them no longer desirable, and they fell into decay, not having the massive construction which preserved the public buildings. Unbounded wealth, luxury, and idleness form the impression which the survey of these Roman remains makes upon one, though of course these must have rested on the foundation of the oppressed populace, who have left but slight traces behind them. Indications are not wanting that the corruption and demoralization of the masses which were so characteristic of Rome were equally so of Treves, as is plain from many writers, both pagan and Christian. When the city lay prostrate after the crushing blow of the first Frankish invasion, the only alleviation of their misery which the citizens could think of was to petition the emperor for the re-establishment of the games in the circus.

Under the emperors Treves became a centre of intellectual and industrial as well as of political activity. Her schools were famous, and such men as St. Jerome came hither to study, while the development of manufactures was a necessary result of the needs of the army, the court, and the largely increased population. The great building operations caused very extensive brick-yards to spring up, and some firms enjoyed long-continued prosperity, as is indicated by the recurrence of the same stamp on the bricks of buildings of different periods. The sculptors and mosaic-workers were likewise kept very busy. The making of pottery, the weaving and dyeing of cloth, the tanning of leather, the manufacture of articles of iron, bronze, and silver, were all extensively prosecuted, while the traffic in the wines of the Moselle, then as now of excellent quality, was a great industry in itself. Besides these private enterprises, there were others of a public nature; in the arsenals were manufactured the equipment for the troops, arms, armor, and the ponderous siege-engines. Another great establishment was the imperial mint, though this had to submit to private

competition, for here, as in other parts of the Roman empire, counterfeiting was actively carried on. The moulds used in this branch of industry are well represented in the museum, and show that the methods practised now were in use then, the counterfeiter casting his coin by running the base metal in a mould and not attempting to stamp it. This busy life is the other side of the picture of luxury and idleness, and though the monuments give us many glimpses of it, it is far less conspicuous than the other.

The date of the introduction of Christianity into the Augusta is even more uncertain than that of the city's foundation. The chroniclers, of course, were not deterred by any such difficulty as lack of knowledge, and constructed a complete account of the transaction: "Bishop Eucharius, Deacon Valerius, and Subdeacon Maternus were sent by St. Peter into Gaul in the year 54, to preach the gospel, and journeyed toward Treves. On the passage through Alsace Maternus died, and his companions returned to Rome, where St. Peter, giving them his staff, bade them go back and awake the dead man by laying the staff on his body. This was done, and since that time the Pope of Rome does not carry a staff, save that when he visits the diocese of Treves he bears one." The three messengers of the faith at last reached Treves, and by means of the miracles which they performed overcame opposition and made many converts. This hard-worked myth, staff and all, has been made to do duty for many places, the Treviran chroniclers being more skilful in the plagiarizing than in the construction of legends, by the simple process of changing names. But whatever the date of its foundation, the church at Treves early assumed a commanding position, and the archbishopric which was there established was long one of the most famous in Germany, the archbishops being princes and electors of the empire.

The glory of the Roman city soon departed. After the death of the usurper Maximus no emperor resided there, and at the beginning of the fifth century the Franks sacked and destroyed the town. As the legions had been withdrawn from



Roman Monument of the Secundini Family, at Igel, near Treves (front view).

the Rhine, the entire country lay helpless at the feet of the barbarians. An eye-witness (Salvianus) describes the desolation as heart-rending; the nobles were plundered, their houses burned, many citizens slain by sword or fire, or perished of hunger and cold; the bodies of men and women lay naked and torn in the streets, devoured by dogs and birds; everywhere tears and mourning, blackened walls, ruined heaps, and pools of blood.

When the Frankish kingdom had been established, the city slowly revived, though she never regained anything like her former importance. All through the Middle Ages the Treviran land was alternately oppressed and fostered by its episcopal masters, harried by private wars, and torn by faction and revolt. As a border land it suffered severely at the hands of the French in the time of the "Grand Monarque," and in 1794 it was incorporated into France, where it remained till it became Prussian, in 1815. This stormy career prevented any great growth, and Treves has few mediæval monuments of any interest. Her history is one of "those strange freaks by which a spot of comparatively little note before or after becomes for a short time one of the great centres of the world."

In the days of her imperial glory the Augusta must have presented a fascinating picture, especially to the traveller who approached from the west side of the river; the whole valley and the hill-tops occupied by villas, the highways bordered by statues and monumental tombs, and at his feet the "broad Moselle flowing quietly by in a rippling stream and bringing wares of all sorts from distant regions" (as Ausonius has it), and spanned by the noble bridge. The city lay on a gently-rising plain, with row after row of great structures towering over the houses, and ending in the eastern hills crowned with the massive city walls, the amphitheatre, and palaces. It was surrounded with exquisite gardens, with countless statues gleaming through the trees, and fountains glancing in the sunlight. Beautiful as is the same view to-day, it must have been far more so when all that Roman art could do was lavished on the picture.

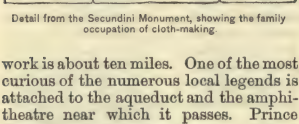
Of the earlier Roman period, that before the residence of the emperors, but three public monuments exist in the city: the bridge [p. 290], the amphitheatre, and the aqueduct. Of the former only the massive piers are of Roman workmanship, the arches having been blown up by the French under Louis XIV., and rebuilt in the eighteenth century. The ancient structure was richly ornamented with sculpture; the balustrade appears to have been formed by a continuous line of reliefs, while groups of statues were placed above the piers, so that the work must have been conspicuous alike for solidity and grace. This appears to be the bridge mentioned by Tacitus as the scene of a savage conflict between the Romans and the Batavian rebels. The latter had surprised the camp of the legions, and only the timely ar-



Side View of the Secundini Monument.

rival of Cerealis saved the bridge from the Germans, who had already mastered its western half and were forcing their way over to the city.

The aqueduct is no longer a prominent feature, being almost entirely subterranean. No doubt it once possessed lofty piers and arches where it crossed the valleys, but of these portions hardly a vestige remains. The length of the



Detail from the Secundini Monument, showing the family occupation of cloth-making.

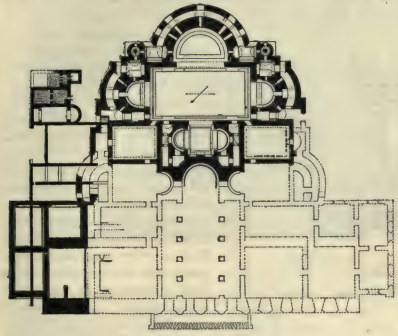
work is about ten miles. One of the most curious of the numerous local legends is attached to the aqueduct and the amphitheatre near which it passes. Prince Catholdus had undertaken to build an amphitheatre and an aqueduct, but while he hesitated over the difficulties of the latter, his slave Ragomir appeared and offered to construct it, saying that if his expenses were defrayed, the water should enter the city on the day that the amphitheatre was finished. Catholdus scorned the slave's proposal, but at last angrily agreed, on condition that he who finished his task last should lose his head. Building began and soon both works were finished, but the water refused to flow. In despair the slave besought the prince's wife, who was in love with him, for counsel, and she bade him conceal himself in Catholdus's bed-chamber. At night she questioned the prince as to the cause of the slave's failure, and learned that Ragomir had omitted the necessary air-holes. The next day Ragomir triumphantly showed his master the water running through all the fountains of the city; but the prince declined to pay his wager, and mounting to the highest gallery of the amphitheatre with his faithless wife, he cast himself and her down, and both were dashed to pieces.

On the left bank of the river some remains of Roman masonry have been found, which were once supposed to belong to an aqueduct leading to Cologne. According to one tradition this conduit was used to send wine from Treves to Cologne! thus showing that the conception of a "pipe-line," if not its execution, is not such an entirely modern affair as some people would have us believe.

The bloody sports of the amphitheatre and the hardly less exciting chariot races of the circus were a very essential part of Roman life, necessary both to give the idle multitude some means of killing time and to prevent their busying themselves with politics. From the time of Trajan, Treves possessed an amphitheatre, and Constantine added (or perhaps only repaired) a circus. Wilmowsky gives a spirited picture of the events of a feast-day at Treves: "Between the amphitheatre and the city extended gardens and villas, crossed by many paths which united at the entrances to the arena. Countless spectators thronged to these. Six stone staircases near these led from the outside to the gallery and the highest seats; six long vaulted galleries gleaming with cheerful paintings led into the inner space to the seats of the podium. Here thirty rows of seats arose one above another around the deep-lying oval of the arena. The stone seats of the lower rows were covered with cushions and filled with senators and knights in white togas; higher up sat the citizens with their guests, and then came the numberless host of the populace, the slaves and the country-people, all in brightly colored garments. In splendidly furnished boxes between the chief entrances appeared the court and the giver of the fête. The gladiators entered the amphitheatre by other ways. At the northern and southern ends of the oval arena were great gates closed with iron gratings. These were opened, and the troops of fighters, all variously armed and adorned, entered with the master of the combat in their midst. The great plain of the arena was strewn with sand, its walls were covered with inscriptions to encourage the gladiators, but near its gates, in vaulted dens or iron cages, cowered the wild beasts, ready to break forth to the fight, at the sound of the horns and the organ."

It seems to have been in this amphitheatre that Constantine perpetrated such frightful cruelties upon the captive Franks, cruelties which apparently surpassed the completeness of even Roman

barbarity. In 306 and again in 313 thousands of Germans were torn by beasts, until the animals desisted from satiety. The historian Eutropius calls the spectacle a magnificent one, and the panegyrists were wild with delight over the emperor who had revived the good old Roman custom of slaughtering



The Imperial Palace (ground plan).

prisoners of war, and in such a fashion that the agony of the enemy formed "the delight of us all." This was the prince who the stars had decreed could not be cruel, and thus the imperial pillar of the church gratified his subjects' taste for sport. The actors in these pleasant comedies were, if we may judge from Treviran mosaics, lions, tigers, and panthers. Home talent in the shape of bears was less satisfactory, and it is hardly probable that they could have discharged the onerous task laid upon them by Constantine.

At present the amphitheatre is a wreck, only the arena, the dens, and the great entrances with their flanking towers being well preserved. The structure suffered much from the barbarians, and still more from the vandalism of the archbishops who permitted the ruin to be used as a quarry, while the frequent employment of it as a fortress by foreign and domestic enemies completed the devastation. [Page 302.]

The famous column of the Secundini family [p. 292] at Igel (a village on the Moselle, five or six miles above Treves) is the only existing example of a type of monument once abundant in this region. The recently discovered sculptures from Neumagen [pp. 286, 287], now in the Treves museum, show a very extensive series of reliefs, which probably belonged to similar monuments. These sculptures possess an especial interest from their numerous scenes of domestic life, forming an illustrated commentary on the Roman history of the country. We see ladies at their toilet (one seated in just such a wicker chair as might have come out of a New York shop), tutors and their pupils, young men riding to the chase, ships laden with wine casks, the manufacture and transport of wares by land and water. With these are mingled in the strangest medley scenes from the lives of gods and heroes, and it is clear that certain designs enjoyed great popularity and were employed in almost as conventional a way as weeping willows and urns at present. This shows how uncalled for are the ingenious explanations of the Igel reliefs which have been proposed by Goethe and others.

The Igel monument is a tower-like structure of sandstone, seventy-three feet high, surmounted by a concave pyramid. The four sides are divided into stories by architectural members, and completely covered with spirited reliefs, ending above in an eagle bearing away Ganymede, the symbol of immortality. The designs are partly mythological, partly from daily occupations. Together with the sun and moon in their chariots, Mars and Rhea Sylvia, Hylas carried off by nymphs, the apotheosis of Hercules, the birth of Achilles, Perseus and Andromeda, battles of tritons and sea-monsters, there are family gatherings, men driving in cars, tenants bringing country products, the dyeing and sale of cloth and its transportation on pack-horses and in boats, and scenes in the counting-house. The principal panel on the south side, which faced the Roman highway, is a father

taking leave of his two sons, one of whom displays a cloth. A mutilated inscription sets forth that the monument was erected by Secundinius Secunes and his brother Secundinius Aventinus, to their father and their relations. It has been inferred, from the character of the reliefs, that the Secundini were wealthy cloth-merchants. Monuments of this type have not been found in Italy, but



Roman Baths of the Time of Constantine, at St. Barbara, near Treves.

P, Cold bath; M, sweating-chamber; E, warm bath; D, H, I, J, heated rooms; K, dressing-room; C, heated swimming-basin; N, overseer's house and grounds; Q, furnace.

they must have been common about Treves and Luxembourg. It is difficult to understand why this one alone should have escaped destruction, unless the pious legend which saw in it the commemoration of Helena's marriage were the means of its protection. Its date is probably the second century.

Of the later Roman structures the cathedral first claims notice. At first sight this is very much like a host of Rhenish cathedrals, but when examined with care it is found to possess quite an unique interest, as, being the growth of more than fourteen centuries, it comprises a history of mediæval architecture within itself. The late Canon Wilmowsky spent many years in what we may call the dissection of the building, and worked out the significance of this labyrinth of masonry with wonderful insight and skill. The nucleus of the cathedral is a Roman structure of sandstone and brick, the date of which is shown to be not earlier than 367 by the discovery of a coin which was found imbedded in the masonry of the second story, and which doubtless fell out of some workman's pocket. What purpose this Roman structure originally served is doubtful; the learned canon believed that it was a basilica, other authorities see in it the curia or senate-house, while Hettner thinks it was intended for a church from the first. Churches existed in Treves before this, for Athanasius, who was there in 336, relates that he saw the faithful assemble in churches still unfinished. Whatever its original purpose, the Roman building must have had a very impressive appearance, with massive walls and entrances of gigantic proportions. The façade was flanked by two towers, and covered with polished white stucco to resemble marble. The interior was magnificent. Four great monolithic columns (one of these still lies at the entrance to the south aisle) of polished black granite, surmounted by capitals of white Grecian marble, carried twelve arches, which supported the flat ceiling. The floor, which is about fifteen feet below the present street-level, was paved with marble, that of the choir in elaborate patterns of colored marbles and porphyry. The eastern half of the interior was occupied by a raised platform approached by marble steps. The walls as high as the window-sills were panelled in marble, gray, red, and green, and, above this line, covered with mosaics in arabesques, geometrical figures, birds and flowers, while the arches of the roof and the ceiling-panels were outlined with gold mosaic. When the Franks destroyed the city, the church (for such it surely was at that time) did not escape the general fate. The wooden ceiling and roof-beams were burned and fell into the building, and the heat

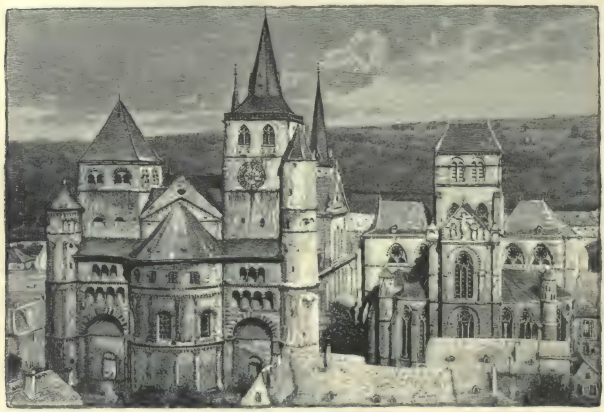


The Cathedral (south view).

thus developed split the granite shafts, so that they could no longer bear the weight of the ponderous arches, and the whole collapsed, but the massive walls, built with Roman thoroughness, were uninjured. For nearly a century no attempt at repair was made, but Bishop Nicetius, who was appointed in 527, resolved to restore his fallen church, for which end he brought artists and workmen from Italy, the desolate city affording him abundance of material. The Bishop's workmen did not remove the mass of rubbish which filled the interior, but simply levelled it off and laid a new floor upon the top. New columns of white limestone replaced the granite columns, and were surmounted by sculptured and gaudily painted capitals. Three of these columns are still standing in the middle of the masonry piers with which Bishop Poppo surrounded them five centuries later. The former splendid wall decorations of marble and mosaic were imitated as nearly as might be in painted stucco. These decorations, and especially the conventional figures cut from marble and imbedded in brown stucco, betray marked Byzantine influence, resembling, in many details, those of St. Sophia in Constantinople, but showing also the barbarian delight in gaudy coloring.

Near the end of the ninth century Treves was sacked by the Northmen, and the cathedral again suffered from fire. The roof was spared, but the decorations were ruined and the columns greatly weakened. The resources of the plundered and sorely tried people did not suffice for a thorough restoration; they contented themselves with roughly plastering and whitewashing the walls, and in this state the building remained for more than a century, until it became so unsafe that it could no longer be used. In the year 1016, Bishop Poppo undertook a complete restoration and enlargement of the church. Poppo and his successors not only greatly enlarged the Roman church, but entirely transformed it into a Romanesque minster. The western end, with apse, façade, and towers, dates from this time. In the latter half of the twelfth century, Bishop Hillin added the eastern crypts and choir, which necessitated a further alteration of the interior. This was accomplished by vaulting the roof, replacing the low round arches with lofty pointed ones, and remodelling the windows in the same style. The eighteenth century wit-

nessed further destruction of the Roman work and the addition of some hideous details. The original builders would indeed be puzzled to detect their own work in the present agglomeration of all ages and styles. The picturesque-



The Cathedral and Church of Our Lady.

ness of the cathedral group is greatly increased by the adjoining church of Our Lady, which, though sadly marred by recent restorations, is still a gem of thirteenth century Gothic. A description of this would, however, lead us too far from our subject.

In local mythology the cathedral was the home and birthplace of the Empress Helena, who is claimed as a Treviran saint. According to one version she was of patrician family, and after her marriage presented her splendid house to the church. Another version represents her as a serving-maid, who was so pious and so favored of Heaven that she wrought miracles, and so beautiful that she won the heart of the Emperor Constantius, who raised her to the throne. She fills a most important and conspicuous place in Treviran folk-lore, which attributes to her everything that is striking or splendid in the city; the cathedral was her father's house, the imperial palace was built by her; the villa at Euren was her country seat, and children playing by the fountain of the Roman villa have seen her seated beneath the waters, wearing a golden crown; the monument of the Secundini at Igel was erected to commemorate her marriage. In the city library is still preserved the *codex aureus*, a superbly bound and illuminated manuscript of the gospels, which was presented to the abbey of St. Maximin, by Ada, the sister of Charlemagne, but in the legend this is the work of Helena's pious and skilful fingers. She it was who presented to the cathedral the holy coat without seam, which has of late years played such a part in Prussian politics.

Another cathedral legend is to the effect that Archbishop Egbert was once prevented from saying mass by the screaming of a multitude of swallows; at the bishop's curse they all fell dead (not escaping so easily as the jackdaw of Rheims), and to this day the same fate awaits any swallow that dares to enter the sacred precincts.

In the southeastern corner of the city



The Imperial Palace from the Road.

rises a stately ruin which marks the site of the imperial palace, long known as the baths. The ground-plan given on p. 295 is the one drawn by Schmidt more than forty years ago, and though recent excavations have demonstrated its inaccuracy, no better plan has yet been published. The best preserved portion is the eastern end, which contained the state apartments, a series of enormous and lofty halls, one of them nearly 200 feet long, which served perhaps as the prætorium, and to the west of which lay a great court-yard with porticos and colonnades. The tannery which begins at this point has prevented further excavations, but when the tan-pits were dug, a series of smaller but splendidly decorated rooms in marble and mosaic were brought to light, which seem to have formed the private dwelling of the emperor. Here is an illustration of "imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay"—tan-pits in the rooms of Constantine the Great!

No mention is made in history as to what emperor built this palace, but it is reasonable to suppose that the first emperor who made Treves his residence, Maximian, should have desired something more spacious than the buildings which were maintained in many provin-



Another View of the Imperial Palace.



Market Place, Porta Nigra at the end.

cial towns for the entertainment of the emperor and his suite, and probably also at Treves. But whoever built it, this palace was the scene of some of the most interesting episodes in later Roman history. To it came Ausonius, "the Virgil of the fourth century," as the tutor of the young Gratian, and here, probably, his most famous poems were written; here occurred those dramatic interviews between the murderous Maximus and St. Ambrose of Milan. St. Martin of Tours came hither to intercede with the usurper for the followers of Priscillian's heresy, but the intercession was in vain, and Treves earned the melancholy preeminence of being the spot where Christian blood was first shed by Christians for opinion's sake.

After the emperors had abandoned it, the palace had a chequered history; part was at one time used as a church, and part was converted into the White Gate, which the legend already quoted ascribed to the Assyrian founders of the city. In the last century it had a narrow escape from being pulled down and utilized as road material.

Adjoining the palace was the ancient forum, which so excited the admiration of Eumenius; and on the other side of this stands Constantine's basilica, an immensely massive structure of brick, still in wonderful preservation, whose present monotonous appearance was in Roman times relieved by a brilliantly-painted exterior and a colonnaded entrance, while the interior was adorned much in the same way as the Roman part of the cathedral—with marbles and mosaics. The basilica served both as a court of justice and as a commercial exchange; here the fashionable and scholarly worlds assembled; here the choicest wares were exhibited, and merchants made their bargains, and here the judges sat in state. It was a combination of assembly-room, exchange, and court-house, and under its immense roof these various occupations could be carried on without interfering with each other.

The wonderfully solid construction of the basilica (the walls are more than ten feet thick) has resisted many attempts to destroy it. After the Frankish conquest it became a fortress, where, in 1008, the Prior of St. Paulin successfully withstood a siege by Henry II.; then it passed into the hands of the archbishops, and was eventually incorporated into the electoral palace. Last of all it was, in 1856, converted into a Protestant church. Constantine's ghost

should now be at rest, for the story goes that he had converted the building, which was originally intended for a Christian church, into a palace for himself, and as a punishment, was compelled to wander there every night till the structure should revert to its proper use. Another account makes the ghost that of Rictiovarus, the blood-thirsty prefect who martyrized the Theban legion—for of course Treves could not go without a share in this famous legend. A whole cycle of myths has gathered around Rictiovarus, who has been reformed in the most gratifying manner by his long punishment. He is now the town-ghost, and his principal occupation consists in helping home those who cannot guide themselves, from having looked too freely on the wine when it was red.



Constantine's Basilica.

What was probably the most splendid ornament of the Augusta in her imperial days was the *thermæ*, or public baths, situated on the Moselle, near the bridge, and which have only recently been excavated. The enormous scale on which these baths were planned [see p. 296] will be apparent to any one who has visited Rome, when we say that they are but slightly smaller than those of Diocletian or Caracalla. At present little more than the foundations, with the basins, canals, and heating apparatus, is preserved; but in the Middle Ages the *thermæ* formed the castle of "the lords of the Bridge," and as late as the seventeenth century they still were noble ruins, as is apparent from many old engravings, most of which call the structure the triumphal arch of Gratian. Early in the seventeenth century the Jesuits pulled it down and built their college with the materials. Yet even in its present state one may gather some conception of its ancient splendor. Every species of decoration known to the age was here employed; marbles from all

over the Roman world, mosaics, painting, and sculpture were lavishly used; a specimen statue from it is the exquisite Amazon torso now in the mu-

buildings of its class in Rome itself. It is an elaborately constructed, fortified gate, part of the general system of city defences, and is built of immense



The Amphitheatre.

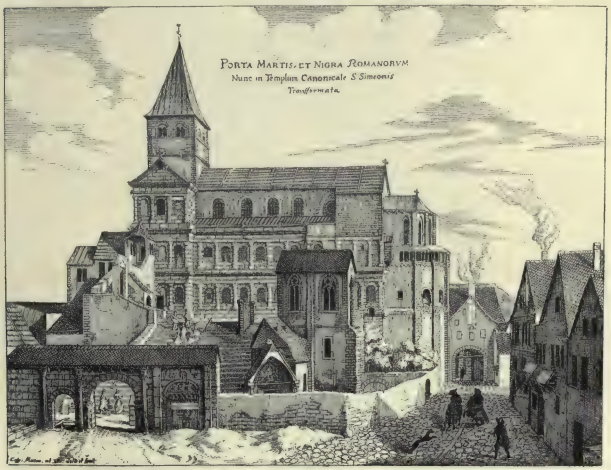
seum. The *thermæ* included not only every variety of air and water baths and swimming basins, hot and cold, but also places for exercise, shady gardens, lecture-rooms, and libraries, everything in short for the comfort and amusement of the idle crowd. Here lurked ambitious poets with their compositions, "more to be dreaded," says Martial, who ought to know, "than a tigress robbed of her cubs," and victimized the unwary loungers awaiting their turn. In this great public club-house many spent most of their time, save when the amphitheatre or the circus called them away to more exciting scenes. It is a good side of Roman luxury and extravagance that such magnificence, probably greater than anything that our modern world can show, was open to the poorest, either entirely free, or for a merely nominal payment.

The most imposing Roman monument, not only at Treves, but in all Germany, is the mighty Porta nigra, which is indeed without a rival in

blocks of stone, without cement, held together by iron clamps. The building is incomplete, as is shown by the rough state of the columns, which are merely blocked-out. The most diverse opinions have been expressed as to the date of the Porta, which is variously referred to the first and fourth centuries, the latter of which is by far the more probable date. The remarkable preservation of this splendid pile (ruin it cannot be called) is chiefly due to Archbishop Poppo; but for him it would doubtless have been turned into a quarry.

In 1028, a Grecian monk, Simeon by name, had himself walled up in one of the towers and there "at last in the odor of sanctity died." After the canonization of the monk, the bishop decided to convert the structure into two churches. The lower story with the gates was banked up with earth, an apse was added to the eastern end, the second story was fitted up as a church dedicated to the Virgin and St. Michael, and the third into one dedicated to St.

Simeon, the monk. In this almost unrecognizable state the Porta remained for nearly eight centuries, fortunately protected against vandalism by its sacred character. Napoleon I., who visited the city in 1804, ordered that the building should be restored to its original appearance, but the work lingered until the Prussian government assumed it in 1817, and the final excavations were peared and exhibited a splendid plan which he offered to execute by Christmas eve, and to furnish the church with the gates of the Capitol at Rome. As a reward he demanded possession, body and soul, of the first person who should kneel in the new church. The terms were agreed to, and at the appointed time the building was ready, but as his Majesty (for, of course, it was he) was



The Porta Nigra as a Church (Seventeenth Century).

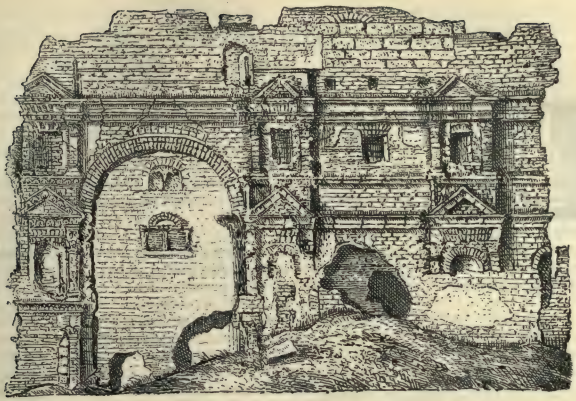
not made till 1876. Poppo's apse was allowed to remain, and the southern façade still shows traces of the transformation in windows that were made into doorways.

As we have already seen, the chroniclers attributed the Porta nigra to the Assyrian colonists, but the vulgar could not believe that it was the work of human hands at all, and had a story of their own to account for it. The town council had resolved to build a great church, and were one evening assembled in the Rathhaus considering the question, when an architect appeared and exhibited a splendid plan which he offered to execute by Christmas eve, and to furnish the church with the gates of the Capitol at Rome. As a reward he demanded possession, body and soul, of the first person who should kneel in the new church. The terms were agreed to, and at the appointed time the building was ready, but as his Majesty (for, of course, it was he) was returning over the Alps with the Capitol gates on his back, a virgin met him and so charmed him by her talk that he forgot the flight of time, and reached Treves only to find the church already consecrated and his power over it gone. In his wrath he dashed down the gates and shattered the roof. One cannot but pity the Satan of those days, he always carried out his contract so faithfully, only to be cheated of his pay by some wretched quibble; but he never seemed to learn by repeated experience.

Our survey of the Roman monuments at Treves has necessarily been very hur-



The Porta Nigra as it now is.



Baths of Treves (old print, about 1580).

ried and imperfect, but perhaps enough has been said to show its importance for the study of the period when the nations of modern Europe were beginning to form and to receive the impress of Roman culture, as well as to indicate some of the attractions this little-known region possesses for all who feel an interest in the history of the Eternal City. Treves is, indeed, "the Rome of the lands beyond the Alps."

HEREAFTER.

By Graham R. Tomson.

SHALL we not weary in the windless days
  Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
  The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go, bewildered, through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze;
  Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
  Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from Life's perforce-relinquished ways?

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
  Summer, and soft, unseasonable spring,
  Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the west;
  Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest.

ECONOMY IN INTELLECTUAL WORK.

By William H. Burnham.



HE complaint that life is short is an old one. Poets from David down have echoed it. "O remember how short my time is: For what vanity hast thou created all the children of men!" is David's lament. Wagner, Faust's servant, probably expresses Goethe's own thought when he quotes Hippocrates:

> "Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
> Und kurz ist unser Leben,"

and adds:

> "Und eh' man nur den halben Weg erreicht,
> Muss wohl ein armer Teufel sterben." *

Longfellow repeats the same strain in his "Psalm of Life." And among the last words credited to Ruskin's pen is the lament: "Life is really too disgustingly short; one has only got one's materials together by the time one can no more use them."

Though modern inventions have "shrivelled" our globe, and made it often possible for us to do more work in a day than our grandfathers could do in a week, yet to-day man's short life and limited strength seem more inadequate than ever to his task. It is needless to mention the new arts and sciences, the imperative calls of social and political life, the ever-increasing demands of education, and the cries for reform that the true man always hears. The inadequacy of our days to the demands of modern life is felt keenly enough by every earnest worker.

It is, then, a problem of special interest to brain-workers to consider *how the maximum of intellectual work can be done with the minimum expenditure of energy.*

* Bayard Taylor translates the lines as follows:

> "Ah God! but Art is long
> And Life, alas! is fleeting—"
> "And, haply, ere one travels half the course
> Must the poor devil quit existence."

The subject naturally divides into two parts:

I. Consciousness and the Problem of Economy.

II. Unconscious Cerebral Processes and the Problem of Economy.

I.

ASSUMING the fundamental postulate of physiological psychology—that every mental process is the correlative of a physical process—and that those processes which are the physical aspect of thought involve the dissipation of energy, it is evident that most people waste energy by habits of mental prodigality. It seems to follow that whenever we think of anything of which we ought not or need not to be conscious there is sheer waste of energy. Strictly speaking, this is true. The first principle of economic mental activity, then, is expressed in the truism that *unessential ideas should be excluded from consciousness.* Familiar as this truth may be, its importance justifies illustration.

Everyone has noticed how the child learning to write moves not only its hands, but its tongue, the muscles of the face, and, as Lewis says, even those of its feet. When it has mastered the art, there is the proper association in the nerve-elements corresponding to the motor organs, and unessential movements are excluded. A similar lack of co-ordination occurs in the intellectual activity of the untrained. Their ideas do not reproduce themselves in ideas germane to the subject of thought and no other; but many foreign and unessential elements enter consciousness on account of unstable or improper association of ideas and weakness of the power of attention. With some this defect is so great that they can never talk long upon one definite point. Readers of Carlyle will remember the description of Coleridge's conversation given in the Life of John Stirling: that "aimless, cloud-wrapt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason,"

which bitterly reminded one of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very—if you let him start with no premises and come to no conclusion." Making all allowance for Carlyle's habit of exaggerating, and the possibility that sometimes he could not understand Coleridge when the latter talked sensibly, still Coleridge's talk seems to have indicated the nature of his mental activity, and this account may serve as a sublime example of the "lawlessly meandering" thought of the untrained.

The unessential ideas that enter consciousness are of all kinds and of all degrees of intensity, from those that result in trivial ideo-motor acts—as, for example, when one engaged in conversation automatically picks up a scrap of paper from the floor—through all sorts of whims, pedantries, and distractions, to the anarchy of mind seen in some pathological cases. Illustrations might be multiplied. The cause of hysteria is often some obstinate intruder in consciousness; and hypochondria has been called the microscope by which one sees the otherwise invisible little ailings of one's own body. Undue self-consciousness, pessimistic anxiety about the future, extreme persistence in one kind of activity from mere force of inertia, indecision, pedantic attention to trivial things, extreme habituation making one do everything in the old way though a new way would be more economical, morbid conscientiousness with its hyperæsthetic casuistry, and that counterfeit religion which continually prinks before the mirror of self-consciousness—all are modes of spendthrift activity by which nervous energy is wasted. But the more obvious habits of mental prodigality are familiar to every one. Without further illustration, we may notice one important point, and then pass to the second and less familiar portion of our problem.

Recent experiments by Wundt and others seem to indicate that consciousness is not limited to a single impression at a single instant, but that while one impression is in the focus of attention, two or three may be simultaneously in the indirect field of consciousness. And M. Paulhan,* a French psychologist, has performed experiments that he thinks prove that two thought-processes may go on simultaneously. Whether conclusive or not, such experiments corroborate the testimony of introspection that mental processes may take place in addition to the activity that mainly occupies the attention. These ideas in the background of consciousness are allied with the one in the centre or antagonistic to it. While a certain amount of distracting elements may be necessary to preserve the healthy flux of thought, and while in very simple operations two disparate thought-processes may be carried on successfully together, economy demands that, in the main, the ideas in the background of consciousness should be harmonious with the one in the focus of attention. The waste of energy when these ideas are of an unessential or distracting nature is a matter of common observation. A single illustration will suffice. A student is passing an examination. He is ill-prepared and nervous. The question he is answering, or the problem he is solving occupies the focus of consciousness, but in the background are such distracting ideas as the fear of failure, the thought that there will not be time enough to answer all the questions, the query whether it were not better to omit this particular question, the self-conscious fear lest he is growing nervous, the sound of the proctor's footsteps, the scratching of a neighbor's pen, and the like. Most pupils know the waste caused by such distracting ideas. Even if by an effort of will these inharmonious elements are kept strictly in the background, still there is some loss of energy, and the effort of will demanded to repress them also takes energy.

II.

To speak of unconscious psychic processes seems to be a contradiction; for we have been accustomed to think the very meaning of a psychic process

* The nature of M. Paulhan's experiments may be seen from a single example. He repeated 5½ lines of poetry while multiplying the number 1,321,242,131,221,241,211 by 2. The time required was 12 seconds. Performing the operations separately the time required to multiply the same number was 11 seconds, to repeat the same lines of poetry, 7 seconds. As in this and similar experiments it takes longer to perform the operations separately than simultaneously, M. Paulhan concludes that the two thought-processes go on together. See the *Revue Scientifique*, May 28, 1887.

to be a conscious process. But it is difficult even for speculative philosophy to account for the facts of memory and some other mental phenomena without the assumption of unconscious processes of some kind. And modern psychology teaches that at any one moment consciousness is directly correlated with only a small portion of the vast number of processes that take place in the brain. Many of the cerebral processes that apparently are not directly correlated with consciousness are so intimately connected with conscious states, or so similar to them in results, that it is convenient to designate them by some such phrase as "unconscious cerebral processes," and from the introspective standpoint to speak of "unconscious psychic processes."

The vast number of the unconscious processes that take place in the wonderful laboratory of the brain, and the relation of these processes to conscious activity has been noticed again and again by psychologists. Wundt and Helmholtz speak of unconscious reasoning processes. "In fact there seems to me," says Helmholtz, "only a superficial difference between the conclusions of logicians and the inductions upon which rest our perceptions of the external world obtained through sense-impressions, and it consists chiefly in this, that the former are capable of expression in words, the latter not, since they are formed, not from words, but from sensations and the memory of sensations. . . . Besides knowledge that has to do with concepts, and therefore can be expressed in words, there is another field of mental activity that combines only sense-impressions, which are not capable of direct expression in words. We call this in German *das Kennen*—being acquainted with a thing. We are acquainted with a man, a way, a food, an odorous substance, that is, we have seen, tasted, or smelled these objects, keep the sense-impression firmly in memory, and shall recognize it again when repeated, without being able to give a description of it in words to ourselves or to others. Nevertheless it is clear that this kind of knowledge can have the very highest degree of definiteness and certainty, and in this respect stands not one whit behind any knowledge that can be expressed in words."*

Some psychologists think that the larger part of the mind's work is done unconsciously. However this may be, it is plain that in educational questions we cannot ignore the unconscious. Let us try to keep in the daylight while we consider the relation of unconscious cerebral processes to the problem before us.

1st. The first thing to notice is that a very large part of our daily activity is performed automatically or unconsciously, and that all acts so executed are done with the minimum expenditure of energy.

Whenever we have to think what to do, energy for both the thought and the act is required. When we perform an act unconsciously, energy for the act only is demanded. Fortunately it is a law of our activity that consciousness tends to desert those processes where it is no longer needed. One psychologist says :†

"The tendency of consciousness to a minimum of complication is in fact a dominating law in Psychology. The logical law of parsimony is only its best known case. We grow unconscious of every feeling which is useless as a sign to lead us to our ends, and when one sign will suffice, others drop out, and that one remains to function alone. We observe this in the whole history of sense-perception. So in acquiring any art or voluntary function. The marksman thinks only of the exact position of the goal, the singer only of the perfect sound, the balancer only of the point in space whose oscillations he must counteract by movement. The associated mechanism has become so perfect in all these persons, that each variation in the thought of the end is functionally correlated with the one movement fitted to bring the latter about. Whilst they were tyros, they thought of their means as well as their end; the marksman of the position of his gun or bow, or the weight of his stone, the pianist of the visible position of his note on the keyboard, the singer of his throat or breathing, the balancer of his feet on the rope,

* Wissenschaftliche Vorträge, Zweites Heft, III., pp. 92 and 93.

† Professor James: The Feeling of Effort, p. 5.

or his hand or chin under the pole. But, little by little, they succeeded in dropping all this supernumerary consciousness, and they became secure in their movements exactly in proportion as they did so."

If as many acts as possible are by training entrusted to the infallible management of automatism, if, in all such activities as reading, writing, and speaking, the formal, mechanical part is done unconsciously, then the higher centres of the brain are left free for other and more important matters. If acts ordinarily performed unconsciously force themselves into consciousness, there is waste of energy.

2d. There is reason to credit still higher work to our unconscious processes.

Carpenter in his Mental Physiology gives a number of examples of what he calls "unconscious cerebration." Among other illustrations he calls attention to the well-known phenomenon of *trying to recollect* some name or event. Sometimes no effort of the will can do it, but we wait, and by and by, when we are engaged in something else, the desired idea springs up out of the unconscious, as if, to use a figure that Carpenter quotes from Miss Cobbe, "we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian whom we could order to hunt up a missing document or turn out a word in the dictionary, while we amused ourselves with something else." It may be doubted if there is any mysterious process of "unconscious cerebration" here, apart from the odd associations by which one idea brings up another. But there is truth in Carpenter's view of the importance of our unconscious processes.

Our decisions in great matters as well as in small show how we trust our unconscious processes. Life would be too short for the humblest activities, if we must bring into consciousness all the arguments pro and con for an act and consider its bearings and results. A large part of our daily activity is governed by motives and processes that never rise into clear consciousness. Consciousness not only blunders, but it is too slow. He whose automatic processes are healthy and who can distinguish the admonitions of the unconscious from whims and superstitions will jump to a conclusion in a thousand little things, while another is slowly and painfully deciding what to do. The man who has to think of his manners is not always polite; for he does not think quickly enough. The man whose morality has not become automatic will sometimes be surprised in a fault; and, as Schiller says, we are apt to suspect the man who has to *decide* whether to be honest or not. Even in the most important matters in life we distrust consciousness. We wish to sleep over a matter, not only that our conscious processes may be clearer, but that we may have the help of that unformulated knowledge which at most can be said to be only in the background of consciousness. In important matters we often feel confident that a certain course is the right one (as we know an absent road or a face without being able to describe it), but cannot formulate the grounds for our decision in words. Our best advisers give only hints. Priceless wisdom is seldom thundered in our ears. Happy the man whose ear is quick to hear and whose will is obedient to the whispers of wisdom, and who can trust what is unconscious in his character!

3d. Economy demands conformity to the laws of our unconscious cerebral processes.

We know very little of these laws of the unconscious. We can, however, sometimes avail ourselves of what Hartmann calls the "hints and feelings" that the unconscious gives for our guidance. And one important law of our unconscious processes seems to be that of rhythm. Both experiment and common observation show that a tendency to rhythmic activity is a law of our nature. The smith, the carpenter, the thresher, the oarsman, keep time at their work. The soldier marches more easily and courageously to the sound of music. The life of the well man is divided into alternate periods of labor and rest. The sick man's attacks recur at regular intervals. We group all continuous and uniform sounds in rhythmic form. One can scarcely count without a rhythmic accentuation by twos or threes. And a careful ear detects the rhythmic articulation of our ordinary speech. In nearly all psycho-physical experiments this

rhythmic tendency appears. The attention seems to ebb and flow in rhythmic oscillation. A certain interval between the signal and the excitation gives the shortest reaction-time. Impressions can be reproduced best when given at a certain rate per second.*

There is probably a physiological ground for all this. Not only do the heart and lungs have a well-defined rhythmic action, but there is a rhythm of the vaso-motor system, and probably the brain acts in rhythmic periods of stability and instability.

This law of rhythm must be regarded in our intellectual work. A good rhythm is an economic device. It lightens the tasks of perceiving and learning, and lends interest to what otherwise would be dull. It is difficult to give advice concerning the utilization of this law of rhythm, apart from the general rule that the natural development of healthy intellectual activity should be interfered with as little as possible. But we find this rhythmic tendency widening out into daily and sometimes monthly and yearly periodicities; and it is safe to say that this larger rhythm may be greatly improved by education. If we have a regular hour for study or for work upon any particular subject, soon at that hour the unconscious favors us. It is largely in one's power to establish a good rhythm by regularity in one's activity. He who persistently, day after day, turns his attention to some subject, is likely soon to become interested in it, no matter how disagreeable it may have been at first.

4th. An unconscious preparation is necessary to enable consciousness to react advantageously upon a subject.

In a suggestive article based upon Hartmann's philosophy, and published a few years ago in *Education*, Mr. John E. Maude argues that it is "an unnatural and most wasteful process" to attempt to bring knowledge directly into consciousness, that the proper pedagogical order is rather to bring ideas first into the unconscious and then into consciousness. This is somewhat mystical, but it suggests pedagogical truth. A certain preparation is necessary in order that anything new may be comprehended. If you would be understood, your hearer must already know something of what you would tell him. If your experience is utterly different from his, you may talk till you faint, but you might as well speak in an unknown tongue; for your hearer has no data by which to interpret what you say. Our ideas are formed by two factors—one furnished by objects, the other by the activity of our own minds. As the Germans often put it, the process of *apperceiving* or giving attention to a thing is an act of placing a new impression in a series of impressions already in the mind. The resulting idea depends upon the relation of the new impression to the series or group in which it is placed. We can *apperceive* an object most truthfully and with the minimum expenditure of energy when there is just the right preparation of mind, when the new impression fits into just the right series of old impressions, or when, to change the figure, it is painted upon just the right unconscious background.

Economy demands not only that there shall be an unconscious preparation for each new impression, but that each subject of study shall be undertaken at just the time when the learner's growing brain is ready for it. "There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors in natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists; then for initiating them into the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn; and, last of all, the drama of human affairs and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. . . . To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator."†

5th. *Economy demands that there shall be no unessential elements in our unconscious processes.*

A large part of what is now in the unconscious was once in consciousness. All our conscious activity modifies what is unconscious. In some way the brain-

* Ebbinghaus, in nearly all his experiments in memorizing nonsense syllables found that a series of syllables learned in a relatively short time was followed, as a rule, by a series learned in a relatively long time, and vice versa. There seemed to be a kind of rhythmic oscillation of the mental susceptibility or of the attention.

† Dr. James, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1887.

centres keep account of what we see and hear and do. An illustration will make this clearer. In experiments upon the reaction-time in association—such experiments as those of Wundt, Cattell, and others—a word is given, and the subject is told to speak the first word that occurs to him. For example, the word given is *hat*, the word that occurs to the subject may be *hatter;* the word given is *letter*, the associated word may be *letter-carrier*. Sometimes the idea awakened by association is very curious. For example, as I write, I try a similar experiment upon myself taking the word *stove*. The associated idea that occurs to me is not *fire*, *stove-maker*, *coal*, or anything of that kind, but a certain game called the "black art," which I have sometimes played—a game in which one is likely often to ask a question about a stove. So, in all such experiments, we think of words which at some time in our experience have been associated with the word given by the experimenter. Thus all our experience modifies the nerve-centres; and the unessential ideas that clog our thinking are counted among the association fibres of the brain and will rise up again to plague us when we need all our energy for what is important.

The study of memory also furnishes an excellent illustration of the unessential elements in our unconscious processes. One learns a poem, and a year afterward has forgotten it, but a certain hidden skill or unconscious power persists. If the poem be learned anew, much less time will be required than was necessary at first, or than would be required to learn a similar poem of equal length that has not been studied. This unconscious skill is very valuable. Yet anything unessential that has been learned leaves an unconscious element that (apart of course from any possible training of the mind that may have resulted) represents so much useless power. If a boy learns all the notes and exceptions in a Latin Grammar he will probably be fortunate enough to forget them, but the unconscious skill that would make it easier for him to learn those particular notes a second time is, for most boys, an unessential element in the unconscious. A practical inference would be that studies that both train the mind and leave a persisting element valuable in itself are preferable to those that merely train the mind and leave an unessential element in the unconscious.

Now we can see why it is so important that unessential elements should be excluded from consciousness. When unessential ideas enter consciousness, the loss of energy for the moment is little. It matters comparatively little for to-day whether a child focuses its attention, learns its lesson in an hour, and then has time to play, or dreams and idles over the lesson for two hours. But the way the clearly focused attention modifies the nerve-centres of the brain is of the utmost importance. The child that concentrates its attention when it works will soon have the principles of economic activity wrought into the very fibres of its brain.

The question at once arises, "Granting that the presence of unessential ideas in consciousness causes loss of energy, how can one help it? We know nothing of these ideas until we are conscious of them, and then the mischief is done." True! but let us seek the cause of these unessential ideas. The immediate cause may be a sensation, or the perception of an external object, or a state of consciousness in some way related to these ideas. But such ideas would never rise into clear consciousness, unless the attention were in an unstable condition. To insure the absence of unessential ideas, then, there must be a stable condition of the attention. It is impossible here to make any thorough study of attention, closely as it is connected with our subject. It is well, however, to notice what seem to be the conditions of its existence. As everybody knows, there are two kinds of attention, namely voluntary and involuntary or spontaneous. Horwicz and others have attempted to show that both forms of attention depend upon the feelings or emotions; and Ribot, in his interesting chapter on Attention in "The Diseases of the Will" furnishes a statement of this view which is accessible in English.* He maintains that spontaneous attention is the basis of

* See also articles by the same author upon Le Mécanisme de l'Attention, in the Revue Philosophique, October and November, 1887.

all attention, and attempts to show that this is dependent upon emotion. The animal crouching for its prey, the child gazing at a commonplace spectacle, the assassin waiting for his victim, the mathematician studying a problem, are attentive, because the prey, the spectacle, the thought of the victim, the problem to be solved, arouse in them an intense and durable emotion. Without emotion there would be no attention ; but while emotion lasts so does attention.

"Spontaneous attention," says Ribot, "gives a maximum effect with a minimum of effort, while voluntary attention gives a minimum effect with a maximum of effort, and the contrast between the two is sharper in proportion as the one is more spontaneous and the other more voluntary. Voluntary attention in its highest degree is an artificial state in which, with the aid of factitious emotion, we keep up certain states of consciousness that are ever tending to die out—for instance, when for politeness' sake we carry on a wearisome conversation. . . . Again we see that the voluntary rests upon the involuntary and derives from it all its force, and that, compared with the latter, it is very precarious. Education of the power of attention consists in the last result simply in calling out and developing those factitious emotions, and in striving to make them stable by repetition ; but as there is no creation *ex nihilo*, they must have some basis, however weak, in nature."

Assuming, then, that attention depends upon the emotions,* our thesis may be stated as follows: *Intellectual activity is natural and economical when one works with the support of an emotional stimulus.*

The economy of working with an emotional stimulus may be illustrated by what is familiar to everyone. Not only do we see that the man who works for love, for revenge, for an ardent ambition, can do more work than his neighbor who has no all-absorbing aim ; but in the commonplace matters of daily life the same principle is illustrated. Why is it often so much easier to learn a lesson, or write an address, or prepare a brief, when the task must be finished to-day, than when it need not be completed for a month? In the latter case as in the former we are conscious of the need of careful preparation, of the pleasure of success, of the chagrin of defeat, of the manliness of duty performed, of the baseness of neglected duty. But the present moment does not appear as a factor in that distant result, or, if at all, only vaguely. When, however, the task must be done to-day the present moment is vividly seen as a determining factor in the culminating moment. The satisfaction and the chagrin, the manliness and the baseness, are to a certain extent realized in the present moment, and this vivid consciousness of the final result furnishes an emotional impulse so strong that the attention is concentrated and there is little chance for unessential ideas to enter consciousness.

A study of the development and conservation of the emotions which are the basis of healthy spontaneous interests would lead into the obscurer regions of psychology, and it would be necessary to discuss such profound matters as heredity and the psychic changes which occur at adolescence. Such a study cannot be attempted here. Nor is it possible in a limited space to discuss the methods of calling forth and strengthening factitious emotions. Some hints and words of advice, however, may be given, that the present discussion may not be entirely a dumb oracle.

From what has been said it follows of course that we do our most economical work in studying and investigating those subjects in which we have a spontaneous interest. Naturally all our activity seems to be the direct result of an emotional impulse, and a tendency to rigid economy is a law of the spontaneous activity of the nervous system. Hence, the more one can work with nature, the more sure one can be to avoid waste. Fortunate the man who has healthy spontaneous interests! Again, other things being equal, we do our most economical work when in the mood for it. Psychology finds evidence that the general sensations of the body—the cœnæsthesis, to

* Of course it is really no explanation of attention to show that it depends upon the emotions ; for we know as little about the emotions as we do about attention ; but for pedagogical ends it may be useful to know that attention has an emotional basis. It should be carefully noted that not mere pleasure and pain in the ordinary sense are here referred to. The feeling of interest that causes an easy and rapid flux of thought is sometimes merely a blind impulse.

use the technical term—have a profound influence upon the psychic life, and there is reason to believe that in large part they form that undercurrent of feeling that affords the needed support for mental activity. Hence it is not strange that the power to work at one's best depends so provokingly upon one's mood. Writers from Horace down have noticed that the muse must be wooed. One must take the right subject at just the right moment to have the best success, not *invita Minerva*. The favor of the moment depends largely upon the cœnæsthesis, and a thousand things may affect that. George Sand relates that in her case so trivial a thing as a change in the weather might make or mar a novel; and she quotes Voltaire, who writes in one of his letters: "My work has been murky today, because the weather was murky."

It is not safe, however, to adopt *laissez faire* in our intellectual activity. Much work must be done in things that are not immediately interesting to us, and a large part of education consists in developing "factitious emotions." How can the latter be aroused and rendered stable? To answer in a single sentence: This can be done by regular and repeated attempts to turn the attention to any particular subject—building always upon some foundation of spontaneous interest—especially if one possesses a high ideal or manly ambition; for this stimulates all one's activity, and renders even drudgery pleasant.

The statement that intellectual activity to be economical must be supported by an emotional stimulus may seem paradoxical; for well-nigh every manifestation of emotion involves the dissipation of energy. It is, however, sometimes economical to be extravagant. The economy of work under the impulse of strong emotion is not that work is then performed with less expenditure of energy than the same work would be with little emotion. Probably the reverse is true. But when one acts under the impulse of a strong and healthy emotion, the idea immediately realizes itself in an act or brings up a germane idea, and the conscious state is so concentrated that there is little chance for unessential ideas and inharmonious tendencies to hinder or confuse the activity. Hence the economy. It should, however, be noticed that any violent or extreme emotion may hinder intellectual activity or cause a morbid concentration of attention; but the strong, healthy, emotional life that gives a genuine interest in a subject is the needed support for intellectual activity. Men with strong emotions but with habits of equanimity are the ones who do the maximum of intellectual work with the greatest ease.

If the thesis proposed be correct, then it is necessary to economize the emotions. Thoughtful observers have noticed that the amount of intellectual work men can do varies according to the nervous waste going on through their emotional activities. This is so not only because emotional activity involves directly the dissipation of energy, but also because those who dissipate their emotions are likely to lack the enthusiasm and ambition necessary for economic intellectual activity.

The emotional prodigality * so often seen in our petted children is liable to leave the soul barren of healthy impulses and render ordinary intellectual activity insipid. Something has been wisely said of late about the danger of overpressure in our schools. The time spent in study that ought to be spent in outdoor play or in exercise in gymnasia is worse than wasted. But the over-pressure of intellectual work would not be so bad were it not for this emotional prodigality of many children both at home and at school. Teachers are spurred to strain pupils to the utmost that they may meet the coming tests for promotion. The healthy spontaneous emotions that make it the delight of childhood to learn are crushed, and factitious emotions of fear and dread are substituted. At home the emotional excitement is often greater than at school. Prizes, the expectations of parents, piano practice, company, parties, dances, petting, and reproofs are the stimuli, culminating often in late hours spent in preparing a half dozen lessons for the next day. The tasks at school, hard as they are, often are less injurious to children than the emotional dissipation at home.

Again, the storm and stress of emo-

* See a valuable article on this subject in the Dental Cosmos, 1878.

tional activity that often occurs at adolescence is liable to cause an alarming waste of energy; and there is danger that habits will then be formed of allowing the emotions to evaporate or to expend themselves in unessential, pedantic, and morbid activities. Whoever revels in emotion and squanders nervous energy at one period of life will lack the needed support for intellectual activity at another period.

It is imperatively necessary in education to regard the emotions. Griesinger, the great German alienist, says that purely intellectual over-pressure seldom leads to insanity, but among the most frequent causes is over-strain of the emotions. How to avoid nervous disease, and especially insanity, is a problem for intellectual workers. A great step will be taken toward solving this problem when the question discussed in this article can be more definitively answered than is possible at present. It seems almost unnecessary to add that teachers should make observations to determine in different branches of study how the maximum of intellectual work can be done with the minimum expenditure of energy. Of course every good teacher does this in a general way, but very few teachers observe their methods with this definite end in view. Records of the observations of many teachers upon this point might greatly assist in determining the relative value of different methods for the development of habits of mental thrift.

The argument for economy in intellectual work amounts to little more than the old story of the need of regularity and concentration; but modern psychology treats the subject in a new way, gives it a new emphasis, and insists that the great danger from an evil thought is not so much the loss of energy for the moment as the modification of the nerve-centre that counts the sin and will use it against us in the next hour of temptation. The principle of economy, however, is a far deeper one than appears from this brief discussion. In spite of the apparently reckless waste that we see in nature, there is a counter-principle of rigid economy. This law of parsimony is especially seen in the mechanism of the nervous system in man. And in our higher intellectual, social, and political life the same principle appears. Even our scientific theories and philosophic systems may be looked upon as economic devices, the former to enable us to unify and carry in our minds the manifold phenomena of nature, the latter to remove doubt and perplexity before the mysterious facts of existence. But in the limited field of pedagogy alone this principle is a fundamental one to which all questions of pedagogic method, order of studies, relative value of different courses, elective system, and the like, should be referred.

YESTERDAY.

By Zoe Dana Underbill.

YESTERDAY is dead
And lies at rest.
No breathing stirs
The white-robed breast;
The groans and sobbing
Are hushed at last,
Thanks be to Heaven!
Such pains are past.

Seek not to rouse
Its unquiet ghost;
Conjure no phantom
Of what is lost;
Come away softly,
And make no moan,
Leaving thy perished hope
Dead and alone.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

By Robert Grant.

I.



ONE afternoon not many years ago, Henry Alleyn received word from the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul that Margaret Hogan, an old woman who had nursed him as a baby, was very sick and desired him to draw her will before she died. Accordingly he hastened there, taking with him a young man who was studying law in his office. It surprised Alleyn that Margaret had been carried to the hospital, for he had seen her within a week at her own house where he was in the habit of paying her occasional visits to relieve her solitude. She had mentioned feeling slightly ill, but, as Alleyn had heard nothing from her since, he had assumed that she must be convalescent. He reflected that she would scarcely have consented to be removed to the Sisterhood unless she had been seriously sick, and he felt annoyed that she had not notified him of her condition, especially as he well knew that her failure to do so proceeded from an absurd reluctance to trouble him, as she called it.

Alleyn was a rising lawyer of about five and thirty, whose conduct of causes had begun to attract attention, which was all the more flattering for the reason that he had come to town but ten years before an unknown youth, without powerful friends to help him on. It was true of him, however, that he was a college graduate, and the possessor of an intelligent face and refined manners which had soon obtained him admission into society. To crown his success, he had within six months become engaged to a charming woman. His future looked bright. He was recognized at the Bar as a man wholly to be trusted.

"I'm afraid that poor Margaret must be on her last legs," he soliloquized as they proceeded. "I'm going," he explained to the student, "to see an old woman who took care of me as a child, —a faithful, devoted soul as ever lived. She wants me to make her will. I don't suppose she has much to leave; though, come to think of it, I believe she owns the little house she lives in free of incumbrances. They have sent me word from the hospital to come at once, so she must be pretty sick, I fear."

"People of that class are apt to imagine themselves at the point of death from very slight cause, are they not?" inquired John Larkin, who, out of respect to his senior, gave an interrogative form to this cynicism.

"Yes, but Margaret is well advanced now, and I have noticed for the last six months that she seemed feeble. I am apprehensive in her case. It was a curious chance," Alleyn continued, "that let me know her whereabouts, some time ago, shortly after I moved here. We had lost track of her for years, as she left my mother's service while I was still a child. It appears she drifted from place to place and finally came to this city to live with a sister. The sister died before very long, and about the same time Margaret chanced to run across my name in the newspaper as counsel in the Brady breach of promise case, which you remember made some stir. With an old woman's faith she assumed that it must be I and looked me up at the office. When she discovered her long lost boy, as she styled me, she was for throwing her arms around my neck. She sobbed with delight, and I became the hero of a somewhat embarrassing spectacle. Faithful old soul! I cannot bear to think of her suffering."

"It is what we seem to be made for," observed the sententious student.

"But then most of us deserve it. I could almost vouch that Margaret never did an evil action in her life," said Alleyn as he rang at the entrance to the hospital.

Upon mentioning his errand to the

servant who came to the door, Alleyn was shown into a reception-room, and a few moments later was informed that he was to go upstairs to the invalid's chamber. He told Larkin to remain below until he should send for him.

"How is Margaret to-night?" he asked of the girl who showed him the way.

"The doctor thinks she may live a day or two yet, sir."

On the first landing Alleyn encountered a pleasant-featured woman in nun's attire who accorded him a gracious inclination of the head, in response to which he said:

"I'm the lawyer whom Margaret Hogan sent for."

"Yes, she is expecting you; her room is up another flight. The Mother is with her."

"Who was that?" he inquired of the servant when they were out of hearing.

"Sister Veronica."

Alleyn was struck by the neatness of everything; the walls were very white, and as he followed the girl along the passage-way he caught a glimpse through the half-open doors of comfortable looking invalids attended now and again by a Sister of Charity. He reflected that Margaret had acted wisely in being brought there.

"You may go right in, sir," said the girl, pushing open the door of the room at the farther end of the passage-way.

Alleyn entered a moderate-sized chamber. At first he perceived only his old nurse, whose pallid, wrinkled face riveted his attention. Her bed was near the door and she recognized him at once, grasping eagerly the hand which he held out to her with the skinny fingers of both of her own, and exclaiming: "You've come at last. I thought I'd die before you come, Master Henry."

"Nonsense, Margaret, you mustn't talk that way; you'll be better in a day or two."

"No, no, I'll never be any better," answered the old woman in a tone of sad conviction. "I'm wore out. Sit down, Master Henry, the Mother'll give you a chair," she continued, sinking back on the pillows from which she had raised herself a little in her eagerness to greet the young man.

There was a chair a few feet from the bed; while reaching for it Alleyn lifted his eyes and beheld a Sister of Charity standing in the further end of the room with her back to the window. He gave a perceptible start; he could not believe that he saw correctly. "Cora," he ejaculated below his breath, then made a movement as if to step forward, which was checked by the demeanor of the nun, who, though she had been regarding him since his entrance, gave no sign of recognition save what was conveyed to Alleyn by the deep blush suffusing her countenance; even this was now fading away, betokening that any emotion which his presence had awakened was under her control. As he stood confused and irresolute, she bent her head in a conventional salute, and when their eyes met again there was no vestige of mental agitation on her face. Her complexion had resumed its accustomed marble—a perfect whiteness, rendered all the more striking by the blackness of her hair and superb eyes which rivalled in sombreness her monastic garb. She stood with her hands folded placidly before her, the picture of a tall, commanding, and singularly beautiful woman.

The pause was broken by old Margaret, who, unaware of its significance, and feeling perhaps that every moment was precious to her, craned her head out of bed and quavered: "This is the Mother, Master Henry—I beg your pardon, sir, Mr. Alleyn. She has been very kind to me. Don't go, Mother," she exclaimed piteously, as the nun, again inclining her head, stepped toward the door. "Master Henry won't mind."

"You had better stay," said Alleyn, composedly; "it will distress her if you go, and there is no reason for privacy, I imagine."

At his words the nun, after a moment's hesitation, withdrew again to the further end of the room, where she took a seat by the window. Alleyn, who, though his voice was steady, felt strangely agitated, was glad to be recalled to his professional duty by the voice of the dying woman.

"You'll find everything ready, sir, on that little table."

Following the direction of her gaze,

he perceived behind him, close to the wainscoting, the table to which she referred and on which there were writing materials and an accumulation of papers —most of them, as he perceived at a glance, receipted bills. He drew it toward the bed and seated himself. His head was in a whirl, but taking up a pen he said, "You wish me to make your will, Margaret?"

"I want you to fix it so there won't be no trouble after I'm gone."

"I see. To whom do you wish to leave your money?"

"Whom should I be leaving it to but yourself, Master Henry?"

"To me? Nonsense, Margaret; I don't want your money."

"Yes, yes, Master Henry; you and no one else. Who has a better right to it? You as I took care of close on ten year!"

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you, my kind old friend," said Alleyn, tenderly, bending over her, "but I would rather you would make some other disposition of it. You must have relations——"

"No, no," interrupted the sick woman peevishly; "there's not a dollar of it to go to my relations. They never came near me while I was alive. There's no one I care for but you. I said to Mother Eulalie this morning, 'Send for Master Henry and I'll die happy.' I've thought it all out and I know just what I want."

"You will make a much better use of what you have if you leave it in charity —to your Church, for instance," persisted Alleyn.

"No, no," she reiterated; "I want it all to go to you. And, Master Henry," she whispered, confidentially, reaching out her hand and laying it upon Alleyn's, "you'll see there are masses said for me and I'm put in a decent grave? I don't like them tombs. I had the undertaker here this morning and told him all about burying me, so you'll have no trouble."

To draw a will in his own favor was distasteful to Alleyn, but he reflected that the presence of Mother Eulalie, who, from where she was sitting, must be able to hear every word of their conversation, would preclude the possibility of disagreeable charges being brought against him by the next of kin. He was anxious, moreover, to get the matter over as soon as possible, for memories foreign to what he had in hand, and not altogether pleasant, were thronging his brain. He glanced in the direction of the nun; she was staring straight before her at the blank wall, and Alleyn's gaze was fettered a moment by the beauty of her profile. He sighed and turned back his eyes again to the bed, with the compressed lips of one who feels that what, however lamentable, has been done, is done, and that it is useless to deplore.

"Of course, I am bound to obey your wishes in the matter, Margaret," he answered; "if you really desire to leave your property to me, I must draw your will to that effect. Only——"

"That's it, Master Henry."

"Very well," he said, and after a moment's reflection dipped a pen in the ink and began to write. The will was a very simple one and took Alleyn barely ten minutes to draw. By its terms all the estate of Margaret Hogan, of whatever kind, both real and personal, wherever situated and whenever acquired, was given, devised, and bequeathed to Henry Alleyn, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to his and their own use and behoof forever. Said Henry Alleyn was also appointed Executor with the usual powers delegated; that was the whole instrument. When he had finished he told Margaret that he must read it to her, which he did, in a slow, distinct voice so that she might understand every word. While so doing, he glanced for an instant in Mother Eulalie's direction, but it did not seem to him that she was paying attention.

"Is that as you wish it, Margaret?" he inquired at the close.

"Oh, yes, sir, it's beautiful. Now I shall die happy."

Just then the door was pushed open and Sister Veronica appeared. "It's the doctor," she said; "may he come in?"

"Certainly," said Alleyn, "he's the very person I want to see. Will you kindly remain too?" he added to Sister Veronica as he stepped past her to intercept the physician before he should enter. "I shall need you presently."

The interchange of a few words in

the passage-way assured Alleyn that Margaret's faculties were entirely unclouded in the estimation of the doctor, who did not hesitate to pronounce her competent to make a will, and who also consented to act as an attesting witness. Alleyn then sent for John Larkin, and while the clerk was coming Margaret was propped up on the pillows by Sister Veronica.

"How long will she live?" whispered Alleyn.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe a week, and she may die to-morrow. It's impossible to say in such cases."

Larkin made his appearance just when the old woman had got on her spectacles. Mother Eulalie was still in the background, and Alleyn chose to remain as indifferent to her presence as she seemed to be to his.

He looked at Sister Veronica and said: "I have asked you to remain to witness this will," then turned and indicating a spot on the paper said: "You will sign here, Margaret."

With infinite pains the old woman feebly scrawled her signature.

"I ain't much of a writer," she observed, squinting ruefully at her handiwork.

"It will do very well," said Alleyn. "Now, Doctor. Margaret," he added, "I understand you to declare this to be your last will and testament."

"Yes, sir," she answered in rather a bewildered fashion. She had fallen back exhausted.

"And it is your wish that these three persons—Dr. Holbrook, Sister Veronica, and my clerk Mr. Larkin—should sign as attesting witnesses."

"Yes, sir."

The witnesses signed in the order described.

"You should sign your real name, you know," Alleyn remarked to the Sister.

"I know," she said, and wrote "Catharine Sullivan."

"That is all; thank you very much," said Alleyn when the last had finished. The doctor and Sister Veronica immediately took their leave. "I shall not need you any longer," he added to Larkin. "Don't wait for me."

Alleyn sat down beside the bed and began to fold up the will.

"I shall die happy, now," Margaret reiterated.

"You mustn't think of dying; you must think of getting well," he felt prompted to say.

"You'll find everything right," she continued, without heed. "The Mother went to my house yesterday and got the bank-books and things. There's what I've paid out in repairs and groceries since the first," she added, pointing with pride to the pile of bills on the table. "I told the Mother you'd ought to have them. The other things——"

"Yes, yes, Margaret, it'll be time enough by and by," he said, cheerily, getting up and bending over her. "You'll be better to-morrow, and I'll come to see you. I'm afraid of tiring you."

"Good-by, Master Henry, good-by. And you'll remember to have the masses said for me?"

"Never fear, you dear old soul."

He kissed her softly on the forehead, then as he turned to go looked toward the window. Mother Eulalie was sitting with her hands folded before her, still staring at the blank wall. She might have been a statue.

II.

Margaret Hogan died that night. A sudden stroke of apoplexy relieved her from further suffering. Alleyn was shocked to hear that she was gone, from the undertaker who came to his office on the following morning for instructions. He gave the necessary orders for her interment, and a day or two after his old nurse had been laid in her grave filed the will, which he had drawn, at the Probate Office with a petition to be appointed Executor. Not knowing who were Margaret's next of kin, he published an order of notice, and on the day fixed for the hearing, as no remonstrants appeared, he had no difficulty in obtaining letters of administration from the Court. There was, however, a right of appeal open for thirty days.

Meantime, Alleyn took no steps to reduce the estate into possession, beyond visiting the house and seeing that it was

properly closed. He assumed, from what Margaret had said, that her bank-books and any other property belonging to her were in the custody of Mother Eulalie, and for reasons of his own he was in no hurry to revisit the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul.

But after the thirty days had elapsed he felt it incumbent on him to exercise his duties as Executor. It occurred to him that the simplest plan was to send John Larkin to request Mother Eulalie to deliver over the effects of the testatrix. As a matter of caution, however, he told him to stop at the Probate Office on the way, to make sure that no appeal had been entered. Half an hour later the student reappeared with a sardonic grin on his countenance.

"There is one," he said, and produced a paper which he handed to Alleyn.

The lawyer received the copy of the record with a shrug of the shoulders, but after perusing it for a moment knit his brows and observed: "This is confounded impudence. Whom have they retained?"

"Roger K. Harper," responded Larkin, with another grin.

The counsel mentioned was one of the most successful jury lawyers in the community, but a man not over nice in the devices he employed to secure verdicts, and more or less of a demagogue.

The document recited that an appeal was claimed by John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, next of kin, from the decree of the Court allowing a certain instrument offered for Probate by Henry Alleyn, wherein said Alleyn was named as Executor, as the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan, deceased. Two of the reasons given, being those ordinarily alleged in Probate appeals, were the mental unsoundness of the testatrix and undue influence on the part of said Henry Alleyn; but the third was of more unusual tenor, setting forth that said instrument offered for Probate was not the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan, inasmuch as said instrument had been fraudulently altered in the making by said Henry Alleyn.

Alleyn tossed the paper on his desk with a contemptuous air. "It is one of Harper's blood-sucking devices," he said. "He means to bleed me if he can. He has fastened on the wrong man though, as he will find out."

The appeal could not be heard for three months, so Alleyn gave the matter but small heed. So far as desire for the money was concerned, he would willingly have relinquished all claim to it; but he felt bound to respect Margaret's intention. She had evidently preferred to cut off her relatives, and Alleyn argued that it would hardly be respectful if he should vacate his rights merely to dispose of a disagreeable suit which was absolutely groundless. Until the appeal should be tried his powers as Executor were suspended. Accordingly he addressed a formal letter to the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, to the effect that as certain complications had arisen in relation to the affairs of the late Margaret Hogan, her Executor would await their settlement before taking possession of the property of the deceased. To this communication Alleyn received no answer.

As time wore on he was rather surprised at hearing nothing from the other side. He fully expected to be approached with a view to a compromise, and had been looking forward to the amusement he should derive from disappointing his pettifogging opponent. To make the first advances himself would be clearly an admission of weakness. Besides, he was resolved not to pay a dollar. When a week before the day of trial he had still heard nothing he put his case into the hands of Charles Davenant, an intimate friend and brother lawyer of repute, who was some years his senior.

"It's a fishing excursion, I take it," said Mr. Davenant, when Alleyn had finished his recital.

"I had supposed so, certainly. But I'm at a loss to understand why Harper has not been near me. There must be some cat in the meal, I am beginning to think, though I can't imagine what. Dr. Holbrook will testify as to Margaret's mental condition, and as to undue influence there isn't a shadow of evidence. The only time she ever spoke to me about her will was the day she made it."

"How about the third reason?" asked Mr. Davenant. "It is so unusual that I

should judge they expected to make something out of it."

"It is insulting enough, I admit; but what have they got to substantiate it?" said Alleyn, with some irritation.

"You say that while you were drawing the will there was no one in the room except this Mother Eulalie?"

"Yes."

"What sort of an appearing woman was she?"

"A young woman—a very handsome woman," said Alleyn, with slow emphasis.

"Could she have heard your client's conversation?"

"She could have heard it, unquestionably, but I doubt very much if she did. I looked at her several times, and on each occasion she seemed to me not to be paying the slightest attention to what was going on. She was sitting close to the window some twenty-five feet away. You see I have considered the situation. But what if she did hear us?" he added, with a nervous laugh.

"Have you been to see her?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"No. I—er—I thought it better not. Don't you think it would be compromising?"

The senior shrugged his shoulders. "I appreciate your point, of course, but I do not regard it as of much moment. By so doing you could relieve your uncertainty and ascertain whether or not to summon her as a witness. If her testimony corroborates yours, there's an end of the whole business. If, on the other hand, it fails to do so, you will not be caught unprepared."

"How can her testimony fail to corroborate mine?" Alleyn asked with another touch of indignation.

"Ah, my dear fellow, there you ask conundrums. Forewarned is forearmed, that's all. If there is anything in the case beyond mere bluff, I am inclined to believe that it must be in connection with this Mother Eulalie, as you call her. She may have looked wise or dropped dark hints which these ignorant people have repeated to brother Harper. When you have been in practice as long as I have you will appreciate that you can never count on what any one will testify—especially a woman."

Alleyn frowned and looked annoyed.

"I understood you to state that you asked the testatrix if she didn't wish to leave something to the Church," continued Mr. Davenant.

"Yes; and she said distinctly that she did not."

"Precisely. Supposing Mother Eulalie testifies that she heard differently?"

"It would be a falsehood," protested Alleyn with a warmth that amused the older lawyer.

"The jury would have to pass upon that," was the dry comment.

Alleyn drummed on the table reflectively for a few moments. "I don't care to go to see her," he said, at length. "I'll take the chance," he added, with an effort at nonchalance.

"Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred you will be just as well off," said Mr. Davenant.

A few days later Alleyn read in one of the morning papers the following statement. "Among the causes set down for trial at the current term of the Supreme Court is Henry Alleyn, Executor, *v.* John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, appellants; an appeal from the finding of the Probate Court of this County, allowing the will of one Margaret Hogan who died during the last six months, leaving an estate valued at thirty thousand dollars, all of which by the terms of the will was bequeathed to Henry Alleyn, a lawyer of this city. The next of kin, first cousins of the testatrix, allege in their petition insanity, undue influence, and fraudulent alteration of the contents of the will by Mr. Alleyn, who appears to have drawn the instrument in question. Hon. Roger K. Harper has been retained to represent the interests of the appellants, and it is reported that there will be peculiar and startling developments at the trial."

"Thirty thousand dollars! Bah!" said Alleyn to himself after the disagreeable smart occasioned by seeing his name in print in such a connection had subsided. "Though, to tell the truth, I don't know what she left. The house is worth six thousand. This business has taught me one lesson: never to draw a will in my own favor again.

Pshaw!" he added, reflectively. "Even if Cora wishes to do me an injury, what can she say?"

On the morning of the day fixed for the trial Alleyn came into the court-room with a deliberately cheery air. Counsel were already in their places and there was a considerable number of lookers on. He glanced at once toward the benches reserved for witnesses and recognized only Dr. Holbrook, whom he had summoned to be present. Just then the attention of every one was attracted by the unaccustomed entrance of two Sisters of Charity, the first of whom, as she walked behind the usher to a seat, while all the spectators, spell-bound by the majesty of her appearance, stared open-mouthed, he perceived to be Mother Eulalie; the other was Sister Veronica. Her he had been obliged to send for as a witness. But why had Mother Eulalie come? Possibly as a companion. So at least Alleyn tried to persuade himself as he sat down beside his counsel. The appearance of the nuns was evidently matter for conjecture, to judge from the wagging and craning of heads. The court-room seemed to have become animated. Alleyn did not choose to look again, but Mr. Davenant turned his head with the rest.

"Is that she?" he said in a whisper, nudging Alleyn.

"Yes."

"The handsome one?"

"Yes."

"She's an extraordinarily beautiful woman."

The entrance of the Court, at which everybody rose, put an end to their dialogue.

"What is the first case on the list, Mr. Clerk?" asked the Judge.

"Henry Alleyn, Executor, *v.* John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, appellants."

"Are both parties ready?"

The Counsel signified that they were, and after the jury had been impanelled, Mr. Davenant, upon whom it was incumbent to take the initiative so far as to prove the will over again, called his witnesses to be sworn. They were only the three attesting witnesses to the will. He first put Dr. Holbrook on the stand, who acknowledged his own signature, declared that he had seen the testator sign the will, and in answer to a series of carefully framed questions stated that he had attended Margaret Hogan from the time she entered the hospital until her death, that her intelligence was unclouded during that period, and that he regarded her as entirely qualified, so far as her mental condition was concerned, to dispose of her property.

"He is your witness," said Mr. Davenant to his opponent.

"I understand you, Doctor, that you consider the testatrix to have been of thoroughly sound mind at the time of the execution of this instrument?" said Roger Harper, slowly.

"I do, sir."

"I think you said, Doctor, that though her bodily condition was enfeebled, her intellect was to all intents and purposes unaffected—that, in short, she knew perfectly well what she was about?"

"I did, sir," answered Dr. Holbrook in a decided tone which showed that he was little in sympathy with his questioner.

"Precisely," said the lawyer. He looked around the court-room with an air of triumph, as though the testimony of the witness was exactly to his liking.

"One more question, Doctor. Were you present while this will was being drawn?"

"I was not."

"Am I not right in saying that you saw or knew nothing of the making of this will beyond the fact that the testatrix signed it in your presence?"

"That is all I know, sir."

"Precisely. That will do, Doctor."

John Larkin was the next witness. He testified to having seen the testatrix sign her name. Upon cross-examination Roger Harper asked him but one question—the same which he had put to the doctor—"Were you present while this will was being drawn?"

"I was present after it had been drawn," replied the student, sophistically.

"I did not ask you whether you were present after it had been drawn, Mr. Larkin. You will please answer my question. Were—you—present—while—this—will—was—being—drawn?"

"No, sir."

"That is all, Mr. Larkin."

"They evidently mean to base their case on the charge of fraudulent alteration," whispered Mr. Davenant to Alleyn, as he summoned Catharine Sullivan, *alias* Sister Veronica, to the stand.

The pleasant-featured nun seemed bewildered, and testified in an unintelligent way to her own signature and to having seen Margaret Hogan sign.

"Were you present while the will was being drawn, Sister Veronica?" asked Roger Harper when his turn to cross-examine came.

"No, sir, I knew nothing about it whatever," answered the witness with a promptitude that caused Mr. Davenant to mutter to Alleyn: "They've fixed her, that's evident."

"That's all, Sister Veronica," said Roger Harper.

Mr. Davenant then claimed that his client had established a *prima facie* case, to which his Honor assented.

"I am ready to hear your evidence, Mr. Harper," said the Judge.

Roger Harper rose slowly and came forward. He was a large man, in the prime of middle life, with a prominent hawk's nose, deep-set, lustrous eyes, and a smooth-shaven, forcible upper lip. His iron-gray hair fell low on his forehead, and almost mingled with his bushy brows.

"May it please the Court," he began; "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, in the course of a long professional experience—and mine has been an active experience of thirty years—I have never been called upon to present evidence so remarkable in its character as that which it has become my painful duty to lay before you. Far be it from me to desire the ruin of any brother in that profession of which I am proud to call myself a member—a profession whose prosperity is founded upon the trust which the great public, to which you, gentlemen, belong, repose in the integrity, uprightness, and honor of those who constitute it. But, gentlemen, worthy of implicit belief as I hold the word of a lawyer to be, it is for you to say whether it is not outweighed in the scale of verity by the evidence of one who comes in the sacred vestments of religion to confront yea with nay. I shall produce in this case, gentlemen of the jury, but one witness. But through the testimony of that one witness I expect to overthrow this will offered for Probate, by proving that its contents were fraudulently altered by Henry Alleyn, the Executor therein named and a member of this Bar. It is the saddest duty that I have ever had to perform. If you find a verdict in my favor it will mean professional disgrace and downfall for him whom I have mentioned; but if you find that Margaret Hogan executed her will in this man's favor meaning so to do—and, gentlemen, the doctor has told you she was in her right mind—you will have to declare that Mother Eulalie, the Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, has been guilty of the blackest perjury."

He paused, and one could have heard a pin drop in the court-room. Those who knew Alleyn glanced at him. He sat with folded arms smiling contemptuously, but Mr. Davenant looked rather grave.

"Mother Eulalie, you will come forward and be sworn," said Roger Harper.

Amid profound stillness the nun passed up the aisle to where the clerk was standing ready to administer the oath. Her beauty was absorbing. Men were at a loss, perhaps, to understand how it happened that curves so full of symmetry, and eyes so lustrous, should be shrouded by the apparel of the cloister. Save for the pallor of her complexion there was almost a suggestion of fleshliness in the luscious contour of face and figure, but, after the first glance, those gazing fancied that they saw the devout servant of God who, branded by the iron of mortal woe, has sought refuge on the bosom of the Church. She might well be a saint because she had been a sinner; and yet no demure, bloodless embodiment of sanctity, but vital still with the human forces of energy and passion. Even the crucifix upon her breast seemed to rise and fall with the undulations of a breast through which the tide of life flowed far from sluggishly. She was one of whom the Church might have been proud in the days when the mandates of its functionaries wrested sceptres from the grasp of kings. So the spec-

tators thought of her as she stood with uplifted hand in obedience to the bidding of the clerk.

"You do solemnly swear that in the cause now in hearing you will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"I do, so help me God," she murmured, and she looked, as it appeared to Alleyn, straight at him.

"What is your full name?" asked Roger Harper.

"Cora Lloyd Dennison."

"And your occupation?"

"I am the Mother Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul in this city."

"Where you are known as Mother Eulalie, I believe?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been the Mother Superior of the Sisterhood?"

"Five years. I came there twelve years ago, but was a Sister during seven years."

"Now, Mother Eulalie, I should like you to tell the jury in your own words exactly what you know, if you know anything, in regard to the making of the alleged will of Margaret Hogan on the fifth day of November last past."

"I was sitting in the sick woman's room about five o'clock in the afternoon of that day," she began slowly, "when a gentleman entered—a lawyer, who said that he had come to make her will. She was expecting him, for she had told me to send for him early in the day, as she thought she was going to die."

"Do you remember the gentleman's name?"

"I do. Henry Alleyn."

"Do you see him here?"

"I do. He is sitting right in front of me."

"Go on."

"There was no one in the room except us three. He sat down beside the bed at a table. I was sitting by the window at the further end of the room."

"At what distance were you from the bed?"

"About twenty-five feet. They both spoke in rather a low tone, but I could hear perfectly the conversation. He said, 'Margaret, whom do you wish to leave your money to?' 'Master Henry,' she said, 'I want it to go to the Church, every dollar of it.'"

"Go on."

"'Have you no relations?'" he asked. 'I don't want it to go to my relations, Master Henry, I want the Church to have it.' 'Very well; you must tell me what churches,' he answered. 'The Church of the Redeemer and the Chapel of the Holy Virgin; each half. You'll know how to do it.' 'I understand, Margaret. There should be an Executor appointed, though.' 'Couldn't you be the Executor, Master Henry?' 'If you wish me to.' 'You fix it so,' she said. After that he began to write. When he had finished he read it to her and the contents ran exactly as the will which is offered as the true will, excepting that all the property was left to be divided between the two churches instead of to Mr. Alleyn. Then the others came in and she signed the will."

There was a death-like stillness in the court. Again every one looked at Alleyn. He had flushed violently at her convicting words, and was bending forward staring at her with an expression that was half terror, half bewilderment. Charles Davenant, too, was watching her with keen scrutiny. Her marvellous story had been told simply and without effort. There had been no hesitation, no embarrassment. Only the grimness of it made men who knew Henry Alleyn reflect that it could not be true.

"You say that the conversation between the testatrix and Mr. Alleyn was in rather a low tone," continued Roger Harper, after there had been a pause sufficient to allow the evidence to impress the minds of the jury. "Can you give any idea of how low?"

"About as low as I am speaking now," she said, sinking her voice a very little. "But not a single word escaped me. I listened at first inadvertently, then because I happened to notice Mr. Alleyn glance at me once or twice as though to ascertain if I were listening. I heard everything."

"What became of the will after it was signed?"

"Mr. Alleyn took it away with him."

"Whether or not the testatrix ever took the will into her own hands?"

"She never did."

"Is there any other evidence that you can give which will throw light upon this matter, Mother Eulalie?"

"I have these," she said, producing a number of bank-books. "Margaret Hogan sent me to her house for them the day before she died. 'They're to go to the Church,' she sa——"

"I object, your Honor," interrupted Mr. Davenant.

"There is a question here, your Honor," replied Roger Harper, "as to whether or not the testatrix wished to dispose of her property according to the terms of this will offered by my brother. It seems to me that contemporaneous declarations of the testatrix are admissible to show fraud on the part of the person who drew the will.'

The Judge reflected a moment. "I shall admit the evidence," he said, finally. "You may continue," he added, to the witness.

"'They're to go to the Church,' she said; 'I want you to take care of them.'"

"What is the amount of money which these books represent?" asked Roger Harper.

"Between twenty-four and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"There is only one remaining question that I wish to put to you, Mother Eulalie. State whether or not you had ever seen or known Henry Alleyn before you saw him on the day when this will was drawn?"

The nun deliberately fixed her brilliant eyes on the young man, and they seemed to him to wear an expression of triumph as she said, firmly, "I had never seen him or heard of him in my life."

Alleyn, who was awaiting her response with impatience, threw himself back in his chair aghast. "Ask her"—he whispered feverishly, bending toward his counsel; then he stopped and fell back again. "It's a lie," he muttered so that many heard him.

"I have done with the witness," said Roger Harper.

The cross-examination of a beautiful woman is at best no easy matter. Charles Davenant put his questions with admirable skill, but failed to catch Mother Eulalie tripping in a single particular. He made her rehearse in detail everything that took place from the moment that Alleyn entered the sick-room until he left it, but her story coincided precisely with what she had already stated, and disclosed no inconsistencies. Not once did she lose her head or appear flurried, but that she was laboring under deep excitement was evident to those who watched the pallor of her face change gradually to rose as she parried thrust after thrust of the skilful lawyer. But who would not betray agitation under a similar ordeal? The fact that she did so could not fairly be a cause for suspicion; while on the other hand her distress, especially as her comeliness was enhanced thereby, could not fail to work upon the minds of the jury.

Mr. Davenant purposely prolonged the examination until the noon recess so that he might have an opportunity to go on with it after having had an interview with his client. He hurried Alleyn to a private room in a hotel, where he ordered lunch.

"There is some mystery here that you can clear up, my dear fellow," he said, laying his hand on Alleyn's knee.

"The woman is lying."

"Granted; but a woman does not lie for nothing."

"I know of no explanation," replied Alleyn, curtly.

Mr. Davenant was puzzled. He had not seriously supposed that his client would be able to elucidate the case, but he had put the question to him in desperation. He was now forced back on a previous presumption, that she was lying for the sake of the Church. But the difficulty was, as he proceeded to note to Alleyn, that the Church would be no better off if the will were upset. The next of kin would be entitled to the money, unless, indeed, Roger Harper should have conceived the idea of subsequently setting up the alleged suppressed will from the lips of his lovely witness. But such a scheme was a rash hazard, to say the least, involving nice legal difficulties. Altogether, it was the strangest affair with which he had ever been connected.

"Is there nothing you think of which I can ask her that will help us?" he inquired almost imploringly.

"Nothing. It is simply my word against hers. Great God! Davenant,

this means ruin for me!" Alleyn rose and began to pace the room feverishly.

"Not as bad as that."

"Yes, ruin! 'What motive had she for lying,' every one will ask. 'Alleyn drew the will himself in his own favor and supposed the nun was not listening. One more good man gone wrong;' that's what the world will say."

"It was a very stupid device, then. A clever man like you would hardly put his head into such a noose."

"The world does not make such subtile distinctions. Davenant, have I deserved this? It is horrible! horrible!"

Alleyn fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands. It occurred to his friend, who was eating raw oysters with deliberation, whether by any possibility there might be truth in the accusation after all. The suspicion was too dreadful to entertain, but it haunted him. He did his best to cheer Alleyn, begging him to remember that the fight was only half over and that it behooved him to keep up his courage to the end; very likely the jury would disagree, and before the case could be tried again a compromise might be arranged, or evidence might be forthcoming regarding Mother Eulalie that would give it a different aspect.

As they went back, the newsboys were calling out, "Two o'clock edition; startling developments in the Hogan will case," and Alleyn read in large letters on one of the bulletin boards, "A serious charge. Testimony in the Hogan will case affecting the character of lawyer Henry Alleyn of this city. He is accused of fraudulently altering the will of Margaret Hogan for his own benefit." He quivered in every vein at the sounds and sight. The news had travelled fast, for the court-room was crowded. There were many faces he recognized. The members of the Bar had been drawn thither by the unusual character of the evidence, and all eyes were bent on him curiously as he walked to his seat, doing his best not to appear disconcerted.

Mr. Davenant continued his cross-examination for another half-hour, inquiring as to the witness's past life, so far as the Judge would allow; but he elicited nothing of moment.

"That is my whole case," said his opponent, when the nun had left the stand.

Alleyn was called in rebuttal. His direct testimony took the remainder of the day. It was clear and unequivocal. He repeated the exact conversation that had taken place between him and Margaret, and described every circumstance of their interview with great minuteness under the searching examination of Mr. Davenant. His manner was spiritless, however; he seemed dejected, almost broken, which was not adapted to produce a favorable impression on those listening to him. On the following morning he was taken in hand by Roger Harper, who badgered and finally angered him by the style of his cross-examination; as, for instance, by jeering at the idea that he had not been aware of the amount of his old nurse's property, and by insidiously referring to his approaching marriage and consequent need of money. Alleyn flushed with indignation and lost his head. His answers to the questions put to him became sarcastic and sophistical.

After he had been dismissed there was no more evidence to offer, and Roger Harper began his closing address to the jury, in the presence of a densely packed court-room.

"Gentlemen," he said in the course of his argument, "my learned brother who is to follow me in the presentation of this case will undoubtedly ask you if it could be that a young man of hitherto spotless reputation, with a brilliant future in prospect and with everything to lose in the event of his being detected, would be stupid enough—would be wilfully blind enough, to fraudulently alter a last will and testament in the manner which has been described to you by my witness—would be blind enough, I repeat, to do this in the presence of a third person within easy ear-shot of whom he was obliged to read aloud the contents of an instrument different from that which he now offers for probate? Why did he not send the witness out of the room, my brother will ask? Why did he not adopt one of a thousand artifices that could have been thought of to screen himself from exposure? The element of extreme improbability is so prominent, that one is prompted to cry out,

'Such a thing would be impossible.' So it seems, certainly, when you consider the facts thus barely stated. But, gentlemen of the jury, let me ask you this: Which is the more improbable, that this young man would have acted in the manner indicated, or that a woman—she whose testimony you have listened to—would deliberately commit perjury to ruin forever one whom she never saw or heard of? There can be but one answer to my question. You must decide in her favor, unless you can perceive some motive why she should offer false testimony—she, a priestess of God, and given up to the thoughts and offices of religion. Where is the motive? Her statement that they had never met before is not denied. How could she be benefited by swearing falsely? If this will falls to the ground, the next of kin and not the churches will get the money. Remember that, gentlemen of the jury. Remember, too, that this young man, this rising young attorney, was shortly to have been married; and you can all imagine, in view of so interesting a circumstance, that thirty thousand dollars would have been a most welcome addition to his resources. Gentlemen, I repeat it, where is the motive?"

Roger Harper spoke but half an hour. Mr. Davenant then rose. Although he had been forestalled in his argument of want of probability, he pressed it cogently, dwelling on the good repute of Alleyn and the terrible consequences of an ill-considered verdict as affecting his client's future career. It was true, he said, that there seemed a lack of motive on the part of the Mother Superior, but even if it be admitted that there could have been no adequate reason why she should swear falsely, was it not much more rational to suppose that she had been mistaken in what she heard, than that this lawyer of well-known integrity had committed so heinous a fault? Her testimony was that she had heard the old woman give him certain directions which were carried out in the will which he read. Therefore he must have deliberately falsified the instrument while drawing it. The alteration must, of course, have been made on the spot, for there was not an erasure. Such a cold-blooded, deliberate piece of villany was out of the question.

Mr. Davenant's harangue was able and to the point, but somehow it lacked fervor, as though the advocate were unable to explain to himself, satisfactorily, the discrepancy in the evidence. Moreover, Alleyn's attitude during its delivery was scarcely adapted to encourage his counsel. He sat looking gloomy and downcast, with the demeanor of one who expects the worst.

The Judge's charge was short and impartial. He adverted to the fact that the accusation made was of a most serious character, involving the good repute of the plaintiff, and that the jury ought to weigh the evidence offered on both sides with the greatest deliberation; but that while so doing they must not allow themselves to be influenced by emotional considerations of any kind. The questions for them to decide were simply these, he said:

1. Was the testatrix of sound mind when she executed the will?

2. Was the testatrix acting under the undue influence of Henry Alleyn at the time of executing said will?

3. Was the instrument offered for probate executed as the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan?

As regards the first two, there could be no doubt as to what their verdict must be, for no evidence had been offered by the appellants either of lack of mental capacity or of undue influence. The whole contest was regarding the third reason, and as to this there was nothing he could say that would help them. The burden of proof was on those offering the will for probate, to show by a preponderance of the evidence that it had been duly executed; but the term preponderance of evidence did not necessarily mean numerical preponderance; the quality rather than the quantity should be taken into consideration. They had listened to the testimony and must make up their own minds as to whom to believe, taking into due account the liability of human beings to error as to what is seen and heard.

It was late in the afternoon when the jury retired, so that no verdict could be rendered until the next day. Alleyn thanked Mr. Davenant in a perfunctory,

dazed sort of manner for his services and left the court.

"What do you make of the case, Davenant?" asked a white-haired member of the Bar, drawing him aside. "It seems to me very extraordinary."

"Frankly, sir, I don't know what to make of it. It is the most inexplicable affair which I have ever had to deal with. I'm all at sea."

The intervening hours were terrible for Alleyn. He could not sleep. The newspapers had enormous head-lines and full details relating to the trial, set off by pen portraits of the principal personages implicated. The city was all agog with the excruciating scandal, and the court-room on the following morning was packed to overflowing. It had been whispered abroad that the jury had agreed and would be in their places.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Clerk, "do you find that Margaret Hogan at the time she executed the instrument alleged to be her last will and testament was of sound mind?"

"To that interrogatory, the jury's answer is 'Yes,'" said the foreman.

"Do you find that Margaret Hogan at the time she executed said instrument was acting under undue influence?"

"To that interrogatory the jury's answer is 'No.'"

"Do you find that said instrument was duly executed by said Margaret Hogan as her last will and testament?"

"To that interrogatory the jury's answer is 'No,' for the reason that said instrument was fraudulently altered by Henry Alleyn, the Executor named therein."

From that verdict there was no appeal.

III.

One evening about five years later, Charles Davenant was standing in his drawing-room with his back to the fire, awaiting the arrival of some friends whom he had asked to dinner. Time had given him the portly appearance which befits the successful, well-to-do lawyer. He was to-day one of the recognized leaders of the Bar, the counsel for rich corporations and trustee of large estates. The guests expected by him were the members of a locally celebrated law club to which he belonged.

The first to appear was the white-haired Nestor who had questioned him at the conclusion of the Hogan will case. He was still hale, but betrayed by a hesitating gait, as he came into the room, the limitations of fourscore.

"Good-evening, Mr. Perkins, you as ever lead all, I see," said his host advancing to greet the veteran. "I am very glad to see you, Harper," Mr. Davenant added to another guest who followed close behind. "I do not need to introduce you two, gentlemen."

"He must have a long spoon who would eat with the devil," observed John Larkin to an associate with whom he had just reached the landing as they caught sight of the somewhat anomalous tableau presented by the conservative Mr. Perkins and Roger K. Harper cordially shaking hands.

"Nothing succeeds like success," was the answer, and a moment later both the speaker and his sardonically inclined companion were imitating the example set them by their distinguished senior.

Roger K. Harper was the only one of the fifteen lawyers composing Mr. Davenant's dinner company who was not a member of the club, and, as the guests arrived, others, doubtless, wondered a little why it had occurred to their host to invite him. But however fastidious they could afford to be at heart, no one saw fit to be otherwise than cordial to the formidable advocate whose long list of victories before a jury had won for him a vast clientage. His contemporaries dated the real founding of his fortunes from the now famous probate appeal which had wrought the ruin of Henry Alleyn. He had been successful before, but the verdict in that cause had placed him upon a pinnacle from which neither justice nor envy could dislodge him.

After the party was seated at table the conversation became almost immediately animated and brilliant. There was everything to inspire wit and anecdote; the surroundings were artistic yet cosey, the service exemplary, the viands delicious. The first glass of wine was an assurance that their host had not spared his cellar. Each bit of humor,

each graphic experience reminded some one of another, and so the ball was kept rolling. Mr. Davenant himself seemed in the best of spirits. On his right sat Roger Harper, and on his left, as it happened, the Justice who had presided at the well-known trial. At the opposite end of the table John Larkin officiated. He was in active practice now, and doing extremely well. To him had fallen the task of winding up his former patron's affairs, and he had managed to retain as clients a majority of those accustomed to do business with Alleyn.

Although the proximity at table of three of the chief actors in the still remembered drama must have struck as an odd coincidence most of those present, every one to whom the idea of calling attention to it occurred was restrained by the peculiar nature of the case, the mystery surrounding which had never been cleared away. Within a fortnight after the verdict Henry Alleyn had left town, without, so far as was known, making any effort to re-establish his damaged reputation, and since then nothing had been heard of him beyond the vague report that he was living in Europe. There had been at the time some talk of having him disbarred, but the fact that this suggestion had never taken the form of a petition for the purpose to the Court, was evidence that the lawyers in the community were not fully satisfied that Mother Eulalie's testimony was unimpeachable. What had added to their reluctance to take final action was, doubtless, an item which had appeared in the newspapers not more than a month after the trial, to the effect that the Mother Superior had resigned her position at the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul and had also left the city. Nervous exhaustion resulting from the painful ordeal which she had undergone was popularly ascribed as the cause, but all the same there were those among the members of the Bar who shrugged their shoulders as they read the paragraph.

After some remarkably fine Burgundy had been served and the cigars were lighted a hush fell upon the company as each one settled himself luxuriously in his chair, rather disposed in the fulness of his content to listen to the wit of others, than to make fresh sallies of his own. The pause thus afforded was broken by the Judge, who observed, in somewhat a judicial tone, "A wonderful glass of wine."

"Wonderful," some one repeated in echo of this voice of authority.

"It is some which poor Henry Alleyn sent me only a few weeks before his misfortune," said Mr. Davenant.

"Indeed," said his Honor, "indeed; I applaud his taste. A very remarkable case, that," he added, reflectively. "I haven't to this day been satisfied in my own mind as to which of them spoke the truth. Eh, brother Harper?"

Deep silence followed this appeal and all eyes were bent eagerly on the eloquent advocate, who pursed his lips and puffed at his cigar a moment before replying—a mannerism, and one apt to be imitated by those who reasonably expect their words to be counted on to be weighty, but in this particular instance effective.

"Your Honor, it is my belief that the woman was lying," he said, laconically.

Every one waited for him to go on.

"But, on the other hand," he continued slowly, "I have no more real knowledge on the subject than any one of you. She came to me with the story exactly as you heard it at the trial. She was already aware that the Church could not take the money, and when I asked her if she had any acquaintance with Alleyn, her answer was, as subsequently, 'I have never seen or heard of him in my life.' It is my private belief that this last statement was false. If so, the whole was false. But I have not a shred of evidence to offer in support of my assertion. It is mere conjecture."

"What has become of Alleyn?" asked one of the company presently.

"At last accounts he was in Paris—a wanderer upon the face of the earth," responded John Larkin.

"He is dead," quietly interjected Mr. Davenant.

"Dead? You don't say so," exclaimed several.

"Yes, he was mortally wounded in August last, fighting on the Prussian side against the French. I have here a communication received ten days ago

from the German in command of his regiment, which I will read you presently. But first let me throw some light on the matter of which you were just speaking. On the day before Alleyn went away," continued Mr. Davenant, producing a packet which he laid upon the table, "he came to see me. I had tried in vain numberless times already to induce him to admit that there was a mystery, but he had always shaken his head and declared that he had nothing to say. I saw from his face that it would be useless to ask questions, but I could not help exclaiming: 'Alleyn, you are going abroad forever, you say; do not, for God's sake, let this horrible accusation stain men's memory of you if it is possible for you to clear it away.' He looked me in the eyes—I shall remember the sadness of his expression so long as I live—and shook his head. 'Davenant,' he said, 'whatever it is desirable to have explained will be explained some day. Good-bye.' He kept his word. The Prussian officer's letter contained another, sealed and addressed to me and superscribed, 'To be delivered only in case of my death.' It contains the clue to the mystery, at least the only clue I have," he added, opening the packet. "Listen. This is dated a week after the trial. 'Henry, your life is ruined forever, and I have done it. Do you know why? Do you remember what you wrote me thirteen years ago? "God knows I love you, darling, but what is this all to lead to? You must realize that I cannot marry you. I have my way to make in the world." That was all, and you were free—free to hold your head erect and live respected and happy. How did it fare with me? Has it ever occurred to you, Henry? As with so many others, the world spat upon me. I became a vile, shameless thing—such as you are now. I could not hold up my head. What had I done more than you? Why should I be the only one to suffer? They called me a dishonest woman. I began to ask myself what is a dishonest man? You know the feelings of one now, and you know how I felt. You are suffering as I was made to suffer. You need not blame me, Henry. Blame the world.

'CORA.'"

"Mother Eulalie!"

"Is it possible?"

"Horrible!"

Such was the variety of ejaculations uttered around the table when Mr. Davenant finished.

"I see—I see," murmured Roger Harper in a hoarse whisper at their close. "Marvellous—marvellous."

The jury advocate's face was luminous. The cobwebs of mystification had been swept away in an instant and the truth lay bare before him. But used as he was to astounding revelations, and freely as he had predicated that there was falsehood here, it was evident from his expression that he was moved to wonder. "Allow me, Mr. Davenant," he said, "to look at that letter."

He scanned it admiringly, while the company eyed him in silence. "I can see it all now. Marvellous—marvellous!" he reiterated. "'They called me a dishonest woman. I began to ask myself what is a dishonest man? You know the feelings of one now, and you know how I felt.' There is real tragedy for you, gentlemen. No make-believe stage business."

"It was revenge, cruel, relentless revenge," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, it was revenge," retorted Roger Harper slowly, compressing the bowl of his Burgundy glass with so strenuous a grip that it might well have been crushed to fragments. "Cruel, relentless revenge, if you will. But was it not justice, too? Think a moment, gentlemen. She loved him and he left her. What ways does the world provide for making man share in—for making man even understand the misery which an erring woman undergoes? Why should she be the only one to suffer? She asks the question. Can you answer it?"

His penetrating gaze swept round the circle, but not a voice replied to his inquiry. The lawyers seemed to be musing.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life," said John Larkin, with sententious emphasis.

"Why did not Alleyn publish that letter to the world?" asked some one.

"For the same reason that he did not contradict Mother Eulalie's testi-

mony at the trial that she had never seen or heard of him before ;—a guilty conscience," responded Roger Harper, keenly. "She knew that he would not contradict her, and she knew that he would not disclose the contents of that letter so long as he lived. There was woman's genius! They were masterstrokes," he added with professional enthusiasm.

"It is a strange, sad story," said the Judge, breaking in upon another silence. "Heinous as was the woman's crime, I cannot help agreeing with my brother opposite that there was a certain poetic justice in the consequences. While the code of society continues to make subtle distinctions between equally guilty parties, one can scarcely be surprised that those who suffer under its operation should sometimes disregard all law in their efforts to obtain justice. As one having authority I am shocked, but as a human being I feel reflective."

"There is force undoubtedly in your Honor's suggestion," said Mr. Perkins, "but admitting the justice of the consequences here, I find it difficult to forget that if humanity is to look for mercy and forgiveness anywhere it must be to woman. Could this Mother Eulalie really have loved Alleyn and have acted as she did?"

"One moment, Mr. Perkins, if you please," exclaimed Davenant. "I should have read you the Prussian commander's letter. This is a translated copy.

"Mr. Charles Davenant—

Sir: It has become my melancholy duty to inform you that Henry Alleyn, an American, serving as a private soldier under my command, was shot through the lungs at the battle of Gravelotte, and died from the effects of his wound four days later. He had on several occasions attracted attention by his conspicuous gallantry and would, but for his untimely death, have received the promotion he deserved. At his own request his body has been buried in German soil. He desired that I should inform you of his decease, and forward you the enclosed packet. He was conscious to the last, and was tenderly nursed by a very handsome lady, also an American, in the garb of a Sister of Charity, whose name I have been unable to obtain, and who disappeared on the day after he was laid to rest. Condoling with you in your bereavement, I remain, with high respect and esteem,

Your very obedient servant,

Kleinmann, Colonel."

"Your doubt is answered," said Roger Harper, impressively, to Mr. Perkins.

The old man bowed. "So she was with him at the last. Poor devil," he said.

"To which of them do you refer, sir?" inquired John Larkin.

"You are right, young man. Poor devils, then."

"With all my heart."

There was another hush. The lawyers were musing again.

"This is extraordinarily fine wine, upon my soul, Davenant," said his Honor at length, as the outcome of his cogitations.

SOME OF WAGNER'S HEROES AND HEROINES.

By William F. Apthorp.



Alberich in the "Rheingold" (as personated by Hill).

WAGNER'S intrinsic poetic gift has been variously rated. His more ardent admirers do not hesitate to call him a great poet, without restriction; others are more moderate in their estimate, setting him down rather as a great librettist—a distinction of some importance. Eduard Hanslick, for one, has said that to regard Wagner's dramas simply as dramatic poems, and apart from the music, would be to pierce them clean through the heart. Certain elements of poetic greatness Wagner unquestionably possessed: he had the true poet's energy; he had a highly and profoundly poetic imagination; his power of drawing character was conspicuous—it passed the point of mere delineation and portraiture, it was genuinely creative. What he most lacked was the power of truly poetic diction. It is not that his language is often inflated and turgid—you can find some pretty tall talk in Shakespeare, and a great deal of it in Schiller; it is not that his tropes and metaphors are often far-fetched, and at times ridden verily to death. The trouble lies deeper. It is that the poetic form of his expression too seldom adds anything to his idea. One feels, too often, that what he says could have been said as well in prose. It is this defect which makes Hanslick's criticism entirely just: his dramas, considered simply as dramatic poems, cannot stand beside the works of the truly great poets. But happily there is no need of considering them simply as dramatic poems. That luminous vividness, that well-nigh limitless scope which Shakespeare, for instance, gave to his expression of a thought, by means of his incomparable force of poetic diction, Wagner imparts through his music. In his operas and music-dramas, the music adds just that transfiguring element which is, for the most part, lacking in his verse; and it is not until we hear verse and music together that we can recognize his expression as fully and completely poetic. And as it is with his expression of poetic thought, so is it also with his drawing of human character. His heroes and heroines, as they speak to us from the printed page of the text-book, are, to be sure, alive and convincingly real. They are no mere cloud-phantasms, no merely fantastic puppets, artificially galvanized into a ghastly semblance of vitality. They live and breathe with a Shakespearean intensity of life; we recognize them as made of the same stuff as ourselves; our interest in them is not owing merely to their fortunes and adventures, but to themselves, to their individual humanity and reality. It is a truly personal interest, for we seem to know them as

friends or foes, they form part of our ideal circle of acquaintance, we feel with and for them in their joys and sorrows. They have a very real place in our affection or abhorrence. Neither Goethe nor Schiller has created more thoroughly living men and women; Victor Hugo, at his best, could hardly rise to such a pitch of convincing reality. Yet truly alive, human, and individual as we find these heroes and heroines to be in Wagner's poems, we do not recognize them as living that larger, intenser, more heroic and poetic life which befits the creations of a great genius, until we meet them in the exalted musical atmosphere which encompasses them in his scores.

The difference between Wagner's second and third manner as a composer,* which has been quite sufficiently pointed out by his commentators, is hardly more marked than that between the attitude he assumed as a dramatic poet in the operas written before 1848, and in the dramas written after that year. To be sure, this difference does not lie quite on the surface, but it is none the less evident to him who takes the trouble to look beneath. The "Holländer," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" are based quite as much upon legendary material as "Tristan," "Parsifal" or the "Nibelungen," but this material is somewhat differently treated. In the earlier operas, Wagner seems to have been bent upon grasping the ethical contents of the myth or legend he was putting into a dramatic shape, and then condensing it, as it were, into a few strongly marked types of human character. The myth seems to have had ethical meaning and poetic value in his eyes, only in so far as it showed forth certain special psychical traits of the human race, each one raised to its highest potency, and exhibited in unalloyed purity. The full weight of his endeavor was thus thrown upon the creation, or reproduction, of certain idealized types of humanity, each of which should stand as the embodiment, as the complete and living incarnation, of a special psychical characteristic. Thus we recognize *Senta* (in "Holländer") as the human embodiment of that love which is rather a blind, adoring faith than a passion, and which feeds and thrives upon complete self-abandonment and sacrifice. *Elsa* (in "Lohengrin") is the embodiment of that other, more jealous love, which although not incapable of self-sacrifice, aims instinctively and irresistibly at fuller and ever fuller possession of its object. *Senta* cares not a whit whence *the Dutchman* has come, who he is, or whither he may be going; he is the man she loves, and that is enough for her; from the first moment she sees him, even from the first moment she hears of him, she is wholly his, body and soul. *Elsa* cannot rest content with loving *Lohengrin*, nor with his loving her; he must be wholly and completely hers, she must own his whole past and future, she must feel assured that nothing in him, or his life, is hidden from her, and that no one on earth can claim any part of him that is not hers also. *Lohengrin* is *Elsa's* counter-part; his love is to the full as exacting as hers.

As Wagner himself said:

> *Lohengrin* sought the woman who *believed* in him; who should not ask who he was, nor whence he came, but should love him as he was, and because he was what he appeared to her to be. He sought the woman to whom he should not have to account for himself, to justify himself, but who should unconditionally *love* him."

Had *Lohengrin* met *Senta*, instead of *Elsa*, there would have been no tragedy. *Ortrud* is another type; Wagner describes her thus:

> Ortrud is the woman that—*does not know love*. With this, all, and all that is most terrible, is said. Her very being is policy. A politic *man* is repugnant, but a politic *woman* is horrible; this horror I had to represent. There is a love in this woman, the love for the past, for extinct generations, the frightful, insane love of ancestral pride, which can reveal itself only as hatred toward all that lives, that really exists. In a man such a love is ludicrous, but in a woman it is terrible, because woman—from her naturally strong need of loving—*must* love something, and her ancestral pride, her clinging to the past, thus becomes a murderous fanaticism. It is not jeal-

* Musically considered, "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi" belong to Wagner's first period, "Der Holländer" and "Tannhäuser" to his second, the "Nibelungen," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" to his third. "Lohengrin" stands, in a sense, on the dividing line between his second and third periods.

ousy of *Elsa*—on *Friedrich's* account—that drives *Ortrud* on, but her whole passion is disclosed solely in the scene in the second act—after *Elsa's* disappearance from the balcony—where she springs up from the steps of the cathedral, and calls upon her old long-extinct gods. She is a reactionary, caring only for what is old, and therefore antagonistic to all that is new, and this, too, in the most furious sense of the word. She would fain exterminate the world and nature, just to bring her mouldy gods to life again. But this is no whimsical, morbid mood of *Ortrud's*; this passion masters her with the whole force of a woman's—stunted, undeveloped, objectless—need of loving: and this is why she is terribly *sublime*.

I might go on to multiply examples of Wagner's earlier heroes and heroines; but this would be needless. They all, or at least all of them who play an important part in the earlier operas, have this family trait in common: they are idealized embodiments of certain special traits of human character. But when we turn to the later music-dramas (always excepting the "Meistersinger") we find ourselves in a quite different atmosphere. The subject-matter is legendary or mythical, as before; but in his treatment of it, Wagner now seems bent upon illustrating not only certain types of human character, but also some general philosophic truths. He becomes distinctly metaphysical, and dives at once to the very roots of things.

In order to understand, as fully as may be, the gradual change which came over Wagner's mode of treating the Myth as a theme for the Lyric Drama, it will be well first to recall some points in the history of the production of his texts to the "Nibelungen" and other subsequent dramas. In a letter to Liszt, dated Albisbrunn, November 20, 1851, Wagner writes as follows:

> In the autumn of 1848 I first sketched out the complete Mythos of the Nibelungen in the shape in which it will henceforth remain my own poetic property.* My next attempt to adapt one of the principal catastrophes of the grand story to our stage was "Siegfried's Tod" (the Death of Siegfried); after long hesitation I was at length, in the autumn of 1850, on the point of sketching out the music to this drama, when the repeated recognition of the impossibility of having it adequately performed anywhere deterred me from the undertaking. To cure myself of my consequent desperate mood, I wrote the book "Oper und Drama" (Opera and Drama). But last spring you inspired me so with your article on "Lohengrin," that—for the love of you—I quickly and joyfully set myself once more to writing a drama; I wrote to you at the time. But "Siegfried's Death" was, as I well knew, impossible then; I saw that I must first lead up to it with another drama, and so I put into execution a plan I had formed for some time, of making the "Young Siegfried" the subject of a poem. . . . This poem was soon sketched out and completed. As I was about to send it to you, I felt a curious, painful hesitation; it seemed to me as if I could not possibly send it to you so, without further ado; as if I had much to explain to you about it. . . . At last, after quiet consideration, my project has become clear to me in its whole logical sequence. Hear me!
>
> This "Young Siegfried," too, is only a fragment, and it cannot make its right and unquestionable impression as a *single* whole, until it is allotted its necessary place in the *complete* whole, which place I now give it, together with "Siegfried's Death"—in pursuance of my present plan. In these two dramas an abundance of all-important matter has been left simply to narration or even to the imagination of the listener. All that gives the action and personages in these two dramas their infinitely thrilling and far-reaching significance would have to be absent from the presentation, and be imparted only to the thinking faculty. I have now come to the fullest conviction that a work of art—and, above all things, the drama—can produce its due effect only when the poetic intention, in all its important elements, is communicated immediately and completely to the senses; and I, of all men, cannot sin against the truth I have recognized. I must therefore set forth the whole of my mythos, in its profoundest and widest significance, with the highest degree of artistic clearness, if I am to be completely understood. Nothing must be left to be supplemented by thought or reflection: every listener of unprejudiced human feeling must be able to comprehend *the whole* through his artistic perceptive organs, because then only will he be able rightly to understand the single incidents. . . . My plan now comprises three dramas: 1. "Die Walküre." 2. "Der junge Siegfried." 3. "Siegfried's Tod." To give everything completely, these three dramas must be preceded by a grand introduction (*Vorspiel*): "Der Raub des Rheingoldes" (The Rape of the Rhinegold).

Now, all this shows, of itself, little else than that Wagner was bent upon treating a mythical subject with perfect *dramatic completeness*. This was a not unnatural result of that full development of his theory of art which we find set forth exhaustively in his book, "Oper und Drama," the writing of which fell between the completion of

* This original sketch is probably identical with the one published in Burlingame's "Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner," p. 242.

"Lohengrin" and his drawing up the full scheme of the "Nibelungen" tetralogy. Yet, although there is nothing in the passages I have quoted from the Albisbrunn letter to Liszt (nor, indeed, in the whole letter) to point directly to Wagner's intending to draw metaphysics into his artistic scheme, this desire for absolute completeness of dramatic presentation might easily tend that way. It is especially noticeable, for one thing, that the plot of the "Nibelungen" is immensely complex, compared with the utter simplicity of the plots of his earlier operas. In studying out so involved a story, in tracing the personages who take part in the action home to their very origin and genesis, in showing their acts as links in an inexorable chain of causes and effects, and themselves in all their relations to Fate and Free Will, in trying to reveal, in a word, their full significance, not only as moral agents, but also as tools in the hands of Fate, as actors in the great drama of Time and Eternity, it was unavoidable that he should, sooner or later, look at the story from a metaphysical point of view, as well as from an ethical or emotional one. If, at the time of the Albisbrunn letter (November, 1851) metaphysics had not already crept into his scheme, it was, so to speak, just round the corner, and one step further would bring him face to face with it. This step was destined soon to be taken, and what especially impelled Wagner to take it is not difficult to discover. The following passage in a letter to Liszt (undated, but written certainly within the last three months of 1854) is all-significant:

Besides the—slow—progress of my music, I have now been occupying myself exclusively with a man who—if only in a literary way—has come to me in my solitude like a gift from heaven. It is *Arthur Schopenhauer*, the greatest philosopher since *Kant*, whose thoughts—as he expresses it—he has been the first to think out completely to the end. The German professors—very prudently—ignored him for forty years; but he has recently been discovered—to Germany's shame—by an English critic. What charlatans all the Hegels, etc., are, compared with him! His main thought, the final negation of the will to live, is a terribly serious one, but alone redeeming. It naturally did not come to me as new, for no one can think it at all, in whom it has not already lived. But this philosopher has been the first to awaken it in me with such clearness. When I reflect upon the storms of my heart, upon the frightful spasms with which it has—against my will—clung to the hope of life, yes, when they even now often wax to a hurricane—I have, after all, found only one anodyne which alone would help me to sleep in wakeful nights; it is the heartfelt, fervent yearning after death: complete unconsciousness, total nonexistence, the vanishing of all dreams—the only final redemption!

This was written in the later part of 1854; in a letter from Carolyne von Wittgenstein to Wagner, dated May 7, 1855 (not over six months later), we read the following:

Take a sheet of paper, and write on it these verses, which, as you know, seem to me written in the purest blood of my veins.

Nicht Gut, nicht Gold,
noch göttliche Pracht;
nicht Haus, nicht Hof,
noch herrischer Prunk;
nicht trüber Verträge
trügender Bund,
noch heuchelnder Sitte
hartes Gesetz:
Selig in Lust und Leid
lässt——die Liebe nur sein! *

Sign them with your name, your great name, seal them in an envelope, put on my address, and send it by post.

These lines are from the last scene in "Götterdämmerung;" so it is quite evident that Wagner had changed "Siegfried's Tod" to "Götterdämmerung" before 1855, that is before he had begun "Tristan," for these lines do not occur in "Siegfried's Tod" at all. The very change in the title of this last drama of the Tetralogy is significant; it shows that Wagner was bent upon establishing a mystical connection between *Siegfried's* and *Brünnhilde's* death and the old Ragnarök, or Dusk of the Gods, the Last Judgment, or end of the World, of Northern mythology. And that his object in this was purely metaphysical is evident enough. The lines from "Götterdämmerung," quoted by Carolyne von Wittgenstein, are immediately preceded in the drama by the following:

Ye race that shall remain in blooming life, mark well what I tell you!—When ye have

* "Not possessions, not gold, nor godlike splendor; not house, not home, nor lordly show; not the deceitful bond of dim contracts, nor the hard law of hypocrite custom: blessed in joy and sorrow let Love only be."

seen Siegfried and Brünnhilde devoured by the kindling flames; when ye have seen the Rhine's daughters bear the Ring back to the depths: then look through the night toward the North; if then a sacred glow lights up the heavens, so know ye all—that ye have seen the end of Valhalla!—When the race of gods has passed away like a breath, I leave behind me the world, without rulers: I now give to the world the treasure of my most sacred knowledge.

Then follows: "Not possessions, not gold, etc." Now, compare this with the corresponding passage in the original version, "Siegfried's Tod," which runs as follows:

Ye Nibelungs, hear my words! I proclaim the end of your bondage: he who forged the Ring, and bound you active ones shall not receive it back—but let him be free, as ye are! For this gold I give to you, wise sisters of the waters' depths! Let the fire that consumes me cleanse the Ring of the curse: ye shall dissolve it, and keep pure the radiant gold of the Rhine, that was stolen from you, for mishap! *Let only One reign: Alfather! Thou lordly one! Rejoice over the freest hero! I lead Siegfried to thee: give him loving greeting to the fastnesses of eternal power.*

Here is a contrast indeed! "Siegfried's Tod" ended dramatically: *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde* were to find final rest in *Wotan's* bosom, and he was to reign eternal; "Götterdämmerung" ends mystically: *Wotan*, the gods, Valhalla and the old heaven are all to pass away, and Love alone is to remain. Although Wagner afterwards cut out the metaphysical passage, quoted from "Götterdämmerung" by Carolyne von Wittgenstein, when he wrote the music to the last scene, in 1872, because he found he could better express its meaning in music, he did not do so until he had made one more attempt to clothe the idea in verse. The latest version runs:

If I go no more to Valhalla's feasts, know ye whither I go? From the Home of Desire I depart; the Home of Illusion I flee forever; the open gates of ever-renewed being I close behind me: full of knowledge, redeemed from reincarnation, I now go to the most holy Land of Election, where is neither desire nor illusion. Know ye how I have compassed the blessed end of all that is eternal? The deepest woes of sorrowing Love have opened my eyes: I have seen the world end.*

* This emendation appeared for the first time in Vol. VI. of Wagner's Collected Writings and Poems, which was published in 1872. In the duodecimo edition of the whole text of the Tetralogy, published in 1863, there is no mention of it.

Now, here is metaphysics with a vengeance! and good, specifically Schopenhauerish, Neo-Buddhistic metaphysics, too. And if Wagner thought, at last, that he could best convey his idea by the musical setting and scenic arrangement of this closing scene in "Götterdämmerung," it was by no means because he undervalued its metaphysical significance.

Wagner interrupted his work on the *music* of the Tetralogy in 1857, at about the middle of the second act of "Siegfried." In the late spring or early summer of that year he began his poem of "Tristan." The first conception of this work dates back somewhat earlier. In the letter to Liszt, about Schopenhauer, Wagner wrote:

But, as I have never in my life enjoyed the true happiness of love, I will erect one more monument to this most beautiful of all dreams, in which, from beginning to end, this love shall fully satisfy itself: I have planned out, in my head, a *Tristan* and *Isolde*, the simplest but most full-blooded musical conception; with the "black flag" that floats at the end, I will then cover myself up—to die.

Later on, the postscript to a letter, dated July 12, 1856, runs:

But "Mazeppa" † is frightfully beautiful: I was quite out of breath, when I had only read it through for the first time! I pity, too, the poor horse: Nature and the World are terrible, after all.

At bottom, I feel more like writing poetry than composing, just now: it takes a monstrous obstinacy of perseverance to keep up playing wheelhorse. I have again two wonderful subjects, that I must work out some time or other: Tristan and Isolde (that you know!) but then—the Victory—the holiest, the completest redemption: but about this I cannot tell you. I can, however, interpret it otherwise than V. Hugo, and your music has shown me this interpretation, only not the close—for greatness, fame, and dominion over nations I care not a rap.

Again he writes, dating from "Mornex, near Geneva," July 20, 1856, after urging Liszt to make him a visit:

If you should put me into a right good humor, I will perhaps trot out my "Sieger" (Victors) for you; although the matter will not be without its great difficulties, as I have, to be sure, carried the idea about with me for a good while, but the substance for its incarnation has

† Liszt's symphonic poem, written on Victor Hugo's "Mazeppa."

come to me but just now, as in a flash of lightning; in the highest degree of clearness and distinctness *for me*, it is true, but not yet so that I can well impart it to others. You ought first to have digested my "Tristan," especially the third act, with its black and its white flag. Then only would the "Sieger" become plainer.

But what nonsense am I talking!

Come! and bring me the Divine Comedy*—then we will see how we can come to an understanding about the Divine Tragedy.

"Tristan" formed part of a great scheme, which Wagner did not live fully to carry out. This scheme, which was purely metaphysical in its essence, was to include three separate music dramas—quite unrelated in plot, action, and legendary origin, but mystically connected by a metaphysical thread. These dramas are "Tristan und Isolde," "Parsifal," and the problematical "Die Sieger," which Wagner mentions in his letters to Liszt. The first two he completed, as is well known; of the last, little is publicly known, save that he had sketched out the general plan of the work, and was ready to carry it out after the first performances of "Parsifal," in 1882, when ill-health and his death in Venice (February 13, 1883) interposed. He had, however, determined upon changing the title, from "Die Sieger" (The Victors) to "Die Büsser" (The Penitents). It is also known that the work was on an Oriental subject. These last two facts, taken together with what is known of Wagner's philosophical tendencies, are especially significant, and throw all-sufficient light upon the main drift of his unfinished drama. It is indubitable that, in this clover-leaf of music-dramas, Wagner intended to illustrate the three cardinal points of Schopenhauer's philosophy. In them he meant to do for man's metaphysical, spiritual life what Victor Hugo tried to do for man's actual, social life, in three of his novels. The preface to Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" runs thus:

> Religion, society, nature; such are the three conflicts of man. These three conflicts are, at the same time, his three needs; he must believe, hence the temple; he must create, hence the city; he must live, hence the plough and the ship. But these three solutions contain three wars. The mysterious difficulty of life proceeds from all three. Man has to face his obstacle, under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of element. A treble anankè† weighs upon us: the anankè of dogmas, the anankè of laws, the anankè of things. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, the author has denounced the first; in *les Misérables*, he has described the second; in this book he points out the third.
>
> With these three fatalities that encompass man is mingled the interior fatality, the supreme anankè, the human heart.

The three metaphysical points Wagner set himself to illustrate were: first, THE AFFIRMATION OF THE WILL TO LIVE, the essence of what, in Christian nomenclature, is called Sin ("Tristan und Isolde"); next, COMPASSION with the sufferings of others—Altruism—which, according to Schopenhauer, is the basis of Ethics ("Parsifal"); last, THE NEGATION OF THE WILL TO LIVE—Renunciation—which, also according to Schopenhauer, is the essence of Sanctity ("Die Büsser"). Thus in "Tristan," "Parsifal," and "Die Büsser" Wagner set himself to illustrate, separately and in detail, the three great problems in Schopenhauer's philosophy, which he had illustrated, as a whole, if with less completeness and clearness, in the "Nibelungen." And there can be little doubt that, if the mystical ending of the "Ring des Nibelungen"—as it stands in the last scene of "Götterdämmerung"—and the metaphysical character it imparts to the whole Tetralogy, had been foreseen by Wagner when first he wrote the text, he would have worked out his philosophical scheme with somewhat greater clearness, and have made its metaphysical character and meaning more apparent from the beginning, than he actually did. The metaphysical idea of the whole—probably suggested to him by his reading in Schopenhauer in 1854—was unquestionably an after-thought; changing "Siegfried's Tod" to "Götterdämmerung" was the first step toward carrying out this idea. Rewriting the *dénoûment* was not the only change he made; this mystical end of the Tetralogy had also to be foreshadowed, earlier in the work, as indeed we find it in the scene between *Brünnhilde* and *Waltraute* in the first act.‡ What similar changes

* Liszt had just finished his "Dante" symphony.

† Greek, ἀνάγκη: force, destiny, the decree of the gods.

‡ The corresponding scene, between *Brünnhilde* and the *Walkyrior*, in "Siegfried's Tod" contains no reference to anything of the sort, and is of a quite different charac-



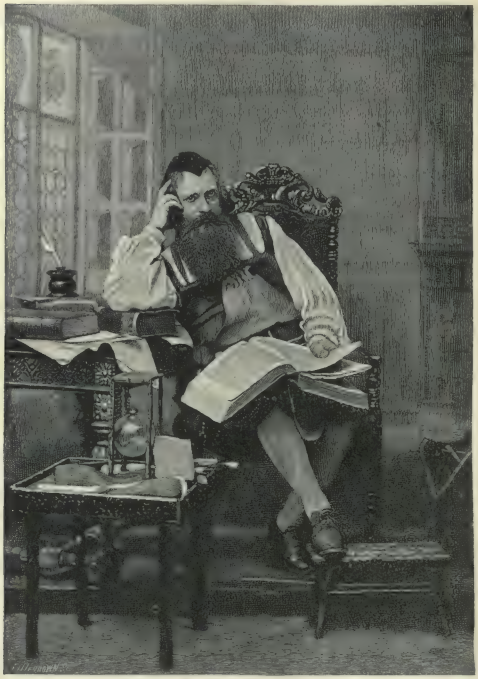
The Dutchman in "The Flying Dutchman" (Max Staegemann).

Wagner may have made in "Der Junge Siegfried"* I do not know; the text, in its original shape (if different from its present one), is not published. Still it is highly probable (from internal evidence) that some new mystical and metaphysical elements may have been introduced in the scene between the *Wanderer* and *Erda* at the beginning of the third act.

If we find little reference to metaphysics in the texts of "Das Rheingold" or "Die Walküre," it is well nigh impossible to consider these dramas, as component parts of the whole Tetralogy, without recognizing that a certain mystical or metaphysical significance is retroactively imputed to them by the *dénoûment* of "Götterdämmerung." They are, in fact, quite as integral factors of

ter. It ends with "Thanks, Wotan! Ruling god!"—for keeping alive the fire that shelters *Brünnhilde*. The *Valkyrior*, too, sing: "We journey Southward, to beget victories, to cast the lot for fighting hosts, to fight for heroes, to overthrow heroes, to lead slain victors to Valhalla!" Not a word or hint at the *destruction* of Valhalla, which *Waltraute* (in "Götterdämmerung") speaks of as imminent. Her parting words are: "Woe! woe! Woe to thee, sister! Woe to Valhalla's gods!"

* Its present title is simply "Siegfried."



Hans Sachs in the "Meistersinger" (Eugen Gura).

a coherent metaphysical scheme, as they are of a connected dramatic whole.

This philosophic, metaphysical element in Wagner's later music-dramas does not, by any means, affect all the characters that take part in them. The metaphysical burden is, in every case, borne by only a few; the rest, even some of those of prime dramatic importance in the plot, have little directly to do with it. They are to be recognized simply as strongly individualized types of human character, quite in the same way as the various personages in the earlier operas. The, so to speak, *metaphysical* characters, those in whose being and actions a metaphysical truth is incarnated and illustrated, are *Wotan*, the *Volsungs*, *Brünnhilde*, *Tristan*, *Isolde*, *Parsifal*, *Amfortas*, and *Kundry*. Let us turn our attention to, at least, a few of these now.

"Tristan und Isolde" has generally, and with justice, been accounted Wagner's greatest metaphysical triumph. Here, if anywhere, Wagner has succeeded in thoroughly *incarnating* his conception, in clothing it in living flesh and blood. Here he has gained such absolute mastery over his metaphysical idea,

has so entirely assimilated it and made it his own, that this idea is to be recognized as an integral vivifying and invigorating factor of his poetic creative power.* As the drama progresses, as the two lovers live a larger and larger life, as their seemingly foolish lovers' babble acquires a profounder and ever wider significance and scope, as their joy and sorrow seem to break through the narrow confines of the gardens in Cornwall and Careol, and fill the eternal welkin with shouts or sobbing, as they become, at last, the crowning expression of all the passionate love and all the passionate despair of the whole human race, through all time, their figures just as constantly gain in sharpness of definition and convincingly intense reality. They are truly heroic and tragic; indeed, I know of few figures in all drama that are so largely and profoundly tragic as they. Shakespeare's *Lear* comes near it; but *Lear* is rather pathetic than tragic in his character and fate; it is Shakespeare's poetry, rather than *Lear's* own nature, or the circumstances in which he is placed, that raises him to the tragic level. Wagner once said that *Lohengrin* was "the type of the only really tragic material, the tragic element in modern life; of the same significance in the present as *Antigone* was—in a different relation, to be sure—in Greek civil life." The tragic element in *Lohengrin's* situation is that of spontaneous emotion brought face to face with and uncomprehended by the reflective intellect; where he asked for sympathy and love, he was met by critical investigation. But tragic as this situation is, in its essence, how much more profoundly tragic is that of *Tristan* and *Isolde!* They are, in a larger way, what Paracelsus was in a smaller way. He thought he had discovered the *elixir vitæ*, and it proved to be the virus of death. They blindly thought they had found the road to infinite happiness, and with every step they plunged deeper and deeper into infinite misery. They yearned for *Nirvana*, and tried to reach it by the path that led further and further into *Sansara*. Here is the greatest tragedy of all, the crowning tragedy of all existence: to think you have discovered a short cut to Heaven, and then



Telramund in "Lohengrin" (Otto Schelper).

* Both text and music of "Tristan und Isolde" were written in 1857-59, that is when Wagner was between the ages of forty-four and forty-six, at the very height of his powers.



King Mark in "Tristan and Isolde" (Wiegand).

find that it leads straight to Hell and the Pit!

If *Tristan* and *Isolde* may be taken as the two characters in which Wagner has most completely incarnated a metaphysical truth, and are to be ranked with his most splendid poetic triumphs, there is one character in which we are forced to recognize the incarnation as so incomplete, the outlines of which are so blurred, and the substance so elusive, that it must rank as his most dismal failure. I mean *Wotan* in the "Nibelungen." This is the more distressing that one has a suspicion that Wagner meant *Wotan* to be one of his grandest creations; for the great Northern god is certainly his most ambitious one—the character in which he aimed at most. The fundamental idea in *Wotan* is the gradual transition from absolute Affirmation of the Will to Live to utter Negation and Renunciation — or, as it would be called in specifically Christian phraseology, the transition from the depths of Sin to Sanctity and Salvation. But this idea is only vaguely shadowed forth in *Wotan;* it is not distinctly and completely embodied; we are not immediately and irresistibly impressed with it, nor with him as its exponent. Hence it comes that his resounding expressions of mental anguish seem disproportionate, and their occasion too



Tristan in "Tristan and Isolde" (Heinrich Vogl).

trivial; where he should be overwhelmingly tragic, he is often merely tedious. He stands forth as the concrete representation of a whole universe in the travail throes of its own redemption; but we somehow find it hard to recognize him as such. He utterly fails to enlist our sympathies, and we find him, for the most part, a good deal of a bore. Now, a bore is just the thing of all others that a dramatic hero should by no means be; if he is not interesting, he is worse than nothing. And I think *Wotan's* tediousness does not spring merely from the vast amount of already-known narrative that Wagner has put into his mouth; *Wotan* is tedious, not because he talks much, but because, as a dramatic character, he lacks definition of outline and real vitality. He does not appear like real flesh and blood, but like a mere shadow figure. Only once does he seem to spring into real being, to become thoroughly human, and this is in the third act of "Die Walküre," notably in the great parting scene with *Brünnhilde;* here he is at once interesting, pathetic, even profoundly tragic.

Another instance of an only partially incarnated metaphysical abstraction is

Parsifal. The essence of this divine "pure fool" is Compassion. Originally the most heedless of creatures, his tender, compassionate nature is first aroused by *Gurnemanz's* reproaches for his wantonly killing the swan. Of all the mysterious rites of the Sangreal, he comprehends only one thing: that *Amfortas* suffers; and it is only through his own heroic endeavors to alleviate that torture that he becomes, at length, conscious of the sanctity of his mission. This boundless compassion is his one safeguard against the machinations of *Klingsor*. Just as he is about to succumb to *Kundry's* wiles, he remembers *Amfortas*, and feels the Sinner King's wound burning in his own breast; that is enough; he repulses the siren, his own purity is safe, and the miracle is accomplished. *Amfortas's* cure has been revealed to him; he has become, as the prophecy foretold, "*durch Mitleid* WISSEND"—filled with divine knowledge through compassion. Such a character is infinitely beautiful; but I think that the constant sympathy with which we follow *Parsifal* through the drama comes rather from our recognition of this divine quality in him, of his mission, and of the metaphysical idea he represents (which, in this case, Wagner has made perfectly clear) than from our recognizing him as a vitally and sharply drawn character, with whom we can enter into personal emotional relations. As a dramatic character, *Parsifal* is quite as vague in outline and elusive in substance as *Wotan;* but he is sympathetically presented to us, and is hence not tiresome. Then, too, another element comes into play: the familiar, specifically Christian form in which the mysticism in "Parsifal" is clothed. That this form was purely accidental with Wagner, and was taken straight from the old Grail legends, is to me, at least, indubitable; it implies no dogmatic *Tendenz* whatever. It is no more exclusively, nor necessarily, fitted to reveal the metaphysical gist of "Parsifal" than the specifically Buddhistic form of the metaphysical portions of the Tetralogy, or of "Tristan." But to most of us, whether we have the faith of the charcoal burner, the metaphysical belief of the Buddhist, or the scientific doubt of the sceptic—so long as we are not mere vulgar scoffers—this specifically Christian form is familiar and endeared by many an hallowing association. We have been brought up in an atmosphere of Christianity, and it suits our instinctive feeling of reverence for what we, or those around us, hold sacred that *Parsi-*



Parsifal in "Parsifal" (Winkelmann).



Isolde and Brangaena in "Tristan and Isolde" (Mme. Sucher as Isolde).

fal—the incarnation of the mystery—should appear to us in something of a penumbra, as not entirely human and



Wotan in the "Walküre" (Franz Betz).

distinct, but as viewed through a certain quasi-religious haze. Thus we easily forgive in *Parsifal* what we cannot pardon in *Wotan:* a lack of distinct, vital, human personality.

Kundry is decidedly more clearly defined and life-like a figure than *Parsifal;* and this is the more remarkable, because the idea she embodies is a rather vague one. Her character is the most complex in all Wagner, as the legendary sources from which he drew it are the most varied. In a certain sense, *Kundry* may be called the opposite of Goethe's *Mephistopheles,* when he describes himself as "a part of that power which always aims at evil, and always accomplishes good." *Kundry* tries to do good, but her destiny is ever to work evil. She is the representative of two antagonistic principles in woman: of feminine love, ever devoted, self-sacrificing, and helpful, and of feminine fascination and se-

duction, ever baneful, enervating, and fraught with ruin. Whomsoever she tries to help is damned by being drawn under the blighting influence of her charms. This twofold nature of *Kundry's*, this blending of the Helper and the Destroyer in one person, is indicated allegorically by Wagner, and, it must be admitted, often in a rather vague and shadowy way. But with and in spite of all this, he has made her a real, living, human presence. However perplexing *Kundry* the allegory may be, *Kundry* the woman stands bodily before us; and although we may possibly be blind to the double principle she embodies, she is so instinct with real life, emotion, and individuality, she has such quantity of being, that we accept her, at once, unquestioning, and our sympathies fly out to her, unbidden, as to a living and breathing fellow mortal. Here is a contrast: *Parsifal's* metaphysical significance lies on the very surface, and is perfectly clear; *Kundry's*, albeit not really problematical in the last analysis, is by no means so immediately evident. *Parsifal's* personality, on the other hand, is rather vague and elusive, while *Kundry's* is sharply drawn and tangible. *Parsifal* holds our sympathy fast through the idea he personifies; *Kundry*, through what she herself is. As a piece of dramatic and poetic workmanship, so to speak, she is the finer triumph of the two.



Siegfried in "Siegfried" (Georg Unger).

It remains for me to speak of one more character to which Wagner has attributed a profound and far-reaching metaphysical significance, and which stands at the very summit of the ideal poetic world he has created. Sharper in definition, more thoroughly human, alive, and individual even than *Tristan* or *Isolde*, full of eternal, universal significance as *Parsifal*, she is the culminating example of Wagner's poetic, creative power: *Brünnhilde*, in the Tetralogy. Metaphysically, *Brünnhilde* may be called a combination of *Parsifal* and the presumable hero of the unwritten "Die Büsser"—she is, at once, Compassion and Renunciation, the final expiation of *Wotan's* guilt.*

As a concrete character, *Brünnhilde* is Woman, *the* Woman, *das Ewigweibliche*, in the fullest sense. At the time

* In a certain high, ideal sense, *Wotan*, the *Volsungs* (*Siegmund*, *Sieglinde*, *Siegfried*) and *Brünnhilde* are really one and the same person; or, perhaps, it were more exact to say that the *Volsungs* and *Brünnhilde* represent different successive phases of *Wotan's* volition. It is only by appreciating the very intimate bond that unites these several characters that the metaphysical scheme of the Tetralogy can, as it seems to me, be fully apprehended.



Sieglinde in the "Walküre" (Josephine Schefzki).

when Wagner was at work on the text of the "Nibelungen," he wrote to Liszt: "Never has such a tribute been paid to Woman as in this last work of mine!" Indeed, the picture of womanhood Wagner has painted in *Brünnhilde* is at once as exalted, poetic, and complete as any that I know of. Of course, it is a picture of woman *as man sees her*—that absolute completeness which would have come from a double and converging point of view was out of the question; but there is nothing mean nor puny in the likeness, every stroke is large, noble, and heroic. *Brünnhilde* first appears as the virgin-goddess, the Valkyr, in all the joyous pride of her own power, and conscious—or half-conscious—that her power lies in her maidenhood. She is the true ruler over the destinies of men; it is at her nod that heroes are borne aloft to the halls of Valhalla, or are left to lead a less noble life on earth. Then comes the moment when her heart is touched with compassion; *Siegmund* is to be chosen for Valhalla, but *Siegmund* loves *Sieglinde;* and *Brünnhilde,* for the first time, feels that this *love* may have more sacred claims upon her than any command of *Wotan's. Wotan,* too, loves *Siegmund,* although he has, against his will, decreed his death; shall *Brünnhilde* obey her father's *order,* or shall she secretly work his *will?* Filial love, fraternal love, and a new-born intuition of still another love, different from these, stand marshalled on one side; on the other stands a categorical imperative. In a moment, the girl becomes a woman, and, womanlike, must do as her heart bids her. She is cast out from Valhalla, her virgin-goddesshood is forfeit; henceforth she has but her womanhood left. In the great scene in "Die Walküre," where *Wotan* takes leave of *Brünnhilde,* one beautifully true and delicate touch of Wagner's is especially to be noted: *Brünnhilde* acquiesces in the punish-



Siegmund in the "Walküre" (Albert Niemann).

ment of her disobedience, in her exile from the company of the gods, but her whole nature revolts at the thought of being left defenceless to the approach of man. She still clings, as for dear life, to her maidenhood, that last precious remnant of her divinity. The gods may subdue her, but man shall not; this pride burns unquenched in her bosom. Next comes her meeting with *Siegfried*, who is to be to her what *Siegmund* was to *Sieglinde;* the crisis is at hand—the woman of women and the man of men stand face to face, and are to try conclusions with each other. That love which, in another, first moved her heart to sympathy and compassion, is now kindled in her own breast. But the old, virgin-goddess pride still survives, and will not submit without a struggle. Yet the flame of love burns brighter and warmer; little by little, her eyes are opened; not virginity, but wedlock and maternity are the true crown of womanhood, and the old pride of impregnability gives way to the new glory of self-bestowal. What are Valhalla and her Valkyrship to her now? Would, rather, that she had been heiress to a thousand Valhallas, that she might forego them all for *Siegfried!*

Nowhere, in all dramatic poetry, have

I seen this gradual transition in woman from virginity to muliebrity, from the maiden to the wife, and the acute moral wrench it involves, so vigorously, largely, ardor of her love. At last the catastrophe is reached: she has compassed *Siegfried's* death, she has probed the mystery of existence to its profoundest



Brünnhilde in the "Walküre" (Mme. Materna).

poetically, and truthfully portrayed as in this *Brünnhilde* of Wagner's. She has now reached her highest point as woman; the heights of the *Brünnhildenstein* have witnessed, not her degradation, but her elevation from Valkyrdom to complete womanhood. Then come *Siegfried's* unwitting treachery and her revenge—and she is to the full as much a woman in her rage and thirst for vengeance, as she was in her maidenly pride and the depths; the tragic import of life has been revealed to her. Not fruition, but renunciation brings with it blessedness. Once she had renounced her divinity, and won thereby the raptures of *Siegfried's* love; now, in the name of gods and men, she solemnly renounces all. The gates of Nirvana fly open to welcome her; she is the accepted expiation. The old order can pass away, and the new order begin.

MEXICAN SUPERSTITIONS AND FOLK-LORE.

By Thomas A. Janvier.

IT is below the low-water mark of education that superstitions linger, and folk-lore treasures are best stored in simple minds. Yet in searching for such matter in Mexico the foreigner finds those who most can assist him the most difficult to approach. Mexicans of the lower classes know that their superiors among their own people laugh at their superstitious beliefs; and they cannot understand why anyone not of their class—even though a foreigner, and therefore a person whose habits are expected to be at once extraordinary and irrational—can regard such things seriously. That the superstitions may be interesting, not in themselves, but because of the light that faith in them throws upon certain peculiarities of the national character—as, for instance, the powerful influence exercised upon the common people by the clergy—of course is far too abstract a conception to be grasped by an uneducated mind. What is told, therefore, is told unwillingly, and with an underlying doubt either that the questioner will turn the matter to ridicule, or else is moved by some sinister purpose that cannot be fathomed, but of which it is prudent to beware.

Already the field in which material of this sort may be found is narrowed. The rise of intelligence that has been so strikingly marked by the recent tenor of political events in Mexico, and that has been still further made manifest by the rapid development of great systems of railway and telegraph lines, is precisely the force that most quickly will obliterate the quaint stories and curious customs of the country side. From the generation now growing up, save in the remote parts of the Republic, comparatively little will be learned of the faiths and fancies, mingled Spanish and Indian, which have rooted themselves during the past three centuries and a half in the Mexican heart. The sure sources of information still remaining are the old men and old women who belong to a time in the world's history that is much further removed from the present than by the term of their own years: for the Mexico of six decades ago, in truth, still was the Mexico of the seventeenth century. In the nature of things, these ancient authorities will not be available much longer: and as they pass away—to a region where, I hope, their simple minds will not be shocked rudely by the abrupt discovery that much of their faith on earth has been foolishness—I am persuaded that a great deal of what is necessary to a clear understanding of Mexican social and national life will be lost.

THE UNLUCKY DAY.

Tuesday is the unlucky day in Mexico. The popular sentiment concerning it is embodied, as is the case with Mexican proverbs and terse sayings generally, in a jingle:

> En Martes ni te cases, ni te embarques,
> Ni de tu casa te apartes.

Which, rendered literally, means: On Tuesday neither be thou married, nor go forth (begin, start, enter upon), nor separate thyself from thy house. Belief in the ill-luck of Tuesday is a Spanish superstition, reference to which is found in a letter written by Fray Juan de Zumárraga some years before he left Spain for Mexico. Possibly it is a native Mexican superstition also—though a sufficient reason for its prompt acceptance by the Mexicans, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that on a Tuesday (August 13, 1521) was completed the conquest of the capital city of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico.

OMENS.

Being occasional in their nature, omens are not easy to discover. They

come to the surface only, as a rule, when the particular combination of circumstances to which they relate happens to arise. When a general question is asked concerning them they are very hard to remember. Hence I have been able to come upon but a few.

Naturally, their strongest hold is among the common people; but among educated people it is by no means unusual to find selected superstitions preserved with a certain feeling of respect, while the mass of superstitions is scouted. It is the same among ourselves; we all know people who decline, for instance, to cross the line of a funeral, or to walk under a ladder leaning against a wall. Some of these Mexican omens, it will be observed, are current among ourselves:

If a bride, while dressing for her wedding, is pricked by a pin so that blood flows, great misfortune impends.

If two people think of the same thing at the same time, a soul is loosed from Purgatory.

The cry of an owl near a house is a very bad omen in Mexico—as it is also in various other parts of the world.

> Cuando el tecolote canta, el indio muere.
> Este no es cierto, pero succede,

runs the proverb: "When the screech-owl cries the Indian dies. This is not certain, but it usually happens." An especially choice flavor is given to this proverb, I think, by the candid admission in the second line that while sometimes the owl may be wrong, he generally is right in his dismal prophecy.

The howling of a dog near a house also is in Mexico, as elsewhere, a death-warning. But in Mexico the belief obtains that the dog howls because he sees the devil warring for the departing soul with its guardian angel; or, sometimes, that the dog howls because the devil has triumphed and the soul is lost.

Two death-signs common among ourselves are current also in Mexico: the fall of a mirror, and the presence of thirteen at table.

When there is a death in the house, if the body does not stiffen quickly another death impends. On the other hand, should the body stiffen quickly no other death will follow soon.

It is believed that the murderer who has slain his victim with sword or dagger will escape if the body falls upon its side or back; but if the body falls face downward, then the murderer surely soon will be captured and put to death. This belief is said to be so firmly rooted among the people of northeastern Mexico, that when a murdered man falls upon his face his slayer makes no effort to escape, and even sometimes voluntarily surrenders himself to justice.

HOUSE CHARMS.

Among what may be termed domestic incantations common in Mexico, akin to certain superstitions which survive among ourselves, are the following:

That a person may not wake up: Put the scissors, opened crosswise, behind the sleeper's head; and on his head a few drops of oil from the lamp.

That a guest soon may depart: Put three grains of salt under the chair of the unwelcome one; and behind the door put the broom.

To get rid of cockroaches: Catch three and put them in a bottle, and so carry them to where two roads cross. Here hold the bottle upside down, and as they fall out repeat aloud three *credos*. Then all the cockroaches in the house whence these three came will go away.

THE EVIL EYE.

Faith in the evil eye is very general in Mexico. I came upon this instance in Monterey: The Señora —— told me that being at a bull-fight with her baby, an old woman, after making the sign of the cross with a finger moistened in her mouth on the baby's shoulder, asked permission to kiss the baby's forehead. This request was refused. But the old woman pressed hard for the permission, and finally explained that she had the power of the evil eye and wished thus to void its effect. Then she was permitted, of course, to kiss the child; and so went contented away.

GHOST STORIES.

Ghost stories are found all over Mexico, and little trouble is encountered in

collecting them—for telling a ghost story does not necessarily imply belief in it: a point that the narrator frequently makes at the outset. In Monterey there was a nice old grandmotherly body whom we knew, a sort of adopted grandmother in the family with whom we lodged: in Mexico these ancient personages are found in almost every household—house-friends who may or may not have claims of blood-relationship and who come and go uncertainly and, as it strikes a foreigner, mysteriously. This Doña Miguelita believed in ghosts heartily; but while admitting her personal acquaintance with such supernatural visitors she exhibited a most attractive inconsistency by formally disclaiming having faith in them. She was a round old lady, of sixty or thereabouts, whose good, old-fashioned ways led her to resent the innovations of fashion and to retain the provincial dress that she had worn all her life long: a cotton petticoat and chemise, supplemented by the shawl-like *rebozo* wrapped about her ample shoulders in graceful folds.

I never could induce this old lady to tell me a ghost story on any terms whatever. Fortunately she was very communicative to my wife; but she always began her narrative by saying: "Of course, my dear, *I* don't believe this story at all." One of her personal narratives was the following:

One night she was in her house with no other companion than a boy; for it was a night of festival and all others of the household were away. Suddenly there shone through the open door of the room in which she sat a brilliant light, coming from the kitchen—a room on the other side of the open court around which the house was built. Thinking that the cook had returned drunk and had set the kitchen on fire, she sent the boy in a hurry to see what had gone wrong. But as the boy neared the door of the kitchen the blaze of light grew greater, and she heard him give a cry of terror. Then she banged to the door of the room and barred it; and for a while all was still, and she perceived, for no light came in through the cracks in the door, that the light had vanished. And after a time she heard the boy outside, speaking faintly, begging to be let in. And when, after some parley, she admitted him, he was very weak and white, for he had been all this time lying in a swoon. He said that as he came near the kitchen a great hairy beast, breathing flame and scattering sparks, had rushed out from it; and that, knowing that this surely could be nothing but the devil, he had fallen in a faint upon the ground. But no harm followed this diabolical visit.

The story of The Weeper—*La Llorona*—is known all over Mexico. It varies in its details, but its general theme always is the same: a sinful woman crying for the children whom she has abandoned or put to death, and possessing the power of transporting herself in some supernatural manner from place to place.

The story unquestionably is a survival from primitive times, but warped and changed, as traditions ever must be among an unlettered race. Its origin is pointed out clearly by the late Señor Orozco y Berra in his sketch of the Aztec mythology—but the thought does not seem to have occurred to him that in the popular legend the ancient goddess still lives. He writes: "The Tloque Nahuaque (Universal Creator) created in a garden a man and a woman who were the progenitors of the human race. . . . The woman was called Cihuacohuatl, 'the woman snake,' 'the female snake;' Tititl, 'our mother,' or, 'the womb whence we were born;' Teoyaominqui, 'the goddess who gathers the souls of the dead,' and Quilaztli, implying that she bears twins. *She appears sometimes dressed in white, carrying on her shoulders a little cradle, as though she were carrying a child; and she can be heard weeping and shrieking. This apparition was considered a bad omen.*"

Father Sahagun, in the exceedingly interesting fragment (of about the year 1585) that the eminent historian Don Joaquin García Icazbalceta recently has published, thus reproved the Indians for their superstitious practices: "Your ancestors also erred in the adoration of a demon whom they represented as a woman, and to whom they gave the name of Cioacoatl. She appeared clad as a lady of the palace. She terrified, she frightened (*espantada, asombraba*), *and cried out aloud at night.*" I think that in these

quotations the genesis of "The Weeper" clearly is shown. The version of the story that I give here, as it was told to me by Gilberto Cano, is the one now current among the middle and lower classes of the City of Mexico:

She was a bad woman. As soon as ever a child was born to her she wickedly abandoned it—throwing it to drown into one of the canals which surround the city. No one knows how many children she had; but it is certain that all thus were cast from her to their death. At last her conscience began to prick her; but whether it was that the priest spoke to her, or that it was the punishment direct from heaven, no one knows. But it is certain that for her sins she began to go through the streets weeping and wailing, and became as though she were mad. And it began to be said that from night till morning there was a weeping woman in Mexico. A great many people went out at midnight to see this weeping woman, for then was it that she was said to be visible. But none saw her: because she appeared only when no one was there (!).

And sometimes she would come to a sleeping watchman, and would waken him by asking: "What time is it?" And he would see a woman standing beside him with her shawl (*rebozo*) pulled over her face. And he would answer: "It is twelve of the night." And she would say: "At twelve this day I must be in Guadalajara," or San Luis Potosí, or some other far-distant city. And so speaking she would utter in a shriek: "Where shall I find my children?"—and would vanish instantly and utterly away. And the watchman would feel as though all his senses had gone from him, and would become as a dead man. This happened many times to many watchmen, who made report of it to their officers; but their officers would not believe what was told. But it happened at one time that an officer of the watch was passing at night by the lonely street beside the church of Santa Anita. And there he met a woman wearing a white petticoat and a white *rebozo;* and to her he began to make love. He urged her, saying: "Throw off your *rebozo* that I may see your pretty face." And suddenly she uncovered her face and he beheld a horrible grinning skull! He fell in a swoon, and for some hours so remained. And when his senses came to him he was greatly troubled in his mind. Coming back to the Diputacion he told what had befallen him. And in a little while his life forsook him and he died.

Almost always The Weeper was found in the outskirts and lonely places of the city; but her cry "Where shall I find my children?" was so keen and piercing that it would be heard a long way. In one single night she would go to Guadalajara and San Luis and Monterey; being seen or heard in all of these cities in one night. And in these cities, as in Mexico, many died of fright of her.

Once some travellers, coming along a lonely road, saw her. And coming to her they asked: "Where go you on this lonely road?" And for answer she cried: "Where shall I find my children?" and, shrieking, disappeared. And one of the travellers went mad. They came on to Mexico and told what they had seen. And it was told to them that this woman likewise had terrified many people in Mexico.

And so great was the terror of her that at last the Fathers took up the matter and exorcised her. And then her troubled spirit was laid and she was heard of nevermore.

LEGENDS OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Many curious local stories of the supernatural are current in the City of Mexico. Those which follow I give as I heard them from my friend and fellow-lover of things ancient and marvellous, Gilberto Cano. In addition to his nice appreciation and extended knowledge of matters of this sort, and of his trained antiquarian tastes, this excellent man was the best waiter at the Café Anglais. My acquaintance with him began in his professional capacity. His intelligent answers to my questions concerning some of the old buildings of the City of Mexico—of which at that time I knew nothing—impressed me not a little; and I was still more impressed by his offer, that I accepted gladly, to lend me some books which he had purchased, he said

modestly, in order that he might obtain an accurate knowledge of the city in which he had been born and in which his whole life had been passed. Later, as my own knowledge grew, I found that in every instance his answers to my questions had been correct; and the books which he had lent me proved to be standard authorities.

When I tried Gilberto on local traditions he did not fail me. He expressed sorrow, however, that I had not spoken sooner—it was in the third year of our friendship that my questions took this turn—as his great-aunt, dead two years before, had been a treasury of such old-time lore. And I too grieved, and shall grieve always, that this ancient personage was cut off from earth before it was my happiness to meet her. Fortunately, her grand-nephew was cast somewhat in her mould, and having listened attentively to her telling of them remembered at least a few of the legends with which her mind was stored.

Gilberto was a small man, with a low, gentle voice, and a manner that was gentle also—both in the modern and in the older and finer sense of the word. In the thrilling portions of his stories he would lean forward, his voice would deepen and gather earnestness, his bright brown eyes would grow brighter, and his gestures, never violent and always appropriate, would enlarge the meaning of his words. With the instinct of a well-bred man he invariably addressed himself to my wife; and through his discourse ran a sort of refrain of "and so it was, Señorita"—*pues si, Señorita*—that gave a good point of departure to the several turns in his stories; and that at the same time, the phrase having about it an air of affirmative finality, added to them a realistic emphasis.

Occasionally Gilberto's stories, while unquestionably complete and logical, were of an almost startling brevity—as the following: Once some masons were pulling down a very old house, and in the wall they found many boxes of money. After that those masons were rich.

Stories of hidden treasure very naturally are current throughout Mexico, for they rest upon a substantial foundation. In this land, where banks or other places of safe-deposit are unknown outside of a few of the larger cities, treasure-hiding always has been the rule. In Monterey I was shown an iron door, flush with the floor, and so placed as to be covered with a heavy piece of furniture, that opened into a little strong-room. But the hiding place commonly adopted was a little chamber in the thickness of the wall, the entrance to which was bricked up and plastered over. In the nature of things, the secret of many such hiding places must have been lost with the death of those who contrived them. One of Gilberto's stories was of a case of this sort:

There were some poor people taking care of a house with a garden near San Cosme; a man and his wife, very poor. One night a young lady appeared to them. And she said to them:

"How are you, little son? How are you, little daughter?"

And they were not alarmed, for they thought that she was a living lady from a house that was within that in which they dwelt.

And the lady said: "Light a candle and come with me."

And they did so, and followed her into an empty room. And she said: "In the morning pull down that wall; and all that you find shall be yours. There will be gold and jewels and silver, and also a bundle of papers. Keep for yourselves the treasure, but take the papers to the owner of the little shop (*cajoncito*) near here, for he has charge of this estate. I am the mistress of this house, and you are to do what I order because this is mine."

Then she shook hands with them and went away. And they were surprised, but not at all frightened; for they believed her to be a living lady. Then they went to bed, because it was night. But the man could not sleep for wondering who this strange lady was who had said: "I am the mistress of this house, and you are to do what I order because this is mine."

Early in the morning, taking a heavy bar of iron, the man began to make a hole in the wall at the spot where the lady had laid her hand. But at that spot in the wall was a great stone. And

all day long he labored to remove it, and not until near night did it give way. And in an open space behind where the stone had been were boxes wrought curiously; and so old that the wood was crumbling away into dust. And in the boxes was the treasure of which the lady had told; and in a smaller box was the bundle of papers—and these were the title deeds for that house and for other houses: a great estate. Then, seeing how old all was, they began to be frightened; because they began to know that the lady who had set them upon this quest must have been not a living lady, but a lady a very long time dead. However, the sight of so much money and treasure did much to lessen their fears.

And on the morning following the poor man took the papers which he had found to the shop, as he had been ordered by that lady; and he told that to him was to belong the treasure, but that the man in the shop—who for all these years had passed for the master of the house, and who had put those poor people in the house to take care of it—was to look at the papers well.

And the papers proved that the poor people themselves were the rightful owners of the house, and of the other houses, and of all that great estate in houses and lands and money and jewels. For the dead lady had died without making known that to the grandfather of the poor man rightly should come this heritage; and so it was that she could not find rest in her grave. And the poor man, now grown rich, paid that masses should be said for the repose of her soul; and so it was that she never was seen again.

The Fiery Cow, *La vaca de lumbre:* This was the spectre of a fire-breathing cow that was seen in this city in ancient times. She came out always from the pasture-ground (*potrero*) of San Pablo, and thence coursed through the streets, red-eyed and breathing out flame and sparks. People waited for her in the streets, being much afraid of her.

Some said: "Perhaps it is the devil." And others said: "Perhaps it is some poor sinner upon whom God has placed this penance."

And they tried to throw a *lazo* upon her. But when they would cast the *lazo*, although at the moment she would appear near by, even as the *lazo* went whizzing through the air she would be seen far down the street, breathing out flame. And the *lazo* would catch upon the stone posts at the street corners; but never did it catch that fiery cow. Sometimes daring ones would go to San Pablo to see her come forth from the pasture-ground. But when they thus waited she always came out by San Sebastian; and then, lowing and flaming, she would go round and round the fountain. Then the Fathers exorcised her, and she never came forth from the pasture-ground again. (The fact is to be noted that this Mexican story of the *vaca de lumbre* bears a curiously suggestive resemblance to the Spanish story of the Belludo, the goblin horse that came forth at midnight from the tower of the Siete Suelos in the Alhambra and scoured the streets of Granada pursued by a pack of hell-hounds.)

The Fiery Coach, *El coche de lumbre:* This also was one of the wonders of the city in ancient times. It came forth, as did the Fiery Cow, from the pasture-ground of San Pablo, by the Calle de Cacahuatl, passing near the house where dwelt Don Tomas Tremiño—he who was burned alive in the great *auto-de-fé* of 1649. And through the streets the coach would thunder, a great mass of flame. And the watch, dreading it, did not try to stop its course. But some shrewd ones said that this was a device of robbers, who thus made use, to their own profit, of people's fears; filling the Fiery Coach with booty and then galloping away. And so it was that so much horror was caused by this coach that effort was made to bring its wanderings to an end. Then the watch were emboldened to catch it, and in it were six robbers with their plunder; and going back with these to the pasture-ground of San Pablo much stolen wealth was found. So it was proved that they were robbers. And the Viceroy ordered that those six robbers should be hung in the Plaza de Armas, where the gallows then was. And so it was that of the Fiery Coach no more was seen.

"At that early time," added Gilberto, "few people were abroad upon the

streets at night. By the hour of prayer all were within doors. Therefore in the deserted streets happened many wonderful things."

The most famous of all the legends of the City of Mexico is that of Don Juan Manuel. This has been told elaborately by a score of authors, has served as the basis of novels, has been told in verse, and even has been made into a play. The historic facts upon which the legend rests, while few and obscure, are sufficient at least to show that it is not a pure invention. Don Manuel Rivera Cambas, in his scholarly "Mexico Pintoresco, Artistico y Monumental," briefly tells all that certainly is known.

Because of the terrors which were associated with its name, the Calle de Don Juan Manuel, in the seventeenth century, was one of the most widely-known streets in the City of Mexico. It was said that in this street every morning were found one or more dead men, who had been slain in the night by the Don Juan Manuel who dwelt here and gave the street its name. The street, which now is one of the handsomest in the city, was then—about 1636—but partly built up; a few large houses stood amidst little houses of a single storey, roughly built. In one of the larger dwellings Don Juan Manuel lived a retired and mysterious life. It was known that he frequently went at night, amidst the shadows, and himself as a shadow, to the Palace of the Viceroy; but though he many times was seen to enter here he never was seen coming forth again. Virtues and defects were attributed to him. He was known to be a charitable man; he was said to be a very jealous one. It was to his jealousy that the many assassinations of which he was believed to be guilty were attributed. His crimes were expiated upon the gallows. But even in his death mystery attended him. He was executed in the night; being found in the morning hanging from the gallows, dead. The peculiar manner of his death was attributed to the fact that the Viceroy wished to avoid the scandal of prosecuting publicly a nobleman who had been known to be his personal friend. Señor Rivera Cambas makes no mention of an acute surmise that I have seen presented elsewhere: That the Viceroy (1635–40), Don Lope Diaz de Armendariz, Marqués de Cadereita, employed this man to put obnoxious persons out of the way; and caused him to be executed in this singular manner when his work was accomplished, or when he found that his tool was presuming dangerously upon the knowledge that in the line of his professional employment he had acquired.

Gilberto's version of the story is one of the many that live in oral tradition. It has a simplicity, a directness, and a fine smack of the marvellous about it that make it far more delightful than the elaborate rendering by Señor Payno in his "Libro Rojo;" or, indeed, than any of the versions which I have found in print:

In the street now known by his name, where great merchants now are, Don Juan Manuel lived a long while ago. His house was the one that has upon it a little square tower covered with blue tiles; for Don Juan Manuel was a nobleman, and so of right had upon his house a tower. In this house now are only merchants who occupy it by day, turning into store-places for their wares the fine old rooms; for at night are heard such dreadful noises, and are seen such frightful visions, that the boldest man is not brave enough to remain within it when darkness falls.

Don Juan Manuel, while in all other ways a good man, had the bad vice of killing people. Each night, about eight o'clock—when in the streets, from lamps far apart, there was but little light; when the passers-by were few—he would sally out. And of each person whom he met, of whatever station, high or low, he would ask: "What time is it?"

And they would reply: "About eight o'clock."

Then would he say: "You are fortunate above other men, for you know the hour of your death!"—and then with a keen dagger he would kill.

And often, when his work was done, he would seek out a watchman—for in that time the watchmen of the city were few—and when he found one he would say: "There is a dead man here"—so brazen was he in his wicked ways!

One night he supped with his nephew, whom he loved. After supper his

nephew went out; and presently he also went out, carrying his dagger in the hand that he held hidden in the mufflings of his cloak. In a street where he did not think to find him, he met his nephew. But he knew him not; and when, as was his custom, he had asked him what time it was, he killed him. Then went he home, and waited long that night for his nephew to come. But his nephew, being dead, did not come. And when he came not the next day, Don Juan Manuel ordered search to be made for him. And presently word was brought to him that in a certain street his nephew had been found lying dead with the wound of a sharp dagger in his heart. And so it was that he knew that he had slain his own flesh and blood.

Then did his conscience tear his heart, and he went to the priest. And to the priest he confessed the whole of his wicked life; yet he put it that he had but a single sin—which was true, for Don Juan Manuel was a kind and charitable man—which was to go out from his house every night and kill all whom he met.

Then said the priest to him: "My son, the only way to save thyself is that at night thou shalt go to the chapel of the Espiracion, that is in the plazuela of Santo Domingo, and that kneeling beneath the gallows that is before the chapel thou shalt pray for thy sinful soul."

And with this easy penance Don Juan Manuel was well content. And when night came he set forth from his house to go to the chapel. But as he went upon his way there sounded in his ears a voice crying: "May Jesus help you!" —and with the voice sounded the shrill ringing of a little bell. Yet no person was near him, and nothing could be seen. And so it was that in mortal terror he turned him about and came again to his house.

Then came the Father to ask if his penance had been done. And he told him, no. And he begged that another penance might be put upon him; for this he could not do, because of the haunting voice and the ringing bell.

But the Father refused him, telling him that only with this penance might he save his soul.

So when the night came Don Juan Manuel tried again to go to the chapel. And this night, although the voice and the bell assailed him, he went farther upon his way. But then his fears overcame him and he returned.

Then a third time the Father came to him, and in spite of his prayers and entreaties for another penance the Father said: "If thou wishest to save thyself, thou must go to the chapel; and there, beneath the gallows, pray to God and the Blessed Virgin for pardon for thy sinful soul."

Therefore on that third night Don Juan Manuel went forth again. And this time—braving the voice and the bell—he went onward through the streets of the city until he came to the chapel; and there, beneath the gallows, he knelt down and prayed for pardon for his sins.

And when the morning came, there, upon the gallows, hung the dead body of Don Juan Manuel!

And it was known that the angels had hung him, and thus had rid the world of this dreadful sinner! And the Viceroy, and all the nobles of the city, and all its people, came and saw him hanging there. And all knew that thus was he punished for his bad habit of killing people. His great estate was taken by the Viceroy, and his house was sold. And since that day no one has dared to live in the house in which that wicked man abode.

Another story, almost as famous as this of Don Juan Manuel, is that of the Mulata of Córdoba. Unfortunately, it did not occur to me to ask Gilberto for a version of it—which, doubtless, would have been racier and more entertaining than the version that I give.

Tradition, which receives its life from the fancies of the common people, tells that in the time when the Inquisition was at the height of its power in Mexico, lived the famous enchantress known as the Mulata of Córdoba. The story of her wonderful life, and of her still more wonderful end—death it was not —is an intimate part of the faith of the vulgar to this day; a story that is told at night, by the flickering light of pine torches, around the little stew-pans in the streets, and that is used to frighten

bad children into being good. That the Mulata really existed seems probable; but in the faint, uncertain light of tradition she looms to prodigious proportions.

She is represented always as having been a woman in the fulness of her life and strength, who had known no youth, and over whom age had no power. She was believed to be in contact with the mysterious beings of the supernatural world—with whom she communicated at will, and by whose aid she knew the secrets of the past, the present, and the future, and held command over the forces of life and of death. Ubiquity was conceded to her; for it was known beyond a doubt or a peradventure that she had been seen in places so far apart as Córdoba and the City of Mexico at one and the same time. Sometimes she would appear suddenly, coming from no one knew where. Sometimes she was seen, in gusty weather, as night drew on, riding through the air on a cloud to keep some far-off tryst. Her name was hidden, and settled home she had none: therefore was she called the Mulata of Córdoba, because of her brown skin, and because in the town of Córdoba the wonder of her first was known. All who were in trouble sought her aid; and because there was no one place in which she certainly would be found, it was the custom with those who needed her simply to call her name—and wherever she thus was called, there instantly did she appear. Charms did she give which soothed the pains of the body; philters did she give which cured the sorrows of the heart; she could command good or ill fortune; she could discover all that was concealed. In a word, nothing was hid from her; over all things she had power.

In the presence of such unholy marvels the Inquisition could not remain unmoved. Into the net that was spread for her the Mulata fell—allowing herself thus to be taken, as it is believed, only that she might show to the world more clearly the greatness of her diabolical power. Yet some believed that she would be taken to the *quemadero* and burned alive.

Now, coming one day, her jailer found that upon the wall of the chamber wherein she was confined she had drawn with a piece of charcoal a ship. And this ship was drawn so marvellously well and so exactly that, as he looked upon it, he fancied that he could see the ropes and the sails quivering, and the ship heaving gently, and that he could hear the faint swashing of the waves against it and the low moaning of a gentle wind. And he was amazed and awed.

And the Mulata asked of him: "Needs this ship anything that it be more perfect?"

And the jailer answered: "Of a truth it needs nothing to make it more perfect save that the wind that I hear should move it and that it should sail away."

"If only that small thing be needed," said to him the Mulata, "it shall be done; nor shall the ship depart alone!"

And, so speaking, by her magical arts she caused herself to float upward from the ground and so into the pictured ship upon the wall. Then sounded in his ears more clearly the moaning wind and the ripple of the water; and the waves about the ship rose and fell with a rhythmic cadence; and the ship swayed upon the billows, and bowed herself before the wind that bellied out her sails. And as the jailer gazed in awe and wonder, the ship, little by little, sailed away along the wall; and when it had come to the corner of the cell it still sailed on and on, and so at last disappeared; and all that was left to him was the memory of the great wonder that he had seen, and of the mocking smile of the Mulata as she bade him farewell while the ship sailed away.

And after that, of the Mulata of Córdoba nothing evermore was known or seen.

STORIES OF LAGOS.

Why Lagos should be selected as the scene of these stories—which, with others of the same sort concerning it, are current throughout Mexico—I never have been able to discover. Lagos is a personable little town, on the great northern highway at the point where roads branch east and west to San Luis Potosí and Guadalajara.

That there is a certain natural simplicity about the townspeople is manifest in the inscription carved upon the fine stone bridge that spans the river here: *Este puente se hizo en Lagos:* "This bridge was made in Lagos"—as though stone bridges two hundred feet long were trifles that readily might be made in one place and used in another. The river is almost dry for six months in the year, and as the way by the bridge is a roundabout one it is used but little save in the time of the rains. The spectacle of the deserted great stone bridge rising upon massive arches above a rivulet but a few feet wide, and of the townsfolk using the smooth gravel bed of the dry water-course as a road along which laden donkeys are driven, has led malicious chroniclers to declare that the inscription upon the bridge reads: *Este puente se hizo en Lagos, y es para pasar por encima y no por de bajo:* "This bridge was made in Lagos, and is [for people] to pass over and not under." But this is a slander. However, this story, like the others which are told about Lagos, attributes to the inhabitants of the little town the same qualities which characterized the Gooroo Simple and his five devoted followers. Indeed, so much of the feeling of Hindostani folk-stories is there in these fables that I am inclined to regard them as of Indian origin—carried by the Moors into Spain, and thence by the Spaniards brought to Mexico: but why they have been fathered upon Lagos I do not know.

"Like the alcalde of Lagos:" *Como el alcalde de Lagos,* is an expression current throughout a large part of Mexico to denote any trying or ludicrous position that a man is placed in because both his hands are full. The story runs:

Once went an alcalde of Lagos to church. And in his right hand he carried his staff of office, and as he entered the church he lifted off and held in his left hand his hat. Then he sought to put the holy water upon his forehead: but this he could not do, for both his hands were full. Then in a while a bold resolve entered his heart—and he plunged his head into the font.

Before the *plaza* that is in the midst of the town of Lagos was set in order, as it now is, there was in the middle of it a deep and wide hole. And this hole caused the Town Council (*Ayuntamiento*) much concern, for they perceived that it was a dangerous place into which the unwary might fall in the dark and be killed or maimed. So a meeting of the Council was called, and it was decided that the hole should be filled. And to get earth to fill it a hole was dug beside it. And behold, when it was full there was a new hole as deep and as wide as that which was filled! Then in the same way did they set about filling the new hole: and again was the same result: only now the hole no longer was in the middle of the *plaza,* but over at the side of it in the street that goes out toward the north. And again they filled it: and so continued until at last the hole was far out in the northern suburb of the town. And there they suffered the hole to remain; for there it did no harm.

Once, upon a great festival, the Town Council of Lagos went to the parish church to hear the mass. And all the members of the Council were dressed in seemly state in black coats and tight black trousers and flowing cloaks, and each wore a wide-brimmed hat of black felt over which a feather gallantly curled. For their comfort a leather-covered bench was placed before the chancel rail. And when they came to sit, each man, in the order of his dignity, sat down upon the bench and placed beside him his hat. But when six of the twelve Councillors thus were seated the bench was full. Then a whispered conference was held, and it was decided that the bench must be stretched. So six of them took hold of one end, and the other six took hold of the other end, and they pulled hard. Then they came to sit again. And now the first Councillor put his hat beneath the bench; and the second did likewise, and so did they all. And they all in comfort sat down—by which they knew that they had sufficiently stretched the bench.

Being thus seated, the first Councillor crossed his right leg over his left leg; and so did the second Councillor, and so did they all. But when came the time in the mass when all must rise, not one of the Councillors could tell certainly which two of the twenty-four

legs were his; for all were clad in tight black trousers and all were crossed. And each man looked at the many legs among which were his own, and sorrowfully wondered if he ever should know his own legs among so many and so be able to arise and walk. And while they thus pondered it fell out that the first Councillor was bitten by a flea fiercely in his rearward parts. And the first Councillor slapped at the flea, and that he might slap the better uncrossed his legs. Then the second Councillor knew which were his legs; and so did the third, and so did they all. And so they all uncrossed their legs, and with great thankfulness arose.

Once it happened that the people of Lagos were dissatisfied with the position of the parish church. Therefore a meeting of the Town Council was held, and it was decided that the church should be moved. And that it might be moved easily the Town Council ordered that upon the next feast day, when all of the men of the town should be gathered together at the church to hear the mass, all should unite in pushing it to the spot where they were agreed that it should be. So when the next feast-day came and the men were gathered together, all were ranged along the side of the church and the order to push was given. But as they began to push the oldest and wisest Councillor suddenly cried, Stop! And when they had stopped he explained that, unless some mark was set at the place where they wanted the church to be, they certainly would get it in the wrong place, and so have all their work to do again. And all perceived the wisdom of this advice. So the men took off their *zarapes* and made a pile of them at the spot where the church was to be; and then everyone returned to the other side of the church, and all pushed hard. And while they pushed, certain thieves laid hands upon the *zarapes* and stole them all away. And after they had pushed for awhile they went upon the other side of the church to see if yet it was moved to where they wanted it to be. And when they discovered that the mark which they had set was gone, they began to lament: crying that they had pushed the church so far that it had covered their *zarapes* and they never would see them again. And they never did!

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

By William McKendree Bangs.

THE room was richly furnished. Its occupant was plainly a man of wealth and taste; but in his handsome bed he lay dying. Near him stood a tall and athletic young man, who was the more thoughtful-looking of the two, even now.

"Dick," said the dying man, "we have been good friends always?"

"Yes, father, I think so—unusually good friends."

"Well, Dick, they tell me I must abandon you."

"You take it calmly, sir."

"Yes, and yet I have enjoyed life. Perhaps that is the reason I can take it calmly. The world is not in my debt, and the commercial instinct will assert itself."

"Will you not fatigue yourself? Ought I to permit you to talk so much?"

"It can make little difference now. I want to talk. It pleases me. You have not enjoyed life, Dick?"

"I have tried."

"And failed? You are young; the future will be better."

"I hope so," Richard replied, dutifully, but his manner expressed rather determination than hope.

"Dick, I have only one regret: I wish I could watch your development. You puzzle me; you interest me."

"More than that, I hope, sir."

"Certainly; but I need not say I love you. That between us—— Pshaw! See here, my boy, you won't have a relative. And you haven't a friend."

This was too true. The dissatisfaction he felt with himself and the world extended to his acquaintances. It had not seemed worth his while to make any man his friend, or to love any woman.

"You must be interested, or it will all prove a failure. You have a strong will; you have wit enough to know the good."

"Father, you must not blame me; it has not been my fault. I have tried."

"You might try love. Go to the war. Be patriotic. But why should I suggest these things? There is happiness and there is a road to it. I hope that you may not wait too long to find it."

Within a few days Mr. Graham died. Richard had been very fond of his indulgent father; but he had so long looked upon his death as something sure and soon to come, that the idea of it had become familiar to him, and at first it could hardly be said that he mourned at all. Besides, death seemed to him almost a blessing rather than an unmixed evil.

The civil war had begun, and New York was full of soldiers. With these Richard Graham mixed, determined, if he could, to share their enthusiasm. His failure annoyed him, angered him. It seemed to him that he was forced to fight for something which should have been his by right.

But there came a day when a favorite regiment, on its way to the front in response to a hasty call of the President, marched down Broadway through crowds that almost blocked its passage. The enthusiasm was great; it was infectious. Women fluttered their handkerchiefs and cried; men shouted and waved their hats in farewell. To his surprise Graham was strangely moved.

"This is worth while," he said to himself; "I will go. Right, maybe, should be striven for."

He sought a recruiting office, determined to be off at once; but the way being long he stopped to think.

"I must have no regret about this," he said, "I will go to the front and see."

Graham found little difficulty in procuring a pass which secured for him admission within the lines of the army encamped a little beyond the Potomac. He spent several days wandering among the tents, finding unusual interest in the men at their work and in the drilling which was going on incessantly.

It all seemed so novel to him that he was not surprised, as he might well have been, when one morning he was slapped familiarly on the back and greeted with:

"Hullo, Dick! What are you doing with those clothes on?"

Graham looked good-naturedly at the big handsome soldier who had spoken to him.

"Clothes must be worn and, surely, these are better than none, even if they are not blue," he said.

"What have you done with your uniform?"

"Uniform?" said Graham, in astonishment, "What uniform?"

It occurred to the soldier that he needed help and counsel in the dilemma which had been forced upon him, and he asked Graham, quietly, "Which way are you going?"

"Oh, any way. I'm looking about only."

The man's perplexity, which was now apparently greater than ever, amused Graham.

"Well, come with me," he said, after a little, and he led Graham toward a small cluster of tents. As they neared these the soldier with Graham, who had been looking closely at him, called out to a man who was sitting before one of the tents cleaning a musket, "Dick, look at this!"

The man thus spoken to stopped his work and looked as he was bidden. For a minute he hesitated, then he exclaimed, "Well, Ralph—well, I'll be ——."

Their words and actions puzzled Graham, but shortly he realized that the man by the tent bore a striking resemblance to himself.

"Dick," said Ralph Messenger, the soldier who had first spoken to Graham, "I had to bring him here. I thought you had lost your wits with your uniform."

"That's not altogether complimentary to me," said Graham.

The man by the tent laughed. "But," he said, "I hope you won't mind our rudeness. Let me introduce us. This is my friend, Mr. Messenger, a private only; and my name is Martin. Are we related, I wonder?"

"I don't know ; my name is Graham. We look enough alike."

"Alike!" broke in Messenger. "I have known Dick Martin always, and I can hardly tell you apart. Where do you come from?"

"New York ; and you?"

"Connecticut," said Martin. "Ralph and I belong to the same regiment."

"Do you like it?" asked Graham of Messenger.

"Very much, and all the time."

"But I don't believe we shall all like it so much after our first battle," said Martin.

At this moment three ambulances newly arrived in camp were stopped before them. Within them, as they could see, were stretchers and bandages, and appliances of various sorts designed to relieve expected disaster. Martin was visibly affected.

"Have you enlisted?" he asked Graham as he recovered himself.

"No."

"Don't you mean to?"

"I came here almost determined to."

"Why," asked Martin, "why didn't you do so at home, and with your friends?"

"I wanted to see what it was like, and friends——"

"Join us," interrupted Messenger, "our company is short, I know."

This suggestion came upon Graham suddenly, and he was about to decline ; but he reflected that he really had decided to enter the army, and, besides, he liked Messenger's looks. Martin interested him. He thought he would like to know more of the man who resembled him so strangely. He assented, and Messenger took him to the proper officers and the formalities were soon complied with or dispensed with.

"Don't write anything of this resemblance," Martin asked of Messenger. "The first furlough we can get," he added to Graham, "I will take you home with me if you will go, and perhaps we shall find it a good joke."

Neither Martin nor Messenger told any of their many acquaintances in the regiment of the wonderful likeness of the two men, and Martin took pains that they should not appear together. Both the old friends enjoyed the evident wonder and dissatisfaction with which their comrades regarded what they sometimes deemed Martin's distant and strange demeanor. Before the joke was discovered preparations for an advance were begun, and then the men were too busy to notice or to care for any resemblances.

At the close of a long summer day the weary men camped for the night on the edge of the field whereon on the next day many of them were to find death. Already a slight cannonading in the distance, and an occasional nearer rifle-shot told them of the neighborhood of the enemy. Early on the next day the fight began. Graham subsequently remembered little after the short march in the early morning. He did remember that he had a great lump in his throat, and that Death, whose coming he had thought he should welcome at any time, now seemed to him a very near and not at all desirable neighbor. Soon he felt that he had become a mere machine, with no time, no capacity for thought, and that his only duty was to load and fire his rifle as often as possible. He heard Messenger's merry laugh and his humorous outbursts early in the day, and later, with equal indifference, saw him fall dead by his side. He was indifferent, too, to the repeated "Who next?" of Martin, who seemed to foresee disaster.

Graham and Martin fought side by side through all the day, and when retreat was ordered, they were together as they sought safety in flight. The retreat soon became a rout. Men on horseback and on foot were entangled with army wagons, and with guns abandoned in the roads. Many of those who should have aided the horses to drag the guns to safety, cut them loose from their burdens, and mounting, galloped away, adding to the disorder and danger. Many climbed a fence which lined the road on one side, and crossed the fields and the little stream which flowed on quietly between them and safety ; but the main body of the army remained in the road, pressing forward to the one bridge crossing the stream.

"Let us get out of this," said Martin, and he and Graham, jumping over the fence, ran across the field toward a little knoll out of the line of retreat and out of the line of the enemy's fire. Mid-

way in the field there was a little clump of small trees. As they reached this Martin threw himself down on the ground at the edge of the little wood.

"These bushes will be a little shelter —I must stop to breathe."

"Can't you keep on till we make that hill yonder? We shall be safer there."

"I am almost breathless; but do you go on."

"I shall stay, of course," responded Graham, and he threw himself down upon the grass, glad too of any respite, however short.

"Graham," said Martin after a little, "you were very near to Ralph when he was shot?"

"He was at my side. I was between you."

"And he left no message?"

"There was no time."

"Poor Ralph! I wonder—!" He stopped as if unwilling to express his thought.

"Were you such old friends?"

"Yes," said Martin, and then for a while he was very quiet and silent. "We were always friends," he resumed. "His sister is at my mother's house now. We are to be married."

"I envy you."

"Envy me? Have you met her?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Certainly not. It is the condition I envy," and Graham smiled a little.

"It was absurd to ask," Martin responded, smiling too, but a little ashamed of his doubt and quick suspicion. "But you are so mysterious—and I am not worthy of her," he added with apparent irrelevance.

"Why am I mysterious?" asked Graham.

"Not you, maybe; but all—our resemblance, our meeting, our friendship."

"We are already friends?" Graham said questioningly. They shook hands; but to Graham the situation was hardly welcome. He was not sure that friendship could be so quickly formed; it was not easy to accept the faith that he could share friendship at all.

"This is theatrical," he said, almost fretfully. "Why are we so serious?"

"I do not know. That is strange, too. It is not like me. Poor Ralph!"

In a few minutes Martin continued: "That may happen to one of us. If,—if it should to me won't you break it gently to them? Let me show you her picture, and my mother's."

This unrestrained confidence was irritating to Graham. He already liked Martin. He wanted, however, his judgment to approve his liking; he wanted to respect him.

"Look at these," Martin continued, and he took from his pocket a case containing the two pictures and a few letters he had saved from among the many he had received.

"The young woman is handsome; but your mother looks sad," said Graham, more interested than he wanted to seem to be.

"Yes, this was taken just before the regiment came away. She said nothing to hinder me. She had seen so little of me, too."

"So little?" repeated Graham.

"Yes. You know our college vacations were few, and then Ralph and I were abroad;—'being planed,' he called it. We were soon to go into business together. Then this came so soon. Poor mother! It must have been very hard upon her!"

Graham muttered to himself, "Why have I not home and happiness to look forward to?" He looked wistfully across the intervening field, but was brought quickly back to the present. On the road the men in retreat had dwindled in number to an insignificant lot of stragglers; but a small battery on an adjoining height occasionally fired a few shells down the road toward the enemy, and so this remnant was saved from annihilation. But now the battery was about to move on as the main body of the pursuers came closer.

"Hurry," said Graham. "We must get on at once."

"But promise me."

"All right," said Graham, quickly.

"Take these, this case. You will find the address there."

"I shall not need it," Graham said, declining impatiently with a gesture; "we must make that hill. That is the thing for us to think of."

The run across the field was hard, slow work to the weary men; but they reached the wooded base of the little

hill in safety, and with difficulty began the climb to the top. The summit, too, was wooded, but before that could be reached there was a space to be crossed, perhaps a hundred feet in width, and almost bare even of grass. Graham felt that there might be danger for them there. The sun had gone down now, however, and he hoped that the uncertain light would lessen the danger if any there might be. They crossed the space carefully and were almost among the trees when they were seen by a few men within easy gunshot of them. There was always a doubt in Graham's mind whether they were shot by friends or enemies, but he saw Martin pitch heavily forward on his face, and was himself conscious of a sharp pain in his side as he too fell headlong.

When Graham recovered consciousness the moon had risen. A strong breeze had sprung up, grateful and cooling to the wounded man, but the waving tree-tops made strange fantastic shadows in the moonlight.

"Why, why do you laugh at me?" he asked as some shadow played over Martin's mouth. Then startled he put his hand carefully on Martin's breast, but could detect no movement. He remembered his promise; he wondered if he could fulfil it. "At least," he said to himself, "at least, I can try to keep it." It was not easy to keep even part of it. Never had buttonholes seemed to hold so well; but, at last, he succeeded in opening the dead man's blouse and the case Martin had shown him was carefully put away in his own inner pocket.

"Now," he thought languidly, "you ought to smile."

Then he lay still as if dead too.

Richard Graham opened his eyes upon a world altogether new to him it seemed—new and very pleasant. There was a sense of home and comfort he had grown unused to. The bed-clothes were white and clean, there were many little adornments about, suggestive of feminine care and love, and through the window the sunlight was streaming. Without, Richard could hear the cool rustling of neighboring trees and the birds singing merrily. The strange, sweet perfume of a day in early summer reached him, and the faint odor of growing flowers.

He knew that he was in the country; but almost before he could ask himself where or why, a little old man came into the room quietly. He was so small and he looked so odd, dressed all in black with disordered white hair, and large spectacles thrust back upon his forehead, that Richard would not have been surprised to see him jump nimbly on the foot-board of the bed, or cut some curious caper. But, alas! the time for fairies had passed for Richard!

"Ah, you are better," he said. "You must not talk. Ah, Richard—no more 'Dick,' you have been to the wars!—Richard, to think that you didn't know me till now—not know Dr. Culver. That is too good!" And he laughed heartily. "But, my boy, you do know me?" He looked anxiously at Richard. Then he continued, "Never mind, you will. You must not say a word. Let me talk. You remember just a little of the journey? Yes, of course, a little only. Now you must not ask questions. In a few days——"

The little doctor, for all his odd ways, was a kind and skilful physician, and his talk was continued, so without intermission, to keep from his patient any chance to ask questions. As a matter of fact Richard had no desire to ask anything. He was conscious only of a sense of comfort. To lie there was enough, and if the world would come to him it could take its time and way.

The next day the doctor called again. He looked at Richard carefully.

"You do me credit," he said. "It was not easy to save you. You think it wasn't worth while? That will be all right in a few days and we shall see. Now, don't say a word—not yet. I'm right. Keep a patient quiet, and you save him. They wanted to come up, of course. 'No,' I said. 'Get a professional nurse—no emotion, no worry.' They must wait till the cure is complete. Then I shall take you down to them myself. Everybody will be happy."

Richard wondered a little who "they" could be, and why he was being carefully tended; but now his characteristic

indifference was reinforced by his weakness and his comfort.

Richard improved rapidly; but the doctor insisted that he must speak as little as possible.

"Success must not be jeopardized at the last minute. I must be the judge. I shall say when it will be safe."

Richard smiled and acquiesced.

Presently the day arrived when the doctor was willing that Richard should try his restored strength.

"Let me go down first. Then the nurse shall bring you to the porch. And then——!"

As Richard reached the lower hall, leaning on his nurse's arm, he heard the little doctor's voice:

"Ah, madam, it is fortunate your letters were good enough to be saved. Otherwise—I dare not think. Here he is, though a good deal changed, Mrs. Martin."

"Letters?"—"Mrs. Martin?"—Richard had scarcely time to repeat these words to himself when he was led out upon the porch. Seated in a large and easy chair was an old lady whose features were familiar to him. Standing by her side was a tall, light-haired, handsome girl who came to meet him.

"Oh, Richard—" she said, and then as some recollection overpowered her, she burst into tears. "Poor Ralph!—Forgive me!" she added, and hurried into the house.

The old lady stood up to meet Richard. She kissed him warmly.

"My son," she said, "it would have killed me had you died."

Richard was overwhelmed. He knew now why he had been so received and so cared for.

"But—" he began; but the face before him frightened him. Mrs. Martin herself came to his help.

"You are still very weak, I am afraid," she said.

"Yes," he assented.

"The nurse must take you to your room," the doctor said; "a little more quiet, madam, and you will see the triumph of my theory."

Meanwhile Richard was perplexed and puzzled. How to tell the truth now he did not know.

"Why did I care so little?" he asked himself. "My indifference will be my ruin. It has been. And this tall girl is Messenger's sister, and Martin's——"

She now rejoined them.

"Richard," she said, "you must forgive me. I meant to be so cheerful. I will be."

She leaned over him to kiss him.

"My God! No," he said, and rising, fell back almost fainting.

For a few days Richard was kept in bed by the doctor's orders. He was not very ill; indeed he hardly seemed to be ill at all, but he was certainly very weak. He was indeed very glad to have any explanation deferred. At first he thought an explanation inevitable. It did not occur to him that any other course was possible; indeed no thought of any other course came to him at all. But that old, kind, worn face would rise before him and he asked himself constantly, "How can I tell her?" He could find no answer.

Fortunately for his present peace of mind they were very kind to him; kind, that is, not only in an ordinary way, and attentive; but on the few occasions when the doctor permitted either of them to see him, very little was said of the past, and no reference was made to his relationship. To Mrs. Martin and to Helen there seemed no occasion for such reference. Richard was conscious of the omission. He feared that they suspected him, and the fear displeased him. However, he was grateful that Mrs. Martin did not call him "son."

Richard rapidly improved. The careful nursing and the considerate forelooking for his needs helped him; and the doctor's insistance upon quiet hastened his recovery. He was soon upon his feet; he was surprised to find himself almost cheerful. "Comfort is your great procrastinator," he thought. After a few days, but before he was permitted to leave his room, to his often repeated question, "How am I to tell her?" he added, "I cannot deceive them." When these words first formed themselves in his mind he was startled. It seemed to him that only doubtful truths could need assertion.

"Presently," he said aloud to himself, "presently I shall have to assure myself I am honest."

He determined that he would tell them at once, in any way; but he recalled Mrs. Martin's words when she first saw him, and he was disturbed. In spite of himself his question returned to crush him.

Although Richard had grown very much stronger Dr. Culver was not satisfied with his condition. The doctor could not understand his apparent indifference and absent-mindedness. That he might be certain that Richard would secure the quiet he needed (perhaps he was not unwilling to have the aid of other influences) he told Mrs. Martin that as soon as could be Richard must be taken away. He chose the place upon the sea-shore, and he made the necessary arrangements for the removal of Richard and Mrs. Martin and Helen. He was almost good enough to arrange for his own going, but he felt sure that Richard would need no further attention.

Richard, when told of the doctor's plans, did not question their wisdom. He made no objection to any disposal that might be made of him. He thought only of his duty to Mrs. Martin, of what he must tell her. Minor matters, it seemed to him, would arrange themselves. Richard did not come downstairs again until the morning of the day upon which they were to go away.

"Good-morning," said Mrs. Martin to him; "you are quite strong enough for our journey?"

"Quite, I think," he answered; "indeed, the doctor is over-careful."

"But even yet he insists that you must not see anyone."

"What a believer in quiet he is!"

"He is very good. After a few days at the sea-shore you will be more yourself, I hope, Richard."

He felt that now he must tell her; that to delay longer would be to make the final disillusion cruel. He sat down and took her hand in his. He hesitated as he sought an opening. His little delay was fatal.

"You must forgive me," she said, gently stroking his hand; "I think so often that you might have died. I cannot help it. I could not have stood so great a loss—my only boy. We old people are very tender."

He was in despair. She tried to smile; but Richard saw that her eyes were dim with tears, and he felt that his chance had gone or had not yet come.

It may be that, had he tried, Richard would have found it easier to confess the truth while in this mood than in another, but at this moment Miss Messenger joined them.

Helen had never been able to understand Richard's refusal of her offered kiss when he first met her. The manifestation of feeling, too, with which he had declined had puzzled and a little offended her. Her pride was wounded, and she felt that some explanation was due her. She felt, too, that in the old days she would have asked for the explanation if there had been much delay in proffering it. Now she felt that there was some reserve in her feeling and attitude. She could not meet him with the same frankness and entire candor as before. This much she felt. Whether she loved him as much as ever she did not know, and, indeed, she had not asked herself. Introspection had not been one of her faults; she was not used to it, nor skilful in its practice.

"I think, Richard," said Mrs. Martin, "it will be well to ask some of your old friends to come to see you."

"Pray, do not," said Richard, earnestly.

The slight formality in Richard's manner amused Helen. She laughed a little, but she was not altogether sure that she quite liked the absence of the bluff heartiness which had always characterized Richard Martin as she thought; and yet this did not seem affectation.

"Pray, why not?" she asked, and her tone and manner displayed a little mockery. Richard looked appealingly at her.

"Yes, why not?" echoed Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, mother, I am hardly at home yet," said Richard.

The "mother" he had spoken almost unconsciously. He had fallen a great distance, it seemed to him.

"But, my dear son, this is your home," persisted Mrs. Martin, "I do not understand."

"Well, Mrs. Martin," Helen protested, "if it is his home, we should let him do as he pleases."

"Of course we should and he shall; but you will let me say that I don't understand."

"I have come so far," said Richard.

"So far?" asked Mrs. Martin, now astonished.

"Graves are all about us; but one's own is a long way off," Richard said.

"Richard has grown thoughtful; he reflects. What shall we do with him?" Helen asked.

"I shall have to wait until after our return, of course," Mrs. Martin said. "Then I shall try again."

Their journey to the sea was made safely and without trouble. Richard had made up his mind that the chance he wanted would not come to him on the journey and he tried to enjoy himself for that little space of time as best he might.

After their arrival Richard sought carefully the opportunity he wanted, but it did not come. In the meantime he grew steadily stronger and he was not often reminded that he had been so badly wounded.

In his way Richard had always been fond of the sea; but now he found unexpected and almost endless pleasure as he sat with Miss Messenger, watching the play of wind and sun upon the restless waters of the bay. Sometimes they sailed across to the great sand-bank beyond which stretched the ocean. Then Helen found it difficult to awaken him from the day-dreams into which he fell. She might justly have complained of his inattention, but she did not. It surprised her, but it pleased her too to see him thoughtful.

When left alone, he wondered what the means of the household were. Nothing had happened to indicate to him whether they were rich or poor; but it was plain that if they were poor the poverty could not be very great or very pressing. Miss Messenger's relations to the household puzzled him a little too. He knew that she was an old friend, and was supposed to be engaged to him.

"But that," he said to himself, "must not be"—"Yet," he almost dared to add.

One day when they were alone together, Mrs. Martin said to him, "Richard, you will soon be quite strong again."

"Very soon, I think," he answered.

"We must go home soon, and then—then—. You will forgive me if I ask too much? I fear so you will want to go away to begin the business you arranged with Ralph. Helen will make it as easy for you as he would have done. You ought to know this. But I hope you won't go. Let us be content with the little we have. I cannot live long—do not go. Let these few years be happy ones."

Richard was strangely moved. He formed a resolution suddenly. At any cost he would be done with uncertainty.

"One thing I ought to have told you," he said almost curtly, "I am rich."

Mrs. Martin was astonished; a protest seemed hovering on her lips.

"You look startled," Richard continued quickly.

"But how—why have you not told me before?"

"You must forgive me. Besides, I have not received the money yet."

"But I do not understand."

"Let me explain: A Mr. Graham I knew in the army was killed. He left me his money."

"Then," she said, a sudden joy in her voice, "then you will stay at home."

"I must go to New York to see about it," he said, as Mrs. Martin left him.

Richard sat in a brown study. He thought somewhat sadly: "I have killed my best friend. I am a new man now truly enough. I must bring Graham to life in New York, and then be done with him—I must take his life and money, too."

His mood changed. He spoke savagely to himself now: "I was a victim; now I am an actor in the swindle—the chief swindler."

Presently Helen came out to him. She spoke to him with a little constraint in her manner which had grown upon her recently.

"I must congratulate you, I am told."

"Thank you," he said, wearily. He had felt too much; his emotions had tired him. His manner did not encourage her. She was tempted to leave him; but she turned suddenly.

"Richard," she said, "there is some mystery. We cannot——"

"It is mysterious. I will explain

after I have arranged it all. Does my sudden wealth frighten you?"

"No, no, no. But—you must not make it hard for me. It is not easy for me to seek an explanation. Won't you help me? You owe me some consideration."

"I will try to help you. Tell me how."

"You are so changed—you are so different."

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly as she paused.

"That is it," she said, "you are so changed."

Richard waited for her to continue, but she did not.

"And does Mrs. Martin find me changed?" he asked after a while.

"Your mother loves you more than ever."

"But changed?"

"I do not know. Maybe so; but if changed, improved. She asks no questions. She speaks of your goodness and your patience—and those were not your chiefest virtues."

"Then I had greater. What was my greatest?"

"Your frankness, I think."

"And of that you find no trace?"

Richard knew that the girl would seek an understanding, and that irritated him a little; but he admired her, and though now determined to avoid the truth, he would spare her all he could. He had decided upon his course hastily. Had he considered more he might have decided differently. Only now he thought of the long-to-be-continued deceit before him.

"Is it wise to seek an explanation?" he asked after a while.

"I do not know. I must."

"But truth is sometimes cruel."

"Yes; but yet it must be known, and better so, I think," she said.

"What truth had better be known now? You find me changed? I am changed. Is the truth all told then?"

"Richard, you must not laugh at me. This is not fair. Why are you so different?"

"Can I tell you? Time always will work wonders. Why, are you not changed?"

"But, Richard——" she said.

"Wait," he interrupted; but she continued, unheeding him, "Richard, you know that I am strong. You have seen me cry once. You know that I can bear anything. If you have anything to tell, tell me."

"Good! but what? You must now help me," he answered.

Helen could frame no question. Why there should be a contest between them she did not know; but she felt that there was one. She felt too that it was an unequal one.

"Richard," said Helen as they rose, "Richard, there is one thing more——" She hesitated a little, but went on quickly. "Why did you decline to kiss me?"

"Why? Surely you need not ask. I ought not to take advantage of a promise made to a different man."

"It is so dark. I cannot see, but that is not sincere. Are you making fun of me?"

"No," Richard protested earnestly, "I could not do that."

"It is too serious a matter for both of us."

"Yes," he assented. "Listen! I will not hold you to any promise. I will not have your love because you promised a boy to love him always. I know myself better. Your love I shall win for myself."

His earnestness was unexpected. It frightened her a little; but she persisted:

"Have you ceased to love me?"

Richard was strongly tempted.

"I—I— You forget," he said, "that avowal should come late in love-making. But we ought to go in. Shall we?"

"Yes," she said simply. She knew that her attempt to arrive at an understanding had been a failure. This knowledge, forced upon her, that he would no longer surrender his will to hers, humiliated as well as irritated her a little. She tried hard to think that this Richard was inferior to the one she had known from childhood, but she could not. Her anger was not serious enough to blind utterly her judgment. It is probable that, had she married her youthful lover, and if no storms had come to test him, she would have continued to believe that he was what he seemed to her to be; it is possible that

she would have continued to believe her love for him the greatest she could feel.

Richard delayed his departure for several days. He spent his time outdoors tramping over all the country within easy reach, when not sailing or by the sea. Helen was almost always with him. The change in their relations was so great that she could not help being conscious of it; but the knowledge of it no longer humiliated her as it had at first. She remembered that, in the past, she had always selected their walks as a matter of course. Now, although if she expressed a preference it was followed, she felt that his will ruled them in small matters, as she knew it would in those of greater consequence. She could not forget that he had almost promised to win her; but this promise caused her little embarrassment, and would not have caused her any had she been sure that he would want to keep it. Willing to be wooed, she was certain enough that she could not be won against her will.

The days they spent together were very pleasant to both. Their talk ran on books frequently, sometimes on pictures. On all sorts of topics Richard talked well. His views on literature and literary men were quaintly and forcibly expressed. His evident intimate knowledge of books astonished Helen.

"Why have you hidden such a light?" she asked. "I never knew that you were so studious. I did not know that you read books at all; and pictures—! You must have made good use of the time you were abroad."

Richard had forgotten himself and he had talked simply and well of matters which interested him. To be so reminded exasperated him, but apparently it chilled him. Helen observed any change in him quickly, and now she asked him frankly how she had offended him.

"Not at all," he answered. "But—can a self-conscious man talk well? Probably not. If you can make me think I am brilliant, I must cease to be."

Richard disliked his own insincerity, and he saw that it had renewed her wonder. He knew that sooner or later she would become suspicious, perhaps notwithstanding her wish not to. He felt that some hint would surely give her suspicions direction and character. Then——But Richard would not think of "then." He had burned his ships; he blindly hoped that when it should be necessary he could launch another.

"I wonder," he said to her once, "what it is that women love in men. But, after all, I think I know."

She was in arms at once, but as she looked at him she was convinced that there was no covert wooing here.

"Do you?" she said; "I must confess I do not."

"Think—what quality in a man would make you love him?"

"It is not fair to make it personal. But I think that when I love I shall not know his qualities."

"Can you love blindly? I thought you stronger. And yet so the strongest must love."

To this Helen did not reply. She was now a little afraid that she had been mistaken, and that the reasons which led him to the discussion were not all on the surface.

"I fancy that a man wins a woman because he will," he continued as he looked closely at her.

"Yet," she said, not quite willing to forego all protest, "all married men have not strong wills."

"Of course, circumstance is a god; and women have even fallen in love. Could you?"

"I do not know; I think not," she answered as she laughed a little.

A few days later they left the seashore, Mrs. Martin and Helen to go home, Richard to go to New York.

"So you are going fortune-hunting," Helen said to him. "You ought to take us with you; won't you need identification?"

"Don't let us anticipate difficulties. If they come we shall see what can be done."

"I hope you will find your fortune worth the hunting."

Had she known its value she would have been overwhelmed.

Arrived at home Mrs. Martin missed him sadly. Her loss seemed greater to her than when her son had gone to the war.

Helen missed him too, missed him much more than she wanted to. She found it difficult to read or to sew; and even the little duties she had assumed in the household were now distasteful to her. Mrs. Martin smiled as she looked at her. She was pleased, but she said nothing.

A great restlessness seemed to possess Helen. She took frequent long and lonely walks. "There is no use, I cannot run away from it"—she at last said to herself, blushing so that she hid her face in her hands. Then she added, "I will not yield to this, and—and besides he may not ask me to yield."

As the time for Richard's return came near, Helen was strongly tempted to go away. To stay seemed an abandonment in some measure of the reserve she thought proper in young women; but to go seemed almost like a flight, and Helen would not yield to her fears when she could help it. However, a new phase was given the problem. The day before Richard's expected return was a very rainy one, and Helen read the New York paper more thoroughly than usual. This paragraph met her eye:

A RESURRECTION.

A Soldier reported dead, alive.

Mr. Richard Graham, whose name was in the list of the killed in one of the early battles of the war, yesterday called upon Messrs. Tarbox & Co., the well-known bankers, in reference to securities and money of his in their possession. He had no difficulty in establishing his identity; and, indeed, no proof was needed, as both the Messrs. Tarbox knew Mr. Graham well, as they had his father before him. Notwithstanding the many questions which were asked him, Mr. Graham was very reticent, and was plainly unwilling to talk about himself. Enough was drawn from him, however, to make it appear that the error in the report was partly due to the striking resemblance born by Mr. Graham to a fellow-private in the Connecticut regiment in which he enlisted. The other man was killed, and Graham himself badly wounded. The elder Mr. Tarbox, who was seen subsequently, could not explain why the young man had joined a Connecticut regiment. It seems to be the consensus of opinion in the office that strange and original actions were rather to be expected of Mr. Graham.

It was as plain to her as though he had confessed everything. Before she had had time to recover from her first astonishment, Mrs. Martin entered, and Helen hurried to meet her with the news; but she paused, crushed the paper behind her, and quickly left the room. Mrs. Martin thought she knew the motive for all of Helen's present actions, and was not greatly surprised at the sudden movement. Helen, alone in her own room, found the question "How am I to tell her?" as difficult of solution as Richard had so long before.

"He must tell her," she said to herself, and over and over again, "I cannot, I cannot."

On the next day Richard returned. Mrs. Martin's joy was unmistakable, and her manifestation of it unrestrained. Helen did not greet him as he had hoped she might.

"Is everything all right?" asked Mrs. Martin, adding, "You may tell us the details to-night, if you will."

"Very well," he said, "and until then—?"

"You may take a long walk with Helen, if she will go. But—I had almost forgotten—Dr. Culver's son has come home bringing a new horse with him—very fast the doctor tells me. That will be pleasant for you."

"Why for me?"

"He will want to take you so far and so often."

"In the meantime then I must walk all I can."

"But he may come this afternoon," Mrs. Martin said, adding, as she saw disappointment, as she thought, in both their faces, "but do not wait. If he does come I will be the martyr."

"Will it be martyrdom?" Richard asked.

"No," she said, "I am afraid I shall enjoy it, and we won't consider him."

Richard smiled and turning to Helen asked, "Will a walk be pleasant this warm afternoon?"

"Yes," Helen said, "and I would like, I think, to climb the hill by the road."

For several minutes they walked rapidly and in silence. Suddenly Helen stopped and turned to him.

"You must tell her," she said abruptly.

Richard was not startled. He had foreseen discovery; and he had long be-

lieved that happiness would again escape him. He did not pretend to misunderstand her.

"Why?" he asked, quietly.

"'Why?'" she echoed. "Can you ask? Do you not see that you must?"

"I want to know what you see."

"You must tell her," she repeated vehemently, "you must. You have stolen a place. You have taken a love which does not belong to you."

"And have I earned a hate which should not belong to me? 'Stolen'? I am guilty, if you like. What shall I do?"

His manner was so quiet that she was calmed in spite of herself. In spite of herself she was no longer indignant.

They had reached the summit of the hill. At its foot the road ran smooth and yellow in the direction they had come; to the left it turned suddenly, and running along the side of the hill made there a quick descent.

"You must tell her," Helen persisted. That he must and that he would, she had no doubt.

Richard wondered whether he could ever gain her respect. That would be something, and that might be possible. Of her love he hardly dared to think; but, spurred by sudden hope, he said,

"And then?"

"You must tell her," she said simply. She would not add that any reward might come.

Helen had seated herself and was idly plucking the wayside autumn flowers, sometimes glancing at his face. He was standing by her side. Suddenly he started; but he was not frightened. He looked pleased; at least he smiled. Without warning he took Helen in his arms and kissed her twice. Then he ran recklessly down the steep slope, and Helen saw on the level road below a horse running wildly. In the wagon behind him sat a woman alone, holding tightly with outstretched hands to the seat. It was Mrs. Martin, Helen knew. Richard reached the road in time; he even had time as he cleared the fence to wave his hand to Helen. It seemed to her a farewell. As he tried to catch the bridle of the passing horse she thought that he must miss it; but the horse soon stopped, Richard holding firmly to him. Helen hurried to them; but Mrs. Martin had already reached the ground. The horse had been stopped where the road made its sharp turn around the hill. The wagon, swung out of the road, was half overturned. Down the further hillside was a roughly piled heap of stones.

"See," said Richard, "another foot and it would have been too late."

His voice was so low that it was not easy for Helen to hear. She went closer to him.

"I have saved her life?" he said, questioningly. "You must tell me," he went on eagerly as she hesitated.

"Yes," she said.

"There is no doubt?" he insisted.

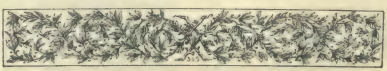
"None."

"Then," he said faintly, "the place is mine by right."

Reeling, he fell heavily in the road and Helen, kneeling by his side, saw with horror a small red spot beneath his coat grow larger and larger.

"My dear child," said Dr. Culver, "it is sometimes so. We cannot help it. Quiet has brought your man around. He seems altogether well. Some overexertion, some sudden emotion—and the old wound breaks out. 'Can we hope?' Certainly, although he is very weak. The mind has so much to do with recovery in some cases, and he will insist upon making his will! Pshaw! If we can make him forget that, and hope, everything will be in our favor; indeed, there is no doubt about it at all, not a bit. And he has everything to hope for, has he not?"

"I will try to make him think so," Helen said.



AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

By Henry James.

IT took place, accidentally, after dinner at an hotel in London, and I can pretend to transcribe it only as the story was told me by one of the interlocutors, who was not a professional reporter. The general sense of it—but general sense was possibly just what it lacked. At any rate, by what I gather, it was a friendly, lively exchange of ideas (on a subject or two in which, at this moment, we all appear to be infinitely interested) among several persons who evidently considered that they were not destitute of matter. The reader will judge if they were justified in this impression. The occasion was perhaps less remarkable than my informant deemed it; still, the reunion of half a dozen people with ideas at a lodging-house in Sackville Street, on a foggy November night, cannot be accounted a perfectly trivial fact. The apartment was the brilliant Belinda's, and the day before she had asked Camilla and Oswald to dine with her. After this she had invited Clifford and Darcy to meet them. Lastly, that afternoon, encountering Belwood in a shop in Piccadilly, she had begged him to join the party. The "ideas" were not produced in striking abundance, as I surmise, till the company had passed back into the little sitting-room and cigarettes, after the coffee, had been permitted by the ladies, and in the case of one of them (the reader must guess which), perhaps even more actively countenanced. The train was fired by a casual question from the artless Camilla; she asked Darcy if he could recommend her a nice book to read on the journey to Paris. Then, immediately, the colloquy took a turn which, little dramatic though it may appear, I can best present in the scenic form.

Darcy. My dear lady, what do you mean by a nice book? That's so vague.

Belinda. You could tell her definitely enough, if she asked for a n—— for one that's not nice.

Darcy. How do you mean—I could tell her?

Belinda. There are so many; and in this cosmopolitan age they are in every one's hands.

Camilla. Really, Belinda, they are not in mine.

Oswald. My wife, though she lives in Paris, doesn't read French books; she reads nothing but Tauchnitz.

Belinda. She has to be like that, to make up for you—with your French pictures.

Camilla. He doesn't paint the kind you mean; he paints only landscapes.

Belinda. That's the kind I mean.

Oswald. You may call me French if you like, but don't call me cosmopolitan. I'm sick of that word.

Belwood. You may call *me* so—I like it.

Belinda. Oh, you, of course—you're an analyst.

Clifford. Bless me, how you're abusing us!

Belinda. Ah, not you—you certainly are not one.

Darcy (*to Clifford*). You don't get off the better. But it's as you take it.

Clifford. Analysis be hanged!

Darcy. Yes, that's one way. Only you make me ashamed of my question to Camilla: it's so refined.

Camilla. What then do you call a book when you like it? I mean a nice, pretty, pleasant, interesting book; rather long, so it isn't over quickly.

Oswald. It never is with you, my dear. You read a page a day.

Belwood. I should like to write something for Camilla.

Belinda. To make her read faster?

Camilla. I shouldn't understand it.

Belinda. Precisely—you'd skip. But Darcy never likes anything—he's a critic.

Darcy. Only of books—not of people, as you are.

Belinda. Oh, I like people.

Belwood. They give it back!

Belinda. I mean I like them even when I don't—it's all life.

Darcy (*smiling*). That's the way I dislike books.

Belwood. Ah, yes, life—life!

Clifford. Oh, bother life! Of course you mean a novel, Camilla.

Belinda. What else can a woman mean? The book, to-day, is the novel.

Oswald. And the woman is the public. I'm glad I don't write. It's bad enough to paint.

Belwood. I protest against that.

Belinda. Against what?

Belwood. Against everything. The woman being the public, to begin with.

Belinda. It's very ungrateful of you. Where would you be without them?

Darcy. Belwood is right, in this sense; that though they are very welcome as readers it is fatal to write for them.

Belwood. Who writes for them? One writes for one's self.

Belinda. They write for themselves.

Darcy. And for each other.

Oswald. I didn't know women did anything for each other.

Darcy. It shows how little you read; for if they are as you say, the great consumers to-day, they are still more the great producers. No one seems to notice it—but no one notices anything. Literature is simply undergoing a transformation—it's becoming feminine. That's a portentous fact.

Oswald. It's very dreadful.

Belinda. Take care—we shall paint yet.

Oswald. I've no doubt you will—it will be fine!

Belwood. It will contribute in its degree to the great evolution which as yet is only working vaguely and dumbly in the depths of things, but which is even now discernible by partial, imperfect signs, to the intelligent, and which will certainly become the huge "issue" of the future, belittling and swallowing up all our paltry present strife, our armaments and wars, our international hatreds, and even our international utopias, our political muddles and looming socialisms. It will make these things seem, in retrospect, a bed of roses.

Belinda. And pray what is it?

Belwood. The essential, latent antagonism of the sexes—the armed opposed array of men and women, founded on irreconcilable interests. Hitherto we have judged these interests reconcilable, and even practically identical. But all that is changing, because women are changing, and their necessary hostility to men—or that of men to them, I don't care how you put it—is rising, by an inexorable logic, to the surface. It is deeper—ah, far deeper, than our need of each other, deep as we have always held that to be; and some day it will break out on a scale that will make us all turn pale.

Belinda. The Armageddon of the future, *quoi!*

Camilla. I turn pale already!

Belinda. I don't—I blush for his folly.

Darcy. Excuse the timidity of my imagination; but it seems to me that we *must* be united.

Belwood. That's where it is, as they say. We shall be united by hate.

Belinda. The Kilkenny cats, *quoi!*

Oswald. Well, *we* shall have the best of it—we can thrash them.

Belwood. I am not so sure; for if it's a question of the power of the parties to hurt each other, that of the sex to which these ladies belong is immense.

Camilla. Why, Belwood, I wouldn't hurt you for the world!

Belinda. I would, but I don't want to wait a thousand years.

Belwood. I'm sorry, but you'll have

to. Meanwhile we shall be comfortable enough, with such women as Camilla.

Belinda. Thank you—for her.

Belwood. And as it won't be for a thousand years I may say that Darcy's account of the actual transformation of literature is based on rather a partial, local view. It isn't at all true of France.

Darcy. Oh, France! France is sometimes tiresome; she contradicts all one's generalizations.

Belinda. Dame, she contradicts her own!

Belwood. They're so clever, the French; they've arranged everything, in their system, so much more comfortably than we. They haven't to bother about women's work; that sort of thing doesn't exist for them, and they are not flooded with the old maids' novels which (a cynic or a purist would say) make English literature ridiculous.

Darcy. No, they have no Miss Austen.

Belinda. And what do you do with George Sand?

Belwood. Do you call her an old maid?

Belinda. She was a woman; we are speaking of that.

Belwood. Not a bit—she was only a motherly man.

Clifford. For heaven's sake, and with all respect to Belwood, don't let us be cosmopolitan. Our prejudices are our responsibilities, and I hate to see a fine, big, healthy one dying of neglect, when it might grow up to support a family.

Belwood. Ah, they don't support families now; it's as much as they can do to scrape along for themselves.

Clifford. If you weren't a pessimist I should nearly become one. Our literature is good enough for *us*, and I don't at all complain of the ladies. They write jolly good novels sometimes, and I don't see why they shouldn't.

Oswald. It's true they play lawn-tennis.

Belwood. So they do, and that's more difficult. I'm perfectly willing to be English.

Belinda. Or American.

Belwood. Take care—that's cosmopolitan.

Belinda. For you, yes, but not for me.

Belwood. Yes, see what a muddle—with Clifford's simplifications. That's another thing the French have been clever enough to keep out of: the great silly schism of language, of usage, of literature. They have none of those clumsy questions — American-English and English-American. French is French and that's the end of it.

Clifford. And English is English.

Belinda. And American's American.

Belwood. Perhaps; but that's not the end of it, it's the beginning. And the beginning of such a weariness!

Darcy. A weariness only if our frivolity makes it so. It is true our frivolity is capable of anything.

Clifford. Oh, I like our frivolity!

Darcy. So it would seem, if you fail to perceive that our insistence on international differences is stupid.

Clifford. I'm not bound to perceive anything so metaphysical. The American papers are awfully funny. Why shouldn't one say so? I don't insist—I never insisted on anything in my life.

Oswald. We are awfully different, say what you will.

Darcy. Rubbish—rubbish—rubbish!

Oswald. Go to Paris and you'll see.

Clifford. Oh, don't go to Paris again!

Darcy. What has Paris to do with it?

Belwood. We must be large—we must be rich.

Oswald. All the American painters are there. Go and see what they are doing, what they hold painting to be; and then come and look at the English idea.

Belinda. Do you call it an idea?

Darcy. You ought to be fined, and I think I shall propose the establishment of a system of fines, for the common benefit of the two peoples and the discouragement of aggravation.

Belinda. Dear friend, can't one breathe? Who does more for the two peoples than I, and for the practical solution of their little squabbles? Their squabbles are purely theoretic, and the solution is real, being simply that of personal intercourse. While we talk, and however we talk, association is cunningly, insidiously doing its indestructible work. It works while we're asleep—more than we can undo while we're awake. It is wiser than we—it has a deeper passion. And what could be a better proof of what I say than the

present occasion? All our intercourse is a perpetual conference, and this is one of its sittings. They're informal, casual, humorous, but none the less useful, because they are full of an irrepressible give-and-take. What other nations are continually meeting to talk over the reasons why they shouldn't meet? What others are so sociably separate and so inextricably alien? We talk each other to sleep; it's becoming insipid—that's the only drawback. Am I not always coming and going, so that I have lost all sense of where I "belong?" And aren't we, in this room, such a mixture that we scarcely, ourselves, know who is who and what is what? Clifford utters an inarticulate and ambiguous sound, but I rejoice in the confusion, for it makes for civilization.

Belwood. All honor to Belinda, mistress of hospitality and of irony!

Clifford. Your party is jolly, but I didn't know it was so improving. At any rate, don't let us be insipid.

Belinda. We shall not, while you are here—even though you *have* no general ideas.

Belwood. Belinda has an extraordinary number, for a woman.

Belinda. Perhaps I am only a motherly man.

Oswald. Sisterly, rather. Talk of the *fraternité* of the French! But I feel rather out of it, in Paris.

Belinda. You're not in Paris—you're just here.

Camilla. But we are going to-morrow, and no one has yet told me a book for the train.

Clifford. Get "The Rival Bridesmaids;" it's a tremendous lark. And I am large, I am rich, as Belwood says, in recommending it, because it's about New York—one of your "society-novels," full of "snap!" And by a woman, I guess; though it strikes me that with American novels you can't be very sure.

Camilla. The women write like men?

Clifford. Or the men write like women.

Camilla. Then I expect (if you like that better) that it's horrid, one of those American productions which have no existence *là-bas* and are devoured in England.

Clifford. I see—the confusion commended by Belinda. It's very dense.

Camilla. Besides, whoever it was that said a book is as a matter of course a novel, it wasn't I.

Belwood. As no one seems prepared to father that terrible proposition I will just remark, in relation to the matter we are talking about——

Oswald. Lord, which? We are talking of so many!

Belwood. You will understand when I say that an acuteness of national sentiment on the part of my nation and yours (as against each other, of course, I mean) is more and more an artificial thing—a matter of perverted effort and mistaken duty. It is kept up by the newspapers, which must make a noise at any price, and whose huge, clumsy machinery (it exists only for that) is essentially blundering. They are incapable of the notation of private delicacies, in spite of the droll assumption of so many sheets that private life is their domain; and they keep striking the wrong hour with a complacency which misleads the vulgar. Unfortunately the vulgar are many. All the more reason why the children of light should see clear.

Darcy. Ah, those things are an education which I think even the French might envy us.

Oswald. What things?

Darcy. The recriminations, the little digs, whatever you choose to call them, between America and England.

Oswald. I thought you just said they were rubbish.

Darcy. It's the perception that they are rubbish that constitutes the education.

Oswald. I see—you're educated. I'm afraid I'm not.

Clifford. And I too perceive how much I have to learn.

Belinda. You are both naughty little boys who won't go to school.

Darcy. An education of the intelligence, of the temper, of the manners.

Clifford. Do you think your manners to us show so much training?

Oswald (*to Clifford*). They are perhaps on the whole as finished as yours to us.

Belinda. A fine, a fine to each of you.

Darcy. Quite right, and Belinda shall impose them. I don't say we are all

formed—the formation will have to be so large: I see it as majestic, as magnificent. But we are forming. The opportunity is grand, there has never been anything like it in the world.

Oswald. I'm not sure I follow you.

Darcy. Why, the opportunity for two great peoples to accept, or rather to cultivate, with talent a common destiny, to tackle the world together, to unite in the arts of peace—by which I mean, of course, in the arts of life. It will make life larger and the arts finer, for each of them. It will be an immense and complicated problem, of course—to see it through; but that's why I speak of it as an object of envy to other nations, in its discipline, its suggestiveness, the way it may *nous faire voir du pays.* Their problems, in comparison, strike me as small and vulgar. It's not true that there is nothing new under the sun; the *donnée* of the drama that England and America may act out together is absolutely new. Essentially new is the position in which they stand toward each other. It rests with all of us to make it newer still.

Clifford. I hope there will be a scene in the comedy for international copyright.

Darcy. A-ah!

Belinda. O-oh!

Belwood. Ay-ee!

Darcy. That will come—very soon: to a positive certainty.

Clifford. What do you call very soon? You seem to be talking for the ages.

Belwood. It's time—yes, it's time now. I can understand that hitherto——

Clifford. I can't!

Darcy. I'm not sure whether I can or not. I'm trying what I can do. But it's all in the day's work—we are learning.

Clifford. Learning at our expense. That's very nice. I observe that Oswald is silent; as an example of good manners he ought to defend the case.

Belinda. He is thinking of what he can say, and so am I.

Camilla. Let me assist my husband. How did Clifford come by "The Rival Bridesmaids?" Wasn't it a pirated copy?

Clifford. Do you call that assisting him? I don't know whether it was or not, and at all events it needn't have been. Very likely the author lives in England.

Camilla. In England?

Clifford. Round the corner, *quoi,* as Belinda says.

Oswald. We have had to have cheap books, we were hard-working, grinding, bread-earning readers.

Clifford. Bravo! at last! You might have had them as cheap as you liked. What you mean is you wanted them for nothing. Ah, yes, you're so poor!

Belwood. Well, it has made you, your half-century of books for nothing, a magnificent public for us now. We appreciate that.

Belinda. Magnanimous Belwood! Thank you, for that.

Darcy. The better day is so surely coming that I was simply taking it for granted.

Clifford. Wait till it comes and then we'll start fair.

Belinda. Yes, we really can't talk till it does.

Darcy. On the contrary, talking will help it to come.

Belinda. If it doesn't come, and very soon — to-morrow, next week — our mouths will be shut forever.

Darcy. Ah, don't be horrible!

Clifford. Yes, you won't like that.

Oswald. You will; so it's perhaps your interest.

Darcy. I don't mean our shut mouths —I mean the reason for them.

Belinda (*to Oswald*). You remind me that you and Clifford are fined. But I think it must only be a farthing for Clifford.

Clifford. I won't pay even that. I speak but the truth, and under the circumstances I think I am very civil.

Oswald. Don't give up your grievance —it will be worth everything to you.

Belinda. You are fined five dollars!

Darcy. If copyright doesn't come, I'll ——(*hesitating*).

Clifford (*waiting*). What will you do?

Darcy. I'll get me to a nunnery.

Clifford. Much good will that do!

Darcy. My nunnery shall be in the United States, and I shall found there a library of English novels in the original three volumes.

Belinda. I shall do very differently. I

shall come out of my cell, like Peter the Hermit; I shall cry aloud for a crusade.

Clifford. Your comparison doesn't hold, for you are yourself an infidel.

Belinda. A fig for that! I shall fight under the cross.

Belwood. There's a great army over there now.

Clifford. I hope they'll win!

Belwood. If they don't, you Americans must make a great literature, such as we shall read with delight, pour it out on us unconditionally, and pay us back that way.

Clifford. I shall not object to that arrangement if we *do* read with delight.

Belwood. Ah, that will depend partly also on us.

Darcy. Delicate Belwood! If what we do becomes great, you will probably understand it—at least I hope so! But I like the way you talk about great literatures. Does it strike you that they are breaking out, about the world, that way?

Clifford. Send us over some good novels for nothing, and it will be all right.

Belwood. I admit, our preoccupations, everywhere—those of the race in general—don't seem to make for literature.

Clifford. Then we English shall never be repaid.

Oswald. Are the works you give to America then so literary?

Clifford. We give everything—we have given all the great people.

Oswald. Ah, the great people—if you mean those of the past—were not yours to give. They were ours too, you pay no more for them than we.

Clifford. It depends upon what you mean by the past.

Darcy. I don't think it's particularly in our interest to go into the chronology of the matter. We pirated Byron—we pirated Scott. Nor does it profit to differ about which were the great ones. They were all great enough for us to take, and we took them. We take them to-day, however the superior may estimate them; and we should take them still, even if the superior were to make more reservations. It has been our misfortune (in the long run, I mean) that years and years ago, when the taking began, it was really, intelligently viewed, inevitable. We were poor then, and we were hungry and lonely and far away, and we had to have something to read. We helped ourselves to the literature that was nearest, which was all the more attractive that it had about it, in its native form, such a fine glamour of expense, of the guinea volume and the wide margin. It was aristocratic, and a civilization can't make itself without that. If it isn't the bricks it's the mortar. The first thing a society does after it has left the aristocratic out is to put it in again: of course I use the word in a loose way. We couldn't pay a fancy price for that element, and we only paid what we could. The booksellers made money, and the public only asked if there wasn't more—it asked no other questions. You can treat books as a luxury, and authors with delicacy, only if you've already got a lot: you can't *start* on that basis.

Clifford. But I thought your claim is precisely that you had a lot—all our old writers.

Darcy. The old writers, yes. But the old writers, uncontemporary and more or less archaic, were a little grim. We were so new ourselves, and our very newness was in itself sufficiently grim. The English books of the day (their charm was that they were of the day) were our society—we had very little other. We were happy to pay the servant for opening the door—the bookseller for republishing; but I daresay that even if we had thought of it we should have had a certain hesitation in feeing the visitors. A money-question, when they were so polite! It was too kind of them to come.

Clifford. I don't quite recognize the picture of your national humility, at any stage of your existence. Even if you had thought of it, you say? It didn't depend upon that. We began to remind you long ago—ever so long ago.

Darcy. Yes, you were fairly prompt. But our curse, in the disguise of a blessing, was that meanwhile we had begun to regard your company as a matter of course. Certainly, that should have been but a detail, when reflection and responsibility had come. At what particular period was it to have been expected of our conscience to awake?

Clifford. If it was last year, it's enough.

Darcy. Oh, it was long ago—very long ago, as you say. I assign an early date. But you can't put your finger on the place.

Clifford. On your conscience?

Darcy. On the period. Our conscience—to speak of that—has the defect of not being homogeneous. It's very big.

Clifford. You mean it's elastic?

Darcy. On the contrary, it's rigid, in places; it's numb; it's not animated to the extremities. A conscience is a natural organ, but if it's to be of any use in the complications of life it must also be a cultivated one. Ours is cultivated, highly cultivated, in spots; but there are large crude patches.

Clifford. I see—an occasional oasis in the desert.

Darcy. No—blooming farms in the prairie. The prairie is rich; but it's not all settled; there are promising barbarous tracts. Therefore the different parts of the organ to which I have likened it don't, just as yet, all act together. But when they do——

Clifford. When they do we shall all be dead of starvation.

Belinda. I'll divide my own pittance with you first.

Camilla. I'm glad we live in Paris. In Paris they don't mind.

Darcy. They mind something else.

Oswald (bracing himself). He means the invidious duty the American Government has levied on foreign works of art. In intention it's prohibitive—they won't admit free any but American productions.

Belwood. That's a fine sort of thing for the culture of a people.

Clifford. It keeps out monarchical pictures.

Belinda (to Oswald). Why did you tell—before two Englishmen.

Camilla. I never even heard of it—in Paris.

Belwood. Ah, there they are too polite to reproach you with it.

Oswald. It doesn't keep out anything, for in fact the duty, though high, isn't at all prohibitive. If it were effective it would be effective almost altogether against the French, whose pictures are not monarchical, but as republican as our own, so that Clifford's taunt is wasted. The people over there who buy foreign works of art are very rich, and they buy them just the same, duty and all.

Darcy. Doesn't what you say indicate that the tax restricts that ennobling pleasure to the very rich? Without it amateurs of moderate fortune might pick up some bits.

Oswald. Good pictures are very rarely cheap. When they are dear only the rich can buy them. In the few cases where they *are* cheap, the tax doesn't make them dear.

Belinda. Bravo—I'm reassured.

Darcy. It doesn't invalidate the fact that French artists have spoken of the matter to me with passion and scorn, and that I have hung my head and had nothing to say.

Belinda. Oh, Darcy—how *can* you? Wait till they go!

Clifford. Hadn't we better go now?

Belinda. Dear me, no—not on that note. Wait till we work round.

Clifford. What can you work round to?

Camilla. Why, to the novel. I *insist* on being told a good one.

Oswald. The foreigners were frightened at first, but things have turned out much better than they feared.

Belinda. We are working round.

Oswald. Otherwise do you think I could bear to stay in Paris.

Darcy. That makes me wince, as I have the face to stay in London.

Oswald. Oh, English pictures!——

Darcy. I am not thinking of English pictures; though I might, for some of them are charming.

Belwood. What will you have? It's all protection.

Darcy. We protect the industry and demolish the art.

Oswald. I thought you said you were not thinking of the art.

Darcy. Dear Oswald, there's more than one. The art of letters.

Oswald. Where do you find it to-day, the art of letters? It seems to me to be the industry, all round and everywhere.

Clifford (to Belwood). They squabble among themselves—that may be good for us.

Darcy. Don't say squabble, say dis-

cuss. Of course we discuss; but from the moment we do so *vous en êtes*, indefeasibly. There is no such thing as "themselves," on either side; it's all *our*selves. The fact of discussion welds us together, and we have properties in common that we can't get rid of.

Oswald. My dear Darcy, you are fantastic.

Clifford. You *do* squabble, you do!

Darcy. Call it so, then: don't you see how you're in it?

Belwood. I see very well—I feel it all.

Clifford. I don't then—hanged if I'm in it!

Camilla. Now *they* are squabbling!

Belwood. Our conversation certainly supports Belinda's contention that we are in indissoluble contact. Our interchange of remarks, just now, about copyright was a signal proof of union.

Clifford. It was humiliating for these dear Americans—if you call that union.

Belwood. Clifford, I'm ashamed of you.

Camilla. They *are* squabbling—they are!

Belinda. Yes, but *we* don't gain by it. I *am* humiliated, and Darcy was pulled up short.

Clifford. You're in a false position, *quoi!* You see how intolerable that is. You feel it in everything.

Belinda. Yes, it's a loss of freedom—the greatest form of suffering. A chill has descended upon me, and I'm not sure I can shake it off. I don't want this delightful party to break up, yet I feel as if *we*—I mean we four—had nothing more to say.

Oswald. We have all in fact chattered enough.

Camilla. Oh, be cheerful and talk about the novel.

Clifford. Innocent Camilla! as if the novel to-day were cheerful.

Belinda. I see Darcy has more assurance.

Belwood. You mean he has more ideas.

Darcy. It is because dear Belwood is here. If I were alone with Clifford I daresay I should be rather low. But I *have* more to say, inconsequent, and perhaps even indecent, as that may be. I have it at heart to say, that the things that divide us appear to me, when they are enumerated by the people who profess to be acutely conscious of them, ineffably small.

Clifford. Small for you!

Belinda. Clifford, if you are impertinent I shall rise from my ashes. Darcy is so charming.

Oswald. He's so ingenious.

Belwood. Continue to be charming, Darcy. That's the spell!

Darcy. I'm not ingenious at all; I'm only a God-fearing plain man, saying things as they strike him.

Camilla. You *are* charming!

Darcy. Well, it doesn't prevent me from having noticed the other day, in a magazine, in a recriminatory, a retaliatory (I don't know what to call it), article, a phrase to the effect that the author, an American, *would* frankly confess, and take his stand on it, that he liked rocking-chairs, Winchester rifles, and iced-water. He seemed a very bristling gentleman, and they apparently were his ultimatum. It made me reflect on these symbols of our separateness, and I wanted to put the article into the fire, before a Frenchman or a German should see it.

Clifford. Iced-water, rocking-chairs, and copyright.

Darcy. Well, add copyright, after all.

Belinda. Darcy *is* irrepressible.

Darcy. It wouldn't make the spectacle sensibly less puerile, or I may say less grotesque, for a Frenchman or a German. *They* are not quarrelling about copyright—or even about rocking-chairs.

Clifford. Or even about fisheries, or even about the public manners engendered by presidential elections.

Oswald (*to Darcy*). Don't you know your country-people well enough to know just how much they care, by which I mean how little, for what a Frenchman or a German may think of them?

Clifford. And don't you know mine?

Oswald. Or an Englishman?

Clifford. Or an American?

Darcy. Oh, every country cares, much more in practice than in theory. The form of national susceptibility differs with different peoples, but the substance is very much the same.

Belwood. I am appalled, when I look at the principal nations of the globe, at the vivacity of their mutual hatreds, as revealed by the bright light of the latter

end of the nineteenth century. We are very proud of that light, but that's what it principally shows us. Look at the European family—it's a perfect menagerie of pet aversions. And some countries resemble certain fat old ladies—they have so many pets. It is certainly worse than it used to be: of old we didn't exchange compliments every day.

Darcy. It is only worse in this sense, that we see more of each other now, we touch each other infinitely more.

Belwood. Our acrimonies are a pleasant result of that.

Darcy. They are not a final one. We must get used to each other. It's a rough process, if you like, but there are worse discomforts. Our modern intimacy is a very new thing, it has brought us face to face, and in this way the question comes up for each party, of whether it likes, whether it can live with, the other. The question is practical, it's social now; before it was academic and official. Newspapers, telegraphs, trains, fast steamers, all the electricities and publicities that are playing over us like a perpetual thunder-storm, have made us live in a common medium, which is far from being a non-conductor. The world has become a big hotel, the Grand Hotel of the Nations, and we meet—I mean the nations meet—on the stairs and at the *table d'hôte*. You know the faces at the *table d'hôte*, one is never enthusiastic about them; they give on one's nerves. All the same, their wearers fall into conversation and often find each other quite nice. We are in the first stage, looking at each other, glaring at each other if you will, while the *entrée* goes round. We play the piano, we smoke, we chatter in our rooms, and the sound and the fumes go through. But we won't pull down the house, because by to-morrow we shall have found our big polyglot inn, with its German waiters, rather amusing.

Belinda. Call them Jews as well as Germans. The landlord is German too.

Oswald. What a horrible picture! I don't accept it, for America and England; I think those parties have each a very good house of their own.

Darcy. From the moment you resent, on our behalf, the vulgarity of the idea of hotel-life, see what a superior situation, apart, in our duality, and distinguished, you by that very fact conceive for us. Belwood's image is, to my sense, graceful enough, even though it may halt a little. The fisheries, and all the rest, are simply the piano in the next room. It may be played at the wrong hour, but that isn't a *casus belli;* we can thump on the wall, we can rattle the door, we can arrange. And for that matter, surely it is not to be desired that *all* questions between us should cease. There must be enough to be amusing, *que diable!* As Belinda said, it's already becoming insipid.

Clifford. Perhaps we had better keep the copyright matter open, for the fun of it. It's remarkable fun for *us*.

Oswald. It's fun for you that our tongues are tied, as Belinda and Darcy declare.

Clifford. Are they indeed? I haven't perceived it.

Belinda. Every one, on our side, I admit, has not Darcy's delicacy.

Darcy. Nor Belinda's.

Oswald. Yet I think of innumerable things we *don't* say—that we might.

Clifford. You mean that you yourself might. If you think of them, pray say them.

Oswald. Oh, no, my tongue is tied.

Clifford. Come, I'll let you off.

Oswald. It's very good of you, but there are others who wouldn't.

Clifford. How would others know? Would your remarks have such a reverberation?

Belinda. I won't let him off, and please remember that this is my house.

Clifford. It's doubtless a great escape for me.

Oswald. You are all escaping all the while, under cover of your grievance. There would be a great deal to be said for the policy of your not letting it go. The advantage of it may be greater than the injury. If we pay you we can criticise you.

Clifford. Why, on the contrary it's *that* that will be an advantage for us. Fancy, immense!

Oswald. Oh, you won't like it.

Clifford. Will it be droller than it is already? We shall delight in it.

Belwood. Oh, there are many things to say.

Darcy. Detached Belwood!

Belwood. Attached, on the contrary. Attached to everything we have in common.

Darcy. Delightful Belwood!

Belwood. Delightful Darcy!

Belinda (*to Clifford*). That's the way you and Oswald should be.

Clifford. It makes me rather sick, and I think, from the expression of Oswald's face, that it has the same effect upon him.

Oswald. I hate a fool's paradise; it's the thing in the world I most pray to be kept out of.

Darcy. There is no question of paradise—that's the last thing. Your folly, as well as your ecstasy is, on the contrary, in your rigid national consciousness; it's the extravagance of a perpetual spasm. What I go in for is a great reality, and our making it comprehensive and fruitful. Of course we shall never do anything without imagination—by remaining dull and dense and literal.

Oswald. Attrappe!

Clifford. What does Oswald mean? I don't understand French.

Oswald. I have heard you speak it to-night.

Clifford. Then I don't understand your pronunciation.

Oswald. It's not that of Stratford-at-Bow. The difference between your ideas about yourselves and the way your performances strike the rest of the world, is one of the points that might be touched upon if it were not, as I am advised, absolutely impossible. The emanation of talent and intelligence from your conversation, your journals, your books——

Clifford. I give you up our conversation, and even our journals. As for our books, they are clever enough for you to steal.

Belinda. See what an immense advantage Clifford has!

Oswald. I acknowledge it in advance.

Camilla. I like their books better than ours. I love a good English novel.

Oswald. If you were not so *naïve*, you wouldn't dare to say so in Paris. Darcy was talking about what a German, what a Frenchman thinks. *Parlons-en*, of what a Frenchman thinks!

Belinda. I thought you didn't care.

Belwood. He means thinks of *us*.

Darcy. An intelligent foreigner might easily think it is open to us to have the biggest international life in the world.

Oswald. Darcy has formed the foolish habit of living in England, and it has settled upon him so that he has become quite provincialized. I believe he really supposes that that's the centre of ideas.

Clifford. Oh, hang ideas!

Oswald. Thank you, Clifford. He has lost all sense of proportion and perspective, of the way things strike people on the continent—on the continents—in the clear air of the world. He has forfeited his birthright.

Darcy. On the contrary, I have taken it up, and my eye for perspective has grown so that I see an immensity where you seem to me to see a dusky little *cul-de-sac*.

Clifford. Is Paris the centre of ideas?

Belinda. I thought it was Berlin.

Camilla. Oh, dear, must we go and live in Berlin?

Darcy. Why will no one have the courage to say, frankly, that it's New York?

Belwood. Wouldn't it be Boston, rather?

Oswald. I am not obliged to say where it is, and I am not at all sure that there is such a place. But I know very well where it's not. There are places where there are more ideas—places where there are fewer—and places where there are none at all. In Paris there are many, in constant circulation; you meet them in periodicals, in books, and in the conversation of the people. The people are not afraid of them—they quite like them.

Belinda. Some of them are charming, and one must congratulate the people who like them on their taste.

Oswald. They are not all for women, and, *mon Dieu*, you must take one with another. You must have all sorts, to have many, and you must have many to have a few good ones.

Clifford. You express yourself like a preliminary remark in a French *étude*.

Belinda. Clifford, I shall have to double that farthing!

Belwood. If the book, at present, is the novel, the French book is the French

novel. And if the ideas are in the book, we must go to the French novel for our ideas.

Clifford. Another preliminary remark —does any one follow?

Darcy. We must go everywhere for them, and we may form altogether, you and we—that is, our common mind may form—the biggest net in the world for catching them.

Oswald. I should like to analyze that queer mixture—our common mind—and refer the different ingredients to their respective contributors. However, it doesn't strike me as true of France, and it is not of France that one would mean it, that the book is the novel. Across the Channel, there are other living forms. Criticism, for instance, is alive: I notice that in what is written about the art I endeavor to practise. Journalism is alive.

Belwood. And isn't the novel alive?

Oswald. Oh, yes, there are ideas in it —there are ideas about it.

Darcy. In England, too, there are ideas about it; there seems to be nothing else just now.

Oswald. I haven't come across one.

Belwood. You might pass it without noticing it—they are not so salient.

Belinda. But I thought we agreed that it was in England that it is *the* form?

Oswald. We didn't agree; but that would be my impression. In England, however, even *the* form!——

Belwood. I see what you mean. Even *the* form doesn't carry you very far. That's a pretty picture of our literature.

Oswald. I should like Darcy to think so.

Darcy. My dear fellow, Darcy thinks a great many things, whereas you appear to him to be able to think but one or two.

Belinda. Do wait till Belwood and Clifford go.

Belwood. We must, or at least I must, in fact, be going.

Clifford. So must I, though there is a question I should have liked still to ask Darcy.

Camilla. Oh, I'm so disappointed—I hoped we should have talked about novels. There seemed a moment when we were near it.

Belinda. We must do that yet—we must all meet again.

Camilla. But, my dear, Oswald and I are going to Paris.

Belinda. That needn't prevent; the rest of us will go over and see you. We'll talk of novels in your salon.

Camilla. That will be lovely—but will Clifford and Belwood come?

Clifford. Oh, I go to Paris sometimes; but not for *the* form. Nor even for *the* substance.

Oswald. What do you go for?

Clifford. Oh, just for *the* lark.

Belwood (*to Camilla*). I shall go to see *you.*

Camilla. You're the nicest Englishman I ever saw. And, in spite of my husband, I delight in your novels.

Oswald. I said nothing against Belwood's. And, in general, they are proper enough for women—especially for little girls like you.

Clifford (*to Camilla*). Have you read "Mrs. Jenks, of Philadelphia?"

Camilla. Of Philadelphia? *Jamais de la vie!*

Darcy (*to Oswald*). You think me so benighted to have a fancy for London; but is it your idea that one ought to live in Paris?

Belwood. Paris is very well, but why should you people give yourself away at such a rate to the French? Much they thank you for it. They don't even know that you do it.

Oswald. Darcy is a man of letters, and it's in Paris that letters flourish.

Belinda. Why does Darcy write?

Belwood. He writes, but before he writes he observes. Why should he observe in a French medium?

Oswald. For the same reason that I do. *C'est plus clair.*

Darcy. Oswald has no feeling of race.

Belwood. On the contrary, he feels it as a Frenchman. But why should you Americans keep pottering over French life and observing that? They themselves do nothing else, and surely they suffice to the task. Stick to *our* race—saturate yourself with that.

Oswald. Do you mean the English?

Darcy. I know what he means.

Oswald. You are mighty mysterious, if you do.

Darcy. I am of Camilla's opinion—I think Belwood's the nicest Englishman I ever saw.

Belinda. I am amused at the way it seems not to occur to any of us that the proper place to observe our own people is in our own country.

Darcy. Oh, London's the place; it swarms with our own people.

Oswald. Do you mean with English people? You have mixed things up so that it's hard to know what you do mean.

Darcy. I mean with English people and with Americans—I mean with all. Enough is as good as a feast, and there are more Americans there than even the most rapacious observer can tackle.

Belinda. This hotel is full of them.

Darcy. You have only to stand quiet and every type passes by. And over here they have a relief—it's magnificent!

Belinda. They have a relief, but sometimes I have none. You must remember, however, that life isn't all observation. It's also action; it's also sympathy.

Darcy. To observe for a purpose is action. But there are more even than one can sympathize with; I am willing to put it that way.

Oswald. Rubbish—rubbish—rubbish!

Belinda. You're rough, Oswald.

Oswald. He used the same words a while ago.

Darcy. And then there are all the English too, thrown in. Think what that makes of London—think of the collection, the compendium. And Oswald talks of Paris!

Oswald. The Americans go to Paris in hordes—they are famous for it.

Darcy. They used to be, but it's not so now. They flock to London.

Oswald. Only the stupid ones.

Darcy. Those are so many, then, that they are typical; they must be watched.

Belinda. Go away, you two Englishmen; we are washing our dirty linen.

Belwood. I go. But we have washed ours before you.

Clifford. I also take leave, but I *should* like to put in my question to Darcy first.

Belinda. He's so exalted—he doesn't hear you.

Oswald. He sophisticates scandalously, in the interest of a fantastic theory. I might even say in that of a personal preference.

Darcy. Oh, don't speak of my personal preferences—you'll never get to the bottom of them!

Oswald (*to Camilla*). *Ain't* he mysterious?

Belinda. I have an idea he hasn't any personal preferences. Those are primitive things.

Camilla. Well, *we* have them—over there in the Avenue Marceau. So we can't cast the first stone. I *am* rather ashamed, before these gentlemen. We're a bad lot, we four.

Clifford. Yes, you're a bad lot. That's why I prefer Mrs. Jenks. Can't *any* of you stand it, over there?

Belinda. I am going home next year, to remain forever.

Belwood. Then Clifford and I will come over—so it will amount to the same thing.

Darcy. Those are details, and whatever we do, or don't do, it will amount to the same thing. For we are weaving our work together, and it goes on forever, and it's all one mighty loom. And we are all the shuttles — Belinda and Camilla, Belwood, Clifford, Oswald, and Darcy — directed by the master hand. We fly to and fro, in our complicated, predestined activity, and it matters very little where we are at a particular moment. We are all of us here, there, and everywhere, wherever the threads are crossed. And the tissue grows and grows, and we weave into it all our lights and our darkness, all our quarrels and reconciliations, all our stupidities and our strivings, all the friction of our intercourse and all the elements of our fate. The tangle may seem great at times, but it is all an immeasurable pattern, a spreading, many-colored figure. And the figure, when it is finished ,will be a magnificent harmony.

Oswald. He *is* exalted!

Camilla. *C'est très-joli.*

Belinda. If I'm only an unconscious, irresponsible shuttle, and it doesn't matter where I am, I think I won't, after all, go home.

Darcy. I don't care where you go. The world is ours!

Clifford. Yes, our common mind is to swallow it up. But what about our common language?

Belinda. This is Clifford's great question.

Darcy. How do you mean, what about it?

Clifford. Do you expect Belwood and me to learn American?

Belwood. It *is* a great question.

Darcy. Yes, if you like.

Clifford. Will it be obligatory?

Darcy. Oh, no, quite optional.

Oswald. What do you mean by American?

Clifford. I mean your language. (*To Darcy.*) You consider that you will continue to understand ours?

Belinda. The upper classes, yes.

Camilla. My dear, there will be no upper classes, when we are all drudging little bobbins.

Belinda. Oh, yes, there'll be the bobbins for silk, and the bobbins for wool.

Camilla. And I suppose the silk will be English.

Oswald (*to Clifford*). What do you mean by my language?

Clifford. I mean American.

Oswald. Haven't we a right to have a language of our own?

Darcy. It was inevitable.

Clifford (*to Oswald*). I don't understand you.

Belinda. Already?

Clifford. I mean that Oswald seems at once to resent the imputation that you have a national tongue and to wish to insist on the fact that you have it. His position is not clear.

Darcy. That is partly because our tongue itself is not clear, as yet. We must hope that it will be clearer. Oswald needn't resent anything, for the evolution was inevitable. A body of English people crossed the Atlantic and sat down in a new climate on a new soil, amid new circumstances. It was a new heaven and a new earth. They invented new institutions, they encountered different needs. They developed a particular physique, as people do in a particular medium, and they began to speak in a new voice. They went in for democracy, and that alone would affect—it *has* affected—the tone immensely. *C'est bien le moins*, as the French say, that that tone should have had its range and that the language they brought over with them should have become different to express different things. A language is a very sensitive organism. It must be convenient; it varies, it responds, it accommodates itself.

Clifford. Ours, on your side of the water, has certainly been very accommodating.

Darcy. It has vibrated into different shades.

Clifford. Do you call them shades?

Belinda. I like that idea of our voice being new; do you mean it creaks? I listen to Darcy with a certain surprise, however, for I am bound to say I have heard him criticise the American idiom.

Darcy. You have heard me criticise it as neglected, as unstudied: you have never heard me criticise it as American. The fault I find with it is that it's irresponsible—it isn't American enough.

Clifford. C'est trop fort!

Darcy. It's the candid truth. I repeat, its divergence was inevitable. But it has grown up roughly, and we haven't had time to cultivate it. That is all I complain of, and it's awkward for us, for surely the language of such a country ought to be magnificent. That is one of the reasons why I say that it won't be obligatory upon you English to learn it. We haven't quite learned it ourselves. When we shall at last have mastered it, we'll talk the matter over with you. We'll agree upon our signs.

Camilla. Do you mean we must study it in books?

Darcy. I don't care how—or from the lips of the pretty ladies.

Belinda. I must bravely concede that, often the lips of the pretty ladies——

Darcy (*interrupting*). At any rate, it's always American.

Camilla. But American improved—that's simply English.

Clifford. Your husband will tell you it's simply French.

Darcy. If it's simply English, that perhaps is what was to be demonstrated. Extremes meet!

Belwood. You have the drawback (and I think it a great disadvantage) that you come so late, that you have not fallen on a language-making age. The people who first started our vocabularies were very *naïfs*.

Darcy. Oh, *we* are very *naïfs*.

Belwood. When I listen to Darcy, I find it hard to believe it.

Oswald. Don't listen to him.

Belwood. The first words must have been rather vulgar.

Belinda. Or perhaps pathetic.

Belwood. New signs are crude, and you, in this matter, are in the crude, the vulgar stage.

Darcy. That no doubt is our misfortune.

Belinda. That's what I mean by the pathos.

Darcy. But we have always the resource of English. We have lots of opportunity to practise it.

Clifford. As a foreign tongue, yes.

Darcy. To speak it as the Russians speak French.

Belwood. Oh, you'll grow very fond of it.

Clifford. The Russians are giving up French.

Darcy. Yes, but *they*'ve got the language of Tolstoi.

Clifford (*groaning*). Oh, heavens, Tolstoi!

Darcy. Our great writers have written in English. That's what I mean by American having been neglected.

Clifford. If you mean *ours*, of course.

Darcy. I mean—yours—ours—yes.

Oswald. It isn't a harmony. It's a labyrinth.

Clifford. It plays an odd part in Darcy's harmony, this duality of tongues.

Darcy. It plays the part of amusement. What could be more useful?

Clifford. Ah, then, we may laugh at you?

Darcy. It will make against tameness.

Oswald. Camilla, come away!

Clifford. Especially if you get angry.

Belinda. No, you and Belwood go first. We Americans must stay to pray.

Camilla (*to Clifford*). Well, mind you come to Paris.

Clifford. Will your husband receive me?

Oswald. Oh, in Paris I'm all right.

Belinda. I'll bring every one.

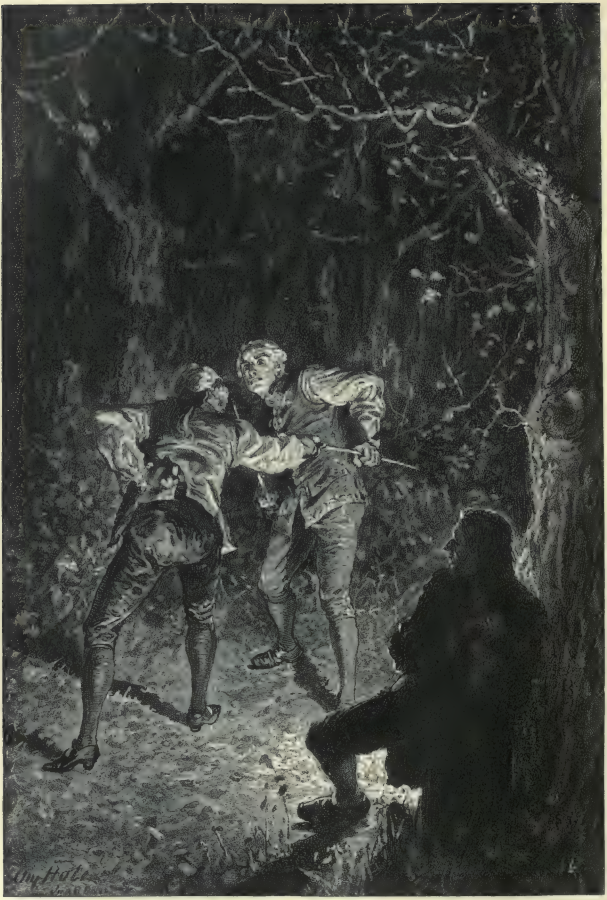
Clifford (*to Camilla*). Try "Mrs. Gibbs, of Nebraska"—the *pendant* to "Mrs. Jenks."

Oswald. That's another one *you* stole.

Belwood. Ah, the French and Germans!

Belinda (*pushing him out with Clifford*). Go, go. (*To the others.*) And now we must pray.





"Beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear, or he had never attempted the foul stroke."

—*The Master of Ballantrae*, page 415.

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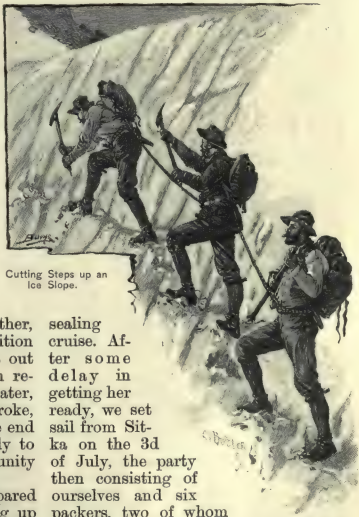
CLIMBING MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

By William Williams.

IN 1886 the *New York Times* organized an expedition under Lieutenant Schwatka, the main object of which was to explore the glaciers to the southward of Mount St. Elias and ascend the mountain as far as possible. This was the first attempt ever made to penetrate that part of Alaska. The party succeeded in getting very near the foot of the mountain, a distance of about forty-five miles from the sea, but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, combined with other causes, all attempts to ascend Mt. St. Elias proper were abandoned. Mr. Karr, however, climbed one of a chain of hills situated in the vicinity of the main range. Only nine or ten days were spent away from the beach.

In the spring of 1888 Mr. Harold W. Topham, of London, came over to this country with his brother, with a view to getting up an expedition similar in its purpose to that sent out by the *Times*. I was fortunate in receiving an invitation to join them. Later, a third Englishman, Mr. George Broke, was added to the party, and by the end of June we were all at Sitka, ready to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to proceed north.

The Schwatka party were spared much time and trouble in getting up the coast, as the U. S. S. Pinta had received orders to carry them as far as they wished to go. Not being so fortunate in this respect, we were obliged to proceed partly by sailing vessel, partly by canoes. The only available schooner was the Alpha, a vessel of twenty-seven tons, which had just returned from a sealing cruise. After some delay in getting her ready, we set sail from Sitka on the 3d of July, the party then consisting of ourselves and six packers, two of whom were white men, and the remaining four Indians. Though the latter are generally capable of carrying heavier loads than white men, yet we did not think it



Cutting Steps up an Ice Slope.

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Mt. La Pérouse and the Great Pacific Glacier, from the Ocean.

advisable to rely on them altogether, lest they should leave us suddenly in the lurch.

We were seven days in reaching Yakutat, an Indian settlement situated 250 miles beyond Sitka [map on p. 390]. The vessel being small and dirty, the voyage on the whole was not very enjoyable. On the fourth day out we caught occasional glimpses through the clouds of the Fairweather range of mountains, consisting principally of Mt. Fairweather, Mt. Crillon and Mt. La Pérouse; these peaks rise almost directly out of the sea, two of them to a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet. I obtained a fine view of them on the return trip, and have no hesitation in saying that they present one of the grandest of mountain panoramas. Owing partly to their proximity, they appear much finer than from Glacier Bay, from which point many Alaskan tourists see them yearly. Several glaciers descend from their slopes, some of which, as that at Icy Point, terminate abruptly in the ocean, their faces, which are washed by the sea, being about two miles long. On Mt. Crillon we noticed in particular two icefalls that impressed us as being unusually fine.

Yakutat Bay is the first indentation of any importance above Cross Sound, and hence is easily recognized in clear weather. The coast to the eastward is very low and generally lined with pine-trees. Yakutat itself is situated on a small island about five miles up the bay. It has a fairly good harbor, the entrance to which is by means of a

channel not over twenty yards wide. It is exclusively an Indian settlement and consists of just five houses, each covering an area of perhaps thirty square feet. They are quite picturesque, a distinctive feature being the oval door,



Peak of Mt. St. Elias.

which is none too large and situated a foot or more above the outside platform, so that in order to enter one must reduce one's height at both ends. The houses are all of a size, and contain a large central space which serves both as parlor and kitchen; opening out on it are several smaller rooms, which are allotted to the different families. The chief, Billy, is quite friendly, and will allow one, if without shelter, to spend several days in his house. If he expects anything in return, he will say so beforehand.

The inhabitants evinced a sort of stupid interest at our coming. One "Dick the Dude," of Juneau, whom we had temporarily hired at Sitka, but soon afterward discharged as being too true to his nickname, had, in order to annoy us, sent up word of our arrival by some Indians who were coming north in canoes to visit their friends, stating that we were very anxious to obtain packers and were ready to pay high wages. As a result the Yakutats stood out for three dollars a day for some time; fortunately we were not altogether dependent on them, and the realization of this fact, more than anything else, brought them to terms. We eventually hired two of them at two dollars a day, and further increased our party by the addition of two more white men, who were to receive three dollars a day. We then numbered fourteen.

The next stage in our journey was from Yakutat to Icy Bay, situated about fifty-five miles to the northwest. No one, however, should be misled by the word "Bay," for, as we subsequently learned, the curvature of the beach is almost imperceptible, and hence offers no protection against the ocean swell which is constantly sweeping in. We were obliged to proceed thither in canoes, on account of the surf through which we had to land. The canoes used along the Alaskan coast are "dug-outs"; they are made of all sizes. As but few trees are of sufficient thickness to give the large ones the requisite beam, the sides are stretched and made to retain their new position by means of water heated by stones.

The Indians acted in a very aggravating manner about starting. Not caring to paddle their canoes fifty-five miles, it was their intention to wait for a fair off-shore breeze. Our main object, on the other hand, was to reach Icy Bay while the surf was low, regardless of

whether a fair wind was blowing or not. Why we should be in any hurry was quite incomprehensible to men to whom time is no object. We finally succeeded in making them do as we pleased by threatening to proceed in the Alpha.

We left Yakutat on the morning of July 13th in two large canoes and one small one, all three being heavily laden with men and provisions. The trip to Icy Bay was accomplished in ten hours, thanks to an off-shore breeze which sprang up early in the morning and stayed by us most of the day. Part of the time, and for a distance of over fifteen miles, we were sailing along the foot of the Malespina glacier, so covered with earth, stones, and brush as to make it absolutely impossible to discern the ice with the eye, though the temperature of both wind and water gave clear evidence of its presence.

Sailing in a large canoe is a most delightful experience; the craft seems to glide over the surface of the water without cutting it; this is owing to its very light draught; its great width, on the other hand, gives it considerable stability up to a certain point. If the Indians were taught the use of the folding centre-board, they could probably make their canoes go fairly well to windward; the best they can do now is to avail themselves of a beam-wind.

We found comparatively little surf anywhere on the coast, and by awaiting their opportunity the Indians succeeded, amidst the most intense excitement on their part, in bringing the canoes in on the crest of a wave and landing us without much wetting. Fifteen hours after our arrival the surf, however, was so high, that it would have been impossible for us to reach the beach in safety. We landed very near the place where the Schwatka party were put ashore by the Pinta's boats; the beach at this point is broad and steep, and composed of black sand; this, together with the dark green trees in the background, gave the landscape a sombre and impressive appearance.

It may now be well to say a word about our general plans. We had brought along fourteen hundred pounds of provisions, consisting mainly of bacon, hams, smoked salmon, flour, beans, dried apples, tea, and coffee, enough to enable fourteen men to remain away from Yakutat forty days if necessary. Of these forty days it was our intention to devote at the outside twenty-eight to climbing; food had been brought for the remaining twelve in case we should be detained at Icy Bay on our return through the unfavorable condition of the surf, as we could not count on obtaining any food at that place. Hence it was never intended to remove more than about two-thirds of our provisions from the beach.



Map showing Alaskan Coast from Mt. Fairweather to Mt. St. Elias.

On the morning of the sixteenth we broke camp, leaving an Indian behind to take care of the canoes which remained; one of the large ones was sent back to Yakutat with seven other Indians who had accompanied us only as far as Icy Bay. Our native packers carried from seventy to ninety pounds, our



Leaving Yakutat for Icy Bay in Canoes.

white men from sixty to eighty, while my English friends and I had loads varying in weight from twenty-five to forty pounds. We followed the beach in a westerly direction for about five miles. During part of the time we were obliged to walk over ground which was thickly covered with wild strawberries; they were of very good size, but were somewhat lacking in flavor. They grow mainly in the sand. The bears are said to be very fond of them.

The route for the first day was substantially that taken by the previous party. We soon left the beach and turning sharply to the right followed up one of the many arms of the Yahtsé River, this being the name by which the Jones River is known to the Indians. A great deal of wading had to be done through deep glacier water, and this certainly was not one of the agreeable features of the trip.

The second day out we left the Yahtsé and ascended the Agassiz Glacier, which lay on our right. This glacier is entirely unlike any we had ever seen; along its edge and to a height of 500 feet or more it is so densely wooded with large trees and brush that it is hard for one to realize that a few feet beneath the soil there is solid ice. On emerging from the forest, we found ourselves facing an immense moraine which extended for miles away to the northward and eastward. The Alaskan moraines are different from those commonly seen in Switzerland, which generally consist of stones and boulders piled up in a continuous line at the edge or on the surface of a glacier; about St. Elias one finds *débris* covering the ice to a greater or lesser depth and extending quite a distance away from the borders. In the centre of the glacier white ice is generally seen. Travelling over the *débris* is very rough work, and particularly so for men with heavy packs; the stones are loosely distributed, and even with the greatest care in selecting a footing one frequently loses his balance and gets a bad tumble.

Once on the glacier, we were obliged to elect which one of the two routes leading to St. Elias we would take, for before us, at a distance of perhaps eighteen miles, the Chaix Hills, a sandstone range some twelve miles long and thirty-five hundred feet high, lay in such a position that a straight line drawn from us to the mountain would have intersected them at right angles, dividing them into two equal parts. Two years ago the Schwatka party went to the left;



Landing through the Surf at Icy Bay.

as they expressed the opinion that St. Elias was inaccessible by the face they saw, we decided that it would be better for us to try the other way first.



Camp at Icy Bay before the Start for Mt. St. Elias.

Most of our Indians had never been on ice before, yet they carried their loads of eighty or ninety pounds over rough and slippery places with comparative ease; more than once we took great pains to cut steps across an ice-slope to prevent anyone from slipping; but they generally disdained using them, crossing either just above or just below where we had prepared the way. They refused to wear the shoes with nails we had provided for them, preferring their mocassins; several reached camp one night with bleeding feet, but they nevertheless persisted in using their own footgear. We subsequently discovered that one of their objects in so doing was to avoid wearing out good shoes in our service.

The average Indian is a competent being, though it takes some time to discover his good points. He is quick at grasping ideas, and is especially good at imitating what others have done. But it requires great patience in dealing with him, the more so since he deals with the white man at arm's length. He is exceedingly distrustful, nor does he cease to be so until he has become thoroughly convinced of the honest intentions of the stranger.

In the early part of the third day our general course was toward the eastern end of the Chaix Hills, but by noon our progress being slower than we had anticipated, we decided to make for the nearest point on the same, to avoid spending the night on the glacier, if possible. We were fortunate in finding a suitable place for leaving the ice; this cannot be done at every point, owing to the steepness of the glacier at its edge. Between the hills and the glacier ran a swift stream, after fording which we found ourselves on a beautiful camping-ground. The change from the moraine was very refreshing. To a height of several hundred feet these hills are densely wooded with dark green brush; above grows a kind of coarse grass of a lighter hue; still higher appear the steep and bare slopes of sandstone. Pine-trees are found on a few isolated spots. We subsequently learned that the northern face is covered with snow, as might be expected. It is very odd that such rich vegetation should be found in the midst of so much ice.

Eight of the packers were now sent back to Icy Bay to bring up another



Mount St. Elias from the Northwest Corner of the Chaix Hills.

supply of food ; two of the Sitka Indians remained, to aid us in moving camp while exploring the ground that lay before us. They stayed very reluctantly; they did not seem to appreciate the distinction we had intended to confer on them by selecting them as the two best.

Our immediate object was to reach the eastern end of the Chaix Hills, by following up the stream, if possible, as walking along its edge was vastly preferable to crossing the rough glacier. About four miles above the last camp we discovered a beautiful lake, bordered on one side by the green hill-slopes, on the other by the steep cliffs of the glacier. It was only one of a great number of similar lakes which are to be found all along this sandstone range. A flock of ducks rose as we came in sight. Owing to the steepness of the ice around a second lake, we were eventually obliged to take to the glacier again, and by means of it we succeeded, in the course of two days, in turning the hills at the desired point. We were then on a glacier proceeding directly from the southeastern face of the mountain. We ascended it for a short distance, and from a point about two thousand feet high obtained a perfect view of the imposing mass of St. Elias, then less than eight miles distant. Though by no means the highest mountain in the world by actual measurement, yet it probably appears as large as, if not larger than, any other, for it is plainly visible from the sea throughout its entire height of eighteen or nineteen thousand feet, though situated from forty to fifty miles inland. The Swiss mountains, which are all under sixteen thousand feet, are generally seen from elevations varying from four to eight thousand feet, while in the Himalayas the plane of observation is considerably higher. It is certainly true that, with the possible exception of Mt. Wrangel, about which little is known, Mt. St. Elias presents the greatest snow climb of all the mountains



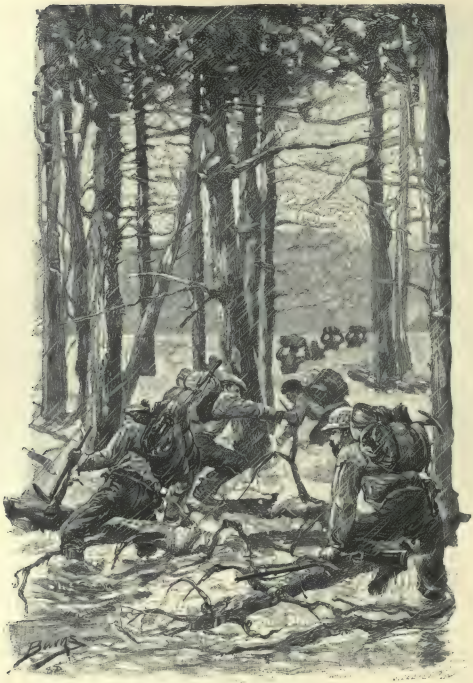
showing the Crater, the* entire upper rim of which was ascended.

in the world, on account of the low point to which the line of perpetual snow descends in these northerly regions. Beside St. Elias such mountains as Cook and Vancouver sank into insignificance. The face we were looking at was composed mainly of great masses of broken snow and ice; on either side were rocky *arêtes* leading up to the final pyramid; the lower part of the mountain seemed much less accessible than the upper part. After a careful survey of the whole, we came to the conclusion that any attempt to make the ascent from that quarter could only result in failure.

In order not to endanger our chances of possible success on the southwestern face through any lack of time, we decided to start for that point at once. This involved retracing our steps to the first place we had reached on the Chaix Hills; a short distance beyond we met the eight packers on their return from Icy Bay, and the party, which then again numbered fourteen, directed their steps to the northwestern corner of the Chaix Hills. Lake Castani, discovered and named by the previous party, happened to be filled with water and floating icebergs as we passed it. On our return a fortnight later, we found it to be quite empty, the icebergs being stranded. Beyond Castani we were obliged to pass some thick brush before reaching the Guyot Glacier. A walk of three hours over white ice then brought us to the northwestern corner of the Chaix Hills.

Just before leaving the glacier one of our men discovered a large flock of geese on a lake. The whole party was summoned, and dropping our packs we armed ourselves with clubs, with a view to having some fresh food for the next meal. Fortunately the geese were too young to fly, as we had been obliged to

* A point just above the asterisk, where the foot of the mountain meets the glacier, was the site of our five days' camp. Directly over this in the illustration is the crater; and the extreme right-hand limit of the upper rim of this —a point about half an inch to the right of a vertical line drawn from the camp—was the highest spot reached.



A Rainy Day on the March to the Mountain.

leave all our guns behind, on account of their weight. The geese retired to a sheltered nook beneath a great ice-arch with considerable overhang, which they were only induced to leave on hearing the report of a revolver. As they swam out, a dozen or more were either clubbed or grabbed. We found them excellent eating, though doubtless the surrounding circumstances added somewhat to their savor. A fortnight later the geese in the neighborhood were all able to fly, and hence our unsportsmanlike methods ceased to be of any avail.

Our new location on the Chaix Hills was amidst the grandest of mountain scenery. The most conspicuous object was, of course, Mt. St. Elias, which rose abruptly from the glacier some twelve miles beyond. Two massive shoulders of snow led up to the summit, in shape resembling a pyramid, three of the edges of which were visible. Somewhat in advance of the final peak was what appeared as an immense crater or amphitheatre, which, if severed from the rest, would in itself be a mountain of no mean dimensions. St. Elias ter-

minates on either side in a long ridge of as fine precipitous rock as is often seen. These ridges appear as a continuation of the shoulders, than which they are, however, so much lower that there is little difficulty in determining where the mountain proper begins and where it ends. The peak and the ridges, then, taken together, may be said to form a unit in themselves. Turning to the left, the eye, after travelling over immense tracts of glacier, encounters a range of snow-clad mountains with but few protruding rocks; they were particularly beautiful when tinged by the reddish light of the setting sun. In the immediate neighborhood of our camp violets, forget-me-nots, and blue-bells were growing in profusion. A pool of tolerably warm water, fed from subterranean sources, gave us an opportunity of enjoying a delightful swim. It seemed very odd to be bathing when surrounded on all sides by glaciers, and with Mt. St. Elias in our immediate vicinity.

Thinking we saw a possible route up the mountain by way of the crater, we decided to move forward immediately. Having crossed the Tyndall Glacier in three hours and a half to Schwatka's last camp on a range of foot-hills, we sent back to Icy Bay all but four of our packers. With them we gradually pushed on up the glacier, and camped the third night after leaving the Chaix Hills near the mouth of the second of the three glaciers, which join the Tyndall on the left and at right angles. At this point one of the party was unfortunately incapacitated from further climbing by accidentally breaking his snow-glasses. Leaving him and the two Indians at the camp last mentioned, the remaining three of us, with two white packers, pushed right on to the base of the mountain and crater, and pitched our tent on the only green spot on the southwestern face of St. Elias.

This spot, covering perhaps two acres, was about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on what may be said to represent the line of perpetual snow on Mt. St. Elias. We had some little trouble in reaching it, owing to the treacherous condition of the glacier up which we were obliged to proceed. The latter is very much crevassed for a distance of two miles or more from the mountain.

In the very early part of the season it is probably covered with so much snow that one would hardly become aware of the presence of the ice beneath; but by the end of July much of the snow has disappeared, and the remaining snow-bridges over the crevasses being then very thin are liable to give way when subjected to any great pressure. Hence we had to feel our way along very carefully, and at times retrace our steps for a considerable distance in order to try getting ahead at another point. As we were tied together with a stout rope, which was kept taut when in dangerous places, the only result following the breaking through of a snow-bridge was the temporary disappearance, partial or total, of one of the party beneath the snow. With the aid of the rope he was able to regain the surface with little or no trouble. Without the rope, though, a person would in many cases fall to a great depth, where he would be jammed in the ice or freeze to death before any assistance could be rendered. Of course it is of the utmost importance that crevasses which are hidden by snow should be crossed at right angles, for if several are on a snow-bridge at once and it breaks through, the rope ceases to be of any avail, and all may come to grief. Such accidents, however, need not occur when proper care is exercised in examining the surface of the snow.

Our party was the first to set foot on Mt. St. Elias, for the previous expedition, having proceeded up the Tyndall Glacier to within a certain distance of the mountain, decided to branch off to the left on account of the roughness of the ice ahead.* Mr. Karr then ascended one of a chain of hills which faces the main range.

Heretofore the fuel question had never given us any trouble; we had always succeeded in finding wood or brush wherever we had stopped; but now our fires were comparatively small, being fed only by bits of shrubbery and dry moss. We were, however, always able to boil enough water for coffee, and no further cooking was required, as we had brought with us hams and hardtack for use while on the mountain.

* Karr's "Shores and Alps of Alaska," p. 102. Schwatka's letter to the New York Times, October 7, 1886.

The view from our camping-ground was one of rare beauty. A small portion of the summit of Mt. St. Elias was visible, peeping up over the crater. Its great height, however, could not be fully appreciated from so near its base. A most remarkable and unique sight were two straight and narrow glaciers, which appeared to have fallen over the edge of the mountain at a point where it was very steep. They were parallel to each other, being separated by a strip of fine bare rock. They resembled two frozen cascades and must have been over two thousand feet high. For the first time we caught a glimpse of the valley through which the upper part of the Tyndall Glacier descends; the rocky peaks and precipices in the background were very grand; they reminded us somewhat of the scenery from Montanvert looking up the Mer de Glace.

No less than fourteen different kinds of wild flowers were found near our camp, and a few excellent strawberries were picked. Ptarmigan, which during the last few days had been seen in large numbers, had now grown scarce, though with the aid of a gun we could have secured enough for several meals. Four marmots were captured by smoking them out of their hole in the cleft of a rock; situated as we were, they made an excellent stew, to prepare which we destroyed one of our wooden boxes. Two bears were seen crossing the glacier. They did not trouble us, and we had no means of troubling them.

From our camp on the mountain the crater was reached by two different *arêtes* and on two different occasions. The ascent alone of the first *arête* occupied the better part of eight hours, and was not altogether without difficulty. The height reached was about eight thousand feet; a low, broad cairn was built at the top. Being of the opinion that the route we had chosen was too long for the beginning of the ascent of such a mountain as St. Elias, we decided to ascertain whether the crater could not be gained more easily in some other way. The night previous to the second successful attempt to reach it was spent in the open air, two hours beyond the regular camp, at a somewhat chilly spot; we were surrounded on almost every side by snow and ice, so we could hardly expect very much warmth after the sun had gone down. The glacier to the left of us was very peculiar. It seemed to have its origin in a rocky precipice and consisted mainly of yawning crevasses; it was evidently the remnant of a once fine glacier coming down from above.

A start was made at 4.30 A.M. The Tophams and I were tied to a rope, our two packers remaining at the base of the mountain. After two hours and a half of steady climbing we had gained the crater by a rock *arête* running parallel to the one we had already ascended. Our experience with the rocks of Mt. St. Elias was not of an agreeable character. They were practically all composed of shale of the most rotten kind, thus affording no hold for either our hands or our feet. Large pieces broke off and went tumbling down below at every step we took, filling the air with dust, and at times we were obliged to use great care in order to avoid going along with them. Had the rock been firm, the climbing would have been very fine, as the *arête* was quite rugged. The sharp character of the shale was most injurious to our shoes, however stout they were, and the integrity of our footgear was, of course, a question of the utmost importance to us.

Once on the brink of the crater, we obtained a perfect view of this wonderful cavity in the mountain side. It is one of the main features of the southwestern face of St. Elias. It begins on the right in a splendid jagged *arête* leading up to a peak which, from another point, appears as a spur of the mountain. At the foot of this peak begins the upper rim of the crater, which descends gradually to the left in the shape of a spiral curve. In its entire length it is frosted with a layer of snow over fifty feet thick; the effect of this is very striking. The walls of the crater are composed of steep, bare rock, the surface of which is furrowed and stratified in a most wonderful manner. The interior is filled with snow; its outlet is to the eastward, where it feeds a large glacier. There is good reason to believe that this amphitheatre is of volcanic origin. Several specimens of rocks which were brought down seem to support

this theory, while later in the day a cone was passed resembling in shape and general appearance those seen in the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii.

Having paused a few moments for the view, we turned to the left and began following the edge of the crater in a westerly direction. We soon passed the point we had reached two days before, and then walked steadily for two hours over snow-fields and steep *débris*. Later we had about fifteen minutes of good climbing among solid sandstone and conglomerate rocks. This we enjoyed immensely, as it was in marked contrast with what we had been treated to on the shale *arête*.

After a hasty lunch at ten we continued the ascent. The following hour was occupied in cutting our way up an ice-slope. This is always slow and tedious work, and particularly so when the ice is covered with a layer of snow. At an early hour of the day such slopes can sometimes be ascended by digging one's feet into the snow, and without the aid of any steps in the ice ; but after the surface has been exposed to the rays of the sun there is always danger of the whole mass of snow detaching itself from the ice and forming a miniature avalanche, in which case the whole party would be pretty sure to follow the avalanche down the slope. It is far safer, and generally absolutely necessary, when brought face to face with such an obstacle, to cut one's way up it step by step ; the rate of progress under such circumstances is often not over 150 feet an hour, whereas a good snow-field can be climbed at more than ten times this speed. The steps are cut by means of an ice-axe, the shape of which is familiar to Swiss tourists. The first man has most of the heavy work to do. Those behind him have to see that the rope is kept taut and to dig their axes well into the ice at each step, in order to have a good hold on it, should anyone slip. The descent of such a slope is generally accomplished in the same way that one would descend a ladder. When thus facing the ice, there is less danger of losing one's balance ; then, too, it is easier to secure a foothold in a slippery step with the toe than with the heel.

Having climbed the ice-slope, we found ourselves at the point where the crater appears from below to take a sudden turn to the right. We then walked along the undulating line of its upper edge ; no sooner had we reached the top of one eminence than we were obliged to descend again, only to prepare for climbing another. The snow was very soft ; we constantly went in to our knees and sometimes to our waist. At 1.45 P.M. we were at the point where the rocky peak already referred to may properly be said to begin. According to observations made with aneroid barometers and a boiling-point thermometer, the height reached was 11,460 feet, nearly 9,000 of which were above the line of perpetual snow. Several sights were taken with the prismatic compass in order to locate our position on the mountain. It was unfortunately too late in the day and the snow was getting too soft for us to ascend the small peak ; we estimated it to be about 1,500 feet above us, and under favorable conditions we could probably have climbed it in less than two hours.

There are several reasons, which it would be tedious for the reader to have laid before him at length, why no further attempt was made to reach the actual summit of Mt. St. Elias. The only practicable route leading to the final peak from beyond the crater appeared to be over a huge mound some 1,500 feet high, the slopes of which were mostly covered with ice. To cut steps up it would in itself be no small task, and would have to be performed at the beginning and not in the middle of the day's climb ; hence it would be necessary to establish a temporary camp at a considerable height on the mountain, and to do this would require the services of packers experienced in climbing, such as the present expedition did not have at its command. Even then success would not be certain, unless another year should find these same slopes covered with firm snow instead of ice. That this would be the case is not at all improbable, in view of the unusual amount of sunny weather which prevailed in Alaska during the whole of last summer, the tendency of which is to turn snow into ice. Beyond the mound

the ascent by the southern *arête* appeared to offer fewer difficulties, though the very summit of the mountain wore a snow-cap with a great deal of overhang. The southwestern face of St. Elias, it is safe to say, will never be climbed; it presents a mass of broken snow, beautiful, yet forbidding. We estimated the summit to be about 7,000 feet above us, making its total height 18,500 feet. It seemed to us that the Coast Survey giving it 19,500 feet was too liberal in its figures.

The day was cloudless; the whole scene was one that baffles description. It surpassed in grandeur though not in picturesqueness the very best that the Alps can offer. Roughly speaking, the eye encountered for miles nothing but snow and ice. I had never before thoroughly realized the vastness of the Alaskan glaciers, though during the past fortnight we had spent many a weary hour in crossing immense moraines. One of the glaciers we looked down upon was not less than sixty miles long, while another attained a breadth of twenty-five or thirty miles.

From below I had gained the impression that ice covered with *débris* predominated over white ice. I now saw that this was not the case, and that the ratio of *débris* to clear ice was probably not greater than that of one to ten. When standing at a considerable height one appreciates for the first time the beautiful curves through which the glaciers alter their course. We noticed this in particular in looking down upon the Agassiz Glacier. It appeared at one point to describe three or four arcs of concentric circles with radii varying from eight to ten miles, each arc being indicated by a light coating of stones, the whole resembling an immense race-course. Through the middle of the Tyndall Glacier, and for a distance of several miles, two light streaks of moraine ran parallel to each other, presenting from above the appearance of a huge serpent crawling the length of the glacier.

The groups of snow-clad peaks visible to the naked eye were countless, and to the northward, in which direction the view was barred, their number is doubtless quite as great; only a few of them, however, impressed us as being either very high or very striking in shape. Some of them rose out of the snow in such a manner as to lead one to believe that they had been recently buried and were waiting to be dug out. When I say that but few appeared very high or striking, I should except Fairweather and Crillon, which were plainly visible above the clouds though a hundred and forty miles distant. The ocean was covered with fog; it frequently is in these latitudes; in fact it would often be raining for a whole day at the beach, while about St. Elias the sky would be cloudless.

At three o'clock we thought it best to begin our downward journey, as we did not care to be caught out over night. A small American flag, presented to the Expedition by a lady of Sitka, was placed in a tin can and left at "Flag Rock," a point about 10,000 feet high. The descent was accomplished without accident, and we reached our sleeping place at 8.30 P.M. While descending the final *arête*, and when not occupied in dodging falling stones, we noticed some very fine effects of the setting sun on the snow mountains and on a few thin floating clouds; the hues did not equal the Alpine glow of Switzerland, but the light blue of the sky was very beautiful. The sunlight falling on the green spots in the valleys below made them stand out in marked contrast with the surrounding snow and ice.

After a hasty meal we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and spent another night in the open air. We had all enjoyed the day thoroughly; I shall certainly remember it as one of the pleasantest I have ever spent in the mountains.

The twentieth day had now elapsed since our arrival at Icy Bay, and it was time for us to be thinking of getting back to the beach, not knowing how long we might be detained there by the surf. Leaving a few things behind, we began the return journey in earnest the day after the climb, and reached the shore in the course of five days. The Indians were overjoyed at the idea of being homeward bound. They seemed thoroughly tired of the



Mt. Crillon from the Pacific Ocean.

mountains. We found the Yahtsé River very much higher than when we had come up, and hence the wading was more disagreeable. At one place we were submerged for some time anywhere from the chest to the neck, according to the size of the man. We were so light when under water, that the quicksands below did not trouble us. On the other hand our loads rendered us top-heavy, and one of our men as a natural result lost his balance and went over, wetting his pack. Our smallest Indian had to be relieved of his load altogether. Curiously enough the Indians seemed to prefer wading to walking over dry ground. The first day out, they took us through deep water no less than ten times in the course of half an hour, much of which could have been avoided, as we subsequently found, by making a short *détour* through the woods. On the present occasion one of them, having crossed the stream, deposited his pack and returned to the deepest part where he literally took a bath with all his clothes on and seemed to rejoice in our unsuccessful efforts at finding a shallow place for crossing. The water coming directly from the glacier was so cold that we white men were only too glad to get out of it, but its temperature seemed to have no disagreeable effect on the Indians.

The shore-camp was reached August 7th, early in the afternoon. There was but little surf, and fearing that the conditions might change by next morning, we decided to start for Yakutat that night. The Indians were very glad to leave, and as a consequence we found getting away from Icy Bay to be a very much easier task than starting out from Yakutat some four weeks earlier had been. The large canoe carried twelve men, all the baggage, and the provisions which were left over. The small one could only hold four men. At six o'clock we were fairly under way, and an equal amount of paddling and sailing brought us to Yakutat next morning at ten o'clock.

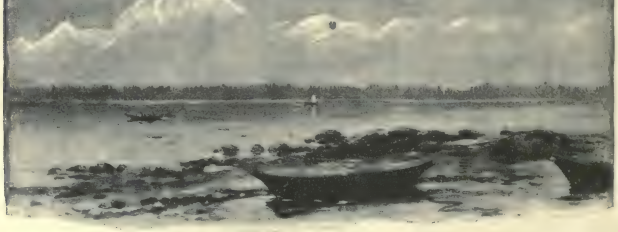
Four days elapsed, and the Alpha, which we were relying on to take us down the coast, had not yet put in an appearance. As I was anxious to be home by a certain date, I availed myself of an unexpected opportunity to reach Sitka on the Active, a small schooner



Wading an Arm of the Yahtse River—on the return from the mountain.

which was already crowded with miners. My friends, not being so hard pressed for time, decided to await the arrival of the larger vessel. The Active was favored with a fair breeze till within thirty miles of Sitka, at which point we took to the oars and rowed her into port. The trip was performed in three days and a half, and thanks to the fine weather was far from disagreeable.

The others, as I subsequently learned, were much less fortunate than myself in getting away from Yakutat. After waiting another week for the Alpha, one of them decided to start for Sitka in a canoe with some Indians. The trip was successfully made in seven days, but it was not unattended with danger, since the coast consists largely of rocks and glaciers and hence offers but little protection against southerly gales, even for a canoe. On reaching Sitka it was learned that the Leo, a schooner with auxiliary steam power, was just about to leave for Victoria. She was immediately chartered to go to Yakutat and bring the remainder of the party away. Their joy on sighting her was intense,



Mount St. Elias from Yakutat.

but not of long duration, for no sooner had she steamed off with all on board, than a southeasterly gale was encountered which lasted five days; during this time the Leo sprung a bad leak which necessitated a return to Yakutat, where she was beached and repaired by her crew. Sitka was eventually reached on the 17th of September.

It is hoped that before long this part of our country will be visited again and another attempt made to climb Mt. St. Elias. The next expedition will have a great advantage over the present one, for, the weather permitting, it can count on being at an elevation of eleven thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level within six days after leaving Icy Bay, whereas this year's party were eighteen days in reaching this height, owing to the absence of all definite information concerning the mountain proper.

Whether the latter will ever be climbed by following up our route it is impossible to say; it is not at all unlikely that the true way to the summit is to be found on the northern side, where fewer rocks and better snow would probably be encountered; how to reach the northern side of the mountain is a problem yet to be solved. But whether successful in reaching the top or not, no party composed of men who enjoy walking and climbing amidst the finest of alpine scenery will ever regret having spent a summer in making the attempt to ascend Mt. St. Elias.

HOPE'S SONG.

By Elsie Kendall.

"And will it be," said Hope to me,
"That over the snow he'll come,
And the beckoning light of your window bright
Will guide him, weary, home?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"On a summer's eventide,
When the tender glow of the sunset's low,
You shall walk side by side?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"When the sky is dull and gray
And thou downcast, he will come at last
And brighten all the day?

"Or will it be," said Hope to me,
"You may put my pictures by,
Save one the best and the faithfullest
To look at when you die:

"Of a gleaming sea," said Hope to me,
"And a fair shore calm and sweet,
Where hearts I wis like thine and his
Have never failed to meet."



Henrik Ibsen.

(Engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph.)

HENRIK IBSEN.

By George Rice Carpenter.

THERE are two important methods in modern criticism. One school demands of a critic merely the accurate expression of the precise sensations which an author produces in him. According to the other the chief duty of the critic is to give us as complete as possible an idea of what the author is in himself, of what the author thought and felt when he wrote, and what place his life and literary activity have in the development of the century to which he belongs. Both methods, one individual, the other impersonal and largely comparative, agree in foregoing the use of trick-tests and catch-phrases for theories, in refusing to rank authors one above another like children in a primary school. I regret that I am unable to write about Ibsen in either of the ways which I have mentioned. I know him at best only at second hand, through German translations, and my "tasting" faculties are so weak that the precise effect which Ibsen makes on me is not of any particular importance. And, with regard to the second method, although Ibsen's name is fast becoming a household word in Germanic Europe, I am too ill acquainted with Scandinavian literature to attempt to reconstruct a Norwegian playwright from his dramas and to place him in his

proper niche in the literary history of the century. There are books* which attempt both these things, and to them I refer the interested reader. All that I can do is to play the forerunner to a more complete historian in America, and, in default of him, to point out what I can of importance in the works and life of one of the most modern of the moderns.

Henrik Ibsen was born in 1828, in a small town near Christiania. His father, a merchant in easy circumstances, failed in business when Henrik was still young, so that the boy's lessons in real life began early. People looked at him curiously and treated the family with less respect than before. Many of their old friends fell away, and their new friends, as is natural in a commercial society, were men who had for one reason or another failed to keep step with the rank and file. There is nothing like trouble to test one's friends, and Ibsen had the touchstone from the first. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a druggist, and for some years he studied medicine. In 1850 we find him a student in Christiania. He was still poor and he knew what it was to go hungry now and then, but he had good friends—Björnson and Jonas Lie—and all the advantages of plain living and high thinking. The time was an interesting one in Norway; national life was beginning to stir and, as usual, the young men were the ones who felt the new impulse within them, unformulated and confused, but strong and earnest.

From his earliest years Ibsen had a taste for satire, and I fear that he made many a needless enemy by some luckless squib at a crotchety neighbor. His first real literary impulse, however, came from Cicero and Sallust. His sympathies, with the natural perversity of youth, were aroused for the arch-traitor Catiline. To the ardent boy he seemed a deep-seeing though irresolute reformer, who felt the utter rottenness of the old order of things at Rome and decided that all the old must be razed to the ground before the new could begin. Out of this grew Ibsen's first play, "Catilina" (1850). He published it at his own expense—in ugly type and on poor paper—and the only money that ever came from it was when he sold the entire edition for old paper. But perhaps it helped him to meet good people: shortly after, Ole Bull made him playwright, or something of the sort, for the new national theatre at Bergen, and there (1851–58) he wrote at least one play a year, ordinary pieces which other men might have written. Meanwhile he was learning his art and slowly finding his material. History, the significant and the tragic in the past, still interested him tremendously, and even when, in 1858, he was transferred to the Norwegian theatre at Christiania, he still continued to find his subjects and his models in history and legend. In 1856 he wrote "The Feast at Solhaug," a lyrical drama of much beauty. The next two years were years of rapid growth. Still looking toward the past, with his back to the present, he found there a great emotion ("The Warriors at Helgeland," 1858), the strenuous deeds and loves and hates of the Volsunga-Saga. It was as if he had said to his hearers and his readers: Look at Sigurd and Brunhild and then at your puny selves. That was the beginning of the modern in Ibsen. He had caught hold of the tragic, the significant in the past, and that showed him the comedy, the seeming insignificance of the present. "The Comedy of Love" (1862), his next important play, is the first keen look into the present of a man who has hitherto thought only of the past. To understand what he saw we should understand the Norway of that time, but it will not be difficult, I think, for an American to understand in the main the conditions in which Ibsen found himself.

Imagine a young man with yearnings for the beautiful and for a strenuous and noble life, but surrounded by men and women fundamentally conventional, whose religion forbade the beautiful, and whose actions were governed by thumb-rules of success and unworthy, bloodless ambitions. He was sensitive, and his early lessons in life had taught him the

* A recent volume of the Camelot series contains three of Ibsen's most important plays, with an interesting introductory essay by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Georg Brandes has an important article on Ibsen in "Nord und Süd," vol. 27, and Otto Brahm has written very sympathetically of him in the "Deutsche Rundschau" (vol. 49) and elsewhere. German translations of nearly all Ibsen's plays can be found in Reclam's "Universal-Bibliothek."

rarity of real moral worth in such a community. "The air about him," says Brandes, "was filled with strange words. People talked of eternal love, of deep seriousness, of strength of belief, steadfastness of character, Norwegian virtue. He looked about him, peered here and there, and found nothing in the real world which could justify such fine phrases." The profound moral impulse of the North was in him as he tested this and that about him, and when he discovered much that was hollow, many that were humbugs, his old trick of satire came to his help and he wrote the "Comedy of Love." There was nothing in it that could shock a fine moral nature, but one can imagine the commotion which this merciless handling of the Philistine marriage created in Christiania. "What!" said the world of sewing societies and tea-parties, "this! But this is forbidden. These are the things we do not talk about. He is making fun of us and our ideals. They must be right, these ideals in social life, in literature, in æsthetics, in politics. Anathema be the man who speaks of what we ignore—the essential gap between the real and the ideal." So the sewing societies and the tea-parties fell with one accord to discussing Ibsen. There were vulgar and detailed hints in the newspapers about his private life and his associates. He lacked faith in the ideal, they said. The breach between him and his contemporaries widened; not even "The Pretenders" (1864), a historical and allegorical drama of the deepest moral interest, could avail to close it. On his part there was satire; on theirs, wrath and petty persecution. Luckily an opportunity soon came for him to leave Norway, and in 1864 we find him in Rome, a voluntary exile, like many a man before him. Since then his home has always been in Italy or in the pleasanter parts of Germany.

The way in which Ibsen grew during the first years of his exile is fascinating in its interest. He flung himself with great energy into the new life of the South—sweet, passionate, antique, eternal. The bitterness with which he thought of Norway gradually died away, and in its stead came a wiser, a more cosmopolitan feeling. There was a new life around him to understand and to live in, and after the first passionate attractions and repulsions of feeling were over, to which a Northerner must always be subject in the South, the exile began to see the life about him as it was, and to compare it with that of his Northland—obstinate, insistent, bigoted, uncultured, but bearing within it fine elements: stability and moral purpose. Perhaps, too, it came to him slowly that, cosmopolize himself as he would, rid himself as best he could of the meagreness of Northern life, he was still a child of the North. There at least his heart was oftentimes, as his little lyric "Burned Ships" shows. The thoughts and visions of the night take him Northward; he says

> To the huts of the Snowland
> From the pomp of the South,
> There rideth a rider
> Each night.*

From this tangle of influences which surrounds a sojourner in the South, there emerged several distinct results, and they are interesting because one often finds one or more of them in writers who make the great step from romanticism to realism. In the first place, Ibsen was no longer contented to get emotions from life, he tried to discover rules of life in the abstract, and that led him into allegorical writing.

"Brand" (1866), an allegorical poem in the form of a drama, was unmistakably, one might almost say hopelessly, Northern, and for the first time the North was willing to hear. Well-nigh incomprehensible as the poem is to us, weighed down with symbol, allegory, choruses of spirits, and all the machinery which burdens "Faust," it was gladly received in Norway, and even in Denmark and Sweden. Numerous editions of it were published, and it was plain that that was what the Scandinavian countries wanted. A success, too, was "Peer Gynt" (1867), the most Scandinavian of all Ibsen's works, still symbolic and comparatively unintelligible, but full of satire and not without a powerful lyric swing. In "Brand" he had attempted the study of the man who acts without measure in all things,

* A German version reads:

> Zu den Hütten des Schneelands
> Aus südlicher Pracht,
> Reitet ein Reiter
> Jegliche Nacht.

whose watchword is "all or nothing." "Peer Gynt" is the tragedy of the imagination. The hero is a youth who lives in and through his fancy until he scarcely separates the imagined from the real, and the lesson, the moral, is supposed to be "the failure of an overmastering imagination and a weak will to attain the love that alone satisfies." The conclusion of "Brand," so far as one who is not an adept can tell, is that the rigid application of extreme theories to life is fatal; the conclusion of "Peer Gynt" is against the unrestrained use of the fancy; and with these meagre truths Ibsen came out of the mists of allegory and the fruitless attempt to gain a step of progress by juggling with symbols, and entered upon a new part of his life.

In Ibsen's earlier plays we saw how he looked toward the past to find there great emotions. Once more, in "Emperor and Galilean" (1873), he turned toward the past, but it was more in the scientific way of the modern historian. He would see what the principles of life have been in the past, as if from them he would find the philosophy of history, and from that the meaning of life. He was not altogether unsuccessful; the work breaks up into catchwords—something as Matthew Arnold's works do—and the catchwords stand for certain beliefs to which Ibsen has worked his way. Of these hereafter; the important point here is to notice that it was through history as well as through allegory that Ibsen progressed.

In 1869 appeared "The Young Men's League." It was a return to the method of the "Comedy of Love," a new testing of shams—this time of political ones—a new procession of humbugs, a new revelation of the political jobbery that hides itself under fine phrases of freedom and progress. But this was in prose, and from that time on Ibsen's dramas are in prose, in the simple and true language of reality. *Die Kunstformen sterben aus.* Poetry and the drama no longer house together. Poetry goes, and with it the old tragic models. There remains something less and something more, a prose more colorless, more accurate, individual more in the perfection of its skill to do what it pretends to do than in any record it gives of the writer's self. It is the prose of the surgeon, the man of science, as direct, as unflinching as a type of the second half of the nineteenth century should be.

There is nothing quite so modern in M. Lemaître as the passage in which he writes of M. Brunetière's adoration for the great century, the seventeenth. Over against Bossuet and the classic models M. Lemaître sets the moderns, not impudently, but frankly, and with reverence to those to whom reverence is due. "Sincerely," he says, "I always have to make an effort to read Bossuet. It is true that, as soon as I have read a few pages, I feel that after all he is, as they say nowadays, *très-fort*, but he gives me almost no pleasure, while often on opening by chance some book of to-day or yesterday it happens that I thrill with delight (*il m'arrive de frémir d'aise*), that I am penetrated to the marrow with pleasure—so much do I love this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelligent, so unquiet, so mad, so morose, so out of joint, so subtile—so much do I love it in its affectations, its ridiculous peculiarities, its excesses, the germ of all which I feel in me, and which, one after another, I make my own."

Whether M. Lemaître would be Germanic enough to see any good thing in Ibsen is perhaps to be doubted; but Ibsen is modern, and he affects us as a modern. Whether his work will live or not is a matter of indifference to us. We have had enough of prophecies of immortality. What do I care what book pleased my grandfather or will please my grandson, so long as I am penetrated with pleasure by this or that book? Ibsen's society plays may live or die for all me, though Mr. Havelock Ellis takes pains to hint that they will die, and that his allegorical Faust-like poems (may posterity like them better than I do!) will survive for the lasting admiration of future generations. Whether that be true or not, the fact remains that there is scarcely a man alive whose words come so near to many of us as Ibsen's modern words, for they are the clear echo of the dull sounds we hear within ourselves. In his later plays

the old catches and tricks are gone. There is no more petty love-making or fantastic ranting about things in general. New objects of interest are present —life itself, for example. After years of effort Ibsen has at last found himself and learned to be himself, and in these later plays he has had the courage to tell us what elements he sees in the life around him. Right or wrong in his generalizations, we shall find him at least accurate in observation and in expression.

Since 1871 Ibsen has written a play about every two years. They are all in prose, and they all concern modern life. A short summary of several of them will show the characteristics of them all.

"An Enemy to Society" (*En Folkefiende*) concerns the individual in his relations to society. *Dr. Stockmann* is an idealist, an optimist, who lives and lets live, who believes in goodness, truth, and justice, and will do all in his power to realize them on earth. He has been lucky enough to discover that certain springs in his native town can be utilized for a "Bath," or hydropathic cure, or what not, and in this way has founded the prosperity of the community, and won the good-will of his fellow-citizens. But he is also unlucky enough to discover, after several years, that, owing to bad drainage, the water which was supposed to give the baths their curative qualities is in reality infected with poisonous germs, and hence dangerous alike to citizen and to resident invalid. It is no irremediable difficulty, there is need only of a few changes in the drainage, changes which, it is true, take time and money, but which are as nothing in comparison with the health and real prosperity of the town. And so the honest doctor, after carefully assuring himself that he is right, blurts the whole truth out. He has been living in rather Bohemian fashion, and the editors of the town newspaper, who have been regularly his guests, are eager to take the matter up, chiefly because they foresee a row, and conceive that what seems to him a very simple matter can be made a burning question in local politics. They assure him that he has behind him "the free and independent press" and the "compact majority of small tax-payers," and the honest man's heart swells with pride at the thought. The doctor's brother, however, is burgomaster, and he is as conservative, as tricky, as dishonest, and as hypocritical as *Dr. Stockmann* is the opposite. To him the matter means loss of money and loss of influence, and he contrives to bribe over the free and independent press, and to fill the ears of the compact majority of small tax-payers and householders with all sorts of foolish ideas about *Dr. Stockmann* and his new foible. But the doctor's strong nature is roused at this treatment and he will be heard. The town paper, bribed by the burgomaster, will not print the article in which he gives his analysis of the water. "No," says the editor, his old friend and guest, "I cannot and will not. I dare not print it."

Dr. S. You dare not? What nonsense! You're editor, and I suppose it is the editor that directs his paper!

The Editor. No, it's the readers, Doctor.

Another Editor. Luckily, it is.

The Printer. It is public opinion, the enlightened people, the householders, and all the rest. It is they who direct a paper.

The doctor tries to print the article at his own expense, but the printer refuses, for the sake of public opinion, to have anything to do with it. He then decides to read it to a mass-meeting of the citizens; but just as he is ready to begin, the friends of the burgomaster take possession of the meeting, which has assembled at the doctor's invitation, nominate a chairman, and pass a motion that *Dr. Stockmann* be forbidden to speak on anything which concerns the Baths. Baited like a bull, the poor man bellows forth all the thoughts which a few days of cowardly persecution have aroused in him.

"I am going to make a great revelation to you, fellow-citizens! I am going to disclose that to you which is of infinitely more moment than the unimportant fact that our water-works are poisonous, and that our Hygienic Baths are built on a soil teeming with pestilence."

Many voices (shouting). Don't speak about the Baths! We won't listen to that! Shut up about that!

Dr. Stockmann. I have said that I should speak of the great discovery I have made during the last few days—the discovery that all our spiritual sources of life are poisoned, and that our whole bourgeois society rests upon a soil that is teeming with the pestilence of lies.

And then amid hisses and shouts of derision he continues:

"The majority is never right. Never, I say. That is one of those conventional lies against which a free, thoughtful man must rebel. Who are they that make up the majority of a country? Is it the wise men or the foolish? I think we must agree that the foolish folk are, at present, in a terribly overwhelming majority all around us and about us, the whole world over. But, devil take it, it can surely never be right that the foolish should rule over the wise! (*Noise and shouts.*) Yes, yes, you can shout me down, but you cannot gainsay me. The majority has might, unhappily, but right it has not. I and a few others are right, the minority is always right.

"The minority is right," continues *Dr. Stockmann*, "because it revolts against the lie that truth resides in the majority. That is the doctrine you have inherited from our forefathers, and that the *Messenger* heedlessly proclaims far and wide, the doctrine that the multitude, the vulgar herd, the masses, are the pith of the people—that indeed they are the people—that the common man, that this ignorant, undeveloped member of society has the same right to condemn or to sanction, to govern and to rule as the few people of intellectual power.

"This is one of the truths that the majority is wont to take up—truths so full of years that they are decrepit. The great independent majority of the people, who are sensible enough to reverence only assured and acknowledged truths, make up a lying community, and if worst came to worst, it doesn't matter if a lying community is ruined! It must be levelled to the ground, I say! All men who live upon lies must be exterminated like vermin! You'll poison the whole country in time; you'll bring it to such a pass that the whole country will deserve to perish. And should it come to this, I say, from the bottom of my heart: Perish the country! Perish all its people!"

A Man (*in the crowd*). Why he talks like a regular enemy of the people!

Billing. There, God bless me! spoke the voice of the people!

Many (*shouting*). Yes! yes! yes! He's an enemy of the people! He hates the country! He hates the people!

And so the motion is passed unanimously (except for the vote of one drunken man) that this meeting is of opinion that the medical officer of the Bath, Dr. Thomas Stockmann, is an enemy of the people. "Enemy! Enemy!" shout the people as they hustle him in the streets. His clothes are torn (one should never put on one's best trousers when one goes fighting for liberty and truth, he says ruefully to his wife) his windows are broken, his landlord gives him notice, the boys are sent home from school, he is dismissed from his post as medical officer of the Baths—everything that can happen happens, because each man acts out of respect for public opinion. But *Dr. Stockmann* does not flinch. He will stay and live it out, the truth shall be heard, justice shall conquer. "Yes," he says to his family, "now I am one of the strongest men on earth."

Morten. I say, father!

Dr. Stockmann (*in a subdued voice*). Hush! you must not speak about it yet; but I have made a great discovery.

Mrs. Stockmann. What, again?

Dr. Stockman. Assuredly. (*Gathers them about him and speaks confidently.*) You see, the fact is that the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone.

Mrs. Stockmann (*shakes her head smiling*). Ah! Thomas——!

Petra (*taking his hands trustfully*). Father!

In another play, the "Pillars of Society," Ibsen shows us a different section of a similar society. A knot of men and women in another badly drained and unventilated Northern village pretend to be the props of social order. One man in particular stands for honesty, decency, and generosity, while at bottom he is dishonest, indecent, and

selfish. At last, through the influence of certain members of his family who have what we might call real moral impulses, he comes to his senses, and kicks away from under him the whole shabby scaffolding of lies. "I have learned this in these days," he says to his sister-in-law, "it is you women who are the pillars of society." "Then you have learned a poor wisdom, brother-in-law," she replies. "No, no; the spirits of truth and freedom, these are the pillars of society."

Of the other plays, with the exception of "Nora," I can scarcely speak here. In "The Wild Duck," a complex but still interesting play, a youth is infatuated with ideas like those which Ibsen holds. He prates continually of sincerity and the true foundation of happiness in a family. By chance he finds in the household of an old school-mate the elements which he most hates: hypocrisy, deceit, injustice. These he undertakes to break down, and to found anew the family on a sure basis. Of course he fails, and the latter end of his friends is worse than the first: so hard is it to deal with human nature by any stiff ideals, and so harmful is the bigoted reformer likely to be.

In "Spectres" Ibsen treats the tragedy of heredity. *Mrs. Alva* is the wife of a rake and the mother of a child doomed from his birth to a fate worse than insanity. Like the other women in Ibsen's plays, she meets, one by one, questions which go to the very roots of social duties, until the end leaves her standing before one of the greatest of them all. In "Rosmersholm" we have the Robert Elsmere of Norway, an Elsmere to whom Mrs. Ward's priggish hero seems something antiquated and outworn, an odd survival of generations ago. It is a book which may well be epoch-making to a young reader if he takes it much to heart, so deep does it go into the impulses of modern life. But in "Nora" there are things much more to our present purpose.

"*Nora*," says Mr. Ellis, "is one of a group of women, more or less highly developed, who are distributed throughout Ibsen's later plays. They stand in their stagnant conventional environment as, either instinctively or intelligently, actually or potentially, the representatives of freedom and truth, containing the promise of a new social order. The men in these plays who are able to estimate their social surroundings at a just value have mostly been wounded or paralyzed in the battle of life; they stand by, half-cynical, and are content to be mere spectators. But the women are full of unconquerable energy. There is a new life in their breasts that surges often tumultuously into very practical expression." *Nora Helmer* has been the petted child of a rich official and she becomes the petted wife of a rising lawyer, who treats her as a pretty plaything to be enjoyed and to be amused. Vain and full of foibles as she is, she is constant and generous. When her husband is ill and the doctor tells her that he must be taken to Italy for the winter, she forges her father's name to borrow money. She conceals this from her husband, and, light-hearted and ignorant of business to an almost inconceivable degree, she does not for an instant imagine that she has done anything wrong. Her husband's life is saved by the winter in Italy, but her father dies while they are there, and the note gets into the hands of a sharper, who persecutes her for money. In the course of time the knowledge of all this comes to the ears of her husband, who, man of spotless business honor that he is, never thinks of taking her innocent guilt on his own shoulders, but berates her fiercely for it. The matter settles itself, luckily, and *Helmer* forgives his wife and calls her again his "lark" and his "doll." But the short experience has taught her silly girl's heart wiser things.*

Nora. You have never understood me. Much wrong has been done me, first by father and then by you.

Helmer. What! By us both who loved you more deeply than all other human beings?

Nora (*shaking her head*). You never loved me. You were only pleased at being in love with me.

Helmer. But, Nora, what sort of words are these?

Nora. Is not this the way it stands, Robert? When I lived with father he told me all his opinions and so I had the same opin-

* The following passages I translate from the German, so they are doubly liable to inaccuracies.

ions. If I ever had any other sort of opinion, I kept it to myself, for notions of my own!—he would never have liked that. He called me his little doll and played with me just as I played with my dolls. And then I came to your house——

Helmer. What sort of expressions are these which you make use of for our marriage!

Nora (*undisturbed*). I say, then I went from father's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your tastes, and so I had the same tastes as you. When I look back on it now, it seems to me as if I had lived here like some poor fellow—only from hand to mouth. I lived by performing for you like an actress. But you would have it so. You and father have committed a great sin against me. You are guilty that I have not amounted to anything.

Helmer. How silly and ungrateful you are. Have you not been happy here?

Nora. No, never! I thought I was, but I wasn't!

Helmer. Not happy? Not——

Nora. No, only merry. Our home was nothing but a playroom. At home I was treated as a little doll, and here as a big doll, and the children were *my* dolls. I was very happy when you played with me, just as the children were when I played with them. That was our marriage, Robert.

With such thoughts she cannot live longer with her husband. She must go away, she says.

Helmer. Leave your home, your husband, your children! You don't stop to think what people will say.

Nora. For that I can have no regard. I only know that it is necessary for me to go.

Helmer. And you can disregard your most holy duties?

Nora. What do you call my most holy duties?

Helmer. You ask me that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

Nora. I have other duties just as holy.

Helmer. What, pray?

Nora. My duties to myself.

Helmer. Before everything you are wife and mother.

Nora. That I believe no longer. I believe that before everything else I am a human being—just as much as you—or at least, I will try to be one. I know very well that most people agree with you, Robert, and that something of the sort is written in the books. But I can no longer content myself with what most people say and what stands written in the books. I must reflect about things myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer. You are not clear about your place in your family? Have you not an unerring guide in such questions? Have you not religion?

Nora. Ah, Robert, I don't know at all what religion is.

Helmer. What do you say?

Nora. I know nothing more than what the Rev. Mr. Jakobi said when I was confirmed. He said religion was so and so. This, too, I want to investigate. I must see whether what the Rev. Mr. Jakobi said is right, or rather, whether it is right for me.

Helmer. You speak like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora. So I don't, but I will learn to know it. I must convince myself which is right, society or I.

And so Nora, the brave child-woman, goes away to begin her new life and to see what society and what religion really are.

Ibsen's own idea, as the reader has probably long ago remarked, is the development of the individuality. His homeless, vagrant life in Italy and in Germany, his refusal to identify himself with any newspaper or review, to take side with any party, to be bound to any set or clique—all mean the same thing. His most holy duties are toward himself. It makes one think of Kierkegaard, who was so permeated with the principles of non-alliance and self-growth that he inveighed against Christianity; people cannot be Christian *en masse*, he said. Ibsen said once that he could not afford to have many friends: they were too costly a luxury; they gave him no time, no chance to be himself. In the future which he believes is coming, he sees people who are not citizens but men, for we belong not to a state but to humanity. There every man will be himself and every woman herself. There every child will be taught from the cradle to look into the world simply, without superstition of any kind. There will be no more useful lies in education or in religion, no more blind acceptance of dead truths. All will be living, active, coming from the heart out, not accepted thoughtlessly and left to work from the outside in.

The burden of the dead past will be lifted from us, with us will be only the present, and before us the future. This will all come to pass when the "third kingdom" cometh. The truths of Christianity, according to Ibsen, are as dead as the beautiful errors of the heathendom which they destroyed—dead because they are all dissolved into their natural elements and absorbed again in the life of man to make something still unnamed, something subtile, as yet ill-defined. This is the new kingdom, the "third kingdom," as Ibsen calls it in "Emperor and Galilean." There democracy will have accomplished its task and made every man a nobleman. There the workingman, the woman—the two great factors in progress, potentially powerful, but now dumb and motionless—will have their place. There education will mean *being*, not *learning;* there a man's holiest duties will be toward himself.

One has only to look attentively at Ibsen's face to be sure of certain of his characteristics; heavy white hair, a firm mouth and chin, a broad, high forehead, and kindly eyes. It is pre-eminently the face of a surgeon, of a Northerner who had to win his wisdom and his skill by slow and patient years of effort, of a man unwavering in his belief in what cometh, of a man almost Dantesque in his stern dignity. He said once: "Life is war with the spirits in heart and brain, and to write (*dichten*)—that is to hold judgment-day over one's self." He has written nothing, he says, but that which he has lived through or has seen in life. The past is dead to him, the present is transient, only the future—*das Werdende, das Kommende,* to which he drank once in a toast as solemn as a sacrifice—is real.

All this one may accept or not as he pleases; it is such a refined pleasure to be sceptical. Like all earnest men Ibsen is easy to caricature, for he goes to the edge of the absurd. There has been a hue and cry about him all over Germanic Europe and particularly in Berlin. That he is a master of his art, that his pieces play superbly, has only made the attacks on him the harsher. People said that he was a pessimist—as if a man who believes essentially in progress could be a pessimist—that in his hands the dramatic art had become oratory, the stage a rostrum; that he was a realist, he no longer believed in the genuine—I should say the notorious—German *Idealismus;* as if the real world of art and letters cared what particular rules of yardstick criticism are in vogue at Berlin. In spite of all this, however, there are multitudes who read Ibsen with great pleasure. So far as my experience goes, he has an extraordinary influence on young men. That influence, however, is not a personal one. A skilful teacher sometimes frames for his class a problem the solution of which leads them to a general law that lies behind it. The student is delighted with the tangibility of his new knowledge, and proceeds so eagerly to apply it, that, remembering the law, the important thing, he forgets the particular steps by which the teacher led him to it; sometimes he forgets entirely the part of the teacher. So it is with Ibsen. A drama of his presents a truth so skilfully that one is eager to apply it to another problem, and, elated with success, one is apt to forget the way in which the truth was first brought to him. Sometimes in the new enthusiasms which come from reading Ibsen's plays, one forgets Ibsen himself.

It is not easy to say whether or not Ibsen will be read in America. It is better that he should not be read than that there should be a "fad" about him. Americans are perhaps not apt to be much interested in a man who has written in praise of Julian the Apostate, and who has been trebly condemned as a realist, a pessimist, a socialist. But there is scarcely a man who can read Ibsen without feeling about him the roar and dark onward motion of life, without seeing dimly, as a traveller in a strange land sees from a mountain-top, new plains and rivers in the distance. There are few sincere souls who would not believe Ibsen sincere, and delight in the solemn emphasis which he gives to that which he believes true. There are few who would not join him in his toast to *das Werdende, das Kommende,* few who in reading him will not feel with M. Lemaître the peculiar qualities of this modern literature of ours, the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VI.

ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.

ON the evening of the interview referred to, the Master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark spots of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured: a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood, besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintry, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night, the haze closed in overhead; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold; a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game of cards; another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three of us thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom, and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the Master anyway affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practised one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dulness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager;* it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperilled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the Master. *Quel lourdaud!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdaud*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole; a fellow without grace,

lightness, quickness; any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy; such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions, in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me—nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think—who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the Master in the mouth.

The Master sprang to his feet like one transfigured; I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The Master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the Master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the Master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it is very needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the Master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the Master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now there is a blot upon my life; at these words of mine, the Master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the Master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the Master.

To my shame be it said, I was still so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword, that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," says the Master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this—" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring; a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I

went with more than terror; but my companions, bare-headed like myself and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the Master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bid me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the Master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me—as you very well know—your child even, who prefers me to yourself—how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man till, of a sudden, the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; my hand was as steady as ever, and all my fear fallen from me; nothing left but a great commiseration. The heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry," said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now; you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "O, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "O!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had new remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I

found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he, and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." And I forced him to swallow it like a child. "And now," said I, "to business."

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat—my old lord's seat by the chimney side—and was shaken with dry sobs.

I began to feel dismay come upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like happy secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"Mr. Mackellar!" says she, sitting up in bed.

"Madam," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"There is some calamity happened," said she.

"Madam," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she.

"I think so," said I, holding up the candle to scrutinize her face; "I pray God so!" I set down the light upon the chimney. "And another thing, Mrs. Henry," I added, pointing at her with my finger: "when so much is lost already, we can do no more but save what remains. The best now is very little; you and I must try for it."

"I will, Mackellar, good Mackellar," said she. "But no more suspense!" and she laid her hand on my shoulder and looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful for me to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and——"

"And the Master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madam!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madam," said I, "we are speaking of two men: one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours: has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always: has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing—the hearing of a hired stranger, that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madam, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God!—In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"O!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands, "this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind; and I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added: "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word shame, that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard, it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burthen. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight?" she whispered. "It was not——?" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not of the dead!" she cried.

"Madam," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "And my lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madam," said I, "have you not someone else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Someone else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him—it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all';—if God gives you grace enough, say 'Forgive me.'"

"Nay," said she, "may God forgive us all, and you not least, Mr. Mackellar, for a harsh judger and a cruel tongue."

"Pray rather I may be helped in what remains to do," said I. "For it seems to me that I am innocent of the least offence in this matter, and yet have the most dreadful part of it."

"You say very true, Mr. Mackellar," said she. "God strengthen you, and make you merciful. I will go to my husband; I shall not be more backward in my duty than yourself, and I will try to be more kind."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she down-stairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall-door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons, I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed-foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"O, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed. You know with what generosity he has always met your other—met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know—you must know—what he has suffered—what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of—is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him—pardon me, my lord! twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know—for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months, it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. O, but he was your son too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart!"

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues, virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak: you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons—I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter," he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarrelled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes and his face and his clasped hands besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "O my lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer—think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door: O, it stands open. Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?*—these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. "Here is too much speech? Where was it?"

His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. I beheld him with a wonder I could not hide. I had looked for him to die under the blow, and he bore it with more constancy than he had received the news of his son's safety.

"I ask you where it was," he repeated. "You must have more command."

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried, with a more spirited briskness than I had ever remarked upon his lips. "This is highly imprudent." And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "See!" said he, "there is a glimmer visible from even here. It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he, "what is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The freetraders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar, put these candles out. I will dress in the meanwhile; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way down-stairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night, it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution: How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my scalp, as I stood there staring: so

strange was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling as I went with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "Impossible! You cannot have looked. Come, let us go together."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long—so long," said she. "Come; give me your arm; you need not be afraid with me."

We returned to the shrubbery arm in arm, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She laid her hand upon my arm. "Continue to be brave," she said, "for you and I must help each other."

Presently she spied the sword, picked it up, and seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "Are you certain he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I; and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "no use, Mr. Mackellar; he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "O, you have not tried!"

"I know you think you have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity; "but I will prove to you before I have done that I am more worthy of your pity."

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madam," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she. "But here is my hand, Mr. Mackellar, if you will take it; for I think you have a loyal nature."

I gave her mine with a sudden warmth of friendship; for I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword—a strange burthen for that woman—she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The freetraders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him—" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him, if not living?" he asked "O, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed—as he came—without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen like the rest of us,

to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation : not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went down-stairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth ; and she made us a quick signal of defeat ; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting ; he had a steady countenance too, but methought a little cold ; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said : "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "O father," he cried, "you know I loved him ; you know I loved him in the beginning ; I could have died for him—you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. O say you know that! O say you can forgive me! O father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together. O, he was a bonny lad!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him ; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And O my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me too! Not your husband—I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad ; there was no harm in Henry Durie then ; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him—it's the old bairn that played with you—O can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this, my lord was like a cold, kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself like one satisfied.

"He will do now," says he. "We may leave him to his wife. Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon ; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelt the morning. At the same time, there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea ; and the air puffed at times against our faces and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle ; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism ; and passing farther on toward the landing-place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight ; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken ; and down by the landing-place, where the trader's boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea-water, carrying it in my lord's hat ; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord ; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now ; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night ; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it, in the council we held on our return. The freetraders had certainly secured the Master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures ; the rain would, long

before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the Master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him as I said with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants; and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaux, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the change, and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before; it was a parting shot; hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion: which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize: the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau, I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied: these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case, I was determined to have the means of some defence.

One after another I carried his portmanteaux to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaux there was a shagreen letter-case, which I cut open with my knife; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers: a most damning series: such as to publish, would be to wreck the Master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sang aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window—looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the wind driving in the bay—and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the Master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free-traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some

particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the Master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches; they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good-nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to anyone of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

(To be continued.)

A FOOT-NOTE TO A FAMOUS LYRIC.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

True love's own talisman, which here
Shakespeare and Sidney failed to teach,
A steel-and-velvet Cavalier
Gave to our Saxon speech:

Chief miracle of theme and touch
That upstart enviers adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not Honor more!

No critic born since Charles was King
But sighed in smiling, as he read:
"Here's theft of the supremest thing
A poet might have said!"

Young knight, and wit, and beau, who won
Mid war's adventure, ladies' praise,
Was't well of you, ere you had done,
To blight our modern bays?

O yet to you, whose random hand
Struck from the dark whole gems like these,
Archaic beauty, never planned
Nor reared by wan degrees;

Whose freak leaves artists poor, and art
An earldom richer all her years;
To you, dead on your shield apart,
Be Ave! passed in tears.

How shall this jealous era spurn
Her master, and in lauds be loath?
Your worth, your work, bid us discern
Light exquisite in both.

'Twas virtue's breath inflamed your lyre,
Heroic from the heart it ran;
Nor for the shedding of such fire
Lives since a manlier man.

And till your strophe sweet and bold
So lovely aye, so lonely long,
Love's self outdo, dear Lovelace! hold
The pinnacles of song.

THE PREVENTION OF RAILROAD STRIKES.

By Charles Francis Adams.

NOTE.

THE following paper was prepared for a special purpose in June, 1886, and then submitted to several of the leading officials directly engaged in the local management of the lines operated by the Union Pacific Railway Company, of which the writer had been president for two years. It drew forth from them various criticisms, which led to the belief that the publication of the paper at that time might easily result in more harm than good. It was accordingly laid aside, and no use made of it.

Nearly three years have since elapsed, and the events of the year 1888—with its strike of engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy—seem to indicate that the relations of railroad employees to the railroad companies have undergone no material change since the year 1886, when the strike on the Missouri Pacific took place. The same unsatisfactory condition of affairs apparently continues. There is a deep-seated trouble somewhere.

No sufficient reason, therefore, exists for longer suppressing this paper. Provided the suggestions contained in it have any value at all, they may at least be accepted as contributions to a discussion which of itself has an importance that cannot be either denied or ignored.

The paper is printed as it was prepared. The figures and statistics contained in it have no application, therefore, to the present time; nor has it been thought worth while to change them, inasmuch as they have little or no bearing upon the argument. That is just as applicable to the state of affairs now as it was to that which existed then. The only difference is that the course of events during the three intervening years has demonstrated that the paper, if it does no good, will certainly do no harm.

C. F. A.

BOSTON, February 4, 1889.

IN 1836—fifty years ago—there were but a little more than 1,000 miles of railroad on the American continents, representing an outlay of some $35,000,000, and controlled by a score or so of corporations. There are now about 135,000 miles in the United States alone, capitalized at over eight thousand millions of dollars.

The railroad interest is thus the largest single interest in the country. Probably 600,000 men are in its employ as wage-earners. It is safe to say that over two millions of human beings are directly dependent upon it for their daily support. The Union Pacific, as a single and by no means the largest member of this system, controls 5,150 miles of road, represented by stock and bonds to the amount of $275,000,000. More than 15,000 names are borne upon its pay-rolls. Its yearly income has exceeded $29,000,000, and in 1885 was $26,000,000. Large as these aggregates sound, there are other corporations which far exceed the Union Pacific both in income and in capitalization, and not a few exceed it in mileage. The Pennsylvania, for instance, either owns or directly controls 7,300 miles of road. It is represented by a capitalization of $670,000,000; its annual income is $93,000,000; it carries 75,000 names on its pay-rolls.

This has been the outgrowth of a single half-century. The vast and intricate organization implied in the management of such an interest had, as it were, to be improvised. The original companies were small and simple affairs. Some retired man of business held as a rule the position of president;

while another man, generally a civil engineer, and as such supposed to be more or less acquainted with the practical working of railroads, acted as superintendent. The superintendent in point of fact attended to everything. He was the head of the commercial department; the head of the operating department; the head of the construction department, and the head of the mechanical department. But there is a limit to what any single man can do; and so, as the organization developed, it became necessary to relieve the railroad superintendent of many of his duties. Accordingly, the working management naturally subdivided itself into separate departments, at the head of which men were placed who had been trained all their lives to do the particular work required in each department. In the same way, the employees of the company—the wage-earners, as they are called—originally few in number, held toward the company relations similar to those which the employees in factories, shops, or on farms, held to those who employed them. In other words, there was in the railroad system no organized service. As the employees increased until they were numbered by hundreds, better organization became a necessity. The community was absolutely dependent upon its railroad service for continued existence, for the running of trains is to the modern body politic very much what the circulation of blood is to the human being. An organized system, therefore, had to grow up. This fact was not recognized at first; and, indeed, is only imperfectly recognized yet. Still the fact was there; and inasmuch as it was there and was not recognized, trouble ensued. No rationally organized railroad service—that is, no service in which the employer and employed occupy definite relations toward each other, recognized by each and by the body politic—no such service exists. Approaches to it only have been made. A discussion, therefore, of the form that such a service would naturally take, if it were organized, cannot be otherwise than timely.

It has already been noticed that in the process of organization the railroad, following the invariable law, naturally subdivides itself into different departments. In the case of every corporation of magnitude, there are of these departments, whether one man is at the head of one or several of them, at least five. These are

1st. The financial department, which provides the ways and means.

2d. The construction department, which builds the railroad after the means to build it are provided.

3d. The operating department, which operates the road after it is built.

4th. The commercial department, which finds business for the operated road to do, and regulates the rates which are to be charged for doing it.

5th. The legal department, which attends to all the numerous questions which arise in the practical working of every one of the other departments.

These five divisions of necessary work exist in the organization of every company, no matter how small it may be, or how few officers it may employ. In the larger companies the need is found for yet other special departments. In the case of the Union Pacific, for instance, there are two such: First, the comptroller's department, which establishes and is responsible for the whole method of accounting; second, a department which is responsible for all the numerous interests which a large railroad company almost of necessity develops outside of its strict, legitimate work as a common carrier.

When it comes to dealing with the employees of the company, it will be found that the vast majority of those whose names are on the pay-rolls belong to the operating department. This department is responsible not only for the running of trains and, usually, for the maintenance of the permanent way, but also for the repairs of rolling-stock. All the train-hands, all the section-men and bridge-gangs, and all the mechanics in the repair shops thus belong to the operating department. The accounting department employs only clerks. The same is true of the commercial department, though the commercial department has also agents at different business centres who look after the company's interests and secure traffic for it. The construction department is in

the hands of civil engineers, and the force employed by it depends entirely upon the amount of building which may at any time be going on. As a rule the bulk of the employees in the construction department are paid by contractors, and not directly by the railroad company. The legal department consists only of lawyers and the few clerks necessary to aid them in transacting their business.

In the operating department of the Union Pacific at the present time (1886) about 14,000 names are carried upon the pay-roll. The number varies according to the season of the year and the pressure of traffic. In January, and during the winter months, the average will fall to 12,000, while in June and during the summer it rises to 14,000.

Of these, 2,800, or 20 per cent., are engaged in train movement; 4,200, or 30 per cent., are in the machine-shops and in charge of motive power and rolling-stock; 7,000, or 50 per cent., are employed in various miscellaneous ways, as flag-men, section-hands, station agents, switch-men, etc., etc.

So far as the wage-earner is concerned, it is, therefore, this portion of the force of a railroad company which may be called distinctively "the service." If good relations exist between the men employed in its operating department and the company no serious trouble can ever arise in the operation of the road. The clerks in the financial department, or the engineers in the construction department, might leave the company's employ in a body, and their places could soon be filled. In point of fact, they never do leave it; but should they do so, the public would experience no inconvenience. The inconvenience —and it would be very considerable— would be confined to the offices of the company, and their work would fall into arrears. It is not so with the operating department. So far as the community at large is concerned, whatever difficulties arise in the working of railroads develop themselves here. All serious railroad strikes take place among those engaged in the shops, on the track, or in handling trains. That these difficulties should be reduced to a minimum is therefore a necessity. They can be reduced to a minimum only when the railroad service is thoroughly organized.

How then can this service be better organized than it is? It is usually maintained that only the ordinary relation of employer and employed should exist between the railroad company and the men engaged in operating its road. If the farmer is dissatisfied with his hands, he can dismiss them. In like manner, if the laborer is dissatisfied with the farmer, he can leave his employ. It is argued that exactly the same relation should exist between the great railroad corporation and the tens of thousands of men in its operating department. The proposition is not tenable. The circumstances are different. In the first place, it is of no practical consequence to the community whether difficulties which prevent the work of the farm from going on arise or do not arise between an individual farmer and his laborers. The work of innumerable other farms goes on all the same, and it is a matter of indifference what occurs in the management of the particular farm. So it is even with large factories, machine-shops—in fact, with all industrial concerns which do not perform immediate public functions. A railroad company does perform immediate public functions. The community depends upon it for the daily and necessary movements of civilized existence. This fact has to be recognized. For a railroad to pause in its operation implies paralysis to the community which it serves.

Such being the fact, it is futile to argue that the ordinary relations of employer and employed should obtain in the railroad service. Something else is required; and because something else is required but has not yet been devised we have had the numerous difficulties which have taken place during the present year—difficulties which have occasioned the community much inconvenience and loss.

The model railroad service, therefore, is now to be considered. Of what would it consist? At present, there is practically no difference between individuals in the employ of a great railroad corporation. All the wage-earners in its

pay stand in like position toward it. There should be a difference among them; and a marked difference, due to circumstances which should receive recognition. Take again the case of the Union Pacific. The Union Pacific, it has already been mentioned, numbers 14,000 employees in its operating department as a maximum, and 12,000 as a minimum. They vary with the season of the year, increasing in summer and diminishing in winter. Consequently, there is a large body of men who are permanently in its employ; and there is a smaller body, although a very considerable portion of the whole, who are in its employ only temporarily. Here is a fact, and facts should be recognized. If this particular fact is recognized, the service of the company should be organized accordingly, and each of the several divisions of the operating department would have on its rolls two classes of men: first, those who have been admitted into the permanent service of the company; and second, those who for any cause are only temporarily in that service. And no man should be admitted into the permanent service until after he has served an apprenticeship in the temporary service. In other words admission into the permanent service would be in the nature of a promotion from an apprenticeship in the temporary service.

Those in the temporary service need not, therefore, be at present considered. They hold to the companies only the ordinary relation of employee to employer. They may be looked upon as candidates for admission into the permanent service—they are on probation. So long as they are on probation they may be engaged and discharged at pleasure. The permanent service alone is now referred to.

The permanent service of a great railroad company should in many essential respects be very much like a national service, that of the army or navy, for instance, except in one particular, and a very important particular: to wit, those in it must of necessity always be at liberty to resign from it—in other words, to leave it. The railroad company can hold no one in its employ one moment against his will. Meanwhile, to belong to the permanent service of a railroad company of the first class, so far as the employee is concerned, should mean a great deal. It should carry with it certain rights and privileges which would cause that service to be eagerly sought. In the first place, he who had passed through his period of probation and whose name was enrolled in the permanent service would naturally feel that his interests were to a large extent identified with those of the company; and that he on the other hand had rights and privileges which the company was bound to respect. It has been a matter of boast in France that every private soldier in the French army carried the possibility of the field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. It should be the same with every employee in the permanent service of a great American railroad company. The possibility of his rising to any position in that service for which he showed himself qualified should be open before him and constantly present in his mind. Many of the most remarkable and successful men who have handled railroads in the United States began their active lives as brakemen, as telegraph operators, even as laborers on the track. Such examples are of inestimable value. They reveal possibilities open to all.

Beyond this, the man who is permanently enrolled should feel that, though he may not rise to a high position, yet as a matter of right he is entitled to hold the position to which he has risen just so long as he demeans himself properly and does his duty well. He should be free from fear of arbitrary dismissal. In order that he may have this security, a tribunal should be devised before which he would have the right to be heard in case charges of misdemeanor are advanced against him.

No such tribunal has yet been provided in the organization of any railroad company; neither, as a rule, has the suggestion of such a tribunal been looked upon with favor either by the official or the employee. The latter is apt to argue that he already has such a tribunal in the executive committee of his own labor organizations; and a tribunal, too, upon which he can depend to decide always in his favor. The official, on the

other hand, contends that if he is to be responsible for results he must have the power of arbitrarily dismissing the employee. Without it he will not be able to maintain discipline. The two arguments, besides answering each other, divide the railroad service into hostile camps. The executive committees of the labor organizations practically cannot save the members of those organizations from being got rid of, though they do in many cases protect them against summary discharge; and on the other hand the official, in the face of the executive committee, enjoys only in theory the power of summary discharge. The situation is accordingly false and bad. It provokes hostility. The one party boasts of a protection which he does not enjoy; the other insists upon a power which he dares not exercise. The remedy is manifest. A system should be devised based on recognized facts; a system which would secure reasonable protection to the employee, and at the same time enable the official to enforce all necessary discipline. This a permanent service with a properly organized tribunal to appeal to would bring about. Meanwhile the winnowing process would be provided for in the temporary service. Over that the official would have complete control, and the idle, the worthless, and the insubordinate would be kept off. The wheat would there be separated from the chaff. Until such a system is devised the existing chaos, made up of powerless protection and impotent power, must apparently continue. None the less it is a delusion on the one side and a mockery on the other.

How the members of such a court as has been suggested would be appointed and by whom is matter for consideration. It would, of course, be essential that the appointees should command the confidence of all in the company's service, whether officials or employees. The possible means of reaching this result will presently be discussed.

Not only should permanent employees be entitled to retain their position during good behavior, but they should also look forward to the continual bettering of their condition. That is, apart from promotion, seniority in the service should carry with it certain rights and privileges. Take the case of conductors, brakemen, engineers, machinists, and the like, there seems to be no reason why length of faithful service should not carry with it a stipulated increase of pay. If conductors, for example, have a regular pay of $100 a month, there seems no good reason why the pay should not increase by steps of $5 with each five years' service, so that when the conductor has been 25 years in the service his pay should be increased by one-quarter, or $25 a month. The increase might be more or less. The figures suggested merely illustrate. So also with the engineer, the brakeman, the section-man, the machinist. A certain prospect of increased pay if a man demeans himself faithfully is a great incentive to faithful demeanor. This is another fact which it would be well not to lose sight of.

There ought likewise to be connected with every large railroad organization certain funds, contributed partly by the company and partly by the voluntary action of employees, which would provide for hospital service, retiring pensions, sick pensions, and insurance against accident and death. Every man whose name has once been enrolled in the permanent employ of the company should be entitled to the benefit of these funds; and he should be deprived of it only by his own voluntary act, or as the consequence of some misdemeanor proved before a tribunal. At present the railroad companies of this country are under no inducement to establish these mutual insurance societies, or to contribute to them. Their service, in principle at least, is a shifting service; and so long as it is shifting the elaborate organizations which are essential to the safe management of the funds referred to cannot be called into existence. A tie up, as it might be called, between the companies and their employees is a condition precedent. Were this once effected the rest would follow by steps both natural and easy. For a company like the Union Pacific to contribute $100,000 a year to a hospital fund and retiring pension and insurance associations would be a small matter, if the thing could be so arranged that the permanent employees themselves would contribute a like sum; and permanent

employees only would contribute at all. Once let the growth of associations like these begin, and it proceeds with almost startling rapidity. At the end of ten years the accumulated capital on the basis of contribution suggested would probably amount to millions. Every man who was so fortunate as to become a permanent employee of the company would then be assured of provision in case of sickness or disability, and his family would be assured of it in case of his death.

The moment a permanent service was thus established it would also involve further provision of an educational nature. That is, the companies must continually provide a stock of men for the future. Where a boy—the son of an employee—grows up always looking forward to entering the company's service, he becomes to that company very much what a cadet at West Point or Annapolis is to the army or the navy of the United States; the idea of loyalty to the company and of pride in its service grows up with him. Railroad educational institutions of this sort have already been created by at least one corporation in the country, and they should be created by all railroad corporations of the first class. The children of employees would naturally go into these schools, and the best of them would at the proper age be sent out upon the road to take their places in the shops, on the track, or at the brake. From those thus educated the higher positions in the company would thereafter be filled. The cost of maintaining these schools, at least in part, would become a regular item in the operating expenses of the road. Properly handled, a vast economy would be effected through them. The morale of the service would gradually be raised, and the morale of a railroad is, if properly viewed, no less important than the morale of an army or navy. It is invaluable.

But it is futile to suppose that such a service as that outlined could be organized, in America at least, unless those concerned in it were allowed a voice in its management. Practically the most important feature of the whole is therefore yet to be considered. How is the employee to be assured a voice in the management of these joint interests, without bringing about demoralization? No one has yet had the courage to face this question; and yet it is a question which must be faced if a solution of existing difficulties is to be found. If the employees contribute to the insurance and other funds, it is right that they should have a voice in the management of those funds. If an employee holds his situation during good behavior, he has a right to be heard in the organization of the board which, in case of his suspension for alleged cause, is to pass upon his behavior. No system will succeed which does not recognize these rights. In other words, it will be impossible to establish perfectly good faith and the highest morale in the service of the companies until the problem of giving this voice to employees, and giving it effectively, is solved. It can be solved in but one way: that is, by representation. To solve it may mean industrial peace.

It is, of course, impossible to dispose of these difficult matters in town-meeting. Nevertheless, the town-meeting must be at the base of any successful plan for disposing of them. The end in view is to bring the employer—who in this case is the company, represented by its president and board of directors—and the employees into direct and immediate contact through a representative system. When thus brought into direct and immediate contact, the parties must arrive at results through the usual method: that is, by discussion and rational agreement. It has already been noticed that the operating department of a great railroad company naturally subdivides itself into those concerned in the train movement, those concerned in the care of the permanent way, and those concerned in the work of the mechanical department. It would seem proper, therefore, that a council of employees should be formed, of such a number as might be agreed on, containing representatives from each of these departments. In order to make an effective representation, the council would have to be a large body. For present purposes, and for the sake of illustration merely, it might be supposed that, in the case of the Union Pacific, each department in a division of the road would elect its own members of the employ-

ees' council. There are five of these divisions and three departments in every division. The operating-men, the yard and section-men, and the machinists of the division would, therefore, under this arrangement choose a given number of representatives. If one such representative was chosen to each hundred employees in the permanent service those thus selected would constitute a division council. To perfect the organization, without disturbing the necessary work of the company, each of these division councils would then select certain (say, for example, three) of their number, representing the mechanical, the operating, and the permanent way departments, and these delegates from each of the departments would, at certain periods of the year, to be provided for by the articles of organization, all meet together at the head-quarters of the company in Omaha. The central council under the system here suggested would consist of fifteen men ; that is, one representing each of the three departments of the five several divisions. These fifteen men would represent the employees. It would be for them to select a board of delegates, or small executive committee, to confer directly with the president and board of directors. Here would be found the organization through which the voice of the employees would make itself heard and felt in matters which directly affect the rights of employees, including the appointment of a tribunal to pass upon cases of misdemeanor, and the management of all institutions, whether financial or educational, to which the employees had contributed and in which they had a consequent interest.

There is no reason whatever for supposing that, within the limits which have been indicated, such an organization would lead to difficulty. On the contrary, where it did not remove a difficulty it might readily be made to open a way out of it. The employees, feeling that they too had rights which the company frankly recognized and was bound to respect, would in all cases of agitation proceed through the regular machinery, which brought them into easy and direct contact with the highest authority in the company's service. They would not, therefore, be driven into outside organizations. Meanwhile, on the other hand, the highest officers of the company, including the president and the board of directors, would be brought into immediate relations with the representatives of the employees on terms of equality. Each would have an equal voice in the management of common interests ; and it would only remain to make provision for arriving at a solution of questions in case of deadlock. This would naturally be done by the appointment of a permanent arbitrator, who would be selected in advance.

The organization suggested includes, it will be remembered, only those employees whose names are on the permanent rolls of the operating department. For reasons which have been sufficiently referred to, those whose names are on the rolls of the other four departments have not been considered. But there would be no difficulty in making provision for them also, should it be found expedient or desirable so to do. Through the system of representation the organization could in fact be made to include every employee in the permanent service of the company, not excepting the president, the general manager, or the general counsel. Each employee included would have one vote, and each division and department its representatives. The organization in other words is elastic. No matter how large it might be it would never become unwieldy so long as it resulted in the small committee which met in direct conference face to face with the board of directors.

Could such a system as that which has been suggested be devised and put in practical operation there is reason to hope that the difficulties which have hitherto occurred between the great railroad companies and those in their pay would not occur in future. The movement is the natural and necessary outcome of the vast development referred to in the opening paragraphs of this paper. It is based on a simple recognition of acknowledged facts, and follows the lines of action with which the people of this country are most familiar. The path indicated is that in which for centuries they have been accustomed to tread. It has led them out of many difficulties. Why not out of this difficulty?

THE BUILDING OF AN "OCEAN GREYHOUND."

By William H. Rideing.

I.



AS often as the "record is broken," and the Atlantic voyage is reduced by some unprecedentedly fast passage, we may be sure that there is a flutter in the offices of the rival lines which have thus been left behind. Between the Cunard, the Guion, the Inman, and the White Star lines there has been a constant race for supremacy, now one, and then the other taking the first place. No ship has been allowed to keep the lead for more than a year or two. When sixteen knots have been developed by one line seventeen knots have been aimed at by another, and the ship of that speed is no longer a wonder. So when we read in the newspapers of the "fastest passage" we may take it for granted that it is no sooner heard of in Liverpool than the managers of the lines momentarily surpassed are preparing to beat it. If the triumph belongs to the Cunard line, at the very next meeting of the directors of the White Star and Inman lines it will be discussed, and though an order for another ship may not be given there and then it is sure to follow.

An order for a new ship of the class required to compete in the modern passenger service of the Atlantic is not by any means a matter to be determined on without grave consideration. Speed is costly, and as you increase it it is generally necessary to also increase the tonnage. Thus if the problem before you is to beat the record of a seven-thousand-ton ship, which has developed eighteen knots with engines of twelve thousand five hundred horse-power, you must (principally for economic reasons) have a larger hull as well as more powerful engines for your competing vessel. This forces upon your consideration tides, channels, harbor-bars, and dock accommodations, all of which impose limitations upon you. And then the cost of the ship herself is not a matter which even the wealthiest of corporations can provide for at a moment's notice: it is not one hundred thousand dollars, nor five hundred thousand dollars that the work calls for, but about five times the latter sum, for it is safe to say that a vessel superior to the City of New York or the Etruria could not be built for less than two million and a half of dollars.

The "financing" of such an undertaking requires time: there are long consultations between the directors, bankers, and ship-builders. If we could follow the steps of the gentleman to whom these negotiations are intrusted we might see him flying off from Liverpool for Euston; closeted in a private office down in Lombard Street or Cornhill with some capitalists who are expected to contribute to the necessary funds; again, after dinner, engaged in argument with these same capitalists in a West End mansion to which they have adjourned, and then racing off in the precarious hansom cab to catch the night train from King's Cross for Glasgow.

Sometimes the ship-builders are willing to become part owners of the projected vessel; sometimes they take as part payment for the work some older vessels of the line, which they refit, re-engine, modernize, and sell again. The ability of the builders to make an arrangement of this kind, of course, influences the placing of the contract, in a measure, but they must also be able to give certain guarantees. They must enter into an engagement that the projected ship shall be able to carry so many passengers and so many tons of cargo, and to attain a specified speed on a given consumption of coal per day. Let us say, for instance, that the stipulations are these: Accommodations for 600 saloon passengers, 150 intermediate passengers, and 1,500 steerage passengers; registered tonnage 6,000; speed, 19 knots on a consumption of 300 tons per day. If the ship fails to fulfil these con-

ditions the builders agree to forfeit a part of the amount they would otherwise receive for her, or they may be compelled to take her back altogether. This was the case with the City of Rome, which was built for the Inman line by the Barrow Ship-building Company. A beautiful ship in every way; of exquisite model; fitted with a degree of luxury unsurpassed at the time she was launched, she proved to have neither the speed nor the carrying capacity which had been guaranteed, and the Inman line refused to accept her. In a very few instances only are such guarantees omitted from the contract.

Now, ship-building is not an exact science, and the closest calculations are often upset in the result by unforeseen and inexplicable causes. It can never be said with absolute certainty just what speed a ship will attain, nor exactly what quantity of cargo she will carry. The most ingenious and patient of experiments have not yet succeeded in eliminating the mysterious variability of result which the ship-builder finds, however closely he repeats his well-defined formulas. Two ships, like the Umbria and the Etruria, may be built side by side, of identical materials, lines, and dimensions; engines, boilers, and propellers may be the same, yet one will turn out to be a knot or two faster than the other, and neither the designer nor the builder is able to say why.

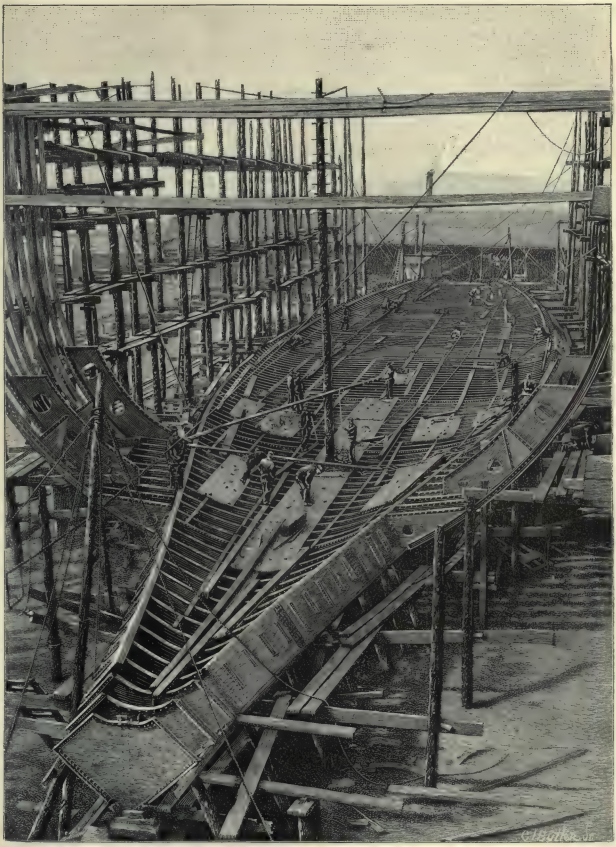
It is apparent, then, that in guaranteeing an exceptionally high rate of speed the builder assumes no little risk. The designing of a fast ship is indeed more of an art than a science, and each designer proceeds on a theory more or less his own. If the reader has an opportunity to compare models of the Servia, the Alaska, and the City of Rome, three ships built at the same time, each intended to rival the others, he will see by the varying proportions of length or breadth, and by other contrasts, how the opinions of the architects have differed as to the best lines for obtaining speed. True, it is not possible to ignore formulas altogether, but the designer's intuitions or inspirations are not less serviceable to him than his technical knowledge.

Technically, he has to consider the displacement and carrying capability of the proposed ship; her buoyancy and stability; her resistance-power and speed. A ship in moving through the water encounters resistance in three forms. First, frictional resistance, due to the water rubbing against her hull; secondly, eddy-making resistance, due to local disturbances or eddies among the particles of water, which are almost wholly at her stern, and, thirdly, the surface disturbance of the water by her passage, resulting in the creation and maintenance of waves: known as "wave-making" resistance. All these things he has to consider, together with the structural strength of the vessel, the "pitch" of the screw, and ten thousand details, so that the problem which he has to solve is sufficiently complicated.

We will suppose, however, that he sees his way to build such a ship as the specifications submitted to him call for, and that the contract is awarded to him, or to the firm he represents. The ship is now tentatively on paper, though her essential features are well-defined, and the next step takes us to Glasgow and the Clyde.

II.

If in crossing the Atlantic for the first time you choose Glasgow for your port of disembarkation, the sail up the Firth of the Clyde and the river is likely to be full of agreeable and memorable surprises. The beauties of that route are not advertised, and one hears so little of them in advance that they gain impressiveness from the absence of expectation. The Firth itself is like a great Fjord, a land-locked bay hollowed between hills and crags, among which vapory clouds are always shifting, and its deep salt waters are ploughed by fleets of vessels of every class, and especially by yachts, sea-going steamers, and the most rakish looking excursion boats in the world; it is not unlike the Hudson above Peekskill, though much wider; the rounded hills have the same soft and civilized outlines, and the same appearance of reclamation for man's use and delectation; modern villas crown their heights and watering-places cluster at their feet.



General View of the Frames of the City of New York—June 25, 1887.

Just below Greenock the passage narrows, and above that we enter the river, which, though not beautiful, is more of a surprise than even the Firth. It meanders through fields, and from the towering deck upon which we stand we look down upon ploughmen at work, cattle grazing, and snug farm-houses. So narrow is the stream, and so low are the banks, that the big steamer seems curiously out of place. How, one asks, has Glasgow ever prospered with so small a river as its only outlet to the sea? We have thought of the Clyde as a wide and capacious stream like the Mersey opposite Birkenhead, or the Hudson opposite New York, but, instead, it is scarcely as wide as the East River at Brooklyn, and there are reaches where two large vessels have no room to spare in passing each other.

Such as it is, all sorts of dredging operations are necessary to keep it open, and it has been said to be as much an artificial channel as the Suez Canal.

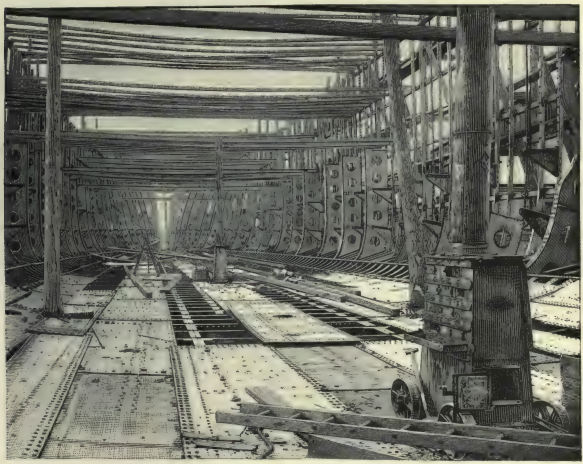


Frames of the City of New York, looking aft—July 19, 1887.

The first steamboat to navigate it was the Comet, in 1812, and though she drew but four feet of water she could leave Glasgow only on the flood tide. Even then she sometimes ran aground, and her passengers had to wade or swim ashore, or wait twelve hours for

the next tide. Its depth is ample now, however, and it is the breadth that astonishes us: it seems as though a venturesome jumper might easily spring from the deck to either bank. The farms are alternated by ship-yards in which the hulls of ships in various stages of construction loom up, with ant-like specks of humanity swarming upon them. Some of them are nearly twice as long as the river is wide, and it puzzles the stranger to say how they can be launched, until someone, wiser than he is, tells him that they slide into the stream obliquely and thus overcome the difficulty. Nearly all the steamers that have earned fame in the Atlantic trade have been built and engined at one or the other of these ship-yards, from the first Cunarder to the City of Paris; the Cunard, Inman, Guion, and North German Lloyd lines have come to this little river for their ships. And as we approach Glasgow, burrowing into the dark that envelops the town, it becomes narrower still, and within the limits of the port is nothing more than a long canal with ships huddled together along the banks.

The Clyde is, in fact, like one of those heroic personages who triumph over natural disadvantages which to the common mind are insuperable, and its inferiority in depth and breadth has been counterbalanced by excellencies in other directions. In the first place Glasgow is the natural outlet of a great mineral field, so that after iron and steel became the principal materials of the ship-builder, he could find them on the banks of the little river unburdened by the increased price asked for them when it has been necessary to carry them long distances. In the second place the Clyde was the scene of the earliest attempts at steam navigation in Great Britain, by Miller, Symington, and Bell, and descending from them the genius of ship-building has become hereditary with the inhabitants of the town. "Practice makes perfect," and the ship-builders of Glasgow have more practice than any people of their craft in the kingdom. In 1886 forty-five vessels were built at London,



Frames of the City of New York, looking forward—July 19, 1887.



The City of New York ready for Launching.

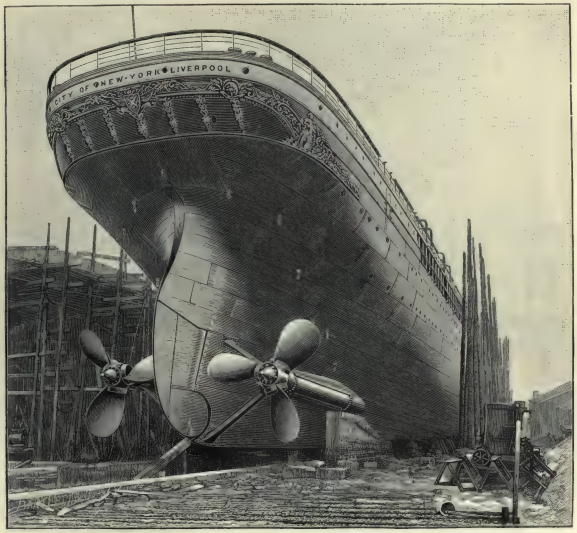
measuring 3,696 tons; sixteen vessels at Liverpool, measuring 18,268 tons, and on the Tyne, fifty vessels, measuring 49,641 tons. On the Clyde during the same period one hundred and fifty-one vessels were built, measuring 135,659 tons—nearly double the work done by all the other ship-yards combined. Thus, when after various conclaves and the discussion of ways and means the directors decide to put a new vessel on their line, the order is pretty sure to come to Glasgow.

III.

We have assumed the work of the naval architect to be complete; all the specifications have been made out, and every part of the prospective ship has been drawn on paper. There are three plans: a "sheer plan," showing all lines of length and height from stem to stern; a "half-breadth plan," showing the lines of length and breadth, or, in other words, those lines which would be visible in looking down upon her decks from an elevation, and a "body plan," which shows all lines of breadth and height, and represents the ship looked at "end on." These are called the "construction drawings," and with them in his hand the ship-builder can see in his mind's eyes the vessel as she will appear when built. He does not work directly from these, however. They are carried up into the "mould loft," the floor of which represents an

enormous blackboard, and upon this they are reproduced to correspond with the exact dimensions of the ship. A foot is scaled down on the paper to a quarter of an inch, but in the mould loft a foot is a foot, and plate, girder, and rib are drawn to their full size. This enlargement leads to the detection of errors which are not apparent in the reduced drawings, and which must be eliminated. Straight lines are made with chalk by cords and rules, and curves by bending laths into the desired position and then tracing the sweep upon the floor. Every measurement has to be verified and checked, and "fairing the ship," as this work is called, may take six or seven weeks. All errors having been corrected, still another drawing is made on a "scrive board," and in this the lines, full-sized, are sunk in the wood so that they cannot be rubbed out. The "scrive board" is the plan from which the ship-builder works, and when it is complete the actual construction of the ship is begun.

The keel is laid down on blocks, four or five feet apart, which form a slope toward the water so that the hull may glide down easily when the time for launching comes. It is not a keel at all, in the sense in which the word was formerly used: a modern ship has a smooth bottom, without any projecting ridge or break to the curve of her sides; it is simply the central series of plates, from which an inner keel is built up like an enormous backbone, and to this the ribs are attached. The metal is delivered at the yard in the shape of angle iron or angle steel, the latter being the material which would be used in a ship of the class we have in mind. Heated to a white heat the angle-bars are drawn out of the furnace into a perfectly level iron floor, upon which they are bent to



A Stern View, showing Twin Screws.

the needed curve, and that which has been a line of ink in the original drawing, a chalk mark on the floor of the mould loft, and a groove in the surface for rivets, it is then marked with a chisel to show where rib-bands, stringers, and deck-beams are to fit into it.

Two or three months or less after the



The Umbria just before Launching.

of the "scrive board," is now embodied in the heavy rib of the ship. The bending is done thus: the metal floor is perforated with thousands of holes, into which iron pegs are inserted until they form the curvature required, and the long, pliable bar of steel is pressed against them until it corresponds exactly with the line exhibited in the "scrive board," which is always in sight of the workmen for guidance and comparison. In handling the metal the men use pitchforks, and with the prongs inserted in the holes they get purchase enough to make the bar yield; if it bends upward a hammer is used upon it. Each rib has, of course, to be duplicated with the utmost precision in order that it shall be the same on both sides of the ship, and each, after it has cooled, is laid upon the "scrive board" and compared with the lines thereon, every variation being corrected before it is passed. Having already been punched

completion of the "fairing," the ship is probably "in frame," and looks like the skeleton of some Brobdignagian monster that has stranded on the bank of the river. The ribs have been hoisted into position at right angles with the keel, and strung together by "rib-bands," and already there are signs of the coming subdivision by decks and bulkheads of the hollow space within. You can still see through her, however; she is like, to make yet another comparison, a great oblong wicker-basket, the supple willows being represented by the net-work of steel.

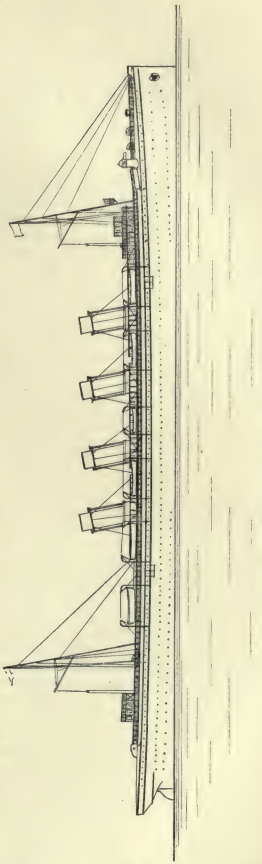
The next step is the clothing of the ribs with plates. As they reach the yard the plates are square and flat, but they are passed through rollers of various kinds, from which they issue in any shape desired—hollowed like a spoon, curved lengthwise or breadthwise or diagonally, as the contour of the ship may call for. A steam or hydraulic

plane smoothes them down as though they were the softest of whitewood; another machine trims the edges as easily as a woman cuts silk with a pair of scissors. Then, suspended by iron chains, they are thrust between the jaws of a punching machine, which has a resemblance to a sinister human face with a flat nose, a long upper lip, and a small chin. The jaws close upon them and bite out, ten at a time, the holes for the rivets by which they are to be fastened to the frame.

As they are hoisted up to the workmen, each fits the exact place designed for it and takes its part in the softly swelling lines of the ship. They are put on in rows, or, as rows are technically called in this connection, "strakes," which are lettered alphabetically, A being the row riveted to the keel. The upper edge of A overlaps the lower edge of B, and the lower edge of C overlaps the upper edge of B, and thus while one row of plates like B has both edges hidden, the row above it has both edges exposed, which minimizes resistance to the progress of the ship. We all know what caulking a wooden vessel is—the wedging of all seams between the planks with oakum and tar. An iron or steel ship is also caulked, but in her case the word has a different meaning. The sharp edges of the plates are merely turned in with a chisel, and they meet so closely that no insertion is necessary to exclude the water.

First held in place by bolts and nuts, the plates are finally secured by the rivets, the holes for which have previously been countersunk by machinery, so that there are no protuberances. The rivets go right through, and have double heads; millions of them are used, and every one of them is examined and checked before the work is passed as satisfactory.

At last the hull is closed in, and hundreds of artisans toil upon it, inside and out. At the end of a year, perhaps, the ship is ready for launching, by which time, if she is of the same dimensions as the City of New York or the City of Paris, seven thousand tons of material have been placed in position, one casting alone—the sternpost—weighing twenty-six tons. She is a steel ship,



Model of a Steamer Designed to Cross the Atlantic in Five Days.

but in addition to the metal, one hundred and twenty thousand cubic feet of timber, brought from all parts of the world, have been used in her. From the cradle in which she lies to the promenade deck she rises to a height

of fifty feet or more, and she looks as immovable as a fortress.

Nothing is more wonderful than the launching of such a vessel. Imminent peril seems to attend the operation: she must topple over, thinks the uninitiated observer, or if she succeeds in reaching the water, she must plunge against the opposite bank of the narrow river. But at the appointed time she glides into the water as smoothly as an eel, and once afloat she is held in check by cables attached to the shore. Her engines have got to be put on board, and fully six months more elapse before she is ready for sea. If she is complete within two years of the day the contract for her was awarded, her builders have done well.

Let us now look at the "plant" which is necessary for building such a ship, and to see this in perfection we will visit Fairfield, which divides honors with the great ship-yard of Messrs. James & George Thomson at Clydebank.



The Manganese Bronze Propeller-Blade of the Wrecked Steamer Mosel, after it had beaten upon a reef.

IV.

A WONDERFUL place is Fairfield. When a ship is taken in hand for construction the design for each and every part is proceeded with simultaneously. It is not the keel first, then the frames, then the reverse frames, then the flooring, and so on, as it is in smaller ship-yards. Keel, frames, flooring are put in hand together, and the hull plates are ready before the keel is in position. Simultaneously, too, the sawmill is preparing the planks which are to cover the steel decks; the joiners are at work on the saloon and cabins; the upholsterers are cutting and stitching the brocades, plushes, and silks which are so freely used in modern ocean steamers; the chain-maker is forging the cables, and each department is busying itself with its own share, conscious that what it produces will presently be sought to take its place in the rapidly progressing whole.

How rapid the progress is may be judged from the fact that on August 14, 1885, the steel intended for a North German Lloyd steamer began to enter the yard, and exactly one month later the ship was in frame with keelsons and beams in position, and the plating for the hull rolled to waterline shape lying alongside.

The works cover nearly seventy-four acres, and lie on the south side of the Clyde, about three miles from Glasgow, with which city they are connected by a continuous chain of docks, warehouses, and other ship-yards. Not very long ago this great inclosure was arable land attached to a comfortable mansion which still retains a few vestiges of its former dignity. But now the verdure has been trampled down and the face of the earth is hidden by paving-stones and iron rails. The river is inky, and the smoke lying in a brown fog overhead is ever being replenished from the high chimneys of the neighborhood.

The scene within the high brick walls which keep out idlers is exhilarating but scarcely picturesque. All the materials which enter into the construction of a modern ship are visible in profusion. A bird's-eye view reveals great stacks of timber, iron, and steel; a net-work of rails which connect the works with all the principal lines converging at Glasgow; long brick sheds, and edging the water-front the launching-slips, where as many as fifteen vessels have been in course of construction at the same time. There the great hulls of many of the most famous Atlantic liners have been put together; this was the birthplace of all

the new ships of the North German Lloyd line; of the Arizona, the Alaska, the Oregon, the Umbria, and the Etruria.

Running at right angles from the river, a dock has been excavated, large enough to accommodate a vessel of twelve thousand tons, and, after launching, the steamers are hauled in here to receive their engines and boilers. Immediately in the rear of the launching-slips there is an enormous shed, with a roof of glass and iron, where all the iron-work for the hulls of fifteen ships has been handled at one time. Within it gangs of workmen, each skilled in a specialty, carry on that part of the work which belongs to them. Some are carriers of angle steel or iron, others receivers of angle iron, which they place in the furnaces until the metal is at such a heat that it can be shaped to suit the water-lines of the vessel for which it is intended. Others still are busy with reverse frames and with the bending of plates; others with funnels, ventilators, and skylights.

There is a special department for the casting of manganese bronze, which is used for the blades of propellers. Standing against a wall not far off is a blade saved from the propeller of the wrecked steamer Mosel. She ran ashore on a rocky coast, and her propeller played upon the reef like a flail upon a threshing-floor without break or fracture; so great is the strength of the bronze that the only effect upon it was a feathering of the edges as revealed by the blade in question.

Then we see the engineering, forge, and pattern shops. Forgings of steel are made which weigh as much as thirty tons, as in the case of the crank-shafts of the new North German Lloyd steamers. A shafting of that weight is lifted as easily, and with as little commotion, as a bar of angle iron, and placed on a table to be finished. All the tools are of enormous size, and nearly all of them are adaptations of the well-known turning-lathe. Either the tool turns or the work turns. A steamer's cylinders are bored out with a bar, the bar moving. In turning a thrust-shaft the shaft moves, not the tool. In facing a condenser the tool moves, not the condenser. Cutting, planing, and turning are all accomplished by modifications of the lathe. There are in all nearly forty lathes, vertical, horizontal, and oblique, each gnawing at some vital part of a ship, and there—there is the "devil." This is the name given by the workmen to an immense metallic disk, over sixteen feet in diameter, which bores through solid steel at the rate of two and a quarter inches in four minutes. The workmen fill what standing room there is between propeller blades, cylinderliners, piston-valves, and sole-plates; they swarm like ants, each gang carrying on its specified work with diligence and singleness of purpose.

Let the reader figure to himself the gleaming tools, the whirring machinery for the distribution of power, the begrimed toilers, the ponderous masses of iron and steel—now swinging in mid-air, then clutched to the breast of an excoriating monster like the "devil;" let his eye rest on those forty lathes all busy at once, eating with unwearying jaws into the metal fed them, and on the plane which shaves an armor-plate as if it were a deal board; then let him fill his ears with the groaning, creaking, hissing, grinding, shrieking of all this activity, and add to it the battle-like din of the boiler-makers. Thus he may know what Fairfield is like.

Ranging up and down these workshops, and pausing before this or that lathe, we see in undistinguishable fragments the engines that are designed to propel the seven or eight thousand ton ship; then the pieces are gathered together and united in a pit; power is applied from an auxiliary engine, and the work of final adjustment is proceeded with. That completed, the engines are again taken apart and transferred to the vessel for which they have been built.

Has the reader ever stood in the engine-room of an ocean steamer when she was plunging through an Atlantic gale at the rate of seventeen or more knots an hour? Even if he has done so, and been awed by the experience, it is not likely that he has been able to fully realize the immensity of the power exerted. He needs some standard of comparison, and for that purpose we may offer him the ancient galley, and repeat a passage from the address made by Sir Frederick Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association last Sep-

tember: "Compare a galley, a vessel propelled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner. . . . Take her length as some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men; and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse-power; we should have 400 horse-power. Double the number of men, and we should have 800 horse-power, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve, if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-power given forth by a large prime-mover of the present day, such a power requiring on the above mode of calculation 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it was possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour."

Huge as the several parts are, their adjustment is a matter of extreme delicacy, and yet so carefully is it accomplished that a steamer may leave the builder's hand at Fairfield and proceed on a voyage of twenty days or more without once having to slacken speed on account of her engines.

It is a fair sight to see the men come to work when the bell rings in the morning. When the yard is fully occupied there are between six and seven thousand of them, and the wages paid have amounted in one year to one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The head and front of all this industry —Sir William Pearce—was himself in early life a workman in the yard. I met him as recently as last autumn, soon after his elevation by the Queen to the baronetage. He was then, apparently, in the best of health, and was full of plans for building still faster steamers for the Atlantic. That he would have soon put afloat a vessel of greater speed than his own Etruria there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew his genius as a naval architect, and the indomitable and imperious will with which he carried out all his plans. But he died suddenly in December, and though his work was incomplete, he had already done wonders in minimizing the discomfort and duration of the now familiar passage of the Atlantic.

APRIL NIGHT.

By A. Lampman.

How deep the April night is in its noon,
The hopeful, solemn, many-murmured night!
The earth lies hushed with expectation; bright
Above the world's dark border burns the moon,
Yellow and large; from forest floorways strewn
With flowers and fields that tingle with new birth
The moist smell of the unimprisoned earth
Comes up, a sigh, a haunting promise. Soon,
Ah soon, the teeming triumph! At my feet
The river with its stately sweep and wheel
Moves on, slow-motioned, luminous, gray like steel.
From fields far off whose watery hollows gleam
Aye with blown throats that make the long hours sweet
The sleepless toads are murmuring in their dream.

A SAILOR CALLED THE PARSON.

By John R. Spears.

I.

ON a certain day in April, 1854, the Yankee ship Herbert Crocker, with a full cargo of Yankee products, was lying at anchor off Bedloe's Island, in the port of New York, waiting for her crew to be brought off by a Battery boat which her master, Captain Levison Strong, had engaged for the purpose. Shore people would not have called it a pleasant day. There was a raw wind from the southeast that was driving a cold rain up across the bay in what one might almost call vertical rollers, from their similarity to the roughened swells that rolled over the bay impelled by the same force. The clouds had a fashion of brightening up until one would feel almost certain that, in spite of the steady rainfall, the storm was about to break away, when, as a matter of fact, it was going to do no such thing. The masts and yards and rigging wore a sheen of rain water, and long rows of drops chased each other continually down the stays and ropes that were stretched at an angle with the decks, many of them dropping off before their course was half covered, and falling on the deck, which, as the mate, Mr. James Keith, said, was all "awash."

It was a particularly aggravating day to Mr. Keith, for the ship had only that day been towed to her anchorage from a berth at a South Street pier, and the running gear about the deck was all in a mess: there was a heap of firewood near the galley; there were broad, black patches of South Street mud all about the hatches where the 'longshoremen had trod, while even the painted stanchions of the bulwarks were not free from the contaminating touch of cargo-handlers. The language of Mr. Keith, as he swung up and down the quarter-deck waiting for the crew, was only more expressive than shocking.

By and by, perhaps at three o'clock in the afternoon, and while the clouds were a little blacker and more lowering than they had been for more than an hour, the wind canted to the west, and for a time the rain came down in torrents. Then it thinned to a drizzle, and finally to a sprinkle so thin that Mr. Keith was unable for a moment to say whether the drops that pattered down about him were from the clouds or the rigging. At the same time the clouds were lifted, curtain fashion, in the northwest, and the storm was gone, with only a smart wind left as a reminder.

But while the misty rain still made the city look dim and loom up to an unnatural height, Mr. Keith saw a shape riding heavily on the water off toward the Battery, that eventually materialized into a big blue hull, with a red streak around it, a heavy load of sailors with bags of clothing, and two men forward

laboring at the oars. So Mr. Keith, after a look at the boat through the glass, began to lay out the work for the sailors, as well as a plan for laying out the sailors in case they did not jump at the word; under the circumstances, Mr. Keith was half inclined to wish one or two of them wouldn't jump. While he was thinking of this he observed a second boat following the first, and with but two men and one bag in the stern.

It was half an hour before the leading boat was alongside. It contained twenty-three men who had signed articles as able seamen. Led by Ben Hoyt, a Baltimore man, a big brawny fellow who was at once noted as a first-class man by Mr. Keith, they pitched their dunnage over the rail and then clambered up the ladder and tumbled over the rail themselves. Then the boat dropped astern and the one with but two men aft took its place. One of these men was the crimp who had furnished the crew, and wanted a receipt for them signed. The other was the twenty-fourth man of the crew.

The mate blinked his eyes as he looked at this man. He was tall and angular, and had a smooth-shaven white face that was quite as angular as his body. A little red line across the bridge of a large nose showed that he wore glasses. His hair was dark and long, and his dress included a black soft hat, a long black coat beneath a long linen duster, and black trousers. The duster, being wet, clung about his form and made its peculiarities the more conspicuous. But the ease with which the queer specimen tossed a heavy bag of clothing over the rail caught Mr. Keith's watchful eye, and so, instead of turning to set the men at work as they stood in a group watching the new-comer, he stopped to see him come over the rail. This he did by reaching up a long arm and placing a long-fingered hand on the rail, and then with one foot on the ladder he gave a spring and over he came, his long legs and coat-tails flopping about in the air like the arms of a suddenly wrecked windmill.

As he settled on his feet Ben Hoyt stepped out from the group of sailors and with marked deference bowed his head and said:

"The Parson, mates." The men snickered, of course. A nickname given under such circumstances lasts for the voyage.

"Brethring," drawled the new-comer, reaching for a plug of tobacco that appeared in Ben's vest pocket beneath an old oilskin coat, "it is. Let us prey." And he took a wrenching bite of the plug and passed it to another man. At this all hands roared.

Just what Ben would have done next cannot be told, for at that moment Mr. Keith jumped at them and inquired with many imprecations what they were all standing around there for, and if they thought they had come aboard for a lark, and why they did not get hold of brooms and buckets and go to scrubbing the muck off the ship. With his first three or four words he managed to give one man a kick, a second a thump, and a third a push. After that there wasn't anyone within reach. Besides, Mr. Keith had actually to stop to catch his breath, he was so astonished. The Parson had seen the mate coming for them, and with a deft kick had landed his bag of clothing through the forecastle scuttle, and then said:

"That's it. What are ye all standin' here gawpin' at? Git," and he began shoving and pushing the men with a vigor equal to the mate's, except that he hurt no one, although one chap tumbled head first against Ben Hoyt's stomach in a way that made the big fellow snort. Then, before the mate had time to jump on him he picked up a bucket with a lanyard to the bail, and leaping to the rail, where his long linen duster flapped in the breeze, he had the bucket full of water in a jiffy.

The mate stared at the figure a moment, and then went on giving orders about the work. Whether he liked the man's activity and so forgave his audacity, or whether he thought the man audacious or not cannot be told. At any rate the Parson remarked afterward that he "weathered a thumpin' slick by hoppin' on to the rail."

It was just about sundown when the decks were got to rights and the men were permitted to eat supper. Such of them as had dry clothing put it on, and then they formed in line fore and aft at

the galley door, each with a tin pan and cup in hand for a mess of beef stew and the tea. The Parson came along after all the rest were in line, and the men crowded up breast to back to keep him from slipping in anywhere. They intended to make him fall in behind all. At the head of the line stood Ben Hoyt, who by reason of his size and strength had been allowed to go there unquestioned.

The Parson ambled along toward the galley, apparently oblivious of the efforts to keep him out of the line, and saying that he regretted delaying the guests at dinner, but he felt bound when sitting down with such distinguished travellers to first see that his cravat was properly tied.

The men grinned and crowded the closer together. When opposite the galley-door the Parson put his pan on his bare head, as if it were a cap, and then grasping the skirts of his long linen coat, which he still wore over a dry suit that he had put on, he spread it out as a ballet girl spreads her skirts and sang :

Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-de, ah,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-de, ah,
Lah de di de de-de, doodle lah de-e-e-e-e-e.

As he sang he danced. In spite of his angular form he was a graceful dancer. With each line he danced with increased vigor until he reached the last syllable, when, rising on his left toe he swung his right in air, turning a complete circle with his foot as high as his shoulder. Then he brought it down to the deck, smiled, bowed, kissed his hand to the admiring spectators, and with a quick movement shoved his pan under the cook's dipper just as that worthy was emptying it, catching the mess that was intended for Ben Hoyt. Then he dipped a cup of tea from the kettle on the deck, and walked forward.

Ben was in a terrible rage, but he could not for the moment leave his place lest he came in last on the stew. But when he had received his portion he put it down on the deck under the rail, and started after the Parson to "larn the monkey some manners" by thrashing him.

But the Parson was in no way agitated by the onslaught, although his smile was suggestive of that described as flitting over the faces of confident prize-fighters when in the ring. Placing his supper on the break of the forecastle deck he faced about. Dodging Ben's fierce blow by ducking beneath it he caught the brawny fellow by the waist, and, by a movement of the foot easy to a trained wrestler, threw him heavily to the deck. Then he lifted him to a sitting posture and pointing to the mess of stew that Ben had left on the deck said : "The dog's arter yer stew, Brother Hoyt. Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."

Ben gave it up. There was no use trying to "larn the monkey manners." The approach of the ship's dog to the stew was a good excuse, and Ben accepted it, and rushed at the dog with complete success. It was thereafter agreed without further controversy that the Parson was the leader of the forecastle under all circumstances.

II.

The next morning at four o'clock the men were called to get up anchor for sea. It was a clear, cold morning, and as the men tumbled up out of the forecastle they obeyed the order to man the windlass and heave short with alacrity. The last of the flood-tide was running, and there was a crisp breeze from the northwest that was to be taken advantage of.

As the mate came forward a likely boy of sixteen years or thereabouts ran ahead of him, showing by his actions that he was to be the ship's cabin-boy, and yet that he was a friend of someone aft and was to live there. The boy was eager for the work. The Parson read him at a glance. As he got hold of one of the windlass-brakes the Parson said :

"Sonny, can ye sing?"

"Ye-es, sir," said he, glancing timidly at the mate, who said nothing. The Parson lifted the lad to the top of the windlass-bits.

"Now give us somethin' mournful," he said. The boy had never made a deep-water voyage, but he understood the requirements of the occasion, and

he began the old song, popular in Water Street places of amusement in those days, as follows:

Fare ye well! fare ye well! Oh, Jinny, Ise gwine away,
Fare ye well! fare ye well! Oh, Jinny, Ise gwine ter day,
For de winds dey blow, and de salt waves rise,
An' our course done lies toward sunny skies,
But I'll see yer agin, so dry yer eyes.
Fare ye well! Oh-h-h, Jinny. Oh, fare ye well!

CHORUS (*to jig music*).

Now stir yer butes and break yer back,
Den loose de sail and board de tack,
Ob good ole rum dere is no lack;
Yah! when we get some—smack! smack! smack!

The boy sang each stanza as a solo, the sailors throwing their weight on the windlass-brakes in unison with the rhythm of the song until the chorus was reached. Then they joined in with a roar and made the old windlass clang till they reached the last line, when with one accord they stopped the windlass and repeated the words and smacked their lips three times unctuously, and, following the example of the Parson, leered first at Mr. Keith and then at Mr. Anderson, the second mate, in a way that showed plainly that a bracer for the nerves would be very acceptable.

After catching their breath by the slight rest the stop afforded them, the men threw themselves on the brakes again to the sound of a new stanza until the anchor-chain was up and down. Then there was a hustling about to loose the jibs and the topsails. There was a creaking of blocks as sheets were hauled out and yards were hoisted, and when she had got the jib and the main- and foretopsails set she began to drag her anchor along, and the men had to man the windlass once more and heave the anchor clear up. Then they set the foresail and mizzentopsail and three or four staysails and the maintopgallant-sail, and hauled out the spanker, and by the time that was done they were in a most unpleasant state of mind for want of something to eat. There was nothing for it, however, but to buckle in and get the sail set before breakfast, for that is the way of life on shipboard.

Meantime, however, as they sailed away toward the Narrows, a big side-wheeled tug had towed another ship down around the Battery and over near Bedloe's Island, to the berth just vacated by the Crocker. Captain Strong was watching for her apparently, for as soon as she appeared he turned to the pilot beside him, who had come off with him the night before, and said:

"There's the Eleanor. Hard after us, eh?" The pilot looked hard at her and said he reckoned Captain Dodworth wouldn't "let no grass grow on her bottom arter the next tide serves," to all of which the Parson listened with ears wide open and a look on his face of bland obliviousness to all things but the course of the ship, for the Parson had had the luck to be sent to the wheel while the rest made sail.

From the conversation that he overheard he gathered that the Eleanor had been chartered for a voyage to Rio Janeiro and back, by an opposition house, and that the Herbert Crocker was bound to the same port, with one day's start of her. There was sure to be a race. Captain Dodworth was noted for luck, and the Crocker would be driven for all she was worth for the credit of getting in first, if for no other reason. That much was to be counted on. But there were two other reasons. One was that if the Crocker got in first, Captain Strong was to superintend the building of a new ship over at Greenpoint, for the California trade, as a reward for the victory. The third reason the Parson was unable to make out. He heard the pilot say, with a sly look out of the corners of his eyes, something about the daughter of Captain Phineas Dudley, of the clipper Speedy. It made Captain Strong blush like a school-girl; but what it was all about the Parson could only guess.

That evening in the second dog-watch, while the ship was ploughing along on her course with every stitch of canvas set and pulling, the Parson got the cabin-boy into a group of the men under the lee of the galley.

"Be you tellin' of us y' never war on deep water afore? Sonny, you've got the makin' of a sailor-man into ye ef you listens to them as 'll take pride in larnin' a likely lad. Goin' to live aft, hey? That's luck. Must 'a come from

the same town as the old man. Second cousin, eh? Freeport? Oh, Long Island. Well, 'taint to luck to be a relation, 'cause he'll be to impose a lot o' work as don't belong in your berth on to ye. Relations allus does that. How-s'ever, it might be wuss. Smart sailor-man, Captain Strong. Only a leetle more nor a boy, too. Wonder some trim little Long Island gal didn't get a tow-line fast to him long ago. Oh, they has, eh, and her pap keeps castin' of it off afore he can get a proper hitch onto it? Brethring, did you ever? The ways of a man with a maiden daughter has been past findin' out for smarter men nor any on us."

The easy assurance of the Parson was beautiful. In five minutes he had the boy telling all the village gossip about Captain Strong's affairs. Captain Strong was only twenty-two years old and had been going to sea only seven years. He had made lots of money and had bought a fine farm right adjoining the village for his father and mother, who had not been well-to-do people. Then he had fallen in love with Miss Viola Dudley, the charming young daughter of the master of the Speedy. But Captain Dudley had always looked in contempt on the Strong family; besides, he wanted his daughter to marry the spruce young junior partner in the house that owned the Speedy. But Miss Viola was already in love with the stalwart young commander of the Crocker, and Captain Dudley, to prevent her running away with young Captain Strong, had carried her away with him on a voyage to Amoy, to bring back the first of the new crop of tea.

Meantime young Captain Strong had gone on building a new house in Freeport that was about the handsomest one ever seen thereabouts, and had ordered no end of fine furniture for it, and the village gossips concluded that Miss Viola knew all about it and that there would be a runaway match when the Speedy got back to New York, always providing Captain Strong were able to carry her off.

To prevent this, Captain Dudley was chartered for a voyage to 'Frisco, to load as soon as his tea was discharged, and the gossips had it that unless Captain Strong could capture her during the time the tea was unloading and the merchandise for San Francisco was going in, his new house would have to stand idle for at least another year, for Captain Dudley would take his daughter with him again, and this time the junior partner was to go along, ostensibly to look after business in the new country, but really in the hope that during the long voyage around the Horn he could win her away from her sailor love. Now the Speedy was due back from Amoy in September, for she was the swiftest ship of her time, and there was no such sailor-man as Captain Dudley for carrying sail. Could Captain Strong get back from Rio Janeiro in September, or at the latest by the first of October? For if the Speedy had her usual luck she would be ready for sea on her San Francisco voyage by that time. So ran the story of the boy.

So, too, ran Captain Strong's thoughts. That was the question that bothered him day and night. It was the third and chief reason why he was anxious to make a quick voyage, and it was the reference to that by the pilot that had made him flush so when the Parson was at the wheel.

Drive the Crocker? While the Parson was worming the gossip from the young cabin-boy Captain Strong was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, glancing now at the sails and then at the compass, and then off over the sea, where the wind was heaping up the water into choppy waves so fast that they tumbled over each other and fell sprawling white, only to be heaped up again as before. There was a hum in the rigging as the wind hurried through, and a roar of foam under the bows and a lengthening wake astern that would have aroused the enthusiasm of a yachtsman, though Captain Strong saw nothing of it. How long would it take to get to Rio? How long would they be detained there? When would they get back? He would name the new ship Viola—she should name it. Cuss the Eleanor! She'd never catch the Crocker in this wind. She'd never catch her anyhow, in spite of Captain Dodworth's luck. As for the junior partner—but no matter. If he ever caught him so much as speaking to her

he'd break him in two over his knee. It would be a shame to hit a puny thing like that—so his thoughts ran on and tumbled over each other.

Then the captain would glance at the compass again and walk forward and have another look at the head sails. It made the men nervous to see him, nervous lest they should be called on to jump up and trim the sails anew at a time when on ordinary ships they would be allowed to rest in peace.

But the Parson was an exception. He was never nervous. Nothing could disturb his equanimity or abate his audacity, or impudence either, for that matter, and the result was that he more than once got himself into what would have been very hot water for any one else, but from which he escaped with the good luck that usually follows sailors of his sort.

III.

On the morning of June 14th, after a voyage of forty-six days from New York, the Herbert Crocker rounded Cape Frio and headed up for the broad harbor of Rio Janeiro. Voyages thence have been made in less time, but not many, and Captain Strong was in good humor with the ship and himself.

Pretty soon the head yards were backed and the pilot-boat drifted within hail.

"Have you seen the Eleanor?" yelled Captain Strong.

"No," answered the pilot.

"Hi! hi! hi!—hooray!" shouted captain and crew.

While the Crocker had beaten the Eleanor in, it was by a very narrow margin, for Captain Dodworth brought her in next day, and when the voyages were figured out it appeared that the Crocker had gained but three hours on her opponent. But when it came to discharging and taking on cargo Captain Dodworth, having been to Rio a number of times, was far and away ahead of the youthful Captain Strong, and by July 21st the Eleanor was cleared for sea, while the Crocker was only two-thirds loaded.

Shortly before sailing Captain Dodworth came on board the Crocker with two or three Rio merchants for a visit, and before leaving not only offered to carry the Crocker's mail to the United States, which was aggravating enough of itself, but to make matters worse he added that in case the Speedy were leaving New York before the Crocker arrived he would do his best to kidnap any passengers she might have on board.

In the minds of the sailor-men that joke on Captain Strong was the utmost refinement of cruelty.

IV.

But Captain Strong stood it bravely and told Captain Dodworth not to drop anchor before he got on to soundings, and then turned to make things hustle in the stowing of the cargo. He had learned by this time where to put his money so as to get the most work out of the natives, and so by August 1st he was heading away for home, with a fair prospect of catching the Speedy, if not the Eleanor; besides, stranger things had happened than that the Eleanor should be overhauled. Suppose the Crocker should get all the lucky slants of wind and the Eleanor none?

Now it happened that among the ship's stores were a number of barrels of bad beef. The reader who is familiar with nautical matters will say that such things have been known to happen at sea before. But in this case it was not due either to the captain or the owners. Both had intended to supply the ship with good food. They were anxious to make a quick voyage and they intended to feed the men well and work them well also. That has been the habit of Yankee shipmasters. But here was a lot of bad beef. One barrel was thrown overboard and another opened in its place. It was as bad as the first. There was no help for it; the men must eat it. The ship was passing within sight of Fernando de Noronha Island one day when dinner, with beef from the second barrel, was served. As the men got their messkids filled with the wretched stuff the Parson began to tell about a pigeon-pie he had once made when in the harbor of this island on a whaler. Fernando de Noronha is a famous place for pigeons.

He had kindled a fire under a big try-kettle, and had poured in a quantity of water and then had put in three pigeons for each member of the ship's crew—120 pigeons in all. As the water began to boil and the fragrant odors arose, the crew had gathered around him to watch him as he skimmed off the stuff that came to the top. This done he shredded in a piece of pork to give bottom to the stew, and a saddle of kid mutton to add novelty to the flavor. Then a piece of fresh beef was put in to take the edge off the game flavor, and finally, when all had been boiled tender, he had put in two buckets of milk, stirred up with a dozen eggs and thickened with flour for gravy.

As he told this he kept stirring up the offensive stuff in his pan, and the crew, made ravenous by his description of the savory pigeon-pie, were only the more disgusted with what they must eat, or go hungry.

Then the Parson put his pan down on the deck and began dancing around it after the manner of the Northwest Coast Indians around the body of a dead chieftain, chanting the while in a high discordant voice that could be heard, with his stamping, all over the ship. The noise brought the mate forward to see what the racket was about.

"Why, yer see," explained the Parson, pointing to his pan, "I was jist performin' the usual rites which perceed a heathin burial." The men laughed, and the mate picked a belaying-pin from the rail. The way mutinies are usually started is by making the men dissatisfied with their food.

"Damn you," he said, "you are trying to breed trouble, and I'll beat you within an inch of your life but what I'll break you of your monkey shines."

The Parson, wholly unabashed, glanced off over the lee rail, where he had for some little time seen a squall coming to take them aback, all unknown to the mate.

"It's all right, Brother Keith," he said, "so long as you leave me that ere inch for to hang on to. But ef you do me up—my wife has more nor a thousand in hand, and she's Mexican."

The men would have laughed again, and the Parson would have got his beating, only the mate followed the glances of the men and saw the squall coming. Ha! no time for licking anyone now.

"All hands tack ship! On deck here, and damned quick about it. Let go the royal halliards. Clear away them flyin'-jib and staysail halliards—let 'em go! Let 'em go, will y'! Let them head-sheets go too. Now grab on to th' clew-garnets and buntlines. Right that wheel. The braces—lee braces——"

Whish! the blast was on top of her. Down she sagged—over—over—everything creaking and groaning under the strain—the loosened sails thundering about aloft, the spoon-drift flying in broad patches across the sea, the water seething and bubbling over the lee (it had just been the weather) rail, the ends of the lower yards just ready to dip into the tops of the waves—that was a mighty close call.

Then as the canvas was snugged and the yards trimmed she began to right. She was Bath built, and never so much as a ropeyarn was carried away. Slowly she rose, and then the bubbles that had lazily risen to her lee rail began first to drift and then to race aft. She was gathering headway. Such work as those men had done! First here and then there, with a whoop and a jump. At the head of all was the Parson. He knew what was wanted and did it at just the right time, and managed to keep on the opposite side of the deck from Mr. Keith at the same time. In fifteen minutes the Crocker was snugged down and reeling off eleven knots an hour on her course.

In the minds of the superstitious sailors the Parson's luck in escaping where any one else would have been pounded made a marked impression. Big Ben Hoyt expressed what the rest more than half believed, when he said that the devil and the Parson were in league, and that even a squall had been raised to save him from a merited flogging. The fact that the Parson never attempted such monkey shines without first seeing his way out of the scrape did not occur to the men.

V.

After varying fortune in wind and weather the Crocker, on September 14th, found herself 26 degrees north of the

equator and in longitude 61° west. She had for several days held a westerly wind that enabled her to run up her latitude but not lay so much to the west as the judgment of a good sailor would have dictated. It was a remarkable thing for the wind to hold there so long, and it chafed the captain not a little, for he expected what actually followed, a long calm when that wind failed, and a calm was of all things most to be dreaded when there was no time to spare if he was to reach port before the Speedy sailed for 'Frisco, let alone overhaul the Eleanor.

But a calm he got of the calmest sort. With every rag set the ship fell off into the trough of the long greasy swells and lay wallowing like a log. The yards creaked and groaned in the slings; the sheaves shrieked in the blocks; the sails with swish and crackle swayed out from the masts only to come back with a thunderous roar at the next roll of the ship. The sun poured down by day, heating the decks till the pitch ran in streams across the planks. One day, two days, three days, a week passed and, save for the westerly drift of the current, the ship only covered about fifty miles. The captain was in agony. Would it never end? With nerves strung by anxiety, panting with the heat, racked by the noises, he strode about the decks, climbed aloft to look for signs of a breeze, ordered the men to the braces did he see a catspaw, ran below to look at the barometer. He knew no rest by day or night. Neither did the men.

At last, on the morning of the eighth day, away off to the southeast there was a change in the sky, while the barometer fell and a long swell set in. Those signs meant wind by and by, and a plenty of it. By seven o'clock a gentle breath threw the royals aback, for she was headed to eastward. The wind was coming at last, and the yards were swung to meet it with a will. Then the studding-sails were set, and in half an hour the wake of the ship was dragging along a cable's length astern.

After a couple of hours of this the wind died out and came in from the westward, and this held for half an hour, when it canted back to the east again with an increasing force.

It was just before the wind changed to westward that Captain Strong picked up a sail with his glass away on the horizon to the northwest. He scanned it narrowly every minute or two, until the wind got back to the eastward, every look as the Crocker overhauled the stranger serving to increase his excitement, until at last, as the mate was giving orders to swing the yards to the easterly wind, the captain said:

"Take a look at the sail, Mr. Keith."

"Ay, ay, sir." He screwed the glass to his eye for an instant, and then almost dropped it.

"By the Lord Harry! it's the Eleanor!" he yelled, and fairly danced up and down. "We've got her! Luck be damned! Carry the mail, will he? By thunder we'll catch the Speedy yet, too! Ha!"

Standing on the foretopgallant-yard with one arm around the mast and his right hand up to shade his eyes stood the Parson, looking away over the ship's weather bow. He had gone aloft to set the studding-sails, and Jack, the cabin-boy, stood on the iron jack below. As the mate danced about, the Parson shouted:

"On deck there."

"Ay," said the mate.

"There's a ship's yawl drifting to a lanyard on the weather bow with some one in it."

Nothing stirs the blood of a sailorman like a cry of this sort. He does not know at what moment it will be his turn to take to the small boats and row away from a sinking ship, and then float about for days while ships pass in sight of him, and leave him to die at last in utter misery.

But Captain Strong had never been wrecked, and here was the Eleanor to the westward with no wind, and he with the advantage of a growing easterly gale to drive him past her, not to mention the bare possibility that he might reach port before the Speedy left it. It was asking a good deal of him to go about and lose all that time to look at an empty yawl as a matter of humane precaution, for he had made up his mind at once that the Parson was up to one of his tricks when he said that someone was in the boat.

However, he climbed half-way up the mizzen-rigging and levelled his glass at the yawl, which was easily seen as it rose on the top of the lazy swells a mile or less away.

"I see an arm wave, sir," yelled the Parson as the captain was climbing the rigging. "Someone's a signallin', sir."

The captain took a long look at the boat. Even the men on deck could see it rocking about with their naked eyes, but neither the captain nor the men saw any signs of life in the boat.

"Jack," said the captain hailing the boy, "do you see the boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Have you been looking at it all the time?"

"Ay, sir."

"Did you see anyone wave an arm or hand when the Parson said so?"

"No, sir."

"Lay down from aloft, the both of you."

The Parson slid down on one backstay and the boy on another, and both came aft to the mainmast. The captain and the two mates walked forward and the men gathered in a group beyond the Parson. The captain had conscientiously examined the boat, and beyond a piece of canvas spread over the thwarts he had seen nothing in her. He was fully convinced that the Parson was only playing another game on the ship, particularly as the boy, while looking at the boat, had seen nothing of the waving hand. Discipline demanded that the Parson be punished.

And yet for once the Parson was in the right, and the Crocker was sailing past a boat with two living souls in it.

"Mr. Anderson," said the captain to the second mate, "bring out the wristlets. That man is to be kept on bread and water for the rest of the voyage. Mr. Keith, just overhaul the crow's-foot there. If the Parson does not turn round and acknowledge to the men that he lied about seeing someone in the boat before you get it done, we'll trice him up and skin him alive. Our leniency in consideration of his seamanship has done him no good."

"Captain Strong," said the Parson, wholly undisturbed by the prospect before him, "I seed a hand wave in that ere boat. Some one's a dyin' there and is that weak he can't signal no more. It's clean murder in you to sail away and leave him, and it won't clear no consciences to flog me and put me in the brig. There's no denyin' but what ye can do it—*here*. You're the lawful master and has the power. Ef we was ashore—" the Parson shrugged his shoulders and sneered. Then he laughed wickedly. "S'posin' that ere chap in the boat should get picked up and his story 'ud come to the ears of that ere passenger on the Speedy," he said.

That made the captain wild. He couldn't wait for the man to be triced up. Besides, he itched to get his own hands on him for his daring insolence; and yet the reference to a captain's power had roused a chivalrous instinct.

"Bah!" he said. "What would you do on shore? I'll give you a shore chance. You shall have a fair fight, and if I don't lay you out in two minutes you shall take the ship to the derelict. Mr. Keith, see that this is a fair fight."

The Parson licked his chops as the captain spoke, and worked his fingers like claws. Then he slipped out of the old linen duster, which was the only garment he had on besides his trousers, and crouched a trifle with his head forward and arms partly raised, and the old smile drawing the corners of his mouth back. The captain threw off his coat.

Whack! The two men came together with a noise that could be heard all over the deck, but the captain went down under a swinging blow on the neck as if he had been killed. He was knocked unconscious. Then, before the mate could rightly comprehend what had happened, the Parson was on him, and tumbled him across the captain.

Then the Parson drew his knife. The crew looked on, expecting to see him murder the two officers, but mindful of the evil genius that they supposed was with the Parson, made no effort to interfere. The second mate came out of the cabin at this moment, and seeing the naked knife fled in abject terror back into the cabin. But instead of killing the officers, the Parson merely slashed off some lengths from a ball of hambroline and tied them hand and foot, with

their hands behind their backs. Turning to the crew he drawled:

"Carry 'em aft and stow 'em agin the taffrail, brethring. I be ter take the ship alongside that ere derelict and rescue the unfortunit sailor-man as is inte it, accordin' to the captain's word about lickin' of me in two minutes.

"Man yer clew-garnets an' buntlin's, brethring. Hands by the weather main and lee cro'jack braces. Hard down your helm thar. We be to tack ship sailor fashion."

And they did. The men obeyed as if the Parson were the legal master. The Crocker was a handy ship and the Parson a handy sailor. In twenty minutes she had gone about on the other tack and had the small boat a trifle on the port bow. Then she was luffed and the head yards were backed, and in three minutes the boat was riding square alongside to leeward, and a man with the end of a rope had jumped into her and made it fast. Neither the captain, who had recovered consciousness, nor the mate had said a word during the manœuvres. They saw nothing of the boat, of course; but the men staring over the lee rail could see that a tarpaulin had been stretched over the thwarts so as to form at once a sort of a shelter from the sun and a hollow to catch rainwater should any fall. On mattresses beneath this lay an elderly man, apparently dead, and a young girl whose mind was wandering, for she paid no attention to the ship or its crew, but simply fondled the face of the old man and talked incoherently.

Under the orders of the Parson a cot was brought from the cabin and lowered to the boat, where two sailors lifted the girl on to it. Then the men on deck carefully hoisted it up, while Captain Strong, with a shamed face, looked on until the cot was level with the rail and a woman's dress and form appeared.

Straining at his bonds the captain then leaned eagerly forward for a better view until the cot was lowered down over the rail, feet first, showing to him the girl's features. Then, bound as he was, the captain leaped to his feet.

"My God! it's—it's—" he said, and pitched over on the deck in a dead faint.

VI.

THE following paragraphs are clippings from periodicals of the time:

From the *Commercial Intelligence.*

MARINE NEWS.

Arrived.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.

Ship Herbert Crocker, Strong, Rio Janeiro, 59 days, coffee to Herker & Co., vessel to Crocker, Smith & Crocker. Sept. 22, lat. 26° 39′ N., lon. 61° 50′ W., picked up open boat with Capt. Dudley and daughter Viola, sole survivors of clipper Speedy from Amoy, which was burned on Sept. 9, about 100 miles east of where the boat was picked up. Crew took to boats, which separated in a squall first night, and all the rest are supposed to have been lost. The men in Capt. Dudley's boat died of thirst and drinking salt water. Ship Eleanor—Dodworth—passing Sandy Hook.

From the Freeport *Weekly Independent Herald:*

STRONG—DUDLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Capt. Phineas Dudley, on Wednesday of this week, by the Rev. S. T. Henley, Capt. Levison L. Strong to Miss Viola Dudley.

The wedding we are thus called upon briefly to announce was very quiet, no one being invited except the immediate relatives of the high contracting parties, and a sailor called the Parson, from the Herbert Crocker, who rendered valuable assistance when Capt. Crocker rescued the bride and her father from an awful death, as told in our last issue.

A SECOND SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

By Mrs. Fields.

EDINBURGH.



OT long ago there was a certain shelf of old books described in this magazine which was thought to possess a special interest from its associations with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Keats. There is another shelf, hard by the first, related in the same way to Edinburgh and some of the men who have made her famous. A glance at any time toward that corner of the library will bring back the face and voice of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Spare Hours," of "Rab and his Friends," and of "Pet Marjorie." The book that stands nearest to our hand happens to be a copy of Byron's "Don Juan," and I can see the book again as I saw it first standing in Dr. Brown's library, at 23 Rutland Street, the spot which of late years, after the home of Sir Walter Scott at 39 Castle Street, has become the place in all Edinburgh where the feet of pilgrims to literary shrines love best to linger. It was a true doctor's house, and reminded me of a New England Boston home of thirty years ago. The humanities were all alive in it, and the de-humanizing quality of much of our high art in drawing-rooms had not found its way there. Plenty of books covered the walls on their plain unenclosed shelves, and other literary curiosities besides the "Don Juan" had found an appreciative resting-place upon them. This volume is indeed a curiosity. On the side is printed in gold letters:

Lord Byron's Copy.

Don Juan

Cantos III. IV. V.

and two branches of laurel cross their stems beneath the inscription.

Inside Dr. Brown has written his own name and the following words:

"August 1864 given me by Caroline Scott. June 18th 1869

To James T. Fields
from his friend
J. B."

Turning the leaf I find still another inscription as follows:

"The writing on the opposite page is by the hand of Lord Byron.
John Murray Jan 25 39"

and on the opposite leaf Byron has written:

"The Publisher is requested to reprint (provided the occasion should occur) from *this* copy—as the one most carefully gone over by the Authour. The Authour repeats (as before) that the former impressions (from whatever cause) are full of errours. And he further adds that he doth kindly trust—with all due deference to those superior persons—the publisher and printer—that they will in future—*less* misspell—missplace—mistake—and mis-everything the humbled M.S.S. of their humble servant.
Oct^{r} 26th, 1821"

After this ungraceful peroration Byron proceeds to make such corrections as seem good to him throughout the pages with his own hand.

As I have said, there were many other interesting books in Dr. Brown's own collection, for he was the true son of his father, into whose reverent hands such things were always gravitating—but he was also one of the most generous of men, as those of us have good reason to know who look over this shelf of books. He was aware what he was doing when he gave away one of his treasures, his regard for them being an inheritance not only from his father but also from his great grandfather, the famous John

The Publisher is requested to reprint (provided the occasion should occur) from this copy—or ~~that~~ the one most carefully gone over by the Author. — The Author.

DON JUAN.

repeats (as before) that the former imputations (from whatever cause) are full of errors. — And he further begs that he will humbly trust—with all due deference to those notorious persons—the Just-like and punctual—that they will in future—keep misspell—misplace—misstate and mis-every thing, the humbled M. of L. of their humble Servant

Pisa Octr 26th 1821.

A Note to his Publisher, John Murray, written by Lord Byron in his copy of "Don Juan."

Brown of Haddington. Chief among his treasures he held to be a certain Greek Testament, concerning which he has said: "I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament, which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse."

This chief possession, inherited thus directly, was accompanied by others from the paternal shelves. He tells us that his father began to collect books when he was about twelve years old, and that among his treasures were "Ulric von Hutton's autograph on Erasmus's beautiful folio Greek Testament, and John Howe's (spelt How) on the first edition of Milton's Speech on Unlicensed, Printing;" also a very interesting copy of Baxter's Life and Times which had belonged to Anna Countess of Argyll, with a note in it of historic value, besides her autograph. The old story thus renews itself, and we must go behind a perfected personality like Dr. John Brown's in order to understand it. Even as I sit, with the photograph before me of his full-length figure holding his dog, and the memory of his presence clearly before that "inner eye," the pen still delays and hesitates in the attempt to describe him as he was. The fine skull, the tender in-seeing eyes, the firm mouth yet ready to break into fun with one of the earliest or latest Scottish anecdotes, all this we see and hear, and yet fail to portray him to those who knew him not. One of the books which he gave us in the early days of our friendship was the biography of his father by Dr. Cairns, a book which true lovers of biography even at this date may pore over with absorbing interest; and among his own published papers, as we all remember, is a letter of gratitude to Dr. Cairns containing his own reminiscences of his father, which came to him too late to be included in the volume. In these we find the seed-grain of much that is in his own nature, the foundation of his own faiths and tastes. Even in the portrait of his father we see, though they were such different men, a great likeness. The famous preacher and scholar had not the brawny Scottish physique which might well serve a man ready to engage in this most difficult of all professions, but he possessed on the contrary a constitutional refinement of body as well as of mind, and was capable of intense self-excitement and of consequent silence and self-withdrawal, if not of actual depression. "There was a fountain of tenderness in his nature," writes Dr. Cairns, "as well as a sweep of impetuous indignation." Might this not be said of the author of "Rab" as well? "The union of these ardent elements . . . not untouched with melancholy," the biographer continues, "with the patience of the scholar and the sobriety of the critic formed the singularity and almost the anomaly of his personal character." This too was the nature of his son, but there was also a love for others, a homely drawing to his kind which distinguished him from his father, and which endeared him in turn, not alone to those who knew him, but to all who read his books. He speaks of remembering well how his father would sit up by night, after his mother's death, and pore over his books while he lay tucked away in the warm bed. "My father's bed was in his study, a small room, with a very small grate. . . . I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers and Ernestis, and Storrs and Kuehnoels—the fire out, and the gray dawn peering through the window; and when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to bed and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom."

"Warm as he was:" perhaps these words describe his nature better than more studied phrase. He seemed born to cherish this warmth both for man and beast, and when he grew to manhood he loved to gather the lonely and the suffering to his breast, as his father once gathered him. And when Dr. Brown quotes Sir Walter Scott calling for "Pet Marjorie," and saying, "Where are ye, my bonnie wee coodlin' doo," we feel that he himself would have called Marjorie with those words, and would have gathered her so into his own bosom. Calm and quiet as Dr. Brown was

in appearance, a critic, too, by education, a man subject to dark periods of depressions during the last twenty years of his life, no one could approach him, either man or dog, without that sense of a warm human breast open and ready to shelter and make warm.

One day in the early summer of 1860, we took the early train from Edinburgh to Melrose. A heavy shower was falling that rendered the prospect for a day out of doors rather disappointing; but we were so full of interest in everything around us that we took little heed of the weather. At one of the way stations a kindly, breezy man leaped hurriedly into our carriage, nodding to us in a cheerful fashion, and then almost without pause he began a friendly talk, catching speedily at the idea of what would chiefly interest us as Americans. "Can you tell us anything of a man in Edinburgh who has written a book called 'Horæ Subsecivæ?'" we asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "he is my brother, and I will give you a note to him with pleasure." But almost as suddenly as he came he leaped out of the carriage again and was away, for he too was a busy physician like the Edinburgh doctor. At evening, however, when our sight-seeing was finished and we were about to return to Edinburgh, we saw him waiting at the station with a "good speed" for us and with the letter in his hand.

And thus we found ourselves shortly after at Dr. Brown's tea-table, with the family, not forgetting his friendly doggie "Dick."

I can well recall how rich we felt as we came away after that first visit; rich first of all in his friendship, and again rich in the memory of good things which had fallen from his lips, rich above all with that sense of a generous nature which gives and gives and still hath all. I remember that Mr. David Douglas was present and helped to make the occasion agreeable, for Dr. Brown was a man of "infinite humor" and full of anecdote, and he and Mr. Douglas added Scottish wit to Scottish tale till the time could hold no more.

Even then a great shadow had fallen upon Dr. Brown, and the new thoughts which were awakened by this visit and the little excitement seem to have been helpful to him. He wrote two letters on the following day to his new friends, in the first of which he confesses to have lain awake a good part of the night thinking over many things, but adds, in his own kindly fashion, "we had not been so happy for many a day."

In this same letter he adds something which may be considered a dramatic episode indeed for autograph lovers: "I am quite sorry that I cannot give you the manuscript of 'Rab.' Only three days ago I found it in my desk and threw it into the waste basket, and by this time it is in ashes and up the chimney."

It was not until January of the following year that he wrote to us about his wife's health in unmistakable terms. He said: "My dearest is still with us, but going down more and more into darkness; sweet and good and full of love, but almost beyond the reach of our love. In the story of Rab the words, 'why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden,' are her own. They occurred in a letter to me about Ailie; how terribly true they now are of her own beloved self. . . . I go about in a dream, but the stroke will come some day and awake me."

Two or three months later he again referred to "the great sorrow under which we lie, in the loss of the reason of my dear wife. She was away from us when we saw you. . . . One of the last things my dear wife enjoyed, and parts of which she repeats, was Whittier's 'Witch's Daughter.'

"Often I heard her saying, gently to herself,

> 'And the winds whispered
> It is well.'"

Among the books given to us by Dr. Brown are two volumes containing the Essays and Lectures of his cousin, Samuel Brown. It was through Ralph Waldo Emerson that his name was first made known to readers in Boston. Mr. Emerson possibly became acquainted with Samuel Brown as early as the time of his first visit to Carlyle, for the father of Samuel was a distinguished man in his day, a "Secession" minister and a native of Haddington.

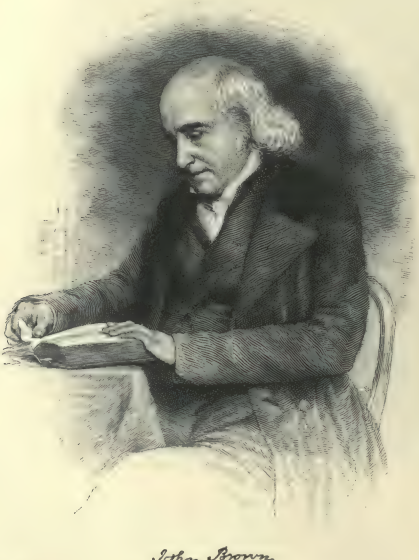


Marjorie Fleming. (After the water-color portrait by her cousin Isabella Keith. By consent of David Douglas, Esq., Edinburgh.)

I well remember the sense of awe which came over me when Emerson described this brilliant creature, of whom his cousin says: "His letters and his journal, and above all, his living voice and presence, could alone tell what was best in him; there was a swiftness and a brightness about his mind and its expression such as we never before witnessed; its penetrative, transmitting power seemed like that of lightning in its speed and keenness. With this brightness, and immediateness and quickness of mind, there was great subtlety —a power of expressing almost impossible thoughts, of working upon invisible points, which was quite marvellous. . . . And to this a venatic instinct for first principles, a sort of pointing at them as a dog does at game; 'that instinctive grasp,' as has been finely said, 'which the healthy imagination takes of *possible* truth;' and along with this a hard, remorseless logic, and a genuine love and practice of *method*, in its Coleridgean sense, as distinguished from *system*."

All this Emerson had recognized in the man, and he joined in the ranks of those who stood about Samuel Brown, waiting the success which seemed sure to follow his scientific theory and labors. He was candidate for the chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh when he was twenty-six years old, but before the time for his election arrived a large company of learned men were invited to witness his experiments to prove "the proposition of the isomarism of carbon and silicon." I can never forget Emerson's manner, the pain and wonder with which he described the

utter failure of these experiments. It was a failure which meant ruin to this fair fabric of a life. All his learning and noble conduct were blasted with a breath. It was doubtless unjust, it was terrible, but it was the decision of the world, and it was final. Samuel Brown died at the early age of thirty-nine, withdrawn from public life, and suffering great physical agony. Dr. Brown says: "Time and the hour, which brings the sun up into the heavens, will doubtless bring him likewise into his just place. But we cannot help recording our unvarying confidence in the speculative truth of his doctrine, and his own solemn assertion of this with his dying hand in his private journal; and though we speak as unlearned, we must affirm our original conviction of the essential truth of his doctrine of the unity of matter, and consequently of the possible, and, it may be, provable, transmutability of the so-called elementary bodies."

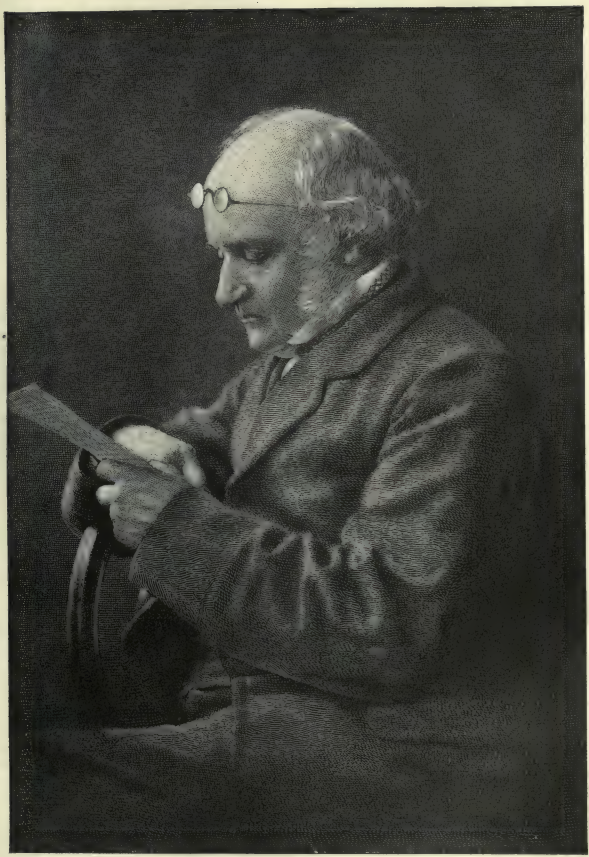


John Brown

Rev. John Brown, father of Dr. Brown.

Not a word is said in print anywhere, I believe, of this great sorrow, for such it was to a large Edinburgh circle, but we can read between the lines and understand the scene as Emerson described it. The contrast is sharp indeed between the picture of the defeated scientist and the man of whom Dr. Brown says: "It would not be possible to indicate to any one who never saw him, or heard his voice, and came under the power of his personality, in what lay the peculiarity of Samuel Brown's genius;—all who knew him, knew it,—none who did not, can. He was not so much cleverer or deeper than most men,—he was quite different; it was as if a new flower had grown up, which no one ever before saw, and which no one looks for again."

All this Emerson had seen, and none had felt more deeply; but later came that contrasting hour of the self-imposed test and the sudden failure which, for reasons inexplicable to us now, bore a sense almost of disgrace, so high had been the hope, so futile the attempt to prove it. But Samuel Brown still had great happiness left him in his private life. He had married his cousin, "and this," writes Dr. Brown, "was his greatest earthly blessing." To her we owe these books. They are doubtless helping to pave the way for other discoverers, but much of the great learning they contain must be al-



Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh; after a photograph from life.

ready as matter sloughed off from the new creature.

Dr. Brown continually recurs to this brilliant frustrated career. He says in one of his letters: "I send you a notice I wrote for *The Scotsman* at the time of George Wilson's death. The part about Samuel Brown will interest you." And again: "You will see in the article on my cousin in the *North British* an extract from a Diary he kept. I believe that Diary, if Mrs. Brown would permit its publication, would give the world a better idea of what Samuel Brown's genius was than anything of his that has hitherto been published. . . . Here he was too much the prophet at home and therefore not honored as I think he deserved. . . ."

There is still another book on the shelf connected with the old Scottish days and Dr. Brown. It is a discourse by Nathaniel Culverwel, edited by the Rev. John Brown; a book of which Sir William Hamilton said that "Culverwel did not deserve the oblivion into which he has fallen." Perhaps not, but has the world discovered any method for recovering whatever may fall into the waters of oblivion? Dr. Brown wrote of it: "If you can find a young Jonathan Edwards, he would relish the non-conformist, neo-Platonist." But we have not found him yet and the compact volume stands gathering dust to dust.



John Wilson ("Christopher North").

More and more as the mists and dark gathered about Dr. Brown's later years he wrote fewer letters, and though always with the same affectionateness yet with a cloud over his spirits from which he sometimes found it impossible to rally.

"I am doing nothing now," he wrote, "but drudge and doctor—my little vein seems worked out, and I am too much involved in daily work and too dull and careless now that my companion is gone, to make myself do anything with my brain." But this mood was disease in

part; now and then the clouds would lift, and he would write in a more cheerful vein. Of Dr. Holmes he says in one of his letters: "If Voltaire had been good and a New Englander he would have thus written. There is the same mastery of style, which means not only a *point*—but means the point of a pyramid, the broader the deeper in. . . . I wonder how that brain burns so unconsumingly; is there a bit of asbestos in the hippocampus minor?"

In a yet gayer mood he wrote again of his dogs: "Don has been succeeded by a huge young English mastiff with a tawny hide, close and short like a lion's. A muzzle as if dipped in ink, and a pedigree as thoroughbred as Lord Derby's. I call him KENT, partly from his county—partly because I always think Lear's faithful servant was a sort of human mastiff. He is of Lord Kingsdowne's breed, and as good a dog as his Lordship is a lawyer."

It is hard to cut the letters of a friend, and harder yet where the subjects of which he writes are so full of interest to many people, but his own books recall us to the shelves where the various editions of "Horæ Subsecivæ" are to be found.

These "Spare Hours" of a physician's life are, after all, the work by which he will be remembered in this world. The power and tenderness of the written page touch men from afar as his healing hand could touch them in the chamber of suffering. These are all the world can have who did not know him, and how much they are! these "bits" and "scraps," as he so often called them. His larger record lies hidden among the secrets to be revealed in the Great Future.

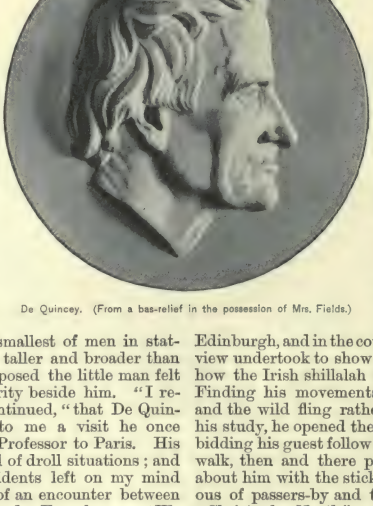


John Wilson's Home at Elleray.

A smaller book next attracts our attention, in dark covers neatly lettered, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

It is a volume of brief sketches by John Wilson, and one which will outlive many of the more voluminous books of his later years. The name of Francis W. P. Greenwood is inscribed in a careful handwriting within, with the date 1823. Bostonians will not love this copy the less that one of her most spiritual and best beloved ministers of the old King's Chapel owned it, loved it, and turned its pages.

"Christopher North" was one of the most striking figures which even the streets of Edinburgh, wonted to the figures of unusual men, had ever seen. De Quincey used to say of him "that it was good to dwell in his shadow." Mr. Fields said that the Opium-eater, being one of the smallest of men in stature and Wilson taller and broader than his race, he supposed the little man felt a physical security beside him. "I remember," he continued, "that De Quincey described to me a visit he once made with the Professor to Paris. His account was full of droll situations; and one of the incidents left on my mind was the recital of an encounter between young Wilson and a Frenchman. 'We were sitting in the theatre together,' said De Quincey, 'when to my surprise a quarrel arose between my companion and a stranger on the other side next him. The Frenchman became so obnoxious that Wilson begged him to be quiet until the play was over, when they could step outside the theatre into an alley hard by, and settle the dispute.' 'And did they go out and arrange the misunderstanding?' I asked. 'O yes,' said De Quincey. 'And what was the result?' De Quincey looked up in his mild and pensive way and replied with great solemnity and composure of muscle, 'The Professor closed both the little Frenchman's eyes, and thus eliminating his vision, the combat ended.'"



De Quincey. (From a bas-relief in the possession of Mrs. Fields.)

John Wilson was one of the few great men whom Mr. Fields saw in his first boyish run through Europe. The young American had already acquainted himself with the incomparable tales contained in this small volume, and probably suspected their author to be the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He appears to have known him also even then to be the writer of the "Noctes." The Professor received him with great kindness at his house in Edinburgh, and in the course of the interview undertook to show his young guest how the Irish shillalah should be used. Finding his movements circumscribed and the wild fling rather dangerous in his study, he opened the front door, and bidding his guest follow him to the sidewalk, then and there proceeded to lay about him with the stick, entirely oblivious of passers-by and their comments. "Christopher North" was always free and unconscious in his bearing and appearance. He usually wore a flannel shirt entirely open at the throat, and when he was among his Westmoreland hills the country people often met him of a morning with even his shirt thrown back from his brawny shoulders.

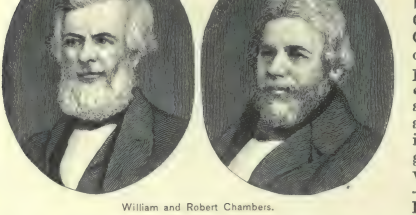
Sir Henry Taylor, who met him once or twice in Edinburgh, says: "He looked like one of Robin Hood's company; or he might have been Robin himself—jovial but fierce—as if he would be the

coign-like walking for 4 hours 'on end'—[which is our archaic expression for continuously]? If I knew that, I could arrange accordingly for meeting you. The case as to distance is this:—The Dalkeith railway, from the Waverley Station, brings you to Esk Bank. That is its nearest approach, its perihelion, in relation to your house: and it is precisely 2¾ miles distant from Mavis Bush—the name of our cottage. Close to us, and the most noticeable object for guiding your inquiries, is—Mr. Annandale's Paper Mills. Now then, accordingly as you direct my motions, I will—I being supposed absent—join you at your hotel in Edinburgh any time after 11 A.M. and walk out the whole distance [7 miles from the West Mon.]; or else I will meet you at Esk Bank; or, if you prefer coming out in a carriage, I will await your coming here in that state of motionless repose which best befits a philosopher.—Excuse my levity; and believe that with sincere pleasure we shall receive your obliging visit. Ever your faithful Servant,

Thomas De Quincey.

Fac-simile of a Page from a Note by De Quincey to Mr. Fields.

first at a feast but by no means the last at a fray; full of fire and animal energy, and of wit and sarcasm, and hardly seeming to heed anybody about him—a man who has always been the king of his company. Moral philosophy was never taught by a wilder or more fiery Professor, and he was certainly by far



William and Robert Chambers.

the most considerable man I met with at Edinburgh."

There is a beautiful old copy of the "Decamerone" upon the shelf, given by Wilson to Leigh Hunt, with a friendly word or two written inside, and a letter from him also which I find laid within a copy of the "Vestiges of Creation."*

* This book, the "Vestiges," was almost as great a source of wonder in its time as The Letters of Junius, or "Waverley" itself. It appeared at a moment when the study of geology had made a narrow faith in the letters of the first chapter of Genesis impossible, and while the world was still rent with dissensions upon the subject. The concluding note of the book says: "Thus ends a book, composed in solitude, and almost without the cognizance of a single human being, for the sole purpose (or as nearly so as may be) of improving the knowledge of mankind, and through that medium their happiness. For reasons which need not be specified, the author's name is retained in its original obscurity, and in all probability will never be generally known. . . . The book, as far as I am aware, is the first attempt to connect the natural sciences into a history of creation. The idea is a bold one, and there are many circumstances of time and place to render its boldness more than usually conspicuous. . . . We give, as is meet, a respectful reception to what is revealed through the medium of nature, at the same time that we fully reserve our reverence for all we have been accustomed to hold sacred, not one tittle of which it may ultimately be found necessary to alter."

The learning and common-sense of the book, its rare temperateness and wisdom, commanded immediate attention. It was the wonder of the world at that period, nor was the authorship ever acknowledged, I believe. Therefore it is sincerely interesting to find in Leigh Hunt's copy traces of the authorship and to know that Mr. Fields settled it definitely upon Mr. Chambers at last.

The brothers William and Robert Chambers are indissolubly connected with reminiscences of Edinburgh. I remember seeing them both in their native city while the elder brother was Lord Provost. Robert was our kind cicerone through his beloved haunts. No one should fancy it possible to see Edinburgh properly without a reference to his admirable "Walks about Edinburgh," but to have the knowledge fresh and yet uncoined from the author's brain was an excellent preventive to imperfect sightseeing.

Robert Chambers, through whom this letter of Christopher North came into our hands, says that it was given him, for Mr. Fields, by Professor Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Sheriff Gordon. "It is a very good letter," Mr. Chambers writes, "of that extraordinary genius," being one which he addressed to the wife of Mr. Solicitor General Rutherford on his daughter's marrying Mr. Gordon, who was the nephew of that lady's husband. "By the way," Mr. Chambers continues, "Mrs. Gordon is writing a memoir of her father, to be published by Edmonston & Douglas, of Edinburgh, and I hope you will deem it a work suitable for reprinting at Boston. I have a great faith in the memoir-writing powers of women—witness Lady Holland's life of her father, Sydney Smith, and the sketch of Lord North by his daughter in Brougham's 'Statesmen of the Reign of George III.'"

In this letter, which is now safely transferred to the Edinburgh edition of Wilson's Life, Christopher North writes: "Mary's marriage will be a sacred solace to her afflicted father, and to know that she possesses the affection of her husband's dearest friends infuses a feeling of peace and joy into my desolate and too much disturbed heart. Her mother loved John Gordon—so do I—and if the Blest see those they have left, her spirit will be well-pleased to look down on their united life."

Mr. Fields often recalled the scene (though I think it must have been described to him afterward by one of the students who was present, perhaps Dr. John Brown) when Wilson came to resume his duties at the University the next session after the death of his wife. He began to speak to his class as usual, but feeling the sympathy of the young men he stopped and his head sank upon the desk. Presently he rose again and said: "Gentlemen, pardon me, but since

we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death." The crowd of students, the breathless waiting, the tender confidence to them was something never to be forgotten after hearing it described as from an eye-witness.

Mr. Fields was present at some one of his lectures, however, and he always said in after life that Professor Wilson's method and manner with his students was his ideal of what the relation of a teacher to his scholars should be. The eager way in which he talked to them, his whole heart being in his work, made it impossible for their thoughts to wander. They were fascinated by his living interest in their behalf. "Ah, that is what lecturing to students can be made," he was accustomed to say.

I have found a few manuscript notes by Mr. Fields descriptive of Wilson, and among them the following paragraph in which we see how keen and quick were his literary acumen and his energy:

"It was young John Wilson who first gave to Walter Scott the title of 'The Great Magician,' by which name he was afterwards known to all the world! It was young John Wilson who pointed out, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, the beauties of 'Childe Harold,' long before the voice of universal acclamation was heard in the land; and he was one of the first to recognize the genius of Charles Dickens. At the age of seventeen he sent off a letter of several sheets to William Wordsworth, then unrecognized and hooted at by the reviewers, thanking the obscure poet up among the hills of Westmoreland for the ardent enjoyment he, a lad at school, had derived from a perusal of 'The Lyrical Ballads.'"

Professor Wilson's home at Elleray was wonderfully beautiful.

> "All Paradise
> Could by the simple opening of a door
> Let itself in upon him."

De Quincey thought it incomparably the finest terrace view in England or Wales. We are inclined to think that De Quincey ought to have known, not only because he was a great wanderer, but because it is recorded of him that he once went to pass a day or two with Wilson at Elleray and remained nine months. "Now and then as I went down-stairs at seven in the morning," Christopher North said, "I would meet De Quincey coming up to bed with a candle in his hand. He was a gentle, courteous creature."

This singular visit of De Quincey at Elleray, where Wilson said he seldom saw him except thus in the morning, is much in keeping with Mr. Fields's own experience with respect to him. In his first inquiries after De Quincey, of an old man in Edinburgh, the reply was:

"Ye've come to Edinbro too late, sir! They're nearly all gone, noo! Many's the time I've seen Sir Walter Scott pass my door on his way to the court, and I got to ken the sound of his stick on the sidewalk as well as I kenned the voice of my ain wife! And there was Sir William Hamilton, the grand looking fellar, and Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter's



Portrait of Ramsay—from an edition of his poems published in 1751.

son-in-law, and little Mr. De Quincey, the great opium-eater, as some said of him; and Lord Jeffrey, the powerful lawyer,



Robert Burns. (From a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. Fields—from a miniature.)

and Professor Wilson, a match for any of 'em!"

This inclusion of De Quincey among those who were past and gone was one of the eccentric incidents which surrounded that man of genius. When Mr. Fields inquired for him more particularly he was assured of his death, although "after a search," he writes, "I found him alive and well in a cottage ten miles out of Edinburgh. I inquired for him again in London in 1852, and authors and critics, with very few exceptions, were uncertain where he lived, and one, a man of mark, declared to me that he then heard his name for the first time."

It is already too well known for me to dwell upon it here, that the writings of Thomas De Quincey had never been collected until they were gathered together by Mr. Fields and printed in an edition of twenty-two volumes, published consecutively in Boston. This might well account for his being unknown in England by a busy writer, for "who read an American book" in those days, and these twenty-two volumes might be considered American, inasmuch as De Quincey had never signed his papers in the English Reviews, which were therefore only discoverable by their style.

De Quincey owned a large number of books, a part of which his daughters once told us were at a cottage in Westmoreland, called "Town-End," and others at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, but a man of his strange habits, who kept his letters and manuscripts in a disused bath-tub, was not likely to watch closely over his books. After his death they were sacrificed, "sold for nothing," in a heap in Edinburgh, before his friends could be informed upon the subject.

There is an interesting portrait of De Quincey, modelled in relief, hanging over the shelf of Edinburgh books, which gives something more of the imaginative quality in his face than the picture by Sir John Watson Gordon, although the latter is more generally known. There is a very thin volume also in the library containing a portion of his essay on Wordsworth in manuscript. The handwriting is delicate and

refined as well as small and facile. This, with some of his letters, is all the shelves can show of De Quincey's literary property; but as he was living when Mr. Fields went to Edinburgh in 1852, I find a few unpublished reminiscences of a personal interview at that period. "We had corresponded at intervals for many years," Mr. Fields wrote, "because the collection of his writings in America had been entrusted to my care. He had never been able to afford me any assistance in indicating his essays in the magazines, as he had forgotten their existence as well as their dates, and I was obliged to rely entirely on a recognition of his style and the topics likely to be treated by him. I found him living in his little roadside cottage a few miles from Edinburgh, at a place called Lasswade, on the river Esk. He had sent me directions how to find him in a letter which I still preserve as one of the curiosities of literature. When he came out to receive me at his garden-gate I thought I had never seen anything so small and pale in the shape of a great man, nor a more impressive head on human shoulders. The unmistakable alabaster shine, which I had noticed in other opium-eaters, was on his face, and the restlessness of his body also proclaimed his well-known habit. Next after his personal appearance I was struck with his exquisite courtesy. There was a finish and elegance in his diction also which recalled something of Leigh Hunt's manner, and belonged perhaps to a particular era. I need hardly say that the habits of my host at Lasswade were very eccentric. He soon began to describe, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, the nondescript animal which he said was forever gnawing in the interior of his body, forever moving and forever busy at his ghastly work. It was profoundly sad to hear this wonderful genius, this master of all knowledge, talking at intervals such unreason, and with earnestness and power. . . . During a walk of fourteen miles which we took together, his mind would sometimes dwell on the past, and I remember the delightful history he gave me of those days among the hills of Westmoreland when his daily companions were Professor Wilson, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. He had much to say also of the harmonies of language, the perfection of finish in English prose writers who had passed into fame, and he quoted to me Goethe's saying, that the difficulty in composition lies not in learning but in *un*learning.

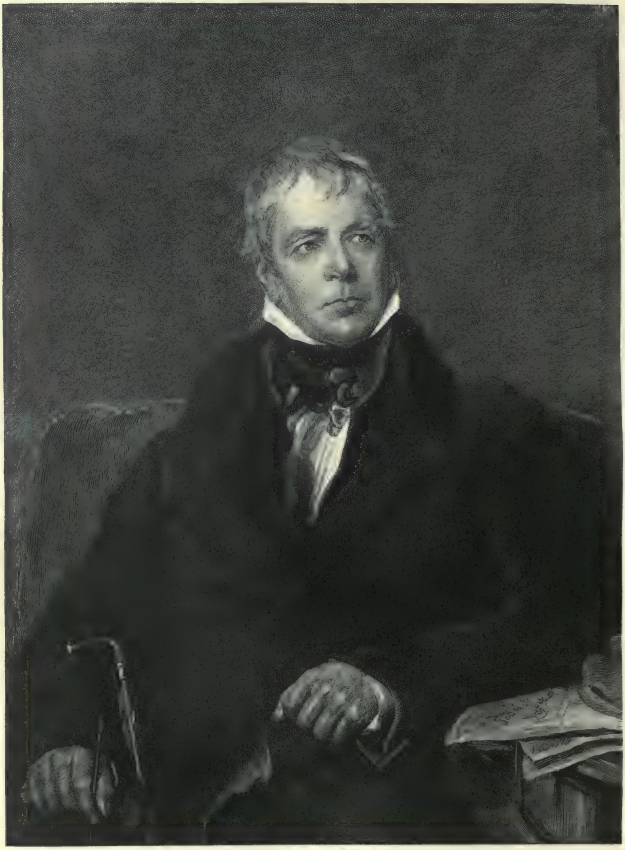


From a miniature of Walter Scott, made at Bath, in his fifth or sixth year.

Then he spoke of his own baffled efforts, his defeated hopes in life, of his unfinished work on the Human Intellect, which he had longed to leave behind him completed as his crowning effort. Many things, too, he said to me in confidence which cannot be revealed. If they were true they ought never to be recorded, and if they were only the dreams of opium they should be allowed to fade like the unsubstantial visions of a deluded brain. He spoke of Charles Lamb and Southey with love and tenderness, and when he mentioned John Wilson his eyes filled and his voice trembled.

"He asked many questions about America, and he understood the geography of our country better than any untravelled American I had ever met. Webster's argument in the Salem-White murder case he thought contained the grandest utterances ever made in a court of justice.

"As we walked along his manner became at times singularly nervous and startling. Not infrequently he spoke like a man who had seen ghosts, and there was a kind of solemn awe and won-



Scott. (From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for George IV. in 1820.)

der in his tone. Much of the time he walked bareheaded, as if his brain were hot and troublesome, and I noticed there was on his brow that signature of sorrow not uncommon to the sons of genius.

"He seemed to me to have accomplished nothing with his pen, great as his achievements have been, compared to the eloquence and greatness of his spoken words.

"When the time came for me to say 'good-night,' and return to Edinburgh, De Quincey, who had been talking all the evening in a strain of unequalled interest, began the prelude to a new theme. Although the carriage had long been waiting at the door I was bound to hear and still lingered listening. At last when the moment of departure arrived De Quincey rose and said, in his solemn manner, 'I feel that at my period of life, and your home being 3,000 miles away, the chances are against our ever meeting again. Send your carriage back to Edinburgh, and let us have a midnight walk to the city.' Not wishing to have him go so far as ten miles on foot I proposed that he should then retire to bed and let me say 'farewell.' This he declined peremptorily and I then agreed that he should walk a few miles on with me, the carriage following our footsteps. It was a black misty Scottish night, and as we trudged along I could hear the Esk River roaring at our side. De Quincey entered upon a fresh theme the moment we got out into the dark open country. The sight of cottages and other dwellings closed and cheerless in the midnight gloom led him to speak of the household wrecks he had witnessed. Leading me up to the front of a large dilapidated mansion, as the wind whistled in at the broken windows, he described the hours of happiness he had in former years been accustomed to pass with those who had once dwelt in luxury within. Insanity, Fraud, Suicide, had entered at various epochs within these once radiant walls, 'and now,' said De Quincey, with a shuddering sigh, 'behold the conquest of sorrow!'

"We were many miles away from his own door and it was almost morning, when I took his hand for the last time, and under the shadow of the Scottish hills bade him farewell, as he glided off into the darkness toward Lasswade. I watched his slight figure, vanishing, reappearing, vanishing, until it was lost in the mist—faded forever from my vision.



Mrs. Lockhart, Scott's daughter.

"In after years when I stood by his grave in the Edinburgh churchyard and thought of his strange, struggling life, I recalled his own words about a battlefield that nature had long since healed and reconciled to herself under the tender oblivion of flowers."

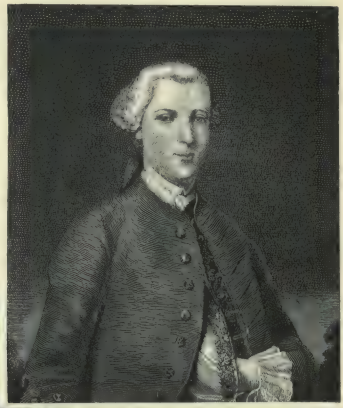
There is one old brown book upon the

Edinburgh shelf connected with Robert Burns. Who can think of Edinburgh without a vision of his beautiful unhappy face rising up before us. It is a copy of the first Edinburgh edition of his poems, the same for which the members of the Caledonian Hunt subscribed, taking one hundred copies, and which Burns said it gave him "so much real happiness to see in print." This copy was said to have been a gift from Burns to some woman, but I find no proof of this. It is interesting enough, however, with its list of grand names, and when we recall all the circumstances of its publication. A small edition of his poems had been printed the year previous at Kilmarnock, and



Anne Rutherford, Scott's mother.

the rapidity with which it sold was a good promise for his poetic future. There was a "reprint and fac-simile" of this edition brought out in 1867, of which, also, only six hundred copies were made, and one of these reprints fortunately is now here before me. There is a manuscript letter, too, from Burns addressed to Captain Hamilton, of Dumfries. It is a sorrowful letter enough, full of money troubles, and confirms what we already know of his misfortunes.



Walter Scott, writer to the Signet, father of Sir Walter.

Burns in Edinburgh, with his new leather covered book, now looking so old and according to modern ideas so unattractive, was at the summit of his life's happiness. Mr. Fields often told how Burns was seen at that time by Mrs. Basil Montague, who later, in her old age, loved to describe him. She was herself just entering society as a young girl, she used to say, when Burns was enjoying the first-fruits of his fame. "I have seen many a handsome man in my time," she would say; "but none of them equalled young Robbie Burns. I never saw such a pair of eyes as flashed from under his noble forehead."

Burns had by no means grown up ignorant of books. In his father's cottage there were many volumes famous in those days which were well read by the young son, but of poetry, except Fergusson's and Allan Ramsay's, there was nothing, save a collection of ballads and

songs owned by a strange old woman who lived with them. He did not forget his love for the two poets who had helped to nurse his young genius, and the first places he is known to have visited in Edinburgh were the lowly grave of Fergusson and the house of Allan Ramsay.

Among Mr. Fields's papers I find a page where he speaks of meeting one of the sons of Burns in London in 1859. "I asked him what made on him (as a boy) the deepest impression of his father's personality? He said, 'the sympathetic tone of his voice whenever he spoke to any poor person, anyone poorer and more suffering than himself.'" It was from the hand of this son that we received the daguerreotype of Burns taken from a portrait still, I believe, in possession of the family.



Lady Scott.

Lockhart's description of Burns at this period in Edinburgh, as given to him by Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Fields used to say was the one he liked above all others. Scott was a lad of fifteen when Burns came up to receive the homage of his native country at the hands of all the distinguished men and women gathered in the classic city to welcome him. Young Walter was longing to see Burns, but as he had at that time small acquaintance with literary people it seemed as if he would never have the coveted opportunity. "I would have given the world to know him," said Scott to Lockhart, and at last fortune favored the young lad. One day Professor Fergusson invited some persons to meet Burns at his house, and among them came the boy who was afterward to equal even Burns in the affectionate consideration of Scotland. "We youngsters," says Scott, "sat silent and looked and listened." Some one was showing Burns an engraving hanging up in the room. It was a print representing a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side and on the other the dead soldier's widow with a child in her arms. Underneath the engraving these lines were printed:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears.

Burns looked at the picture, read the lines and burst into tears. He then asked who had written them. Nobody in the group except young Scott remembered the author's name, and he modestly whispered to a gentleman standing near that the lines occur in a half-forgotten poem by Langhorne. The gentleman mentioned the fact to Burns and revealed his informant's name. Burns bent his brimming eyes on the boy and rewarded him with a look and a word of thanks which Walter Scott remembered during his whole life.

Burns's love for Allan Ramsay leads us to take tenderly down from the shelf the two small volumes of his poems.

Ramsay died in 1757, and this edition was printed in London during his life, in 1751. They are quaint leather-covered books, with an unpublished autograph poem by Ramsay on the first page. He was very popular in his day, and stopped a gap before the time of



Scott. (From an original unpublished drawing in chalk by Stuart Newton, in the possession of Mrs. James Lodge, Boston.)

Scott and Burns. He turned publisher, too, and became a rich man in spite of building a theatre and bringing righteous Scotland down about his head. But he established the first circulating library ever seen in Scotland, and many sins should have been forgiven him for that. His verses, which I will transcribe, show him to have been a man of wit and manners in his day.

Jan. 29–31.

To Mr. James Home, Writer to the Signet.

SIR,

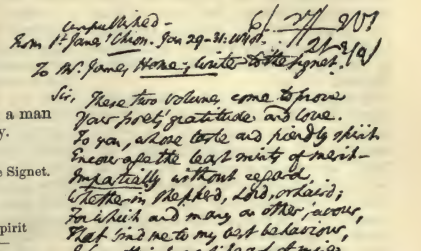
These two volumes come to prove
Your poet's gratitude and love.
To you, whose taste and friendly spirit
Encourage the least hints of merit—
Impartially without regard
Whether in Shepherd, Lord, or Laird;
For which and many an other favour,
That bind me to my best behaviour,
I from this honest heart of mine
Beg you t'accept this small propine:
Though scant the value, yet believe
It is the best that I can give,
And the most proper, you'll allow,
For me to give to such as you.

Then with a friendly smile admit
Me 'mongst your laughing friends to sit:
Root yont your Milton and your Pope
That chant sublime from the hill-top;
Make me a birth-*whin*, that I may
Crane in with Butler, Matt, and Gay;
That when the spleen, or aught that's sour,
Attacks you in a drumbly hour—
With these, did Allan come before ye,
And to your gayety restore ye—
If I in this can *recommend*
My muse to you, I've gained my end;
And if you own that I can *souff*
A song or Tale, nor dull nor douf,
At some with no small pride I'll sneer,
Whose noddles are not quite so clear,
And never tent their spitefull grumble
While you stand by your
servant humble,
ALLAN RAMSAY.

From my closet in Edr.
August 10th, 1738.

To waft their young white souls through
fields of air,

that is crystallized and will endure.


Unpublished -
From 1st June 1 Chron. Jan 29-31. 1738. 6/ 7/ 207
To Mr. James Home, Writer to the Signet. 21-2/9

Sir, These two volume come to prove
Your poet's gratitude and love.
To you, whose taste and friendly spirit
Encourage the least hints of merit—
Impartially without regard
Whether in Shepherd, Lord, or Laird;
For which and many an other favour,
That bind me to my best behaviour,
I from this honest heart of mine
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And to your gayety restore ye—
If I in this can recommend
My muse to you, I've gained my end,
And if you own that I can souff
A song or Tale, nor dull nor douf,

Fac-simile of an Autograph Poem by Allan Ramsay, written on the first page of an edition of his poems.

There is a spirited portrait by Smibert in the first volume, which gives me a desire to say with *Quince*, in "Midsummer Night's Dream,"

Let us hear sweet Bottom.

We find in it such an aspect of ready speech. Leigh Hunt's name is on the first page, and his marks are to be found throughout wherever original beauty is to be recognized. One line I see,

The "Gentle Shepherd," too, may well have won laurels in his day, and may still command a loving reader. Burns was once heard inquiring for the shop of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd."

The picture of Walter Scott in his interview with Burns leads us to turn to the goodly row of books which are precious because of their association with him.

The copy of the first edition of the

"Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a fine quarto bound in morocco and printed as beautifully as Scott's taste and the devoted care of his printer and publisher could devise. We can imagine the pleasure of the young American book-lover on his first visit to Edinburgh in finding this volume and making it his own.

It was fifteen years only after Scott's death that Mr. Fields first saw "the gray metropolis of the North" and "the castle proudly looming in the early sunlight," and was received by his "landlady in her nightcap at the top of the stairs." How speedily he was away again to Black's, the publisher, and afterward to Blackwood's, "seeing the portrait of John Wilson," and much else, we cannot doubt, it being still very early in the morning and these gentlemen hardly at their offices.

As soon as the coach could start he was away to Abbotsford. To his joy he found a Scottish lady on the top of the coach beside him who knew every inch of the ground, and had seen Scott when she was a child. She knew Lockhart, also, and pointed out all the hills and castles as she talked, and he was sorry indeed when the coach set her down at her journey's end. Soon, with hurrying feet, he found himself in Scott's library, "walled about with books," which he examined with loving scrutiny. He was deeply impressed with the care which had been given them, and recalled Lockhart's saying how full Scott's den in Castle Street was of quartos and folios "all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been re-touched and re-gilt in the most approved manner."

We can imagine the incipient publisher peering about among them and revelling in the knowledge that this friend of youth everywhere, this romance lover and writer, this hero of his heart should be a man to care so tenderly about his books.

I cannot tell at what "corner-shop" he found this treasure on his return to Edinburgh, but he not only bought it, but enriched it with whatever he could find to add to its value.

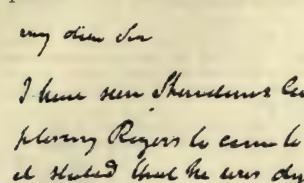
He has laid in it an engraved copy of Chantrey's bust of Scott, and one of the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a note, also, written at the moment Scott was sitting for this portrait. Beside these there is a delightful picture taken when Scott was a child of six years, and romantic pictures of his two daughters, by Nicholson; also engravings of Abbotsford and Dryburgh. But the charm of the volume after all lies in the fact that Scott himself assisted at this sumptuous début of his poem and rejoiced in its fitting dress; that he handled this very copy perchance and pronounced upon the "tooling" of the covers, the thickness of the paper, and the kind of type. It brings us nearer to him, in short, than anything.

One of the curious facts relating to Scott's books is the rapidity of their production, and Mr. Fields has made a note to the effect that "'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was dashed off at the rate of a canto a week!" It seems that "Waverley," too, was written at the same white heat "in thirty summer evenings," and Scott somewhere says, in a letter to a friend: "When I once set pen to paper it walks off fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone and see whether the pen will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it."

The success of the "Lay" caused Constable & Co. to make Sir Walter an offer for "Marmion," which he had already begun. The sum they mentioned was so large as to startle the literary world—it was one thousand pounds. Lockhart says of this work: "'Marmion' was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2,000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month."

Where the nineteen hundred other copies may be I know not, but here is one of that edition before me as I

write. This copy is also enriched by a portrait of the mother of Scott, Anne



Fac-simile of a Note from Scott.

Rutherford, and a picture of Abbotsford in 1812.

At various times the first editions of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rokeby" were added to our collection, and a copy in two volumes (also first edition) of "Scott's Border Antiquities." Scott evidently lost nothing of his pleasure in beautiful books as he grew older, for the last is one both author and publisher might be proud of. The fly-leaves are rich with portraits and autographs.

There was something in the wholesome humanity of Walter Scott which caused men and will long cause them to regard anything which belonged to him and even the spots he haunted as sacred in their eyes. Since his day Edinburgh has become a shrine for pilgrims in a new sense. Men admired the beauty of its castle-crowned steep before he lived, and visited Holyrood and caught glimpses here and there of its historic interest, but from the moment he came upon the scene the whole historic material of the place was organized and vitalized anew. Dinner-table wits of his day said that Scott's talk was commonplace, but Lockhart once replied: "Yes, it is commonplace as the sunshine is which gilds the most indifferent objects and adds brilliancy to the brightest."

Adam Black once told Mr. Fields that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dog and raised his cheery voice it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air; and from an old man in Glasgow he gained still another peep at Scott's delightful nature and of his relations with men. It seems that this person had carried a law-case to him for adjustment. "How did he manage it?" Mr. Fields asked. "Oh, beautifully," said the old client. "He told me a bonny story aboot a coo and a calf in Dundee, and then he sent

me over the way to a brither lawyer, who, he told me, had a langer head for sich affairs than himsel'. But it was a braw story that he told me aboot the cattle o' Dundee, and it make's me laugh to this day when I think on't."

But of all the delightful memories of Scott's power of love and sympathy none can outrun that beautiful picture of him given by Dr. Brown as he bends over his belated Pet Marjorie where she sits in her little white dress in the dingy sedan chair in his "lobby" while he calls his friends from the supper-table to welcome her. "Sit ye there my dautie till they a' see you." Surely it is this gift above all the rest which makes us value the least trifle with which he had to do, the gift of which Matthew Arnold has said:

> For will and energy though rare,
> Are yet far far less rare than love.

CROWNED.

By Celia Thaxter.

The last gold lily in the garden blows,
The long, sweet days pause at their greatest length,
The air is rich with odors of the rose,
And summer heats begin to gather strength.

Flushes the pink dawn over silver seas;
The idle sail lies lapped in dreamful calm,
And waits, for in the south the wandering breeze
Lingering, is loth to leave the slender palm.

Soars the white gull in splendor through the sky,
With dazzling pinions lost in azure air;
Sleep the light clouds all motionless on high,
Or on the far sea line in islets fair.

The honeysuckle chalices outpour
Delicious perfumes to the dewy night;
The rosy winged sphinx wheels, hovering o'er
The many-clustered phloxes glimmering white.

Sinks the red moon, a crescent low and large,
Scattering its broken rubies on the tide;
Low whispers breathe along the ocean marge,
As if in heaven some happy spirit sighed.

Beyond the beauty of the ripening year,
Thrilling with deep enchantment sense and soul,
A hint of higher rapture still I hear,
Of wonder sent to glorify the whole.

Lo—Thou! The soft airs sing thee! To my heart
The day and night but change to bring thee near;
The central spark of every joy thou art,
The essence of all things divine and dear.

Thy blush is in the dawn, thy tender tones
In every gentle sound upon the air.
Shadows to me are the world's crowns and thrones,
For the king's purple by thy gift I wear.

JEANNE.

By John Elliott Curran.

I.



AT the head of the front stairs in the house of Henri Prévost—a somewhat narrow and steep white stair, with cherry bannister, and spindles just beginning to be rickety—in the narrow hall of the second story of this house, oil-cloth under foot, very white paper on the walls, white door-frames and doors (except the brass knobs), —under the light of a kerosene lamp that was not very high up and yet that was not far below the white-washed ceiling, there stood, a conspicuous object in the midst of all this whiteness, early one evening, Jeanne Prévost. She was a stanch yet trim looking little figure; with the traditional blue eye of France, and an aquiline French nose; with the brown hair that may be found anywhere, and the white skin that may be found somewhere; but with the red lip and the lighted eye that belong only to organisms of excellent vitality. Jeanne stood shivering in the hall. But there was no need of that, for it was not cold, though it was winter. Her eyes wandered along the ceiling; but there was no need of that, either, for there was nothing there to see—but white; and that was probably why she looked at it, because there was nothing to break up the picture that she wished to have before her mind. Presently a door opened down-stairs. Jeanne's breast fluttered. A masculine step came up the stair. Her face beamed with smiles. She turned toward the comer. The masculine personage greeted her with a "good-evening;" but she did not answer; she only stood there, with smiles on her lips and in her eyes, but shivering. The masculine personage smiled too; but there was only surprise in his face. Hesitatingly he went past and had almost reached the next flight of stairs.

"Reu*ben!*" called the fresh little voice.

"What?" asked Reuben.

"Reu*ben!*" repeated Jeanne, a little more softly.

Reuben drew near; and then the face that had become clouded began to smile again. He stood before her and asked again, in a lower tone, "What?"

"Reu*ben!*" she only repeated, smiling less, and regarding him, while she shivered only the more.

"What, Jeanne?" he asked. It was the first time he had ever called her Jeanne, and it excited him a little to do it.

She breathed more quickly; and then he put his arms around the shapely little form and drew it one side while it breathed harder than ever.

Henri Prévost was a person whose importance belonged mostly to the past, and who was of little consequence in the world now perhaps, except as sustaining a slight parental relation to Jeanne. He had been, in his palmy days, the keeper of a salle-d'armes in Paris, where the fencing-master had instructed a portion of the genteel youth of France. The comfortable income from this source had been mostly spent in keeping in a certain relation with the habits of his rather generously-living pupils, yet without robbing Madame Prévost of what she needed. But Madame Prévost was good-natured enough to have been somewhat lenient with the master of the salle-d'armes, even if he had pinched her a little. She came to him for spouse, as an innkeeper's pretty daughter, who had learned rather early what there was going on in the world, and who started out upon life, both by nature and by education, in a very matter-of-fact sort of a way, regarding the individual much more than society. As long as she and hers were not in want, that was the end of her material care; and as she and hers were unmalicious and inoffensive, by heart and habit, she had no moral care whatever. As for

the mind of Henri himself, he played his fiddle, took his snuff, read a little, and smoked a great deal; having, by long hanging-on to the skirts of men who were richer than he—though he was their master at the rapier—come to take their views, and be without any of his own—except this, that he was an appendage, now dismembered by his age, of a higher world than that around him. Here they lived in New York, hiring a small house, and letting lodgings by the month.

Jeanne lived with them. Jeanne was eighteen years old. Philippe was older than she by seven years. But he had been a reckless, ardent young fellow, who would do nothing but go into the French war marine, and in three years had sent home to his father a medal for gallantry. Henri would show this with pleasure; "he was an imp," he would say with a smile, "and he was brave. Ah!"—nodding and elevating his right hand—"he will rise to the—to the—honorable place. That is he," he would add, bringing out a photograph, a dancing-eyed image of a boy; "is he not handsome?" But Philippe was not very devoted to his family. So Jeanne lived alone with them—besides the lodgers.

Reuben Starkweather, after his interview with her, went to the Colosseum that evening; taking an inexpensive seat, but hiring a lorgnette, that he might recognize the features of Jeanne on the stage; and Jeanne looked very becoming in her costume and danced very gracefully among the other ballet girls. She was such a good little soul at home that the sight of her in this picturesque dress was additionally piquant to Reuben; and yet his heart went out in pity to see such a good little soul dancing the ballet. He had abode long enough in his Prévost lodging to know that she was a most bright and efficient personage under that roof, with no end of good spirits and of geniality. He had abode there long enough, too, for Jeanne to have got it into her little head that he was a very nice fellow. She liked his face and his manners; he was so refined in his appearance and so gentle and dignified in his deportment. She had stolen many a sly look at his face as he passed to and fro; and she liked him all the more because he was reserved and formal with her—until that evening in the hall, when she burst her fetters.

It had not been Henri's wish that Jeanne should go on the stage; nor her mother's; but go she would, and did; and Henri was not a man to have very strong feelings on such a subject, nor did her mother find fault, as long as Jeanne kept well and was as bright and happy as before; and at any rate, Jeanne was an impulsive, strengthful little thing, who was always bubbling and incapable of being repressed. She made a great hit, too; singing her song at the variety performance with great dash, and melting inwardly under the applause that followed. But she did not like some things about the variety theatre, and transferred herself to the more staid Colosseum as a member of the *corps*.

Reuben waited for her at the stage door and they went over to Staccato's restaurant for supper. She was as happy as a lark. Her little bosom seemed to be just bursting with love for Reu*ben*. He was in a sort of heaven, too. Who could resist the charm of Jeanne? Who could withstand the contagion of her vivacity? Who could help laughing when she laughed? Who would not be provoked into good spirits by the gush of her vitality? Reuben's reserve was cast all aside. It seemed to him as if he had never been so happy as now, with that little concentrated darling of human life opposite him.

"Reu*ben*," she finally said, reproachfully, "why did you always take no notice of me?"

"Because I liked you," he said, becoming a little sober.

Jeanne looked at him with the wealth of her blue eyes. "Ah! Reu*ben*, I love you for that;" and a very small foot under the table pressed upon his. "But you made a great mistake. Just think, if it had not been for me, you never would have—" and she bit her lip and looked at him roguishly; and then, as if overcome with satisfaction at the existing relation, she leaned back in her chair in a lounging attitude, as unconsciously as a little girl might, and regarded Reuben serenely.

Said he, "You haven't asked me what I thought of your dancing."

"Oh! pah!" she ejaculated. "Dancing? I am not dancing now. Dancing is for the theatre. I am with you, now; you, Reu*ben*."

After ten minutes of chatter, she suddenly became serious, and said, "Reu*ben*, this is champagne."

It was, indeed, but Reuben did not care for that, this evening. However, he said, "It is only half a bottle, for both of us."

"You ought not to," she replied. "Let me see the list, Reu*ben*"—with pursed lips and reproving eye—"that is two dollars!"

Reuben made no reply.

"I owe it to you," she said. "After this, it shall be beer."

"But you don't drink beer; you don't like it."

"I like it with you," she answered, making a droll face at him.

He laughed outright. She laughed, too; and then assumed her gravity again. "Reu*ben*, listen. Do you think I will have you spend your hard-earned money on me? Do you think I am so sel*fish?* Do you think it matters just what I eat or drink? Bah!"

She turned her head away in disgust; and Reuben smiled at her earnest way. She smiled, too; and, the waiter passing just then, she stopped him. "Garçon, encore une demi-bouteille de Fransenac. I will not pay you in money," addressing her partner; "I will pay you in kind."

Reuben did not reply, but motioned to a tired, bashful little flower child that was leaning against the wall opposite. She came to him.

"Reu*ben!*" said Jeanne, looking fiercely at him, but with a smile in her look, too.

"I will take this one," he said, selecting a bunch of large roses.

Jeanne was quite overcome, and blushed at a great rate. She fastened the bunch at her breast, and then took out the largest rose and leaned over to the child. "Have you a mamma, my little infant?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the infant.

"Put that in your jacket buttonhole," said the benefactress, putting it in herself; "and when you get home, give it to your mamma;" and Jeanne beamed upon her, and the child arose out of its stupefaction under the beam, and actually smiled back, and said, "Thank you, ma'am," and walked off with a light step.

"Pauvre enfant!" muttered Jeanne.

Staccato's was pretty well filled now. The gas-jets were all blazing. The waiters hurried to and fro over the carpeted floor. There was the clink of china and glass, and the occasional popping of a cork; to which the suppressed hum of tête-à-tête conversation formed an undertone, only broken by a stray ripple of laughter. The theatrical world, partly of the audience and partly of the stage, was enjoying its late repast. Jeanne had been silent for a few moments, and then she looked up at Reuben, with the expression of one begging forgiveness on her face, and asked, in a faltering voice, "Do you think I am very wic*ked*, Reu*ben?*"

He only returned a laughing look, which seemed to say "yes." She seemed troubled by his levity and after a few moments asked again, "Do you think I am, Reu*ben?*"

"I don't know," he replied more seriously, as one should who saw the pathetic expression on her face.

"I wanted to tell you," she went on—but her voice wavered with her sense of immodesty, and she took a big swallow of wine to steady herself. "Reu*ben*, this is not the first time I have taken supper here." She looked at him a moment with doubtful eyes and then hung her head in a deep blush, burying her face over the glass in another bracing draught of champagne.

"You are very honest, Jeanne," said Reuben, softly.

She looked up, with a face radiant, partly with thankfulness and partly with youthful rejoicing over a hard task done; and for the rest of the evening she was as brisk as a squirrel.

II.

Reuben's love-dream was rather rudely broken a few days afterward by a letter from Elmwood, from his cousin Sarah, which said that his aunt Lucinda's health had taken a very bad turn,

and that she herself—troubles never came singly—was obliged to go and take care of her widowed brother Sol's children, who had all come down with the measles; and that really his aunt Lucinda would be without a nurse by next evening, unless Reuben came back and looked after her.

Reuben was in great straits. His family had been supposed to be, until within a few years, well-to-do—in a country way; but the death of his father had shown his affairs to be in bad condition. The mother soon followed the father. The rest of the family were scattered; and Reuben, a youth of nineteen, and his maiden aunt Lucinda, a sister of his father's and always a member of his household, found themselves relegated to the homestead of former years, as the only piece of property not eaten up by mortgages. This was an ancient homestead, with fifty acres or so of arable, but rather sterile, hill land in Connecticut, in whose midst, upon one of the many knolls, stood the old house that Reuben had been born in—a red, weather-beaten, but comfortable-looking abode, with a rickety barn, and outhouses sprawled around; everything out of repair, and spots of moss on the old boards of the structures—even on the house, where the red paint had come off. It was an up-hill task to start in to cultivate the farm without capital; and as a solution of the difficulty cousin Sarah had been induced to come and keep Aunt Lucinda company, while Reuben went off to the city to earn a living, live frugally, and send some of his small earnings up to the country—if he could. He succeeded in getting a situation in a wholesale dry-goods concern, on small wages; and stinted himself, as he had expected, to help his aunt. He was doing well in his place—Jeanne burdening herself with the care that he should do no worse just because she liked him; but he could not be with his aunt and his employers at the same time. In view of this letter, then, what was he to do? It took Reuben about five seconds to make up his mind. He told his employers that he should have to be absent for a few days, to attend a sick relative; and he was excused accordingly.

He had been gone nearly a week, when one morning there came a ring at the Prévost door-bell. Jeanne opened the door. "Does Mr. Starkweather live here?" asked a small boy.

"Yes, he does," answered Jeanne, eying the youngster sharply. Reuben's matters were under her self-imposed care, and any inquirer had to be inspected.

"Mr. Wareham wants him."

"Who is Mr. Wareham?" asked Jeanne.

"He is one of our partners," said the small boy. "He sent me up, to say that they wanted him; and if he can't come, they will have to get somebody else. They are very busy, you know," added the urchin, with a slight swagger, as if the business were his own.

Jeanne hesitated but an instant. "Tell Mr. Wareham," she said, with great facility of utterance, "that Mr. Starkweather will be there to-morrow morning, without fail; without fail—do you understand?"

"All right," said the boy, swinging himself down the steps, two at a time, and going off whistling down the street.

It was in the spring of the year. Winter had relaxed its grip enough to let the pavements in the city get a little warm under the sun; and in the country to have unloosed, for a night or two, the mysterious bands that keep the eager throats of the tadpoles silent, and to have turned the sprouting grass green around the pools. A robin and a song-sparrow or two had been heard in the gray trees around Elmwood, and around the old red house of the Starkweathers as well—there being only a mile between the two. The little rill that jumped down the hill behind the house, which went nearly dry in summer, was babbling away at a great rate, with its mouth full of the story about the departure of winter and the good things of summer that were coming, so that, even in the night, when all else was sleeping (except the excited young tadpoles lately come into life and unable to keep their tongues quiet over the event and their pleasure thereat)—even in the night, the rill went rattling on and gasping out its story. It was on the evening of that very day when the

whistling boy had called at the Prévosts', just after sundown, with the evening star already alight and all the sky deep blue except for the light in the west, with all mankind and nature, about Elmwood, going to hush, that a rumble fell on Reuben's ear, as he strolled for an airing along the road in front of the old home. It came nearer; and presently a wagon drew over the crest of the steep little hill ahead of him, and, rushing down the descent, would have passed him with a whirl, had not the driver, recognizing Reuben, reined in his nag with a jerk. "Here he is now," he said, in a doubtful tone and with a doubtful look from Reuben to the figure that sat beside him.

Reuben was dumb. Jeanne sat on the seat, with a large bundle in her lap and a travelling sack at her feet. "Good-evening, Mr. Starkweather," she said, respectfully, as if she might possibly have seen him once before.

"Good-evening," repeated he, mechanically.

She was proceeding to alight. He assisted her and took the bag, which the driver, with mystification on his face, handed to him.

"I have come to nurse your aunt," she said, in a low voice; "they want you at the store."

They were proceeding toward the house, she actively, and Reuben like an automaton, when he suddenly remembered a letter in his pocket to his cousin Sarah, and turned back to give it to the wagoner for posting. The latter stopped at his call and on Reuben's coming up he exclaimed, in an awe-struck tone, "Gawsh! Reub, who's that?" And not being able to give the faintest guess himself, he waited with dropped jaw on Reuben's reply.

"She is a nurse for my aunt," said he.

"You don't say! From the city, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Reuben.

"She's pretty though! Gawsh, Reub"—his feelings getting the better of him—"she's the prettiest critter ever I see! She'll make them Elmwood's folks' eyes stick aout. Good-night, Reub;" and with that he drove away.

"She will, indeed," thought Reuben, as he turned back toward the house.

"Reu*ben*," she said, viewing him with a broad smile as he came up; "I am so glad to see you."

"And I am glad to see you," he returned, though in a subdued tone.

"Reu*ben*," she continued, seeing his fond eyes but long face, "I *had* to come."

"Why, Jeanne?"

"You will lose your place in the store, if you don't go down to-morrow."

Reuben's eyes opened wider.

"A little boy came to our house and said so. So you will go down to-morrow morning—early, Reu*ben*—and I will stay here;" and there she stood, leaning against the gate-post, with her pretty face additionally pretty in its childlike simplicity of expression.

Reuben bethought him then—when he recognized the extreme usefulness of Jeanne's coming—of the extreme inconvenience of other people's absence. Cousin Sarah, he had already surmised, had departed not without some gladness. Not that she rejoiced over the descent of the measles upon her brother's children. But the old red house was a mile from the village, and there was no horse, and nobody to talk to but Aunt Lucinda, and she and Aunt Lucinda had to do all the work; and when it came to Aunt Lucinda's being sick besides—well, the measles are rightly timed, on occasions. As for the good people of Elmwood, many of whom had known Lucinda Starkweather for years, it did not somehow enter their heads—no, not the head or heart of one of them, to minister to their musty acquaintance in her illness; although they might have guessed that it would be a strait for Reuben to leave his new work in the city to attend her. He had obtained the precarious service of a neighboring laborer's wife, the mother of eight active children, to help with the cooking; but she had told him this very evening that she couldn't do it any more. It was difficult to hire any female human being about Elmwood. Certainly, then, Jeanne's thoughtfulness was grateful. All at once, as he was considering, a thought struck him, and he suddenly asked: "But what becomes of you, Jeanne? What about your place? Will the ballet-master keep it for you?"

The twilight was not so deep as to hide the blush that came into her face, as she answered, with a smile that was summoned to remove her embarrassment, "Oh, yes!"

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Yes, he will. I don't care if he doesn't. I like you, Reuben;" and her face beamed with pleasure; "I can be a good nurse, Reuben."

"Jeanne, you are a darling."

"Hush! I am only here as nurse."

Reuben again became thoughtful. He thought of his aunt, a rather prim, old-fashioned lady, of nearly sixty; what would she think of a young ballet-girl from the city, come to nurse her? Reuben gave a low whistle of consternation, as he thought of it.

"Jeanne," he stammered, "my aunt, you know, she is—she has always been—rather—rather stiff——"

"That is nothing, Reuben," she broke in, decidedly; "I can get along, I don't mind people being cross."

"But, Jeanne, I mean rather stiff in—in her morals, you know——"

"O! Reuben!" she cried after a moment, subduedly but desolately, as she comprehended his meaning; then composing herself a little, she went on pleadingly, "Am I not good enough to help you?" and her fallen little hands clasped each other with a movement of despair, and the sudden tears trickled down her cheeks. "O, Reuben, I did not think of that. I did not know I was so bad that I could not do good;" and she sobbed aloud.

Poor Reuben felt the pangs that a tender heart feels over an unintended hurt. He had no deep philosophy on social questions; but there was Jeanne, leaning in utter dejection against the gate-post, with her large brown bundle and her travelling sack at her feet, a hundred miles from home, the chilly April evening about her, weeping because she was too bad to be permitted to do good; all the brightness of her face dimmed with tears, and all her life gone. He turned away. The movement brought his face to the west. It was still faintly glowing with the light of the departed sun. His heart somehow took a great leap at that spread of light coming suddenly on his vision. There was home, off there somewhere in that light; and Jeanne belonged to it. What was the earth, and the thoughts that man sent roving back and forth over it? What was the earth? The only thing that came to him now from it was the plaintive peeping of the tadpoles—their voices tender, like youthful Jeanne's, making a doleful refrain to her pitiful speech—and the tumbling brook, that seemed to be hurrying somewhere in noisy haste to head off something or other that was wrong. Then his eye went up to the evening star hanging in the blue. Who hung it there? And was it any brighter than the white little soul that had fluttered to the earth by his side? He turned round quickly and with his handkerchief wiped poor Jeanne's tears away. "You are not too bad, Jeanne," he said in a strong voice; "no one is so good as you; come."

She smiled through her drying tears. "Are you sure I am good enough to wait on her?" she asked.

"You are good enough to wait on an angel; and she will be one soon, I guess."

"This is very solemn, Reuben," she said, as he stood before her holding her baggage.

"You will make it cheerful," he replied.

That suggestion seemed to restore Jeanne's spirits, as if she had hit upon her mission at last. "Yes, yes, I will," she said, as she followed him with a light step up the steep path to the old house; and now the tadpoles were as lively as you please, and the rill had quieted down again and was making a satisfied chatter to itself of reëstablished right and order; while a grim determination to do what he thought was right was grinding away in Reuben's soul.

A cot was arranged for the nurse from the city, in the invalid's room. When Reuben first entered the apartment with the nurse—having first advised his aunt that he had obtained one—there was a single candle burning there, on a little table by the bedside. A look of surprise passed over the sallow and wrinkled face of the patient, as this plump but lithe dot of a nurse moved noiselessly over the carpet to her side; and she scrutinized the young,

pretty countenance closely by the candle-light. But Jeanne bent down so tenderly over her with her bright face, and told her in such a soft, pleasant voice that she would try to make her comfortable, that the old lady's look of surprise and scrutiny was replaced by one of pleasurable satisfaction, and she replied, "I think you will; you are very pretty; and you have very good manners; and" —examining her face again—"I think you will be kind."

"She will," muttered Reuben, but not loud enough for the invalid to hear.

There was a shade of feeling in Miss Starkweather's last words, as if somebody, perhaps, had not been kind; but no complaint. The old lady could criticise severely, but not complain of want of kindness to herself; she was too independent for that.

The next morning Reuben arose at daylight to go to the city. But Jeanne was down-stairs before him, with a hot breakfast on the table. His aunt was still sleeping, she told him; and when he went away, she only said for parting, "Good-bye, Reu*ben;* I will do everything."

"And yet," he reflected, as he trudged away, "she looks just the same as she did that first night at Staccato's. Yes, it is the same person."

III.

THE days went on. The elm branches leaved out over the old red house and dangled their green tips very near the square, crumbling chimney; the twin lilacs came into bloom by the front door; the tadpoles fell to more serious business than piping all the time; the rill dwindled to its normal, early-summer size, and far away in the city the *corps-de-ballet* of the Colosseum had been disbanded for the season; but Jeanne stayed on, and made the interior of the homestead bright with her presence. She it was who tripped out, with her sleeves rolled up over her pretty elbows, pail in hand, as blithe as any of the birds about her, to the old well-sweep and fetched water for her cooking. She it was who hunted out an old hoe and tilled Aunt Lucinda's flower-bed of the year before and cherished the hyacinths. She it was who rippled the snatches of gentle songs that caught the ear of the chance passer-by through the open windows. She it was who was attentive to every want of the kind, but somewhat starchy, Lucinda Starkweather, growing feebler little by little. Besides all this, she posted regularly, twice a week, a missive to Reu*ben*—in which French words were impulsively stuck in where she could not think of the English—stating his aunt's condition.

By and by a compunction seemed to strike the town of Elmwood here and there; and one and another, now that Lucinda Starkweather had been provided for, made up for their past omission by calling on the patient. Lucinda was keen enough to observe, on these visits, that her guests, besides paying attention to herself, sent prying glances after the young nurse, and that some looked critical, while others softened at Jeanne's grace and gentle ways, and bestowed smiles upon her. The fact was that, in making her various foot excursions to Elmwood, Jeanne had caused some remark by her prettiness and by the knowledge, which soon crept about, that she was Lucinda Starkweather's nurse. "Who got her there?" it was asked. "Why, Reuben." "Well, Reuben knew how to pick." But it may be that the visits were neighborly ones too.

Meanwhile, Reuben was enduring all sorts of qualms in the city, over the plight he had left his aunt in. He had come to town originally—it was only four or five months ago—in his neat, but cheap, newly-purchased suit of clothes, with a fresh pair of split-cowhide shoes, with his socks all neatly darned by Aunt Lucinda, and with mind intent only on earning, and on keeping her and himself and the mortgaged farm above water. That intentness of mind he still held. But this little minx of a Jeanne had somehow become mixed up with it all, and the thing was more complex now than it used to be. Here he had let her go into the house; and he felt as if he were imposing on his aunt. Yet it would have been sheer cruelty to Jeanne to keep her out; and how otherwise could he go on earning money, or at

least keep this place he had got? Sometimes he thought of sending the invalid to a hospital. But then, he meditated, would Aunt Lucinda go? She was proud; and it was not the way with old New England stock to go to hospitals. At any rate, he knew he could trust Jeanne to "do everything," as she said she would do; and that was a great deal.

But Reuben, good fellow that he was, need not have troubled himself so much. Aunt Lucinda was more of a character than he had given her credit for being. Out of regard to family tradition in part, and in part from a feeling of not eating meat when her brother (nephew here) might—for all she knew—be weak, she had displayed, both to Reuben and his family before him, a cold, orthodox side. But Lucinda Starkweather had an enterprising and a restless mind—always had had; and if any fresh ideas were afloat, she fished them in. Proceeding through life in this fashion, she had, at heart, become a Unitarian—with one of the finest spun of Unitarian beliefs, in fact, little better than an agnostic. Daring to assert but little, therefore, except the love of God and an incomprehensible wisdom in the universe, she had become a decidedly tolerant soul, judging people by their acts and not by their creeds. For this reason it was that she looked with despite on many of the village ways of Elmwood; and, perhaps, had not merited from its denizens much more neighborliness in her sickness than she had got—that is, taking human nature as it runs; for, whom we do not court we cannot expect to run after us.

But the patient had a tender side to her heart, too. Stony toward the world for its personal harming, she was equally loving toward it for its doing of genuine good. Her affection wound its way outward to her little nurse, therefore, for her eminent loving-kindness. Jeanne captivated her, too, by her artless blithe ways; always cheerful, always vivacious, her good spirits never grating on Lucinda, she was like a flood of sunshine let into the old house. Its sombre old-fashioned wall-paper, even, seemed to get into a kind of a blaze, with Jeanne about. The straw under the carpets seemed to gain a store of elasticity of its own, under her tread. Even the clatter of the crockery—though the nurse did not make much noise with it—was like a kind of a musical awakening in the old stuff, responsive to Jeanne's melodious humming as she washed it. It certainly was a fact that the old place, inside and out, was tenfold brighter than it had appeared before for many years. And although Aunt Lucinda was failing day by day, it seemed to be an agreeable thing to her that as life left her it came abroad into the household.

Who could help loving that little personality? Jeanne was as fresh and sweet as a new-blown pink; and there was an unfettered flow of spontaneity, that made it seem as if her ardent, kind little soul were pouring itself out in a stream—so voluble and incessant as to make one think that the store of loving life must soon be exhausted; but still it poured on, like the gush from a never-failing spring that has its reservoir so deep down and so widely extended that it may seem to be limited only by the universe. So Jeanne bubbled and bubbled over from her wealth of unconscious love; and Lucinda Starkweather thought she was the dearest specimen of humanity she had ever seen.

Yet Lucinda was apprehensive about her little nurse's future. Jeanne lived so evidently without confines, being utterly devoid of policy, that the invalid dreaded her loving contact with the world. She thought of Reuben, too.

By degrees she learned many things from Jeanne about her life, and was much interested in her account of the *corps-de-ballet*, discovering the fact of Jeanne's membership in an odd way.

A mirror hung in the sick room, which disclosed to the invalid's eye the interior of a room across the hall; and one day, when the nurse's lively and buoyant little feet would no longer walk the floor in a staid fashion, an apparition came in the mirror—Jeanne was in the other room in her petticoat, executing what seemed to Lucinda a very astonishing succession of pirouettes, her pretty little bare arms weaving about meantime very gracefully. The sallow invalid smiled, after a while, and lay still, watching with some enjoyment

the exuberant gyrations. Poor Jeanne took no thought of the mirror. That evening, as the sun was going down, the nurse sat by Aunt Lucinda's bedside. She had been reading to her charge (Jeanne's reading was specially pleasing to Aunt Lucinda; the reader entered with all her soul into the spirit of the text, whatever it was, and was decidedly effective in her rendering of the meaning; her imperfect French accent only giving a kind of additional charm to the words, whether they were solemn or light); she had been reading now from an old, English translation of the Life of Madame Guyon. Presently Jeanne, volunteering a remark as she gazed off on the golden clouds in the west, said, "She was a very good woman."

"Yes," replied the invalid, regarding her doubtfully; she hardly knew whether Jeanne comprehended the religious devotion.

The nurse still kept her eyes on the west, not heeding her patient's penetrating look. "She was so strong," she continued, "and so full of love;" there was the French verve in Jeanne's utterance, and her little fingers clinched, to intensify her meaning; "she swept so wide!" and here she made a sweeping gesture with her little arm; "she went over all the earth, it was all hers."

Still her eyes were on the gold of the west; she was wholly without self-consciousness; Madame Guyon filled her mind.

"The earth is very wide, Jeanne," said the elder, looking fondly on the little nurse; *her* mind was full of Jeanne.

"Ah, yes; very wide," said Jeanne; and then, after a pause, "as wide as heaven."

"It ought to be," said the invalid.

"It *is*," replied the girl, with spirit.

"It is to those who feel it so."

"*Et moi!* I do;" then she added more softly, "it is to me," turning her eyes for the first time then on her patient's face.

The invalid stretched out her thin, shrivelled hand and laid it upon Jeanne's. "You have a pretty little hand, Jeanne."

Jeanne turned it over in the other's palm and looked at it seriously. It was pretty, in spite of the household work it had been doing. She said nothing.

"Dear young hands, and dear young feet," the invalid went on.

The nurse's thoughts instantly reverted to the stage, the blaze of the footlights, the bright scenery and the music. "Have you ever seen the ballet?" she asked.

"No."

"I wonder if you would like it." Then, with a burst of frankness, she added, "I make my living by it"—but she had to be strictly honest—"at least, I did."

"Why do you say 'did,' Jeanne?"

"I have a letter from my father; he says that Signor Carlo says as I have broken my engagement he does not want such people. He will not take me again."

"How did you break your engagement?"

Before the words were out of Lucinda's mouth, the nurse had blushed crimson and clapped her hand to her lips. But the secret was out which she had meant to keep. She put a bold face on it, however, and said as indifferently as she could—which was not very indifferently—"O! I broke it when I came here. I wanted to nurse instead."

Lucinda supplied the missing part of the truth. "To nurse me," she said.

Jeanne was now wholly confused, and blushed hopelessly.

"Yes, you," she said, in final surrender.

"So that Reuben could——"

"Yes, so that Reu*ben* could go to work;" and Jeanne regarded the west, with a smile on her lips, but traces of tears of vexation, over this compulsory avowal of disinterestedness, in her eyes.

She fidgetted in her seat; and Lucinda said, softly, "That is nothing to be ashamed of, my little friend."

Jeanne started at the last words, and looked intently at the old lady. Then she said, quite distinctly, "O! no; not your friend; I am your nurse; your nurse and your housekeeper; only that;" and her fingers twisted together nervously. She was silent a few moments, and then added, in a very low voice, "I am not good enough to be your friend." She could not bear to speak of it; but she had to be honest. It was very likely that Aunt Lucinda had scruples.

"You are good enough to be anybody's friend, Jeanne," said the invalid solemnly, as she took her hand and held it firmly.

This convulsed Jeanne, and she fell to weeping copiously. She was so impressionable. And at last she had—in that dread of being thought bad and in this failure to think her bad—to withdraw her hand and bow her head on both hands on the window-sill and weep.

But all at once she arose, with a sudden smile on her face through all her tears, and said, with vigor, "This is not nursing. I have disturbed you; made you unquiet."

Lucinda was glad to relieve her, and she pointed to the tell-tale mirror. "Jeanne, I saw you dancing there this afternoon."

Jeanne looked, and saw dimly the other bed-room in the mirror. Again she blushed. "O! Miss Starkweather!" and bubbling over with laughter as she flung herself into a chair, she stuck out the tips of her wretched little feet and looked at them. Then she blushed again, and said, "O! I am so ashamed!" And the old lady smiled, almost laughed, in spite of her weakness, at her nurse's confusion.

"Jeanne," she said suddenly, the hard look coming over her face, "what did Miss Harmony say to-day, when she called and did not come in?"

"She said she wanted to know how you were, but she could not stop just now."

"Humph! She could not stop! *She* could not stop! No; and forty others can't, where there is only a yellow, wrinkled thing like me. You may bring me my tea now, Jeanne."

A fortnight later, Reuben came home to stand at his aunt's death-bed. It was late in the evening. Jeanne would not come in. She was not good enough. "Go fetch her," whispered the old lady.

Reuben brought her in by the hand, trembling. He led her to the bed-side. With difficulty the dying woman raised her hand and laid it on Jeanne's head as she knelt to receive it. "God bless you—my child," she whispered slowly and with an effort. Jeanne was motionless and still. "I am very near—to my God;" she continued, slowly, as before, "and so are you—very near Him—Jeanne, though you are not dying; you are living. You are one of His tenderest—His dearest—children;" and, with the expiring voice, the old, withered hand slipped off the young head and fell upon the coverlet again; and the speaker's eyes closed. Her little nurse remained kneeling, as motionless as a statue. And so the old lady's spirit, little by little, as the two were by her, quietly passed away.

Jeanne went home, before the funeral. Reuben remonstrated with her, urging her to stay. But she was obdurate.

"Why won't you stay, Jeanne?" he asked, at length.

"No; O, no," was her only reply, as she stood before him in the yard, with her face cast down.

"Tell me why."

But she was silent. At length, after he had asked her again and she had waited, silent, again, she raised her head and looked him in the face. "Reu*ben*," she said, "this is a long story. Look back. I do. I came here to help you—and your aunt. I have done now what I could. She is gone now To you, I was only a little pleasant side to your life. I ought not to become anything great, anything important, here"—with a wide gesture of the little arm—"just because I came to assist a little. I should not be at the funeral. The need is over. Now I go back home."

She stood erect, having vindicated her decision.

"Jeanne," he said, "you have been very good to me. You know I cannot help thinking even more of you than I did before."

"Ah!" she said, raising her hand; "Reu*ben*, you must not mistake yourself. I am only a little ballet-dancer; you are going to be a great man."

"You are great already, Jeanne."

"Bah!"

"I want you to stay so."

"Dancing is not great, then?"

Reuben hesitated, and finally said, "No;" though he was not half in earnest, and smiled as he said it.

"I like to dance," she replied, cocking her little head and smiling at him composedly with half-shut eyes.

Reuben could not help laughing. But

in a few minutes he said, as tenderly as a young fellow of nineteen can say such words, "I do not want you to leave me, Jeanne."

She looked at him with a mixture of love and thankfulness in her own face; and smiled as she said, "You would soon tire of me."

He disregarded her words and answered, "Jeanne, you are almost alone in the world. You need some one to protect you."

"No," she answered, with the smile of a sort of heavenly sweetness; "no, the earth is not unkind. It is very broad —a very broad breast. I can go giving out my life to it—I am a little thing, am I not?" and she held up her little arms; "but I have no fear of the earth when there is—love"—tapping her breast—"in my heart for it;" and she whirled away and danced into the house.

Ever since Reuben's return, she had occupied an old, leaky room over the wood-shed, which she had reduced to a sort of neatness. The next morning she did not appear. At breakfast time, Reuben went and knocked on the door. There was no answer. It was not locked. He went in. The little cot bed had evidently been made afresh that morning. Everything was orderly. The window had been thrown open and the morning air pervaded the loft. A fresh sprig of pink hyacinth stood in a bright glass on the rough deal table. By the glass, on a neatly squared bit of white paper was written, in her rather cramped hand —"Reuben: I shall be at breakfast with papa and mamma when you smell this hyacinth. JEANNE."

IV.

WHEN Reuben returned to the city and to his quarters under the Prévost roof, Jeanne welcomed him with the broad smile that denoted her unmixed gladness to see him. "I found your note, Jeanne," he said.

"Ah!" she responded, blushing; "I thought you would like the hyacinth."

"I did, Jeanne." After a pause he added, as he surveyed her fair face, "It was just as pink as you; and as sweet as you—yourself—your heart."

"O Reu*ben*!" she exclaimed, confused at this unexpected application of the hyacinth qualities to herself; and blushed so that she became pinker than the flower had been. In a moment, however, she became serious, and asked solemnly, "Reu*ben*, where did you bury her?"

"In our old family burying ground on the hill behind the house."

"Ah!" she said pensively, as if contemplating the form that slept peacefully on the old farm. Then she said, with a force of feeling that had to find vent in an embrace, and she reached her arms partly around his neck as she said it—"Reu*ben*, she was a good soul," and the blue eyes were moist as she looked into his face; "I love her." Jeanne released her arms and looked at one of her little round hands. "Her hand was not like mine," she said, musingly; she was thinking of its withered aspect as it fell from her head that evening; "but it was just as handsome," she continued, innocently; "it was so kind." Suddenly she looked up and asked, "Were there many people at the funeral?"

"Yes," he answered, "they all came."

"All those people from Elmwood?"

"Yes."

Jeanne said nothing.

Reuben had returned with great thoughts in his mind. He had always liked Jeanne, but never in a very serious way. She was partly to blame for that, herself, because she never would be serious—at least for more than a moment at a time, and then seemed to consider such moments as unworthy relapses, jumping up again, with a rebound, into her lighter atmosphere of merriment and cheeriness. Whether he would or not, therefore, she had been to him, as far as any manner of deporting herself was concerned, much like a plaything—a kitten that would do nothing but frisk, with occasional seasons of demureness. But Reuben, who was serious by nature—though he could have his light moments, too—could not regard Jeanne in anything but a serious mood after all that had occurred in the vicinage of Elmwood; and during the few days that he had remained there after his aunt's death he had been

revolving the subject of Jeanne's improvement. It was painful to him, too, to think of her changing. He dreaded to still her vivacity in any way, to becloud her with notions of unworthiness. But Reuben was firm of purpose and went about, only postponing, not giving up, his plan. Jeanne noticed his sober, thoughtful behavior, but thought it was for thinking of his aunt, and said nothing. One evening, however, as they were sitting in the exquisitely clean Prévost parlor, he began: "Jeanne," he said, "you are not going back to the stage, are you?"

Jeanne promptly nodded that she was, with so much resolution about her lips that it seemed to indicate that nothing could shake her.

"I wish you wouldn't, Jeanne."

"Why?" she asked, with surprise in her tone, as if there could be no earthly reason why she shouldn't.

"Because."

"What reason, Reuben?" she inquired affectionately, putting her hand in his. She perceived that he was considering something that he thought was her good, and that brought Jeanne to affection at once.

"Why don't you learn a trade—dressmaking, for instance?"

She looked at him curiously and smiled.

"Or millinery," he added, fearing that he was presenting too sombre a case.

"Bonnets!" murmured she, contemplatively, and put both her hands on her head, as if there were something objectionable in having or exposing hair. "Do you like bonnets, Reuben? Would you like to have me make bonnets?" She asked it innocently, as if Reuben had proposed an ideal occupation.

"No," he laughed; "no, not that way."

"Or dresses?" she inquired, plucking here and there at her crisp, clean calico frock, which became her very well with its large plaid and simple white edging. It was evening, but calicoes were good enough for Jeanne in summer. "I do make my own dresses already; and my own bonnets, too, Reuben."

"Very pretty and becoming they are, Jeanne."

She slightly thrust out her lips, in doubt. "Good enough—for me," she said, as if passing a judgment of low mediocrity on herself. "What do you want me to make dresses for?" she asked, addressing him seriously.

Reuben collected himself for a brief and true expression of his thought, which should not hurt her; and drew a deep breath before he said: "Because it is more what—what—people regularly do."

She bent her head and considered. "You mean," she said at length, "because it is more respectable?"

"Yes," said Reuben, roundly, as the only way to speak if he was to speak at all.

Jeanne leaned back upon the sofa in an indolent attitude, and smiled musingly.

"I don't like it," she said.

If Reuben had bethought him that she had gone on the stage at all, only against the protests of her father and mother, he might not have been sanguine enough of success to make the present overture. But he had overlooked that. He knew very well that she was not tired of it.

"I don't mind sewing," she continued; "but, sewing and sewing, and nothing but sewing—O, Reuben! and day after day sitting still"—she stopped and her brows knit and for half a minute she seemed to be struggling with some thought, while he awaited her speech. "Suppose, Reuben"—with the same knit brows and her hands making vague gestures, "suppose some stalk of grass, some little green spear, out in the field, growing up, up, under the broad sun, in the light, to—well, just growing and living, Reuben—and suppose it should take it into its head to break off and go off somewhere and—and—do something else—make dresses, Reuben"—laughing at the wide jump in her figure; "why—why, what do you think? It would get brown!" She laughed again nervously, embarrassed at her inadequate power of expression.

Reuben meditated a long time, trying to improve on what she had said. It was as if she had expressed her ten-

dency to be a Bohemian, and yet that was not quite it; a desire for the air, for freedom—no; he could not find the precise phrase.

But Jeanne was meanwhile cogitating, too; and she began: "Now you will think, Reu*ben*, that there is no sun over the stage, and no grass growing on it. No; there is only the calcium light; quite artificial, Reu*ben;* and the footlights and the paint—but not on mine," clapping her small palms to her cheeks, "and the tinsel, that is not a field and sunshine; no! no! but it is grace; it is something going up"—and Jeanne made a copious gesture as of a huge volume of something gushing upward; "it is, perhaps, that little something that makes the grass green, that makes alive, that makes me to like the sun and like to throw my arms up to it and like to feel the grass in my hand, but not to pull it, not pull it up nor break it off, but just to feel it, Reu*ben*, and think that it belongs to the sun, so far away, and yet they are just side by side so close! it is so wide! Oh, Reu*ben!* How can I sew?—I can sew; that is not it! But you want me to leave the stage; to look only at the needle; nowhere else. No!"

In her excitement she had risen and stood before him, panting with her rapid words and her difficult thoughts. As she discovered her attitude and her excitement, however, she broke into a pouting smile and exclaimed shamefacedly, "Oh, Reu*ben*, you make me make such a fool of myself."

Jeanne's earnestness and enthusiasm, as she had endeavored to explain herself, were such—her body fairly vibrating with the discharge of her idea—that he felt convinced of the hopelessness of striving to bring her to the desired occupation of dress-making. Without wasting much time on regrets—though he was disappointed, too—he proceeded to bring his second gun to bear on her. "Jeanne," he said, after she had seated herself again and her excitement had begun to subside; "Jeanne, there is something else I wanted to speak to you about."

"What is it, Reu*ben?*" she asked, smiling, with a frank display of readiness to listen.

"Jeanne," he returned deliberately, "I want you to marry me."

It took her a moment to recover herself. Then she exclaimed, "You goose!" and administered a corrective slap to his cheek so that the spat of her little palm on it rang through the room.

Reuben reddened under the sudden return and looked almost angry for an instant. But she giggled childishly at his discomfiture, and that made him laugh. In a moment, however, she resumed her indignant look and said: "What do you ask me that for? I told you once before, at Elmwood"—here her voice softened—"that you must not think of it. What do you say the same thing over again for?"

"You might, Jeanne," he replied.

She meditated. "No, Reuben; you are very kind, but no."

"I say yes, Jeanne."

"I say no." Then she arose and stood before him in the attitude of one delivering a lecture, and using her forefinger toward him as she spoke. "Reu*ben*, there is one thing you must understand. I am going to make my own living. No one else is going to make it for me. What should I do without work? Ah, you say, there would be work at home. But no; I want work outside. I am in the world. Why should I not make my living? be active? Why should I sit down in the house? There is such a buzz in my breast—I could not do it! I must make my own living!"

"But, Jeanne, you do work here in this house."

"Yes, I know," she replied; "and I always shall. Think, Reu*ben*, there"—pointing to the rear room, "are papa and mamma. They are growing old. They will want me. How could I leave them? How could I let my own cares come in before them? Remember, there is Philippe. He is away. He will not return. I am the only one, the only child. I must stay with papa and mamma."

Reuben's thought went to old Henri Prévost, not so very old, but past his working days and somewhat decrepit; and to Madame Prévost, by half a score of years his junior, but, as Reuben reflected, a helpless kind of personage if

she were left alone. He could not gainsay Jeanne's insight into the old couple. Nor could he deny that she should be filial.

"You see, Reuben," she said, with a practical air, "I must be their support, in all ways. I like to be so, and they need me."

He reflected a while, as she sat down again, and then muttered, "But what will become of you, Jeanne?"

"I?" she asked; then was silent a moment, and then brushed a tear away. But then, sitting erect, she said, brightly, "I have a great idea, Reuben."

"What is it?"

But she only put her finger on her lips and looked at him.

"What is it?" he repeated.

"No, not now; I won't tell you now;" and she smiled at him benignantly.

"Jeanne," he said, rising, and speaking in a despondent tone, "I don't seem to be able to do anything with you."

"Ah, Reuben, you must not be vexed with me. You must have faith."

"In you?"

"Yes."

"And you think of everybody but yourself; and when you do think of yourself, it is only to depend on yourself and not on anybody else."

"Ah, never mind," she replied, gaily. "*Courage!* Reuben, do you just take care of yourself. Work hard and be faithful at your store."

V.

Old Henri, at this time, was beginning to stir in his torpor and show signs of coming to life. Once in a while he would drop his book in his lap, as he read, and fall into a study of something that seemed to be very abstruse; sometimes, too, he would stop in the very act of taking his snuff, and meditate; and even in his violin-playing, the fiddle would drop from his chin in the midst of a bar, and he would stand regarding the music for a long time, without ever learning anything wonderful from it. Finally, one day, he showed symptoms of going out—that is, of going farther than his usual walk, which was to the corner of the next street.

The fact was, that the fencing-master was contemplating an errand, of which, in due course, he imparted the news to Jeanne. He had no clear perception, in his dotage, of Jeanne's character, and scarcely comprehended the fact that she set out for a career on the stage. But he was aware that she regretted being dropped by Signor Carlo from the *corps*. As he had not favored her going on the stage at all, it might be supposed that he himself would be rather glad of this discouragement. But he was too much shattered to be capable of adhering to so logical a course; only the present touched him; and as his opposition in the first place had not been strong, now, in his parental consideration, he vaguely developed a notion of the desirability of reinstating Jeanne—especially as he mildly resented Signor Carlo's action—a man whom he had known and rather looked down upon in Paris a score of years ago. It was the case, indeed, that Captain Prévost, being liked for his military punctilio and sturdiness, by his fashionable pupils, had not appeared ill-companioned at the Paris cafés, nor been slighted by his company there either; while Carlo could not claim more than a professional eminence.

It had never occurred to the captain to find fault with Jeanne for losing her place by going away to Elmwood. She was the master-spirit in the household, and if she saw fit to go away, that was a matter for her. Neither he nor his spouse had ought to say to Jeanne's clear sight and determined courses.

So he confided to Jeanne one day that he should go and see that fellow Carlo and bring him to some sort of terms. It was a fortnight after the announcement of this resolution before he reached the point of really going on the errand. Jeanne neither encouraged nor discouraged him. She did not have much hope of his success, and yet she was so grateful and tender for his interest in her that she had not the heart to express her doubts and check him.

He brought forth from the closet a blue surtout, and inspected it carefully. It was designed for winter, and it was now only August; but Henri could scarcely go abroad without the elegance

of his surtout, whose skirts stuck out smartly from the rather small waist, and whose general appearance gave a military effect. Jeanne whisked the dust out of it for him, and helped him to put it on. Then he himself carefully rubbed down the customary silk hat, until it shone like new; and, taking a switch of a walking-stick from Jeanne into his gloved hand, Henri went forth. Once upon the pavement, his spare figure, that was bent in the house, straightened up, and he marched erect, but somewhat slowly, down the street. The daughter had opened and closed the door for him, and then stepped to the window to watch. She was moved by all her father's effort and his two months of thought upon this expedition; and as he stepped off with his military port, not undistinguished-looking in his apparel, with his tall figure, his snow-white mustache and imperial, his blue eye and that fresh skin that good claret gives to Frenchmen, a little tear of pride and pleasure dimmed her eye.

Capitaine Prévost pursued his military walk to the well-known victualling establishment of C. Borghilloni. It was piping hot August weather, with a misty sky and copper sun, pavements and house-fronts turned into an oven; and with only a span of starlit darkness, and not of coolness, from twilight to dawn. The stone front of Borghilloni's baked with the rest. But the glistening crystals in the sandstone were partly put out of sight by piny and palmy plants set in their green tubs on the balconies. It was nearly noon when the upright captain arrived, and by the aid of the rail mounted the steps. Inside, he took off his beaver and mopped his brow with his colored silk handkerchief; and being here unobserved, in the hall, the weariness that he felt from his promenade crept into his face. Espying C. Borghilloni himself, however, placidly seated in the coolest corner of the dining-room reading the morning *Planet*, he entered the apartment with address, and advanced to the host dangling his right-hand glove. By his manner, the captain was certainly count of this marche, but conducting himself affably and perfectly courteously toward the squatter Borghilloni. The latter, first lifting his eyes over his glasses at the comer, and recognizing the captain, was put partly to smiles and partly to reserve by the appearance of an old customer who always somewhat mystified him with an elegant manner. Having paid his respects, and perceiving ballet-master Carlo in another corner of the room, breakfasting *à la fourchette* with a napkin over his breast, the captain minced his way over and presented himself.

He made an inward grimace as he did so, for the discharge of Jeanne rankled in him, and the sight of the offender rubbed the hurt afresh. Besides, Signor, though he was polite, did not display much pleasure at meeting his old acquaintance, and that irritated the captain. However, he took the chair that Carlo offered him. The dancing-teacher's hair had turned gray since Prévost had seen him; but his eyes were black still, and sent a keen, unabashed look at the Frenchman through the spectacles. A copy of *Le Journal d'Amérique* lay on the table before him, and the sight of it afforded Prévost an opening to the conversation.

"We still read the news of the world in our native language," he remarked.

"No, we do not," returned the ballet-master, decidedly; "you read it in your native language"—tapping the gazette—"not I in mine."

"Ah!" returned the captain, pleasantly, "you should not draw the distinction after your long residence in Paris."

"Paris!" ejaculated Carlo, who was apparently in ill-humor. "If Paris were just, one would think well of her, of one's days there, of her language. But of Paris unjust, Captain Prévost, who would care to think well?"

The captain fidgetted in his seat. It disturbed him to hear his capital spoken ill of.

"No," continued the Italian more vehemently, "the empire has disgraced itself; the emperor has trafficked in Italian politics to enrich himself; the friend of Italy has turned her sinister enemy."

The captain had raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Ah, but he has," returned the other warmly, taking up the paper and point-

ing to a paragraph; "read that, on the cession of Nice and Savoy."

Henri declined to take the paper or to look at it. He only remarked, calmly, that it was a *plébiscite*.

"*Plébiscite!*" exclaimed Carlo, truculently; "*plébiscite!* How can you call it a *plébiscite?* Ask Garibaldi if it was a *plébiscite!* No, it was robbery; robbery under form of law. A sale, by our own monarchy—they are no better than yours; a sale of Italian people and Italian lands! No, it is only the republicans in Italy who are patriots; the rest trade in her. But it is for your exquisite friend of freedom, your Napoleon, to profit by it."

The attack was a strain on Henri's old nerves. He was surprised and unstrung, but his fire of allegiance to the empire and the emperor gave him a bold bearing outwardly, as he rose and stood before Carlo.

"No," he said, "it is for France to gain nothing but what is hers. Who could have won you what you got in 1859 but France? What could you have done without France? Did France earn nothing? That is always the way of the helped toward the helper—after the help is rendered, *after*, not before. What other sovereign would have befriended Italy so? The only man in Europe who has spirit enough to fight your enemy you call a thief!"

The captain struck his stick upon the floor in emphasis with a trembling hand.

"He fought for himself," growled Carlo.

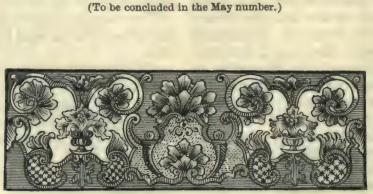
"There is not a crowned head of so much sentiment in Europe," returned the captain; "so brilliant and fair a man is not to be found, I care not what Garibaldi says."

"Ah, I cannot argue with an imperialist," answered Carlo, with a smile that irritated the captain to the last pitch.

"No, no! Signor Carlo, it is as well that we do not discuss it more."

Nor was there any disposition left in the wrought-up old captain to discuss any other subject, not even Jeanne's dismissal. An affront to the emperor was enough. He wished never to exchange a word again with his disputant, until he should have apologized for this speech. Coldly but courteously bidding him good morning, he turned and walked with a dignified step out of the restaurant. His old face showed no sign of any emotion as he reached the pavement, nor any when he reached home. Jeanne, anticipating extraordinary fatigue after his long walk, was on hand with a glass of cognac, which he needed, indeed. She asked him no questions, and he volunteered no news. Only, as he finally sank, rehabited in his ordinary costume, into his easy chair, he muttered to himself, "*Cette canaille Italienne!*" Jeanne then twined her soft little arm around his neck, and whispering, "*Doux* papa!" kissed him once; which he permitted, squeezing her shoulder with his long hand an instant in recognition of her attention. After all, she had had some little unconfessed hope of her father's attempt; and as she hung up the old surtout again, it seemed as if some one had dashed her backward; yet what appealed to her the most was a certain pathos in her father's long preparation for this errand and its so speedy ill end. Poor old man! to have thought so much about Jeanne, all to no purpose.

(To be concluded in the May number.)



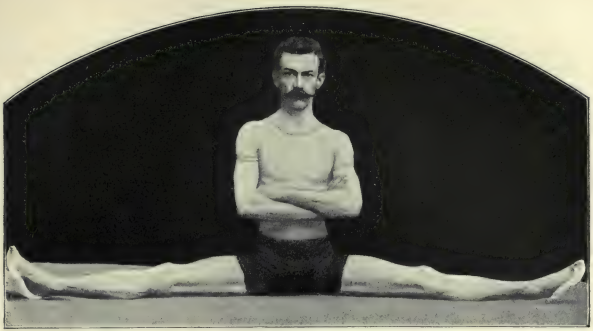


Figure 1.

THE ANATOMY OF THE CONTORTIONIST.

By Thomas Dwight.



Figure 2.

THE taste for the variety show is a very old one. The ancient Greeks and Romans, besides their athletes and gladiators, had their jesters, dancers, trainers of animals, rope-walkers, jugglers, and acrobats, who in point of skill were neither much better nor much worse than those of to-day. They appeared not only in public exhibitions, but frequently enlivened private entertainments. Among the acrobats was a particular set, who, though they might dance a little and tumble a little, owed their renown to their peculiar powers of twisting themselves into postures for the most part neither graceful nor pleasing, but extraordinary. Contortionists appear to be related to both athletes and dancers. Most authorities would probably classify them as a variety of the species of tumblers, of the genus of acrobats, of the order of athletes; but much might be advanced in favor of the theory that tumbling and contortion are degenerations of the dance. All change is not progress. There is plenty of evidence of degeneration in the world, and it is not necessarily a retrograde movement along the lines of advance. The grotesque never rises into the beautiful, but the beautiful may degenerate into the grotesque. It may be replied that, according to one theory, dancing began from the imitation of animal movements, and that contortion had its origin in the imitation of the movements of the snake—whence some of its exponents are called snake-men to the present day—which, after all, is not more imaginary than some other theories gravely propounded by learned men.

There are still earlier records of contortion than those of the Greeks. There are figures of contortionists among the carvings of ancient Egypt. The postures, however, though characteristic, show no great proficiency. Those of the Greeks are far better.

From what I have been able to learn of contortion among the Greeks and Romans, it appears that most of their feats were those that are practised to-day by our backward artists—to use a term which, with its opposite, "forward artists," will be fully explained later. I am not clear about forward performers in antiquity, and have never seen a drawing

of one, though I think I have met with an allusion to them. This may be accounted for by the fact that backward



Figure 3.

contortion is much more common. All the figures from Egypt that I have seen, and, I believe, all from Greece, are those of women, although boys and men performed also in Greece and Rome. A drawing from the Greek, which is frequently reproduced, shows one or two female figures doing very fair backward evolutions among daggers planted with the points upward. Another not uncommon drawing shows a woman juggling with balls thrown by her feet, which are curled above her head, and a third shows another resting on her chest and hands, and drawing a bow with her feet, which are high in air. If we imagine the man in Figure 7 half uncurled and aiming toward the right, we get an idea of the position. The taste that favored these shows was, no doubt, not of the highest, and one is not surprised that Socrates thought them an injury to an entertainment. "Is it more amusing," he asked, "to see a beautiful woman twirling and contorting herself than to see her calm and composed?" There are also allusions to those who make themselves into wheels. It appears that in early Saxon translations of the Gospels it is stated that the daughter of Herodias "tumbled" before Herod. It may be said that dancing and tumbling were thought to be synonymous; but that mediæval writers looked on tumbling as we do is shown by their illuminations. Thus, Figure 3 is from a series of Scripture stories of the beginning of the thirteenth century in the Harleian collection. It is said to represent Herodias and her servant. I would suggest, under correction, for I have not seen the original, that the standing figure is more probably Herodias training her daughter.* That backward contortion was practised in the Middle Ages is shown by Figure 5, from a manuscript of the same century in the Cotton Library. Figure 4 is from a manuscript of the next century, representing a man who makes an effect by agility and quaintness of dress without apparently any great merit as a contortionist. In a picture of Bartholomew Fair, formerly held in England, there is a placard on the side of a booth showing the contortions of a "posture-master."

We shall now look at some of the feats of contortionists of our day: Figure 6 is from a photograph of one who is a representative of a certain class. He has taken a long breath, and with his hands above his head is beginning to bend backward. There is a figure from an ancient monument of a female Egyptian in nearly the same position. There



Figure 4.

is a sharp bend just above the haunches, and as he bends further another is seen

* I have taken this figure, as well as the next two, from Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."

some inches higher, which becomes more and more marked as his head descends. Having reached the ground with his hands, he may walk forward or backward on his hands and feet, with the front of his body in the air. This is perfectly simple: he represents a hoop if his hands and feet are at some distance apart, or a ring if they are together. The great distance between the hands and feet of the Egyptians show that their art was as yet rudimentary. Having brought his hands to his feet, he now grasps his ankles and works his hands up his legs, and then, clasping his hands in front, will bring the top of his head almost, or quite, into the small of his back, so that he represents a capital P. Should he now bend his knees he brings himself to the ground curled up into a still smaller ring. Another very common act is to stand on two chairs, a couple of feet or so apart, and, leaning backward, pick up with the teeth some object, usually rising some inches from the floor, which is placed between them. This, wonderful as it seems, is no great advance over the previous act, for the performer brings himself down lower by strongly bending his knees. A very telling performance is to assume the position shown in Figure 7, which shall be analyzed later, or even the more trying one which differs from it in the feet being raised a little from the ground, so that the entire strain comes on the chin and shoulders. If this position be viewed from the front, the artist will be seen looking forward between his legs. A very fantastic variation of this attitude is to let the feet rest on the top of the head. Perhaps the most impressive, though by no means the most difficult, of these performances is that of placing the head on the ground and of walking around it. Two phases of this are shown in Figures 8 and 9, which also shall be discussed later in detail.



Figure 5.

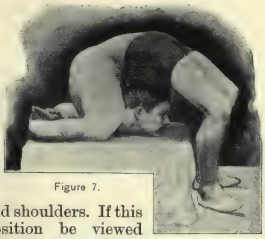


Figure 7.

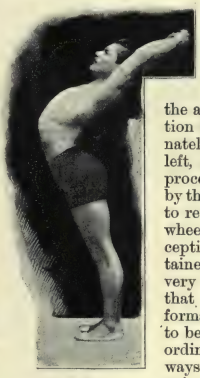


Figure 6.

It is clear that in the first act, after the hands have reached the ground, if the acrobat transfers his weight to them and bends his legs above him, he can walk on his hands with his legs curling backward. He may then allow his feet to reach the ground again behind him, that is, he may form the hoop, and then by an impulse from the feet throw a back somerset, his feet alighting a little behind his hands, which, in their turn giving the impulse, throw the body over a second time, and in this way it continues to revolve backward. But the act may be executed in such perfection that the hands and feet fall alternately in the place the others have just left, and the performer, repeating the process with great celerity and profiting by the momentum he has acquired, seems to revolve as on an axis like a stationary wheel. This, however, shows very exceptional acquirements, and is rarely attained by performers of this class. A very important point to be noticed is that the essential feature of every performance as yet described is the ability to bend the spine backward to an extraordinary degree. It may be bent sideways and twisted, advantage may be gained by uncommon mobility in other

joints, but the key to the whole is the backward bend in the spine. Those who practise these feats are therefore known in their profession as *backward* contortionists.

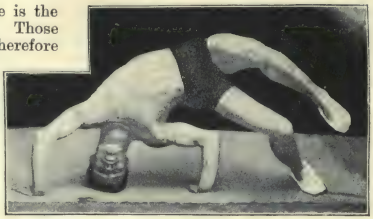


Figure 9.

We now turn our attention to a performer of another class. He bends forward at the hips, shutting himself up like a jack-knife, and bringing his head between his legs. He throws his arms outside of his legs, after having passed between them, and clasping them behind his back squeezes himself still closer together and bending his neck looks upward behind his thighs, as is shown in Figure 10. Then, unclasping his hands and somewhat relaxing, he allows himself to roll onto his back. He steadies himself with his hands—rights himself if it can be so called—and, straightening his arms, hangs suspended, swinging between his hands with his feet above his head, as in Figure 11. These experiments involve a great capability of flexing the spine forward, and are directly the opposite of those of the preceding class. He is therefore a *forward* contortionist. He now begins a series of acts, some of

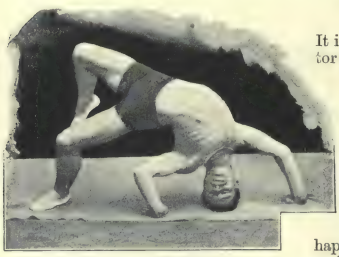


Figure 8.

which are occasionally well performed by the professors of the "backward" art, but which are more consistent with "forward" work. One of these consists in standing on one leg, with the other passing under his arm, with the foot beside his head (Fig. 12). In this remarkable position he is able to wave his foot from side to side, and suggests a striking parody of the students of surveying whom we see in the streets waving their hands to their colleagues.

The reader of the charming Bab Ballads will remember that when the Bishop of Rumtifoo was in London attending the "Synod called Pan-Anglican" he took lessons of a street acrobat, with a view of ingratiating himself with his flock on his return.

> "Another game that dancer planned—
> 'Just take your ankle in your hand,
> And try, my lord, if you can stand,
> Your body stiff and stark.
> If, when revisiting your See,
> You learn to hop on shore, like me,
> The novelty would striking be
> And must excite remark.'"

It is probable that the bishop's instructor was a "forward" man.

A remarkable position is that represented in Figure 1, called the "split," or the "true split," to distinguish it from the one to be presently described. The legs are stretched nearly straight outward, with the knees looking nearly upward. From this the contortionist passes into the "stride" or "false split" (Fig. 14), which, though perhaps more effective, is really much easier. One leg being forward and the other back, he can bend forward so as to bring his head to the foot in front, and on recovering raises his body a little from the ground, and by a sudden effort reverses the position of both body and legs, so that, instead of looking to the right one, he now looks to the left. The stride is made more telling by being assumed with the feet

just resting on the edges of chairs placed far apart.

Perhaps the most astonishing, though



Figure 10.

it must be owned a repulsive position, is assumed by lying on the back of the head and neck and bending the body forward so that the back is vertical, the knees bent down against the face, and the legs tucked in between the body and thighs. The arms are extended on the ground behind the body. The effect is very confusing, but analysis shows that this posture (Fig. 13) is practically the converse of the backward one shown in Figure 7.

The exhibitions given by groups of performers are more pleasing and more varied (Figs. 15 and 16). Such a family should contain artists of both the forward and backward varieties, and all should be capable of the split and the stride. A special charm of such a performance is the dash and rapid change of effects. There is far more grace than in the single performer, though it is very likely, on the other hand, that none of the acts depending on the spine will be absolutely first class. The reason is that contortion pure and simple is laborious and cramping, grace is sacrificed to grotesqueness, and the difficult positions are not in most persons consistent with hand-springs and somersets. In the group, what is lost in perfection of contortion—which the public, by the way, is very likely not to appreciate—is made up for by grace, agility, and variety. No one notices individual shortcomings, owing to the rapidity of the changes of position. The "stride" is very effective when made with a rush across a table, and the bending of the body at the hips is very prettily illustrated by a performer falling, while thus bent double, into a barrel from which his head and legs protrude all together. The wonderful freedom of motion permitted by what is probably a peculiar condition of the hip-joint is strikingly shown by one actor lying immovable and passive on a table while another seizes his foot and runs rapidly around him, bringing it now above his head, now across his body. Both forward and backward performers can easily crawl through rings, or tie themselves up in them, and thus assume startling postures, which, however, do not differ essentially from those already discussed.

The question before us is, What is a contortionist? How does he differ from other men? Is he an artist or a monstrosity? Can any boy, not uncommonly stiff, awkward, timid, or fat, be trained to contortion? If we find peculiarities of structure, are they the cause of the individual's fitness or the results of his efforts? The popular errors, skilfully perpetuated by the ingenious advertisements of showmen, are very amusing. We read of men with flexible bones, with relaxed ligaments, with, in short, all that would make ordinary motion impossible. I have even been asked



Figure 11.

whether children's bones were broken as a preparation.

The answer to the above questions cannot be a simple one, for there is some truth in the views which as a whole are absurd. Not everyone can be a contortionist. Some feats are absolutely impossible to the average man. Others,



Figure 12.

again, depend less on peculiarities of structure than on those of function. When we come to consider what, and how great, are the deviations from the normal structure of bones, joints, and muscles, we feel at once the difficulty of defining precisely what is normal. It is no paradox that the more learned the anatomist the greater difficulty will he find in doing it. The structure of the human body, at least so far as it can be studied with the naked eye, is so well understood that new discoveries are hardly to be expected, and students are turning their attention to researches involving large numbers of observations, by which the peculiarities depending on race, age, occupation, inheritance, etc., may be learned, and the range of individual variation noted, if it cannot yet be explained. This range of individual variation is wonderfully great. I have seen human shoulder-blades so different that if they were the bones of unknown animals sent for examination to Huxley's scientific inhabitant of Saturn, it is highly probable that he would assign them to different species. To take a more familiar illustration, it is well known that children differ greatly in their ability to turn out their toes. Failure to do so does not imply awkwardness, but often depends solely on the shape of the bones of the leg, which offers a hinderance which it is useless cruelty to call on the child to overcome at once, though it may yield to long-continued treatment. Now, just as some children naturally turn out their toes more than others, so some can bend their backs and twist themselves more than others, and in all likelihood the primary cause is in both cases a peculiarity of structure, which may well have been increased and accentuated by suitable exercises, till in some cases the peculiarity has become so pronounced that it must be called abnormal. Many curious questions are involved in this study, which are puzzles to anatomists and surgeons as well as to others. There are various points, of little practical importance, which are so familiar that one is surprised to find out how little they are understood. One of these is, What is the actual condition in loose-jointed or "double-jointed" persons, as they are called? What occurs when people "snap



Figure 13.

their joints," or when some movement of the knee causes a sudden report? I am not aware that these latter questions have ever been satisfactorily answered. Something shall be said concerning loose joints later.

The spine is evidently the part most concerned in contortion, so it will be best to begin by getting an idea of it

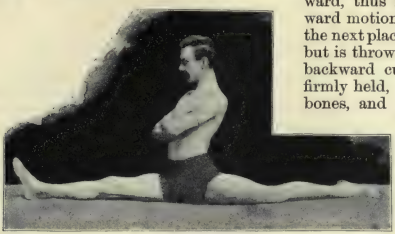


Figure 14.

under normal conditions. Let us see what is its shape, its curves, and how the direction of its motions is determined and their extent restricted. A good idea of the spinal column may be gained by comparing it to a pile of checkers in which the blacks and whites are placed alternately. The blacks may be imagined to represent pieces of bone, called the bodies of the vertebræ, and the whites to be disks of very strong, tough, elastic gristle by which they are held together. Such a column would evidently be at once very strong and very flexible. It could bend backward, forward, and to each side. It could be swung around so that its upper end would describe a circle, and it could be twisted to some extent on its axis. It is clear that the amount of motion would vary with any change in the proportion of the bone and the gristle. The more bone the more stability; the more gristle the more motion. This conception, though convenient as a starting-point, is, however, neither accurate nor complete. In the first place, the bones are not circular, but, for the most part, broader from side to side than from before backward, thus making forward and backward motion freer than to the side. In the next place, the column is not straight, but is thrown into alternate forward and backward curves. The lower part is firmly held, as in a vise, by the haunch bones, and above this is first curved forward in the loins, causing the hollow of the back, then backward in the back proper, and again forward in the neck, thus forming an elastic spring to bear the head. Moreover, we represented in our column of checkers the gristle as equal in amount to the bones, while in fact it forms only about a quarter of the movable part of the spine and is unequally distributed. The loins have the largest proportion of cartilage, and the back the least. So we have one reason why in the back the motions should be less free than in the neck or loins. But there is another cause of restricted motion in this region. The back is distinguished from the neck and loins by the ribs, which, resting with one end on the gristle between two vertebræ, are attached in front either to the breastbone or to each other, and thus form a cage. But there is yet another feature of the spine by which its motions are still further limited, and at the same time their direction determined. The spine is not merely an elastic rod to support the head; it also encloses the spinal cord by means of a series of arches springing from the back of the body of each vertebra, which bear sharp points, which can be felt through the skin in the middle line of the back.



Figure 15.

The arches bear two pairs of little plates of bone on their upper and lower borders, which are connected by joints with



Figure 16.

those of the next vertebra, and allow only such motions as admit of their sliding on one another without undue separation. The shape of these plates differs in each region.

We have now to consider the movements which occur under natural conditions in the different parts of the spine. They are very free in the neck, both forward and backward, and to either side, but they need not detain us, as they play no important part in the contortions we are to study. If, for instance, a man can assume the position represented in Figure 10, though he adds to the effect by bending his neck, the essential part of the feat is the bending at the hips and in the loins. The movements in the back are very slight, from the causes already mentioned, and also from the position of the little joints on the arches. There is but little bending and stretching possible, and no great lateral motion, but some twisting. In the loins, on the other hand, twisting is almost abolished, owing to the way in which the joints on the arches are formed by projecting plates which receive those of the vertebra above as in a mortise. Now, it is an anatomical fact of importance that for practical purposes the region of the loins encroaches on that of the back, for the last two dorsal vertebræ bear ribs which do not join the others, and which are attached behind to the bodies of the vertebræ instead of being wedged in between them. Hence the motions are more free here than above, and the lower end of the back may, from a mechanical point of view, be added to the loins.

Thus it appears that in the movements of the spine there is some slight play in many, or in all, of the numerous joints, but that certain movements occur chiefly at certain places. If we bend forward, the chief movement occurs in the loins; but the arch of the back is increased by many little movements among the bones composing it, and the neck may or may not take part according to circumstances. If we bend backward, the bend is greatest near the two ends of the loins, the back can help but very little, and again the neck may or may not take part. The act of bending to one side is accomplished chiefly at the two ends of the spine—the neck and the loins—though the back has an appreciable share in it. The act of twisting is a curious one, and we need to recognize how it is distributed throughout the body. There is a special arrangement by which the head and the first vertebra turn on the second, the amount of rotation to either side being 25°. The rest of the neck gives 45° more, so that we can turn the head 70° by the neck alone. In the back, with perhaps some trifling help in the loins, we get 30° more, so that by



Figure 17.

motions in the spine alone we can turn the head 10° beyond a right angle. If, in standing, the feet are kept fixed and the body is twisted at the hips, many persons can turn so as to look directly backward; but this is probably more than most grown men can accomplish. So much for the adult spine; that of the infant is a marvel of elasticity, and, not to weary the reader with anatomical details, I will say only, first, that the proportion of gristle is far greater than in the adult; and secondly, that the loins are relatively longer. The application is sufficiently obvious.

Let us now, in the light of these facts, look again at some backward work. Figure 6 is from a photograph of an extremely "close" backward contortionist. He has just inflated his very dilatable chest, and is beginning to bend backward. He shows, to an unusual degree, some of the characteristics of his class which have been alluded to. The hollow in his loins is very great, and it extends far up the back. Most of the spinous processes are small and hard to distinguish, which of course is favorable to bending backward. Though, as has been stated, the most important region for backward work is that of the loins, the flexibility of this man's neck is a factor not to be despised. The increased hollowing of the back is often, but not always, to be seen in contortionists of this class. It is rarely so great as in this man, in whom it probably causes the uncommon prominence of the chest. Otherwise he is of good figure, though short. He adds very much to the effect of his feats by his power of twisting his spine. When standing with his feet fixed he is able to face some 10° or 15° beyond directly backward. That a large proportion of this extra rotation resides in the spine is shown by Figure 17, which represents a remarkable and instructive position. The weight is borne chiefly by the right arm, the face looks downward and to the right, while the spine shows all three kinds of movements. It is bent backward, laterally to the right, and twisted as well. The twist is so great that the front of the right leg is turned upward. Let us now return to Figure 7. This position can be assumed by more than one series of preliminary movements. Perhaps the most striking is the one that the reader can follow by imagining the man uncoiled and standing at the left of the picture looking toward the right. He lays his head on the platform, not as on the block, but in a way that would disconcert the traditional headsman, for, as the illustration shows, it is bent far back, and the chin, which is to serve as a fulcrum, rests on the table. The strong muscles of the back of the neck now come into play as the acrobat allows his legs and body to swing slowly upward, forward, and then downward without violence, which might well break his neck. The bend in the back of the neck, and also at the junction of the back and loins, is very sharp as he reaches the position in which he rests on his chin, his neck, and the front of his shoulders. Some relief is gained when the feet are allowed to touch the ground, but even then the strain is great. Respiration seems to be entirely suspended, the veins swell, the face grows bluish, and the spectators, as well as the performer, breathe more freely when, giving a kick, he uncurls himself, alighting on his feet at the place he started from.

Figures 8 and 9 show two phases of the feat of walking around one's head, a very remarkable *tour de force*, which, however, is said to be easy of execution. To follow it, let us imagine the performer to have "made the hoop," that is, to be on his head and feet, with the front of the body arching upward. We must remember, further, that his head always continues to face us, and that he begins the act with his feet directly behind it. At first he moves round from left to right, the right foot keeping in advance of the left one. By the time he has accomplished about a quarter of a circle the neck can endure no further twist. He then passes the left leg, which is behind, over the front one, and at the same time turns the body over so that the back instead of the front looks upward. Figure 9 represents him in the act of executing this part of the trick. The left leg is in the air, and when it alights in front of the right one the body will have turned back upward, all strain will have been removed, and

the position will be a comparatively natural one. He continues to move the front foot (now the left) before the other, and will have traversed about three-quarters of the circle when the strain on the neck again becomes excessive. He once more passes the rear foot (now the right) over the other, turning the front of the body upward, and thus, having regained his original position, he easily completes the circle. Figure 8 represents the completion of the second change. This feat, which can be executed with the greatest rapidity and continuously for an indefinite number of times, is absolutely bewildering. The head remains fixed like the centre of some rapidly gyrating firework, and around it we have a confused vision of swift-moving feet, now following, now passing one another, and a revolving trunk, with the chest now up, now down, which seems to be struggling frantically to unscrew itself from the head. It is hard at first to see why it does not succeed. I must omit the explanation as too technical, and will only say for the benefit of readers versed in mechanics that the movements of the head on the spine are divided between two joints, one above the other, whose axes of motion are at right angles, the upper axis being transverse, the lower vertical. As we leave this class of contortions we recognize that this artist, beyond wonderful flexibility in a backward direction as well as laterally, and great powers of twisting the spine, has shown absolutely nothing in the least remarkable in any of the other joints.

Let us now examine the achievements of a performer of the forward variety. The artist who figures in the illustrations is twenty-eight years old, and five feet six and three-quarter inches tall. His body is long in proportion to his legs, though it must be owned that the photographs do not give that impression. His figure is good and pleasing when at rest, which is perhaps more than can be said of it when in professional action. The muscles of the arms and legs are strong, but those of the chest decidedly weak. It is interesting to note that his back presents peculiarities precisely the opposite of those of the backward contortionist. The spines in the upper part of his loins are very large, appearing as a ridge when he bends forward, and presenting an insuperable obstacle to any backward work. Their enlargement gives firmer attachment to the ligament which runs over them and is put on the stretch when the back is arched. His powers of twisting are great, for with his feet fixed he can turn his nose a good 45° beyond half a circle. Unlike his colleague, again, this excessive twist appears to be due more to the hips and legs than to the spine. Figures 10 and 11, which have been described already, require no additional elucidation as far as the back is concerned, except to note that in him also the great bend is in the loins. The part that his legs play in his tricks is an essential one, and brings us to the discussion of a new branch of the subject.

In Figure 12 he stands with the thigh bent on the body and the knee straight, or nearly so. When we come to analyze this remarkable posture we are surprised to find that we all can flex the thigh on the body, and that we straighten the knee at every step we take. The difficulty consists in doing the two at once. If standing upright we try to raise the leg with the knee straight, as in the "goose-step," there comes a time when there is great difficulty in continuing the motion if the knee be kept rigid. There is a pain in the upper part of the calf, which is relieved on bending the knee, and as soon as this occurs the rise of the thigh is no longer impeded. The difficulty consists in the shortness of the hamstring muscles which pass from the trunk to the bones of the leg. Now the reader should remember that a muscle consists of two parts—the muscular portion proper, which has the power of contracting and is elastic also, and of the tendon, which is simply a strong fibrous cord, neither contractile nor elastic, by which the action of the muscle is transmitted to the parts to be moved. The contracting muscle may be compared to a living hand pulling a bell-rope, the latter being the tendon. Of course the greater the proportion of tendon to muscle, just so much less elasticity. Now, in the new-born child the proportion of muscle to tendon is greater than in the adult, and this is of

course associated with greater freedom of movement. The movements, to be sure, are irregular, but they are extensive.

In the hamstring muscles we have an instance of a mechanical arrangement very common in the lower animals. This is that of muscles passing over more than one joint, so that their action is not limited to one joint but has its effect on several. We find that in the living dog, if we straighten the fore-limb at the shoulder the paw is extended automatically, and that if, instead, we flex the leg, we cannot extend the paw. The same thing is shown strikingly in the wing of a bird. If we open or close it at one joint, it opens or closes in all. The mechanism is simple, but nowhere more so than in the human leg. As we bend the thigh with the knee straight we carry the two ends of these hamstring muscles farther apart, and as the movement goes on there comes a time when the muscle acts as a string, which, refusing to yield, makes the bending of the knee imperative. This system is most developed in animals whose limbs have a more or less automatic regular work to perform, and by it the work is done with a less expenditure of vital force. Where more varied, irregular, and spontaneous actions are called for there is a greater number of muscles passing over only one joint, and although in man there are many that pass over more than one, few of these are short enough to exercise this restraining and combining action. What there is of it, however, is much more marked in the leg, whose work is so largely automatic, than in the freer and more versatile arm. Figure 12 shows us the performer in a position quite at variance with this law. In spite of one or two little tricks of the trade by which the clever artist has lessened the strain, it is still a great one. This is shown by the prominence formed by the hamstring muscles in the back of the thigh, which are striving to gain relief by flexing the knee. If we compare this position with that known as the "stride" (Fig. 14), we find that in essentials they are the same. If the performer should (as indeed is often done) allow himself to lean forward on the leg before him, he would be in very much the same position as in Figure 12, only lying instead of standing. It is curious to notice, by the way, that when he bends forward the position seems more extraordinary than when he is upright, but yet the latter is the more difficult one. The strain on the curved back, which this figure shows clearly, would be relieved were the body to fall forward. We have the same features—the straight, or nearly straight knees with the flexed hips, combined with a strong forward bend of the spine—in Figures 10 and 11. For this to take place we must assume either that the hamstring muscles are unusually long, so that they cannot act as check ligaments, or that they admit of being lengthened, or, finally, that the proportion of muscle and tendon is not that which is usual in full-grown persons. The first supposition has absolutely nothing in its favor. The second is more plausible. We can imagine that the muscle admits of more stretching in some persons than in others, or that this individual has the power of completely relaxing muscles that are antagonistic to those by which a movement is made. In ordinary movements many more muscles are called into play than one would suppose. For this there are many reasons: the duty of some muscles is to hold steady the part from which others spring; others again slightly modify the direction of the action of those chiefly concerned, and the antagonists have the function of moderating and restraining the efforts of those opposed to them by offering a certain resistance, so that a movement is performed steadily and securely instead of by a jerk. This resistance is not only quite involuntary, but even persistent in spite of the will, in the case of most of us. There is no question that the power of complete relaxation of antagonistic muscles is one of the most important factors in all kinds of contortion. Finally, as to the theory of the persistence of the condition of more muscle in proportion to the tendon, I can only say that, while it is not unlikely, there is no proof of it.

The attitude assumed in Figure 1 is not to be accounted for by any of these theories. Called the "split," it differs essentially from the "stride." The

limbs are thrown nearly straight outward, with the knees looking upward. When the acrobat endeavors to show this in its greatest degree he goes through a rather trying series of preliminary movements. He gets the legs into the greatest possible spread while lying forward on his face, and then, curving his loins by a great effort, he draws himself up. This accomplished he relaxes the muscles of his back and remains balanced in what does not appear to be the most stable equilibrium. The stride is very common; the split really well done is less so. The strain on the muscles of the thighs is very great, as is well shown in the illustration. I am satisfied that to many, if not most, this position is a physical impossibility, the structure of the hip-joint not allowing it. I have convinced myself that this performer has the power of partially dislocating several of his joints, and the hip among them. This is a very interesting point, for, on the one hand, the public talks glibly of the power of india-rubber men to displace their joints; and, on the other hand, those more versed in anatomy see difficulties of which the public knows nothing. If the ligaments be loose enough to allow a bone to slide more or less out of its socket, whence, they ask, is the stability which is absolutely necessary for walking, running, or even standing? To this it may be answered that while certain powerful and important bands can hardly be supposed to be relaxed, yet these are not on the stretch in all positions, and it is conceivable that the weaker parts of the capsule may be lax enough to allow displacement at certain times. It is also certain that muscles, by their constant spontaneous tension, may pull joints together which the weakness of the ligaments would not keep snug. This is the case in the shoulder-joint, which cannot boast of a socket, properly so called, which by its shape keeps the bones in contact, as is the case in the hip and the elbow. The arm naturally tends to fall away from the shoulder and is kept close in place not by the ligaments of the joint, which are too long for this, but by the constant pull of the muscles. We may imagine the chief joints of the limbs surrounded by layers of muscle constantly exerting a pull on the bones. Now, in loose-jointed persons it is probable that either the shape of the joints or an unusual laxness of the ligaments allows the bones, when in certain positions, to become somewhat displaced, and that under ordinary circumstances the pull of the muscles is sufficient to maintain stability, especially if, as is probable, the ligaments are short enough to do their work in the positions which require them the most. If such a person have the power of completely relaxing the muscles, extraordinary effects are produced. This man allowed me to pull his hand and wrist directly away from the bones of the forearm. With very little effort, and apparently without causing him pain, I bent one of his fingers back till it touched his hand near the wrist. Figure 2 (p. 493) is offered in evidence that his smaller joints admit of considerable displacement. I leave the identification of the fingers to the ingenuity of the reader.

What, then, is a contortionist? In the first place, it appears that a contortionist is a person who has preserved in his spine, and in some cases in his joints, the infantile condition which in most persons is merely transient. This implies a great flexibility of the spine in all directions, and great powers of twisting it. It is also very likely that there are many small individual peculiarities all favoring uncommon freedom of motion. If a young boy without any of this special fitness should be trained for contortion, I think he probably would meet with some success, but never achieve distinction. So far as I am aware, children are not educated for this profession from their tenderest years, as they are for several kinds of acrobatic performances. Their capacity makes itself known by accident, from which it is fair to infer that it rests on an anatomical basis.

The ability to do both forward and backward work is rarely found in the same individual, and still more rarely does one so gifted attain excellence in either direction, though his movements are more easy and graceful than those

of either the exclusively forward or backward man. I have been at much pains to learn the truth in this matter, as it is often said that a performer must be either a forward or a backward man, or at least that those who pretend to practise both kinds of work can do but little in either. The facts I believe to be as follows: It is perfectly possible for a boy possessing the requisite capacity for contortion to do both forward and backward work, and with practice to become very proficient in both. If, however, he should devote himself exclusively to either, certain changes will probably occur in his bones which will favor contortion in one direction and be an obstacle to it in the other. This is shown in both the performers whose nude figures are used for illustration. Thus it follows that he will reach greater perfection in his own branch than is physically possible for the "all-round" performer. He will, however, gain it at the expense of versatility, activity, and grace.

The contortionist's spine, as it may be called, is the only peculiarity of structure that is essential for the backward artist; many can do the "split" and the "stride," but the one figured in this paper can do neither. The forward artist must offer other attractions than that of bending forward, for to whatever extent the movement may be carried, the performance would savor of monotony if he could do nothing else. Therefore, what has been alluded to as "leg work" must be among the accomplishments of the forward man. There is no occasion to suppose that in all the feats of this class there is any displacement of the joints, though there certainly is in some, as in the "split," and its occurrence, of course, allows a greater range of motion in other acts, as, for instance, in raising the straight leg to the head. When it exists it is another instance of an anatomical peculiarity.

But the power of relaxing antagonistic muscles, though a functional peculiarity, is fully as important as any structural one. There is no use in having a flexible spine or loose joints if rigid muscles refuse to allow them play. This suppleness must be preserved by constant practice. If a contortionist has been idle for a time he cannot at once resume his labors. It is customary for contortionists to go through preparatory exercises just before appearing on the stage. Their suppleness varies with the weather and with diet, and its dependence in part on the nervous system is shown by more brilliant performances when there is music and the excitement of an audience than when these helps are wanting.

To sum up as concisely as possible—putting aside the cases in which displacement of the joints may occur, which, though of assistance, is not essential—we may say that the contortionist is an artist, inasmuch as he has cultivated the uncommon power of relaxing certain muscles and has learned to avail himself to the utmost of favorable peculiarities of his structure; but if he devotes himself exclusively to certain exercises exaggerated peculiarities are acquired, and he is no longer a thoroughly normal specimen.



SHAKSPERE'S ENGLISH KINGS.

By Walter Pater.

A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face.



HE English plays of Shakspere needed but the completion of one unimportant interval to possess the unity of a popular chronicle from Richard the Second to Henry the Eighth, and possess, as they actually stand, the unity of a common motive in the handling of the various events and persons which they bring before us. Certain of his historic dramas, not English, display Shakspere's mastery in the development of the heroic nature amid heroic circumstances; and had he chosen, from English history, to deal with Cœur-de-Lion or Edward the First, the innate quality of his subject would doubtless have called into play something of that profound and sombre power which in "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" has sounded the depths of mighty character. True, on the whole, to fact, it is another side of kingship which he has made prominent in his English histories. The irony of kingship—average human nature, flung with a wonderfully pathetic effect into the vortex of great events; tragedy of everyday quality heightened in degree only by the conspicuous scene which does but make those who play their parts there conspicuously unfortunate; the utterance of common humanity straight from the heart, but refined like other common things for kingly uses by Shakspere's unfailing eloquence: that, unconsciously for the most part, though palpably enough to the careful reader, is the conception under which Shakspere has arranged the lights and shadows of the story of the English kings, emphasizing merely the light and shadow inherent in it, and keeping very close to the original authorities, not simply in the general outline of these dramatic histories but sometimes in their very expression. Certainly the history itself, as he found it in Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe, those somewhat picturesque old chroniclers who had themselves an eye for the dramatic "effects" of human life, has much of this sentiment already about it. What he did not find there was the natural prerogative—such justification, in kingly, that is to say, in exceptional qualities, of the exceptional position, as makes it practicable in the result. It is no "Henriade" he writes, and no history of the English people, but the sad fortunes of some English kings as conspicuous examples of the ordinary human condition. As in a children's story, all princes are in extremes. Delightful in the sunshine above the wall into which chance lifts the flower for a season, they can but plead somewhat more touchingly than others their everyday weakness in the storm. Such is the motive that gives unity to these unequal and intermittent contributions toward a slowly evolved dramatic chronicle, which it would have taken many days to rehearse; a not distant story from real life still well remembered in its general course, to which people might listen now and again, as long as they cared, finding human nature at least wherever their attention struck ground in it.

He begins with John, and allows indeed to the first of these English kings a kind of greatness, making the development of the play centre in the counteraction of his natural gifts—that something of heroic force about him—by a madness which takes the shape of reckless impiety, forced especially on men's attention by the terrible circumstances of his end, in the delineation of which Shakspere triumphs, setting, with true poetic tact, this incident of the king's death, in all the horror of a violent one, amid a scene delicately suggestive of what is perennially peaceful

and genial in the outward world. Like the sensual humors of Falstaff in another play, the presence of the bastard Faulconbridge, with his physical energy and his unmistakable family likeness —"those limbs which Sir Robert never help to make"* —contributes to an almost coarse assertion of the force of nature, of the somewhat ironic preponderance of nature and circumstance over men's artificial arrangements, to the recognition of a certain potent natural aristocracy, which is far from being always identical with that more formal, heraldic one. And what is a coarse fact in the case of Faulconbridge becomes a motive of pathetic appeal in the wan and babyish Arthur. The magic with which nature models tiny and delicate children to the likeness of their rough fathers is nowhere more justly expressed than in the words of King Philip:

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face!
These eyes, these brows were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

It was perhaps something of a boyish memory of the shocking end of his father that had distorted the piety of Henry the Third into superstitious terror. A frightened soul, himself touched with the contrary sort of religious madness, doting on all that was alien from his father's huge ferocity, on the genialities, the soft gilding, of life, on the genuine interests of art and poetry, to be credited more than any other person with the deep religious expression of Westminster Abbey, Henry the Third, picturesque though useless, but certainly touching, might have furnished Shakspere, had he filled up this interval in his series, with precisely the kind of effect he tends toward in his English plays. But he found it completer still in the person and story of Richard the Second, a figure—"that sweet lovely rose"—which haunts Shakspere's mind, as it seems long to have haunted the minds of the English people, as the most touching of all examples of the irony of kingship.

Henry the Fourth—to look for a moment beyond our immediate subject, in pursuit of Shakspere's thought—is presented, of course, in general outline, as an impersonation of "surviving force:" he has a certain amount of king-craft also, a real fitness for great opportunity. But still true to his leading motive, Shakspere, in "King Henry the Fourth," has left the high-water mark of his poetry in the soliloquy which represents royalty longing vainly for the toiler's sleep; while the popularity, the showy heroism, of Henry the Fifth, is used to give emphatic point to the old earthy commonplace about "wild oats." The wealth of homely humor in these plays, the fun coming straight home to all the world, of Fluelen especially in his unconscious interview with the king, the boisterous earthiness of Falstaff and his companions, contribute to the same effect. The key-note of Shakspere's treatment is indeed expressed by Henry the Fifth himself, the *greatest* of Shakspere's kings.—"Though I speak it to you," he says *incognito*, under cover of night, to a common soldier on the field, "I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me: all his senses have but human conditions—and though his affections be higher mounted than ours yet when they stoop they stoop with like wing." And, in truth, the really kingly speeches which Shakspere assigns to him, as to other kings, weak enough in all but speech, are but a kind of flowers, worn for, and effective only as personal embellishment. They combine to one result with the merely outward and ceremonial ornaments of royalty, its pageantries, flaunting so naïvely, so credulously, in Shakspere, as in that old mediæval time. And then, the force of Hotspur is but transient youth, the common heat of youth, in him. The character of Henry the Sixth again, *roi fainéant*, with La Pucelle† for his counterfoil, lay in the direct course of Shakspere's design: he has done much to fix the sentiment of the "holy Henry."

* *Elinor.* Do you not read some tokens of my son (Cœur-de-Lion)
In the large composition of this man?

† Perhaps the one person of *genius* in these English plays.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome.
What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Richard the Third, touched, like John, with an effect of real heroism, is spoiled like him by something of criminal madness, and reaches his highest level of tragic expression when circumstances reduce him to terms of mere human nature :

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

The Princes in the Tower recall to mind the lot of young Arthur :

I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

And when Shakspere comes to Henry the Eighth, it is not the superficial though very English splendor of the king himself, but the really potent and ascendant nature of the butcher's son on the one hand, and Katherine's subdued reproductions of the sad fortune of Richard the Second on the other, that define his central interest.*

With a prescience of the Wars of the Roses, of which his errors were the original cause, it is Richard who best exposes Shakspere's own constant sentiment concerning war, and especially that sort of civil war which was then recent in English memories. The soul of Shakspere, certainly, was not wanting in a sense of the magnanimity of warriors. The grandiose aspects of war, its magnificent apparelling, he records monumentally enough—the "dressing of the lists," the lion's heart, its unfaltering haste thither in all the freshness of youth and morning :

Not sick although I have to do with death—
The sun doth gild our armor up, my Lords!—
I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.

Only, with Shakspere, the afterthought is immediate :

They come like sacrifices in their trim.

—Will it never be to-day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

This sentiment Richard reiterates very plaintively, in association with the delicate sweetness of the English fields, still sweet and fresh, like London and her other fair towns, in that England of Chaucer, for whose soil the exiled Bolingbroke is made to long so dangerously, while Richard on his return from Ireland salutes it—

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,—
As a long-parted mother with her child.—
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth!
And do thee favor with my royal hands.

Then (of Bolingbroke)

Ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
My pastures' grass with faithful English blood.—

Why have they dared to march ?—

asks York,

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd visages with war ?—

waking, according to Richard,

Our peace, which in our country's cradle,
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep :—

bedrenching "with crimson tempest"

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land :—

frighting "fair peace" from "our quiet confines," laying

The summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rained from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :

bruising

Her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful to note in this play a peculiar recoil from the mere instruments of warfare, the contact of the "rude ribs," the "flint bosom," of Barkloughly Castle or Pomfret or

Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower :

the

Boisterous untun'd drums
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms.

* Proposing in this paper to trace the leading sentiment in Shakspere's English Plays as a sort of *popular dramatic chronicle*, I have left untouched the question how much (or, in the case of "Henry the Eighth," how little) of them, may be really his ; how far inferior hands have contributed to a result, true on the whole to the greater, that is the Shaksperian, elements in them.

It is as if the lax, soft beauty of the king took effect, at least by contrast, on everything beside.

One gracious prerogative, certainly, Shakspere's English kings possess: they are a very eloquent company, and Richard is the most sweet-tongued of them all. In no other play perhaps is there such a flush of those gay, fresh, variegated flowers of speech—color and figure, not lightly attached to, but fused into, the very phrase itself—which Shakspere cannot help dispensing to his characters, as in this "play of the Deposing of King Richard the Second," an exquisite poet if he is nothing else, from first to last, in light and gloom alike, able to see all things poetically, to give a poetic turn to his conduct of them, and refreshing with his golden language the tritest aspects of that ironic contrast between the pretensions of a king and the actual necessities of his destiny. What a garden of words! With him, blank verse, infinitely graceful, deliberate, musical in inflexion, becomes indeed a true "verse royal," that rhyming lapse, which to the Shaksperian ear came as the last touch of refinement on it, being here doubly appropriate. His eloquence blends with that fatal beauty, of which he was so frankly aware, so amiable to his friends, to his wife, of the effects of which on the people his enemies were so much afraid, on which Shakspere himself dwells so attentively as the "royal blood" comes and goes in the face with his rapid changes of temper. As happens with sensitive natures, it attunes him to a congruous suavity of manners, by which anger itself became flattering; it blends with his merely youthful hopefulness and high spirits, his sympathetic love for gay people, things, apparel—"his cote of gold and stone, valued at thirty thousand marks," the novel Italian fashions he preferred, as also with those real amiabilities which made people forget the darker touches of his character, but never tire of the pathetic rehearsal of his fall, the meekness of which would have seemed merely abject in a less graceful performer.

In truth, in the painstaking "revival" of "King Richard the Second," by the late Charles Kean, those who were very young thirty years ago were afforded much more than Shakspere's play could ever have been before—the very person of the king based on the stately old portrait in Westminster Abbey, "the earliest extant contemporary likeness of any English sovereign," the grace, the winning pathos, the sympathetic voice, of the player, the tasteful archæology confronting vulgar modern London with a scenic reproduction, for once really agreeable, of the London of Chaucer. In the hands of Kean the play became like an exquisite performance on the violin.

The long agony of one so gayly painted by nature's self, from his "tragic abdication" till the hour in which he

> Sluiced out his innocent soul thro' streams of blood,

was for playwrights a subject ready to hand, and became early the theme of a popular drama, of which some have fancied surviving favorite fragments in the rhymed parts of Shakspere's work.

> The king Richard of Ynglande
> Was in his flowris then regnand:
> But his flowris efter sone
> Fadyt, and ware all undone:—

says the old chronicle. Strangely enough, Shakspere supposes him an over-confident believer in that divine right of kings, of which people in Shakspere's time were coming to hear so much; a general right sealed to him (so Richard is made to think) as an ineradicable personal gift by the touch—stream rather, over head and breast and shoulders—of the "holy oil" of his consecration at Westminster—not, however, through some oversight, the genuine balm used at the coronation of his successor, given, according to legend, by the Blessed Virgin to Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Richard himself found that, it was said, among other forgotten treasures, at the crisis of his changing fortunes, and vainly sought reconsecration—understood, wistfully, that it was reserved for his happier rival. And yet his coronation, by the pageantry, the amplitude, the learned care, of its order, so lengthy that the king, then only eleven years of age, and fasting, as a communicant at the ceremony, was carried away in a faint, fixed the type under which it

has ever since continued. And nowhere is there so emphatic a reiteration as in "Richard the Second" of the sentiment which those singular rites were calculated to produce.

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king,—

as supplementing another, almost supernatural, right.—"Edward's seven sons," of whom Richard's father was one,

> Were as seven phials of his sacred blood.

But this, too, in the hands of Shakspere, becomes for him, like any other of those fantastic, ineffectual, easily discredited, personal graces, as capricious in its operation on men's wills as merely physical beauty, kindling himself to eloquence indeed, but only giving double pathos to insults which "barbarism itself" might have pitied—the dust in his face, as he returns, through the streets of London, a prisoner in the train of his victorious enemy.

> How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face!

he cries, in that most poetic invention of the mirror scene, which does but reinforce again that physical charm which all confessed. That sense of "divine right" in kings is found to act not so much as a secret of power over others, as of infatuation to themselves. And of all those personal gifts the one which alone never altogether fails him is just that royal utterance, his appreciation of the poetry of his own hapless lot, an eloquent self-pity, infecting others in spite of themselves, till they too become irresistibly eloquent about him.

In the Roman Pontifical, of which the order of Coronation is really a part, there is no form for the inverse process, no rite of "degradation," such as that by which an offending priest or bishop may be deprived, if not of the essential quality of "orders," yet, one by one, of its outward dignities. It is as if Shakspere had had in mind some such inverted rite, like those old ecclesiastical or military ones, by which human hardness, or human justice, adds the last touch of unkindness to the execution of its sentences, in the scene where Richard "deposes" himself, as in some long, agonizing ceremony, reflectively drawn out, with an extraordinary refinement of intelligence and variety of piteous appeal, but also with a felicity of poetic invention, which puts these pages into a very select class, with the finest "vermeil and ivory" work of Chatterton or Keats.

> Fetch hither Richard that in common view
> He may surrender:—

and Richard more than concurs: he throws himself into the part, realizes a type, falls gracefully as on the world's stage.—Why is he sent for?

> To do that office of thine own good will
> Which tired majesty did make thee offer.—
> Now mark me! how I will undo myself.

"Hath Bolingbroke deposed thine intellect?" the Queen asks him, on his way to the Tower—

> Hath Bolingbroke
> Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?

And in truth, but for that adventitious poetic gold, it would be only "plume-plucked Richard:"—

> I find myself a traitor with the rest,
> For I have given here my soul's consent
> To undeck the pompous body of a king.

He is duly reminded, indeed, how

> That which in mean men we entitle patience
> Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Yet at least within the poetic bounds of Shakspere's play, through Shakspere's bountiful gifts, his desire seems fulfilled:

> O! that I were as great
> As is my grief.

And his grief becomes nothing less than a central expression of all that in the revolutions of Fortune's wheel goes *down* in the world.

No! Shakspere's kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men: rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness, with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. One after another, they seem to lie composed in Shak-

spere's embalming pages, with just that touch of nature about them, making the whole world akin, which has infused into their tombs at Westminster a rare poetic grace. It is that irony of kingship, the sense that it is in its happiness child's play, in its sorrows, after all, but children's grief, which gives its finer accent to all the changeful feeling of these wonderful speeches :—the great meekness of the graceful, wild creature, tamed at last :

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die!

his somewhat abject fear of death, turning to acquiescence at moments of extreme weariness :

My large kingdom for a little grave!
A little little grave, an obscure grave!

his religious appeal in the last reserve, with his bold reference to the judgment of Pilate, as he thinks once more of his "anointing."

And as happens with children he attains contentment finally in the merely passive recognition of superior strength, in the naturalness of the result of the great battle as a matter of course, and experiences something of the royal prerogative of poetry to obscure, or at least to attune and soften men's griefs. As in some sweet anthem of Handel, the sufferer, who put finger to the organ under the utmost pressure of mental conflict, extracts a kind of peace at last from the mere skill with which he sets his distress to music,

Beshrew thee, Cousin, that didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

With Cain go wander though the shades of night!—cries the new king to the gaoler Exton, dissimulating his share in the murder he is thought to have suggested; and in truth there is something of the murdered Abel about Shakspere's Richard. The fact seems to be that he died of "waste and a broken heart;" it was by way of proof that his end had been a natural one that, stifling a real fear of the face, the face of Richard, on men's minds, with the added pleading now of all dead faces, Henry exposed the corpse to general view; and Shakspere, in bringing it on the stage, in the last scene of his play, does but follow out the motive with which he has emphasized Richard's physical beauty all through it—that "most beauteous inn," as the Queen says quaintly, meeting him on the way to death—residence, then soon to be deserted, of that wayward, frenzied, but withal so affectionate soul. Though the body did not go to Westminster immediately, his tomb,

That small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones,*

the effigy clasping the hand of his youthful consort, was already prepared there, with "rich gilding and ornaments," monument of poetic regret, for Queen Anne of Bohemia, not of course the Queen of Shakspere, who however seems to have transferred to this second wife something of Richard's wildly proclaimed affection for the first. In this way, through the connecting link of that sacred spot, our thoughts once more associate Richard's two fallacious prerogatives, his personal beauty and his "anointing."

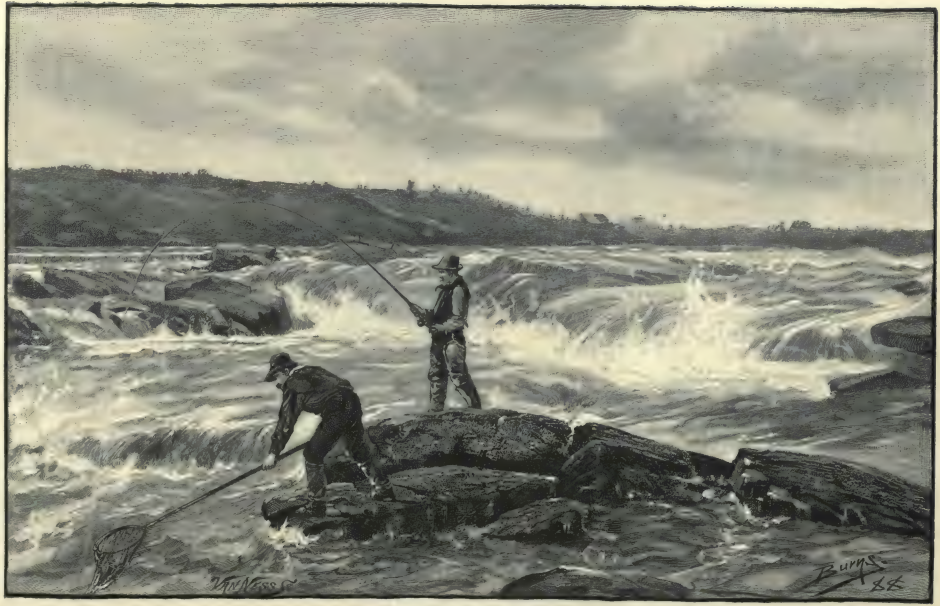
According to Johnson, "Richard the Second" is one of those plays which Shakspere has "apparently revised;" and how doubly delightful Shakspere is where he seems to have revised! "Would that he had blotted a thousand"—a thousand hasty phrases, we may venture once more to say with Pope, now that the tiresome German superstition has passed away which challenged us to a dogmatic faith in the plenary verbal inspiration of every one of Shakspere's clowns. Like some melodiously contending anthem of Handel's, I said, of Richard's meek "undoing" of himself in the mirror-scene; and, in fact, the play of "Richard the Second" does, like a musical composition, possess a certain concentration of all its parts, a simple continuity, an evenness in execution, which are rare in the great dramatist. With "Romeo and Juliet," that perfect symphony (symphony of three independent poetic forms† set in a grander

*Perhaps a *double entendre:* of any ordinary grave, as comprising, in effect, the whole small earth now left to its occupant: or, of such a tomb as Richard's in particular, with its actual model, or effigy, of the clay in him. Both senses are so characteristic that it would be a pity to lose either.

†The Sonnet: the Aubade: the Epithalamium.

one which it is one of the merits of German criticism to have detected) it belongs to a small group of plays, in which, by happy birth and consistent evolution, dramatic form approaches to something like the unity of a lyric, a lyrical ballad, a song, a single strain of music. Which sort of poetry we are to account the highest, is perhaps a barren question. Yet if, in art generally, unity of impression is a note of what is perfect, then lyric poetry, which in spite of complex structure often preserves the unity of a single passionate ejaculation, would rank higher than dramatic poetry, in which, especially to a reader, as distinguished from the spectator assisting at a theatrical performance, there must always be a sense of the effort necessary to keep the various parts from flying asunder, a sense of imperfect continuity, which the older criticism vainly sought to obviate by the rule of the dramatic "unities." It follows that a play attains artistic perfection just in proportion as it approaches that unity of lyrical effect, as if a song or ballad were still lying at the root of it, all the various expression of the conflict of character and circumstance falling at last into the compass of a single melody, or musical theme. As, historically, the earliest classic drama arose out of the chorus, from which this or that person, this or that episode, detached itself, so, into the unity of a choric song the perfect drama ever tends to return, its intellectual scope deepened, complicated, enlarged, but still with an unmistakable singleness, or identity, in its impression on the mind. Just there, in that vivid single impression left on the mind when all is over, not in any mechanical limitation of time and place, is the secret of the "unities"—the true imaginative unity—of the drama.





THE CARCAJOU POOL.

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THE LAND OF THE WINANISHE.

By Leroy Milton Yale and J. G. Aylwin Creighton.



ABOUT one hundred miles nearly due north of Quebec lies Lake St. John, some twenty-six miles long by twenty wide. It is of no great depth, hence its Indian name, Pikouagami, "the Flat Lake," which expresses well the appearance of its shores and its function as a settling basin for the silt of a dozen rivers which pour into it the waters of a tract the size of the State of Maine. Fed by innumerable lakes and streams, most of these rivers are large. Three of them—the Ashuapmouchouan, "the river where they watch the moose," the Mistassini, or "river of the great rock," and the Peribonca, "the curious river"—come from great lakes on the summit of the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, receive large tributaries, are from 200 to 250 miles long, and are over a mile wide at their mouths, which are close together at the northwestern end of the lake. The Ashuapmouchouan, the smallest of the three, is sometimes erroneously marked on maps as the upper part of the Saguenay, but this name really belongs to none of them. This immense volume of water, which raises the lake at times twenty-five feet, has but one outlet, divided for the first eight miles into two branches by Alma Island, at the foot of which the Grande Décharge, after a circuit of twelve miles in mighty rapids, unites with the Petite Décharge—straighter and held in check by dams for the safe passage of timber—to form La Décharge du Lac St. Jean, a mighty stream, which, after a turbulent course of some thirty miles more, wrenches asunder the syenite at Les Terres Rompues, seven miles above Chicoutimi, and expanding into fjord-like reaches becomes the Saguenay.

Near the lake the scenery is tame, but beyond the boundaries of the prehistoric sea, which probably discharged by the St. Maurice instead of by the Saguenay, there is a land of mountain and forest, lake and river. The ranges are low, except up the Peribonca and to the south, where the Laurentians are massed, but every stream cuts its way in falls and rapids of great size, beauty, and endless variety.

This region was better known to the French colonists two centuries ago than it is to the average Canadian to-day. Traders had their eyes on the supposed El Dorado as early as Roberval's ill-fated expedition in 1543, and as soon as Champlain established La Nouvelle France the post at Tadoussac attracted the Indians from the upper Saguenay. The "Relations des Jésuites" for 1647 and 1652 give accounts of Père De Quen's voyages to Lake St. John. In the Relation of 1658, the various river routes to Hudson's Bay are described with much greater accuracy than in the would-be discoveries of sensational writers of the present time. In 1661, Fathers Gabriel Druillettes and Claude Dablon, in "the first voyage made toward the Northern

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Lake St. John—an early start.



The Foot of the Grande Chute.

Sea," got as far as Lake Nikoubau at the head of the Ashuapmouchouan, where a great trading fair was held annually by the Indians. But for fear of the Iroquois, who were then on the war-path, they would have anticipated Père Albanel's journey to Hudson's Bay in 1672. In 1680 an adventurer named Peltier had a trading post at Nikoubau.

It was not till 1842 that the expiration of the lease of the King's Posts to the Hudson's Bay Company, the successors of the Northwest Company and of the farmers of the Domaine du Roi, ended two centuries of monopoly which had represented the region to be an Arctic desert. But the energy of the Prices, "the Lumber Kings," and of colonization societies, formed in the counties along the lower St. Lawrence among the descendants of the Normans and Bretons who gave English blood its strongest strain of adventure, has filled the triangle between Ha Ha Bay, Chicoutimi, and Lake St. John with thickly settled parishes, and strung out a chain of settlements round the south and west shores of the lake to 120 miles from Chicoutimi. Except the missions and posts which connected Tadoussac with Mistassini and Hudson's Bay, there was not a settlement on the Saguenay till 1838. Ten years later the colonists were at Lake St. John, and now the population is over 40,000. Protected from the cold winds of the Gulf, with a climate and winter better and shorter than at Quebec, and a soil in which the long hot days of the brief northern summer bring to quick maturity such semi-tropical products as maize, melons, hemp, and tobacco, the region has developed slowly, because so isolated. To get to Quebec

there were the Saguenay steamers in summer or a long round over the mountains by roads impassable for weeks in autumn and spring, and running through a hundred miles of wilderness.

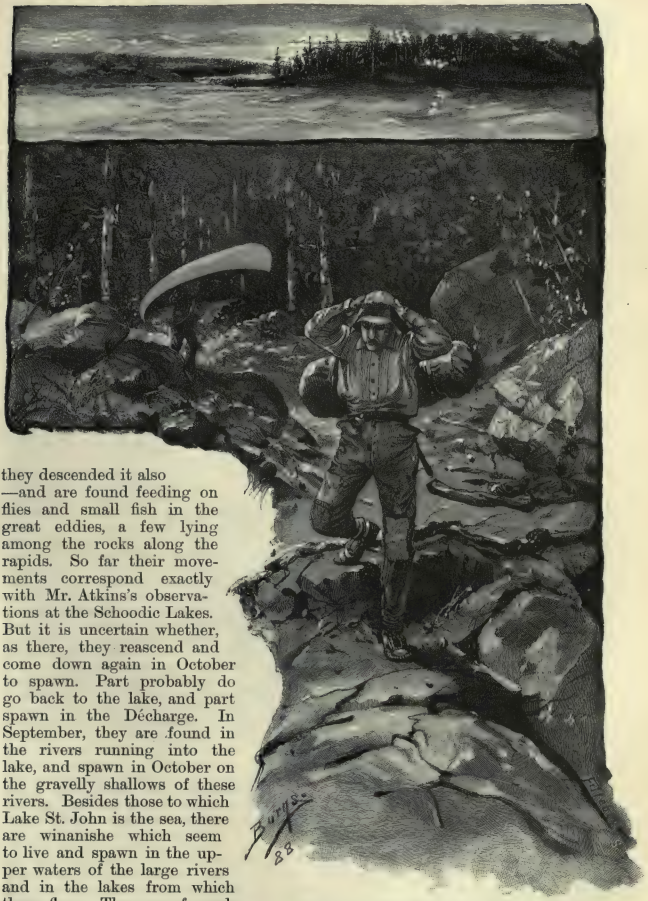
But whatever value the region may have for the settler or charms for the eye of the tourist, it has for the angler an unique attraction—it is the land of the winanishe. And what is a winanishe?

The winanishe—or ouinaniche, according to French spelling—is a fish, and a fish of great interest to both naturalist and angler. The etymology of the name, which is said to be Indian for "saumon de l'eau douce," is untraceable in either Montagnais or Cree: the most probable derivation is that which assigns it to an Indian attempt to pronounce "saumon" with the addition of the well-known diminutive "ishe." This exactly describes the fish—the little salmon—for to the naturalist it is simply an Atlantic salmon of small size which is not anadromous, that is, does not periodically run up from the sea. The same fish is found in parts of Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick and known as the land-locked salmon, and is probably identical with the land-locked salmon of Sweden. *Salmo salar, variety Sebago,* is its scientific name, the latter part of the appellation coming from a lake in Maine where it attains its greatest size. The identity of the winanishe with the *Salmo salar* is quite settled by its anatomy. Size and color, always uncertain and variable characteristics in the *Salmonidæ,* are affected by locality, and the habits of a fish are adapted, if possible, to surroundings. The real problem in each case of "land-locking" is how it happened, which cannot be discussed here.

In the Saguenay there is no reason why the fish should not go to the sea—in fact, they do descend to the tideway in large numbers every spring with the heavy floods, but whether they remount is as yet undetermined; the falls and heavy rapids may be insuperable even for their activity and strength, but we are inclined to think they return to spawn in the Décharge. Stray individuals have been caught in the Saguenay rivers, at Tadoussac and even in the St. Lawrence above the Saguenay, but they are the exception which proves the rule that the winanishe is peculiar to Lake St. John and its streams. In the lake itself they are abundant in spring. When the high water begins to fall they approach the shores and are taken in great numbers at the mouths of the rivers. In June, the great body of the fish seem to descend into the Grande Décharge—before the barring of the Petite Décharge



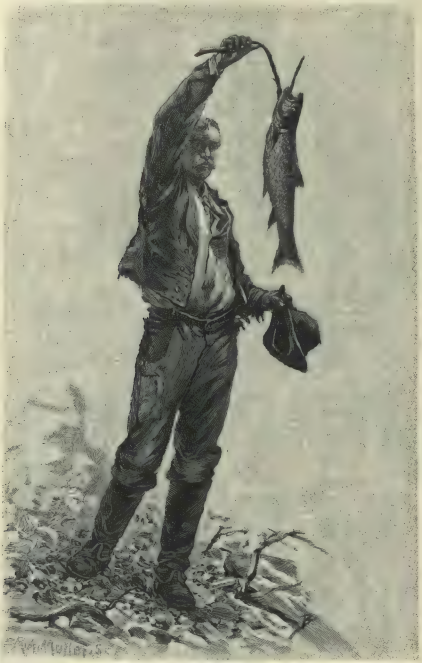
The Head of the Vache Caille Rapid.



The Union of the Two Décharges—On the Portage.

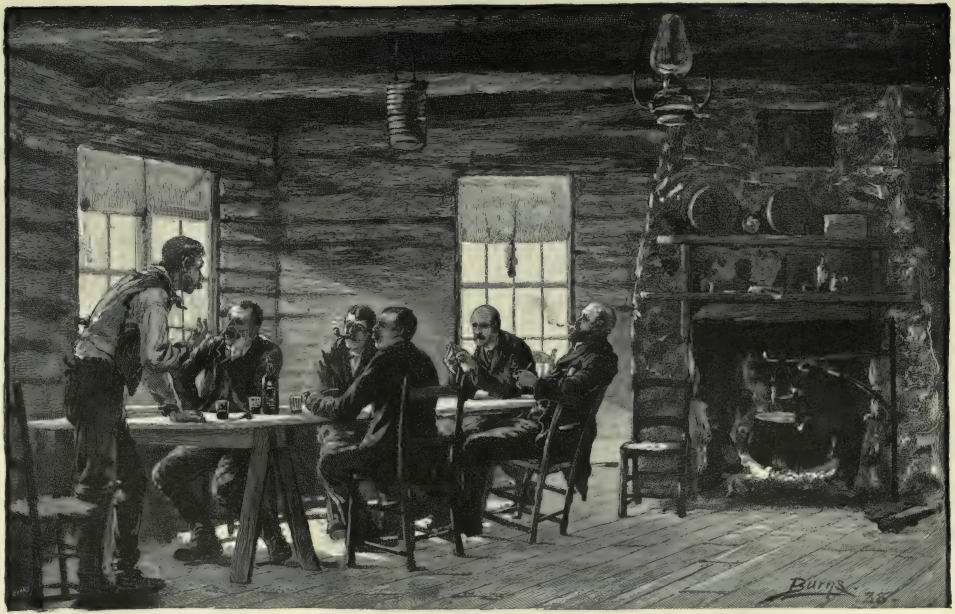
they descended it also —and are found feeding on flies and small fish in the great eddies, a few lying among the rocks along the rapids. So far their movements correspond exactly with Mr. Atkins's observations at the Schoodic Lakes. But it is uncertain whether, as there, they reascend and come down again in October to spawn. Part probably do go back to the lake, and part spawn in the Décharge. In September, they are found in the rivers running into the lake, and spawn in October on the gravelly shallows of these rivers. Besides those to which Lake St. John is the sea, there are winanishe which seem to live and spawn in the upper waters of the large rivers and in the lakes from which these flow. They are of much larger average size in these lakes, but refuse the fly at all seasons, and can be taken only by bait or trolling. In all probability the fish has a wide range to the north, but confusion of nomenclature, the rare opportunity for skilled observation, and the difficulty

of getting reliable information from Indians and lumbermen, leave a good field for investigation.



The Voyageur Type.

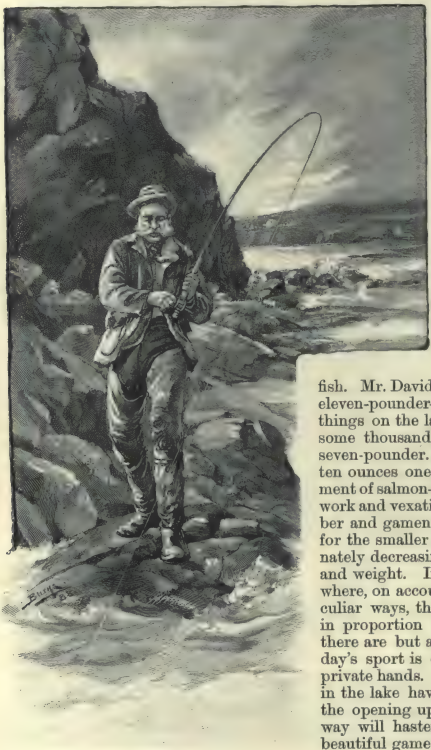
Now let us see what points the winanishe has for the angler, who regards the look and ways of a fish rather than its bones. In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh-run winanishe do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a winanishe is greener blue, and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout; the silvery sides are more iridescent, the X-marks are more numerous and less sharply defined; the patches of bronze, purple, and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm the bright hues get dull, and toward autumn the rusty red color and hooked lower jaw of the spawning salmon develop. As the winanishe, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously, and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five-pound winanishe can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten-pound salmon. The



In the Lodge.

variety of its habits, which are a compound of those of the trout and those of the salmon, with some peculiarities of its own, gives great charm to winanishe-angling, and opportunity for every style from the "floating fly" on tiny hooks to the "sink and draw" of the salmon cast. It takes the fly readily when in the humor, though wary and capricious like all its relations, and fights hard, uniting the dash of the trout with the doggedness and ingenuity of the salmon.

In railway and hotel prospectuses, the winanishe weighs from five to fourteen pounds. In Lake St. John and the Décharge, the average is two and a half; four-pounders are large and not too plentiful, while six-pounders are scarce. The winanishe is, however, much longer than a trout of the same weight; a five-pounder, for example, is twenty-five inches long, twelve in girth, and looks like an eight-pound salmon. Now and then solitary fish of great size are seen, old *habitants* dating from "les premières années" when "ça en bouillait, Monsieur, des grosses comme des carcajous" (it just boiled, sir, with ones as big as wild-cats), but they are intensely wary and carefully guarded by the demon of ill-luck. Oh! the agonizing memory of that winanishe which, after a two hours' fight, made even tough old Theodose lose his head and—the fish. Mr. David Price is credited with an eleven-pounder—the Prices always did things on the largest scale—but among some thousands we have seen only one seven-pounder. With a rod of eight to ten ounces one gets almost the excitement of salmon-fishing—without its hard work and vexation of spirit, for the number and gameness of the fish make up for the smaller size. They are unfortunately decreasing fast, both in number and weight. In the Grande Décharge, where, on account of the winanishe's peculiar ways, the pools were always few in proportion to the extent of water, there are but a few places now where a day's sport is certain, and these are in private hands. Settlement and netting in the lake have had a great effect, and the opening up of markets by the railway will hasten the extinction of this beautiful game fish.



Rock Fishing.

Until recently the Décharge could be

reached only by way of Chicoutimi. There the traveller had a choice of routes. To the angler who finds more joy in the haunts of fish than in fishing, the ascent of the Saguenay by canoe is well worth the time taken from his angling, but the man who dislikes rough water and rocky portages must take a tedious drive of sixty miles *viâ* Hébertville. Last year the completion of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway as far as the lake afforded a new route, which we took, partly to see the country and partly to make sure of being on the water before the winanishe, which, as becomes a fish peculiar to so French-Canadian and devout a region, makes a point to spend the national feast-day, St. John the Baptist, with his expectant friends; or, failing to keep this tryst, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which for obvious reasons seems the more appropriate time.

Early on a mid-June morning—if indeed in that latitude and season any hour can be called early—we met at the railway station at Quebec. The first fifty miles of the road sweeps off to the west through a fairly settled farming country. As there is nothing of especial interest without, we turn to that solace of the traveller, the time-table and map.



"The hill covered with dark pines is the point of Ile Maligne."

All roads led to Rome, all new railways run to the "Sportsman's Paradise." As he reads the old familiar tale, our reactionist—who envies the Jesuits because they got here before him and died before railways were known—says something about "beholding heaven and feeling hell" and "sportsmen's curse." But perhaps he meant the mosquitoes, black flies, and sandflies; they are plentiful. So are trout, and big ones, too—in due place and season. The prospectus, however, is judiciously reticent as to these details, leaving the stranger to learn them for himself, along with colloquial French and the ways of Indian guides.

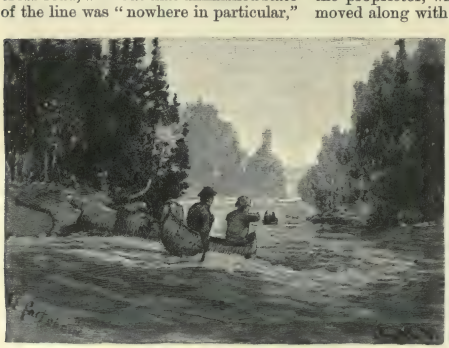
But what an epitome of Canadian history is this little list of stations! Here and there an Indian name survives, telling of the original inhabitants. Valcartier, Roberval, and Stadacona carry us back to the first bold but fruitless attempt of the sixteenth century, while Hébertville is a monument to the Curé who led the settlers of Lake St. John, and incidentally to the fecundity of the first *habitant* of the New France of Champlain. Dablon and De Quen now stand side by side on the railway-table, as those names did once in the roll of the Socie-

tas Militans. And how are the old trapper and to-day's man of business confronted in Lac Gros Visons and Skroder's Mills!



A Winanishe.

From the Rivière à Pierre to De Quen is a stretch of more than one hundred miles which, except for the railway, is an unbroken wilderness. Occasionally the train halts for a sportsman whose canoe waits at the lake beside which we are running. The valley of the wild river Batiscan leads up to the head of Lac Edouard, where we dine and are told tales of wonderful trout-fishing to be had for the asking, as the lake is leased by the railway company. At the end of the afternoon we arrived at a cross-road, which at that unfinished state of the line was "nowhere in particular," but presented the only feasible way of getting to the highway which, skirting the lake, gives access to the parishes east and west. Passengers and luggage were deposited upon a rocky bank, at the foot of which, in a slough, were gathered a goodly number of *quatre roues*—the buck-boards of the locality, a seat in the middle of a plank with a rude and jointless chaise-top above. After a due amount of haggling, we found transport through two miles of hub-deep mud to the village of Pointe aux Trembles, one of the many of that name in the province, and were left at "Poole's," "le vrai hôtel pour les Messieurs," a freshly made log-house hurried up by the energy of the proprietor, who had for some time moved along with the railway.



"A sudden plunge of the river over a trap dike."

It was an evening's work to find conveyance to St. Joseph d'Alma on the Petite Décharge, within which parish our fishing lay. If an arrangement were concluded it would then turn out that half a day was wanted to mend the wagon or to send for a set of harness. The little crowd which always gathers on such important occasions was so actively and volubly interested that it



The Grande Chute.

was hard to get in a word of our own. The claims of rival candidates were warmly discussed by their respective friends.



The Foot of Ile Maligne Portage.

"It is not everybody who should pretend that he is capable of conducting Messieurs, who, as one easily sees, are truly des Messieurs." Everybody, however, was "bĕn gréyé" (well-rigged). One driver had a buck-board and great experience: "It is he, sir, who drove un grand Monsieur de Bāston, two years ago," and perhaps he could get a neighbor's horse. Another had one of the finest mares in the parish, but it was keenly debated whether her foal could make the journey. A third could borrow a *quatre roue*, "a fine one, all but the wheels," but then one always risks something, and what easier for the Messieurs than to hire another on the way if some accident arrives; it is not as with poor men, *par exemple*, who must look at five cents.

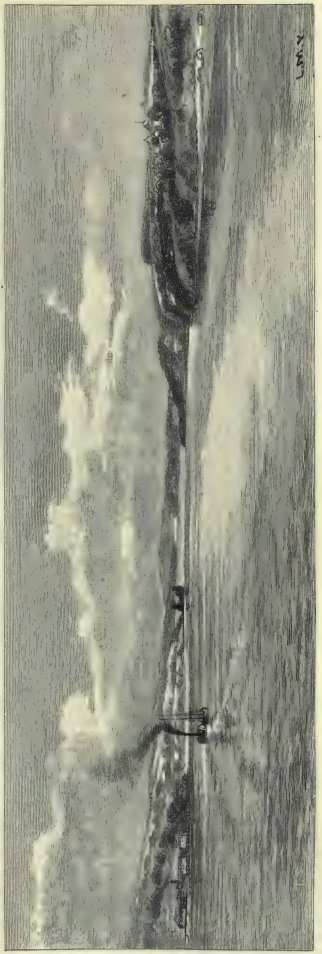
However, we got off in good time next morning. As we passed the village church the congregation was gathering for the weekly gossip before service, discussing the notices which the *huissier* (bailiff and crier) was affixing to the church doors, and—there was an election coming—anticipating the political orations after mass which afford keen excitement for the argumentative and voluble *habitant*.

The road lies pleasantly near the border of the lake, and its course can be traced, right and left, round the oval contour, by the slender white thread of houses on the slopes that lead from the broad sand beaches to the low hills which close in the landscape on three sides. At intervals the sparkle of tin-covered spires shows where the churches bring the wide-scattered parishes to a focus. To the west a snowy patch, visible from all round the lake, like the topsail of a ship hull down, marks the three-hundred feet fall of the Ouiatchouan; Ile des Couleuvres and Ile de la Traverse appear only as stripes of lighter green against the dark forests of the mainland; Roberval is high enough on its slaty bed studded with corallites and madrepores to be seen as a cluster of white dots; but Pointe Bleue is a mere bank of indigo cloud on the far horizon, and only an Indian's eyes could distinguish the Hudson's Bay Post and the

buildings on the Indian Reserve from the crests of the waves which even a light summer breeze raises so fast and high. An outpost flash from the church of St. Prime just indicates where, at the mouth of the Ashuapmouchouan, Fathers Druillettes and Dablon started "on the road to enter for good and all into the lands of Sathan," but northward there is nothing but water and sky, for the sand dunes and *savannes* of the unsettled northern shore are far below the horizon. Eastward the long curve of yellow sand, banded red and black with beds of iron ore rich in garnets, ends in the low blue bluffs and rocky islets that guard the mouths of the Décharges, and is backed by the wooded ridge between the lake and the Saguenay, over which rise the distant peaks that border the Shipshaw.

The houses differ little from the ordinary French-Canadian farmhouses of other sparsely settled districts. Built of squared logs well calked with the beaten bark of the white cedar or with oakum, they are frequently sheathed with large pieces of birch-bark held in place by hand-split laths of cedar, while the curved-eaved roof, in default of shingles, is covered in the same manner. The barns are often thatched with straw, but the outbuildings frequently present a greater appearance of thrift than the houses. One picturesque outbuilding always catches the eye—the oven. That altar of weekly burnt-offering which was the glory of the New England kitchen is here set up out-of-doors, as if to give it the sanctity of isolation. On a substructure of logs the oven is built of stones plastered over with clay; over all, if the family can afford it, is a pent-roof of boards.

Galloping up and down the short rough hills jolted us smartly, and a bag of angler's valuables was missed some miles on our way. Thereupon ensued a wordy war between the carter and the passen-



The End of the Canoe-journey



Tadoussac—Low Tide.

ger whose command of *habitant* French was most nearly equal to the occasion. "It does not do to offend the Bon Dieu," said the carter solemnly; "this has come of not hearing mass before starting." His opponent maintained that the loss was due to the most patent carelessness in tying. The by-stander was impressed by the frequently recurring "Sacré bateau," probably an invocation of the original "vessel of wrath;" but he was presently left with the luggage while the disputants drove back to search for the bag. When the returning vehicle was visible through the mosquito-cloud, it was evident that the search had been successful, and as it drew near the conversation had softened down from an interchange of "gros mots" to a discussion of responsibility and criminal negligence.

The vehicle reloaded, the discussion was resumed, and the carter, finding his legal footing insecure, as his adversary was a man of law, shifted to moral grounds. Turning his back upon his

horse, whose pace was an entirely safe one, he proposed to argue the matter out, with the by-stander as the judge. Proposition first: There is one God, for rich and poor, for Protestant and Catholic alike. Accepted without objection. Second: It is the duty of all to worship him. Therefore the bag fell off because the driver had not assisted at mass. Here the advocate demurred. "If you neglected the mass it was of your own free will and the responsibility abides with you." "Nay," responded the carter, "I am poor, I must have bread for my wife and children. God grants this liberty to the poor, and the responsibility recoils upon the rich who offer to hire me and who can afford to wait." And so the debate waged till the steep bank of the river Metabetchouan brought it to a close. The rope ferry took us across, and a few miles more brought us to a belated dinner at St. Jerome. The afternoon wore away without incident, while the road took us across La Belle Rivière, that old highway of the Jesuit missionaries, and by St. Gédéon.

The rustic mind seems everywhere to have a common trait, an inability to give accurate and clear information concerning the road you wish to travel. If we asked the distance to any point, one responded "di (deux) lieues;" another, "trois lieues et encore," and the third "trois pipes," the time required to smoke a pipe being a measure of distance. As everything in that country is governed by the inexorable "coutume," it is possible that the size of pipes and the quality of tobacco are sufficiently uniform to be thus used. On one occasion only did the group questioned agree, and then they sent us several miles out of our way. Finding this out, we debated turning back, when a passer-by directed us to proceed and to cross a certain bridge which would bring us back to our road more quickly. On nearing the bridge we were warned that it was impassable from the high water. Our informant further insisted that we should return several miles as M. M——, the proprietor, no longer allowed passing across his fields, and had that day so announced from the church steps, and, as the tenant of M. M——, he was bound to obstruct us. Despite his shrill remonstrance we persevered in our trespassing. As we crossed the farm, our carter was moved to a flight of eloquence. His wrathful thought went back to the old man who had sent us down to the bridge. "What liars they are, gentlemen, in this parish! Why did that old man send us to the bridge? To engulf us, gentlemen. I assure you, gentlemen, it was such as he who crucified our Lord." Instead of the expected angry remonstrances we received a warm welcome from M. M——, who claimed acquaintance with the advocate, on the strength of an altercation about a fishing license some eight or ten years before. Some parish politics were discussed, but our names were not on the voting list, and we were soon bidden good-day.

But we were already descending the Petite Décharge within hearing of its roar, and soon we had come into the village, had spoken with some of the handsome black-eyed boys, one of whom assured us that "les ouinaniches sautent," and had called on the postmaster. Two miles farther brought us opposite to the great Vache Caille eddy, across which, on the point of Alma Island, stands the end of our journey, Alma Lodge, the home of the Saguenay Club, a well-built log-house, with all that is necessary to the comfort of a real angler, and free from the vexatious nonessentials of "fancy" sporting clubs. A signal brought a canoe, and we were presently safely across before daylight had gone. We had been twelve hours in doing thirty-five miles, but then, as our driver remarked, "One can only do one's best, the Bon Dieu has not made a horse to trot always."

Next morning we start for our fishing with a "bonne chance, Messieurs," from the guardian's pretty wife, a black-eyed, olive-complexioned girl of sixteen. The house-keeping and cuisine of the lodge attest the practical teaching of the Ursuline Convent at Roberval; the accomplishments appear in wonders of silk embroidery on hunting-shirts and in the trained voice which enlivens her work with *chansons*. We have to walk to the head of the Vache Caille Rapid, which runs in front of the lodge.

Two of the canoemen, putting their canoes on their heads almost as easily as their hats, have gone on; their mates wait for the rods and traps. A fine quartette they are, French-Canadians all, of the *voyageur* type, with all the skill of the Indian in woodcraft, and ten times his courage, brown and strong from trapping and lumbering all their lives, grave and serious looking, but with a keen vein of humor, shrewd and hard bargaining but thoroughly honest, unable, perhaps, to write their names, but with a genuine polish of manner which compels respect by its dignified deference. One can make companions and friends of such men as these. Their costume is simple enough. Home-made trousers of the home-woven gray woollen *étoffe du pays* tucked into the wrinkled legs of the long moccasins tied below the knee, which, in contradistinction from town-made "bottes françaises," are known as "bottes sauvages;" a flannel shirt with a gay kerchief in a broad fold over the chest; a soft felt hat of Protean shapes and uses, with a cherished fly or two stuck in the crown;—perhaps, if "la blonde" is near her "cavalier," a feather or a wild flower in the band.

The volume of the rapids, the swiftness, complexity, and heavy swirls of the currents make canoeing most exciting, and at times a little dangerous on these waters. They are too deep for the use of setting-poles, and everything depends on strength and skill with the paddle. Mounting the Grande Décharge, when it is fifteen feet above summer level and running like a mill-race, is hard work. But, taking advantage of every eddy, gripping rocks with hand and paddle, handing along by the tops of the submerged alders, passing between branches of overhanging trees undermined by the current, by sheer dint of hard paddling we get up a mile and a half. Now for the *traverse*. The canoe sweeps down and across in a beautiful curve, head up stream and the paddles flashing like lightning, except when a *tourniquet* catches her and spins her half round a circle, while Joseph with a side-long sweep decapitates a wave which threatens to lop over the gunwale. "Un animal d'un tourniquet," he says, pointing to the funnel-shaped whirl swiftly gyrating down stream, the air-bubbles hissing through the yellow water like the bead in a glass of champagne. We are nearly half a mile down when the canoe swings with a sharp shock into the up-eddy on the opposite shore.

"C'est la place de pêche, Monsieur," says Narcisse, easing off the grip of his teeth on his pipe, and Joseph, having finished drinking out of the rim of his hat, remarks that "on a coutume de prendre des grosses ici." Winanishe, like trout, are of the fair sex in French, and are roughly classified into "petites," "belles," and "grosses."

This is the famous "Remou de Caron," or Caron's Eddy. The big white waves surging round the rocky island, which later on will become a point covered with bushes, are the tail of the Caron Rapid, a crooked and dangerous one, because of the height of its waves and the size of its *tourniquets* or whirlpools, which suck down sawlogs as if they were chips, casting them up a couple of hundred yards farther down, to be caught in the eddies and swept again and again through the wild rush of water until the ever-changing set of the current tosses them on the rocks or carries them off down stream. Pool, in the angler's usual understanding of the term, there is none; for the deep river, over a quarter of a mile wide, is totally unlike a salmon or trout stream. At first he is rather bewildered by the interlacing currents running in every direction, bearing along streaks of froth which gathers in patches as dazzling as snow, that revolve slowly for a minute or two, then suddenly dissolving go dancing in long white lines over the short ripples.

"Ça saute, Monsieur:" no splash marks the rise, but a broad tail appears and disappears where a winanishe is busy picking flies out of the foam; then another and another still. They are "making the tour" round the whole system of minor eddies and currents, sometimes staying a minute in some large patch of froth where the flies are thick, sometimes swimming and rising rapidly in a straight current line, and finally going out on the tops of the long glassy rollers at the tail of the main eddy into the white water of the main current, which carries them back again

to the other end of the *remou*. The fish when fresh-run make these feeding tours frequently during the day, but only in the morning and evening when they have grown fat and lazy and the water is warm. At other times, when on the feed, they rise as the patches of *broue* float over their lairs. Except in swift and shallow water, where they are seldom found, or when coming with a rush from the bottom of a deep hole among the rocks, they do not leap for the fly like trout; they take it like salmon, on the downward turn, gently and deliberately. The salmon-cast, with a medium-sized salmon-fly, is therefore the most effective. Jock Scott, Curtis, Popham, Silver Doctor, and Donkey are all good flies, the first named being always a stand-by. Yellow and black seems the favorite combination, gray comes next, but red meets with little favor. The silver-bodied flies are best at high water; at a low and bright stage trout flies come into play.

A patch of *broue* comes swirling along with a fish in it. It requires a quick hand to put the fly where it will do most good. To a novice it is much like fishing "on the wing," but practice shows where to expect the fish. The rod—preferably a light strong trout-rod, with fifty yards of line on a good check reel—swings and out goes the fly, which is allowed to sink a few inches and is then drawn in with a succession of slow and short jerks, not trailed on the surface. The fish, however, is now five yards farther away, and on the other side of the canoe. This constant change in length and direction of cast is one of the main difficulties, as it is one of the excitements of winanishe-angling. But here come three together—"un beau gang," to use Joseph's anglicism. The fly falls at the end of a straight line, a momentary thrill follows a gentle pull, you strike with the orthodox turn of the wrist, and then blank reaction; the drift of the canoe or the insetting current, has slackened the line, and the fish has been missed. "C'est dommage, Monsieur, vous l'avez piquée." The fish evidently is piqued in every sense of the term, and will have no more of your flies. Another such experience will make him a marked misanthrope all summer. When you strike, it must be hard, for their mouths are hard; but, as in salmon fishing, no rule can be laid down beyond the golden one to keep a taut line. Though no fish are visible, you cast right and left. Presently, while quietly reeling in an excess of line, down goes the rod-tip with a smart jerk, there is a terribly long pause of about half a second, then the reel sings, and thirty yards off a silver bar flashes through the air three or four times in quick succession, for it is a fresh-run fish hooked in a tender spot. You recover a little line, then out it goes again with more pyrotechnics. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes he comes in meekly with an occasional remonstrance, and you think it time for the net. The leader shows above water and the rod curves into a semicircle, but no strain you can put on raises the fish farther, which circles slowly around. A sudden dash under your feet drags the rod-tip under water, but is foiled by a quick turn of the canoe. Then a telegraphic circuit seems to have been established through your tired arms to your spine. The fish is standing on his head, worrying the fly like a bull-dog and slapping at the leader with his tail. All at once the rod springs back and you are heavily splashed by a leap almost into your face. This occurs half a dozen times. He may jump into the canoe, perhaps over it; we have seen a winanishe caught in the air in the landing-net after it had shaken the fly out of its mouth. He is far more likely, however, to smash rod or tackle, unless you lower the tip smartly. Some more runs may follow, or a sulking fit. The more he is kept moving the sooner he will tire. It is well to keep him in hand with as heavy a strain as can be risked, for he fights to the last and there is no knowing what he may do. Even when he comes to the surface and shows his white side, the sight of the landing-net nerves him to what the pugilists call a "game finish." Three-quarters of an hour have gone, when Narcisse slips the net under him with a quick but sure scoop, and kills him with a blow from the paddle. "C'est sérieusement grosse," he says, as he holds up a twenty-five inch fish. Really the bal-

ance does seem wrong when it marks only five pounds.

After a couple of hours' cruising about the eddy, with more or less luck, we go above the point, making our way with some difficulty through the tangle of rocks and trees, though the men, canoe on head and both hands full, skip along easily enough. There we find a little family party of winanishe close under the bank in a hole beneath some alder-roots, which would exactly suit a trout's idea of a home. Farther up we get some pretty casting off a rocky bank, past which a strong up-eddy runs. Later on, when the water has fallen and new eddies form immediately above the point, there will be good fishing, either off the rocks, or in the canoe, which the men will hold in the very dividing line between the main current over the fall and that which sets inshore.

At luncheon, which is not a feast of obligation at the lodge, a winanishe *à la broche* gives us a chance to test the men's cookery. The fish, split down the back and opened out like a kite, is skewered with slips of red willow, well salted and peppered, inserted in a cleft stick fastened with spruce-root or a withe of alder, and then, stuck in the ground before a clear fire of driftwood, is broiled without any basting but its own fat. If you prefer the flavor you may skewer a piece of bacon to the upper part of the fish. The delicate pink flesh is intermediate in flavor between that of the salmon and that of the trout, richer than the latter, less cloying than the former. Planked shad is not better. After luncheon the pipe and a chat, with a *boucane* to keep the flies off; the logs chafing and grinding against the shore suggest to the men some reminiscences of *la drive* and its perils. The artist gets a sketch, for which Willyám poses. For another mile above, the rapid foams white. That hill, covered with dark spruces, which divides it is the point of Ile Maligne; well named, for, surrounded by heavy rapids pulsating in *chutes* through rocky gorges, it is rarely accessible, sometimes not for several successive years.

In the evening we fly down in ten minutes what it took us over an hour to mount. The roar of the Vache Caille swells like the sound of an approaching train. The bowman stands up to look, says a word to his mate, then both settle low on their heels, and two bits of rapid are run like a flash, though the trees slipping past are the only sign of motion the passenger feels. With the current setting out straight over the fall, it is an ugly looking place, but "à terre, en masse," and a bit of quick paddling brings the shore close. The men interchange a rapid glance. "Au large?" "Pas trop." The canoe turns out again, to the horror of any passenger making the run for the first time, but, before he can remonstrate, tilts over the pitch where a pyramidal rock backs up the water, swings end for end, and sidles into an eddy just its own length which has scooped out a hollow in the bank within forty yards of the fall. "It is quite possible to drown one's self here," remarks Pitre as he takes his Monsieur's rod and coat. It is a point of honor, however, with these men never to risk a passenger's comfort, much less his safety. Any recklessness or bungling would meet sharp criticism over the camp-fire. They are cool and courageous in real danger, however, and among themselves the rivalry is very keen. Nothing delights them more than to have a Monsieur who can appreciate their points, and, not minding a few bucketfuls of water, gives them a chance of display. After all, the passenger has the best of guarantees in the fact that very few of them can swim.*

Life in a forest fishing-lodge is much the same in one place as in another, and its delights have been often enough dwelt upon. To some its charm seems inexplicable, and such it must remain if they forget that it lies less in the joys that are present than in the cares, the worries, and the annoyances that are left behind. But if he has been able for a time to put aside his occupations and to enter upon a well-earned leisure with a free mind, the gray-haired man gets from his simple surroundings a pleasure that is as unalloyed as that of childhood. The boy's appetite and the boy's

* We speak only of the professional canoemen of the Décharge. Some of the Pointe Bleue Indians are good enough in the canoe, but the railway has brought forward many men without experience either of these heavy waters or of the niceties of winanishe-fishing.

rest come back, and as he sits before the fire made of wood which the spring torrent has piled up almost at his door, the simple jest or the well-worn tale has a zest beyond all the wit of the city clubs.

Among a score of canoemen there is pretty certainly one whose fiddle can help to brighten the evening. If "les Messieurs" are too weary to dance, the canoemen have a never-failing reserve of agility. But there is nothing frivolous in their dancing, and its mirth is a solemn joy. No man in front of battle ever wore a sterner look than does Xavier as he prepares to outdance Pitre, while the feet of Aunis, the fiddler, keep time with an incessant heel and toe. After the dance, the song. Some one of the group standing or sitting about, or, quite as likely, in canoeman's fashion, resting on one knee, starts an old chanson, perhaps *Cecilia* or *En roulant ma boule*, and the rest take up the refrain.

But what are these impromptu merry-makings to the *fête* which is held on the national day of Canada or of the United States, and to which invitation is given after mass to all the parish, the poachers who have been detected being especially bidden, that they may know that no bitterness is felt? And they come, young and old, not men alone, but *les créatures* as well, for there will be not only song and dance by special permission of Monsieur le Curé, but fireworks brought all the way from "the States" for this occasion. One shrewd invalid comes in advance of the rest with his little petition, for well he knows that it is an occasion when the sternest Protestant or the most matter-of-fact sceptic cannot refuse a "trente sous" toward the "petite collecte" to help him defray the expenses of a pilgrimage—by steamer—to La Bonne Ste. Anne. As the tobacco is passed, pipes are produced with a unanimity that recalls the passage in Parkman describing the *coureurs des bois* who destroyed Schenectady, everyone of whom had "his inseparable pipe hung at his neck in a leather case." And the dances! Everyone dances as if his character were at stake and time of no value. The unsuspecting Monsieur who joins in one of these complicated contra-dances finds at the end of three-quarters of an hour's effort that there are more exhausting pleasures than a hard portage. Story-telling and singing fill the evening until with the parting song, *Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir*, the guests troop off to the canoes and are safely carried to the mainland across the turbulent Vache Caille eddy.

The Club waters below Alma Island are similar in character of fishing to the Caron. A shady path through the woods leads to the pools on the Petite Décharge, but the easiest way is round by canoe, and then, disembarking at the foot of the Carcajou Rapid, to follow along the rocky shore beneath the high clay bluffs which here border the Petite Décharge on both sides. The way leads alongside the rapid up to the foot of the timber-slide built by the Canadian Government, a substantial trough, six feet wide by four deep, supported on trestles. It looks like an enormous caterpillar following the contour of the hill in sinuous curves for a mile and a half up to the dam at the head of the rapid. When the logs are coming from the boom at the rate of twenty thousand a day, it is a pretty sight to watch them fly down the sharp pitch at the lower end of the slide, strike the water with a thud like a cannon-shot, and go jostling each other down stream. A mass of swirling logs circling round the eddies, racing down the rapids, and spoiling the fishing, is not, however, a pretty sight for the angler.

The Carcajou Pool, so called after some legendary wolverene, is half-way up the rapid, just below a considerable fall. Fishing from the large flat rocks is a pleasant change from the canoe, for one need not be an expert to stand upright even when the waves come knee-deep over them. Sometimes a long cast is made for a fish rising far out, sometimes the fly is dropped perpendicularly from a high rock into a snug corner where the constantly recurring tail shows a winanishe "at home." The fish here are large, as a rule. If you miss them, or whip the pool too much when they are not taking well, they soon get to know the line. Winanishe thus educated will rise in numbers all round your fly, curiously inspect every new one you try, but refuse them all. Then is the time

for leaders of the finest gut, and the delicate hand which can send a tiny cocked-winged "dun" floating down stream as naturally as the real article. Then, too, is the time when the surreptitious small boy, from St. Joseph d'Alma opposite, with a fine fat stone-fly, a plump grasshopper, or a juicy angle-worm, takes that particular "grosse des grosses" for the chance of which you have traded away your turn at the Caron or at the Remou de Monsieur Farine, the local rendering of a Mr. Flower's name. Confirmed poachers can be spiritually disciplined by the Curé, but what is to be done to an urchin who says, "I comprehend not at all; I am deaf and dumb?"

The slide when dry is a convenient roadway to the bridge which crosses to the village. At the post-office the whole stock of letters is exhibited that, besides picking out your own, you, naturally knowing everybody in Canada or the United States, may advise as to the despatch of other people's. A visit to Monsieur le Curé is always a pleasant interlude. "We are only commencing in this parish," says the tall, good-looking young priest, by way of apology for the ladder which leads instead of steps to the platform that runs round the house, and for the absence of the prim flower-beds enclosed by whitewashed cobble-stones which ought to adorn the presbytery garden. His *bottes sauvages*, in odd contrast with cassock and biretta, show that he has just come in from a long tramp to an outlying mission, the only road to which is by canoe and portage. He is a keen angler and has improved the opportunity by catching some *brochets*—the pike (*Esox lucius*)—thus furnishing material as well as spiritual sustenance for the struggling settlement. The interior of the presbytery is severely plain, but the book-shelves show the scholarly tastes, lack of time to cultivate which is his only complaint. After a pleasant chat we take our leave, but not till the Curé has promised to try and get time for a day at the winanishe.

On the way down the road home there are many polite greetings, with lifting of hats and "salut, Messieurs." A peep into the school-house turns the busy hum into a rustle of rosy-cheeked, clean-faced, tidy girls and boys forming into line to salute the Messieurs with courtesies and bows. As the nearest doctor is fifteen miles away and comes only once a month, there is a great run on the medical skill and patience of a kind-hearted guest of the Club. He has to deal not only with the *vertiges* and *douleurs* of patients who come from far and near, but with Néré Tremblay's wife's brother-in-law two parishes off, whose symptoms are described at third hand, with great emotion but rather succinctly, as "a frightful pain all over his body." He becomes unwittingly a worker of "faith cures." After his departure a quinine pill, guaranteed to be from his box, will cure anything from toothache to chronic rheumatism. "Ah! a doctor, sir, that! One of the first! He knows all that! He is better than Panclâre (Painkiller)! It is I, I who speak, who say that," says old Dieudonné Gaudreau, who being ninety years old knows everything. But whatever doubt may rest on the cures none can exist as to the reality and severity of the sufferings of these poor invalids, whose comforts are few and whose exposures and hardships are many.

Another pleasant variation is a visit to the Grande Chute, either by canoe up the Petite Décharge or by road with a tiny maiden in a big sunbonnet to bring back the *quatre roue* from the portage across the head of Alma Island. The most reliable fishing in the Grande Décharge is in the coves and eddies for the first mile and a half below and adjoining the rush of water from the Grande Chute, which comes tearing down from Lake St. John in foaming breakers and seething whirlpools. These are all private waters, and are for the most part controlled by Mr. Griffith, of Quebec, whose lodge, a mile higher up, commands a splendid view of the outlet and of magnificent sunsets. Below the Grande Chute the Grande Décharge, widening out to a breadth of nearly two miles, finds its way through beautifully wooded islands by a net-work of channels. This part of the river is most uncertain as to fishing, as there are few permanent eddies suited to the winanishe, and it is filled with pike. It is, however, very picturesque, and the stillness,

broken only by the murmur of one of the innumerable rapids which look small till the canoe is in them, is a restful change from the turmoil of the Grande Chute. Then, just below Mistook, the only little settlement on the shore opposite Alma Island, come the Cedar Rapids, a sudden plunge of the river over a trap dike extending between a chain of islands from shore to shore; then a swift rush of the water for a couple of miles down to the head of Ile Maligne. Anyone in search of exciting canoeing will find it in this run, which ends in a sharp turn into a cove just above the falls. A two-mile portage, which is simply a scramble over and along the face of huge rocks piled on each other and surmounted by *chevaux de frise* of bushes and fallen timber, has to be made before the rapid is reached which leads to the Caron. On account of the scenery it is worth all the hard work; the *gens de Mistook* fish out with bait any stray winanishe to be found among the rocks.

From the Vache Caille to Chicoutimi is about twenty-eight miles by the river, and in fair weather the descent is a delightful run even if the Gervais Rapid be in such humor that the two miles portage of rocks must be made. A bright sun shines upon us as we leave the point of Alma Island and cross the eddy to a place half a mile or more away, where it is safe to enter the lower end of the Vache Caille Rapid and shoot it. Here and there we halt for a parting cast over pools that have before yielded good fish, and then pass on to the head of the Gervais to reconnoitre, for no one can tell from hour to hour whether this fickle rapid may be run or not. Fortunately it is in an amiable mood, and only twice does it force us to land for a short portage. With such water under the canoe, miles are quickly passed, and presently less turbulent currents carry us where the alert canoemen may rest awhile, and as they gently paddle, the song naturally breaks out:

> "Canot d'écorce qui vole, vole,
> Canot d'écorce qui volerait."

Here one canoe turns back; the other goes on until at La Dalle the Rivière des Aulnets falls in a pretty cascade down the precipitous bank of a little cove. On its farther side we land, for just below is Le Grand Remou, into whose white waters no one willingly enters. We climb the hill to the home of the canoemen, and while the women prepare us a welcome meal the *quatre roue* and the *charrette* are got ready, for over the six-mile portage the canoe and its burden can ride on a good road, beside which farm-houses are frequent. Below us lies the Great Eddy, but the Décharge soon curves away from us, while in the distance on the other bank we see the cascades of the Rivière Au Sable, one of the outlets of Lake Kenogami. When the sound of falling water comes up through the thick forest, we alight and take a descending path through a pretty evergreen wood, and find ourselves again at the water-side where the River Shipshaw enters. "Shipshaw," Joseph explains, "c'est-à-dire, mauvaise rivière; c'est bien difficile d'ascendre."

Chicoutimi is but six miles away now, and we are entering Les Terres Rompues. One rapid only lies before us, and that not a difficult one, although the faithful Joseph points out the place where "un homme, une créature et un enfant sont noyés." Keeping toward the northern bank we presently find the gate in the great boom which bars the river, and let ourselves through and head across for Chicoutimi, which, with her cathedral, and all the pride of "a city that is set on a hill," looks patronizingly down upon her prosperous faubourg of lumber-mills. As we cross, we are leaving behind us, on the opposite bluff, Ste. Anne de Saguenay, her spire and her roofs bright in the low-down sun. A moment's delay to hail a passing canoe and to give a message to its occupant—young, black-eyed, and well-looking, but already counted the most skilful of Décharge canoemen—and our poem in birch-bark passes between lumber-schooners and steam-tugs, and our canoe journey is done.

The rest of the river—if that great cañon full of ebbing and flowing water can be called a river—is known to all who "journey," like Dr. Syntax, "in search of the picturesque," and to many

others who have seen it through Mr. Howells's eyes. While the boat stays at Tadoussac it will be worth while to pass by the life of to-day, whether in the fisherman's cabin or the fashionable villa, to rest for a little in the old church, successor of a still older one, and reflect on the heroism of those Jesuit fathers to whom, whatever we may think of their faith or their aims, we must accord the merit of a self-abnegation which has never been surpassed. And before we turn away from the little altar we may give a thought to Father La Brosse, who, as he had himself foretold, closed a life of saintly devotion while kneeling before it. The legend runs that, tolled by angelic hands, the bells of every mission he had served marked the moment of his passing soul.



"One picturesque outbuilding always catches the eye—the oven."

THE GREATER WORLD.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

When you forget the beauty of the scene
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Make the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentient with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Then say the scene God made is glorious!
Breathe deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusks, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.



I. A. Gontcharof. Count Leo Tolstoy. I. S. Turguénief. D. V. Grigoróvitch. A. V. Druzhínin. A. N. Ostrófsky.

(From a photograph by Levitzky at St. Petersburg, in March, 1856.)

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Eugene Schuyler.

I.

TWENTY years ago there still existed in Moscow the salon of the Prince and Princess Odóiefsky, one of the literary centres of Russia. Other houses there were where literary men assembled in groups and coteries. At Katkof's for instance, on Sunday evenings, one was sure to find the shrewd and caustic Leóntief, Professor Liubímof and his fellow-workers on the *Moscow Gazette* and the *Russian Messenger*, some of the professors in the recently established Lyceum, and occasionally a passing stranger, from either North or South, who sympathized with the Moscow as distinguished from the Petersburg school of literature and politics. Katkof, decided as he was in his political views, was a charming talker on literary subjects, about which he allowed more difference of opinion. He was such a hard worker, especially at night, that Sunday afternoons and evenings were the only times when he was visible, as his *Gazette* was not issued on Monday. His wife, a princess of some small family in the Caucasus, was an agreeable little woman; and the house swarmed with children, with whom—I may speak of myself—I was the best of friends; and I shall never forget my occasional dinners and evenings with the family.

At the house of Aksákof, the journalistic rival of Katkof and the great Slavophile, one used to meet Miliútin, Prince Tcherkásky, and others of his particular clique, as well as his father-in-law, the poet Tiútchef, when he happened to be in Moscow; but the feeble health of Madame Aksákof prevented anything like regular receptions. At Barténief's—the editor



Prince Vladímir Feódorovitch Odóiefsky—1867.

of the *Russian Archives*—a man remarkably well informed on all historical and bibliographical subjects, and in the rooms of some of the professors of the University, one occasionally saw scholars and interesting men. But the salon of Prince Odóiefsky was the great meeting-place.

Prince Vladímir Feódorovitch Odóiefsky was then the sole surviving member of the eldest branch of the descendants of Rurik, and was therefore not only the first noble in Russia, but, genealogically speaking, of higher origin than the Emperor. He had begun his public life as a Chamberlain at Court and in the Ministry of Public Instruction, had become Director of the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg, and Grand Master at the court of the learned and witty Grand Duchess Helen; and had finally retired to Moscow as President of one of the sections of the Senate—which is the Russian Court of Appeals. In a literary way he was one of the few survivors of the Pushkin epoch, and in his youth had written many short tales of a somewhat reflective and ideal cast; some of them, such as "Beethoven's Last Quartet" and "A Fugue of Bach," of great merit. During later years his productions had been fewer, but of much value. He was a many-sided man—a courtier, a lawyer, a musician, a writer, and a scientist. There was hardly a branch of knowledge in which his opinion was not valuable, and his opinion was founded not only on a wonderful acquaintance with books but on reflection as well. In his large library, filled with rare works, there was hardly a volume that was not annotated with his careful pencillings. For a scientific knowledge of music and of musical acoustics he had probably few, if any, superiors in the world, and of late years had given all his spare time to musi-

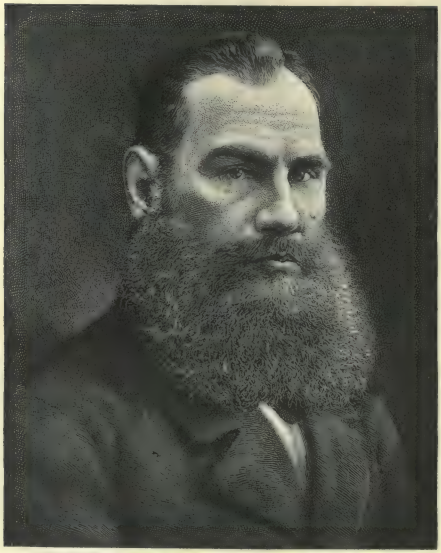
cal experiment, study, and composition. Though the first aristocrat of Russia, he was perhaps the greatest democrat. In his famous and curious cabinet, where all the Russian authors from Pushkin to Count Tolstoy had so often talked, where Glinka and Berlioz and every musician, and, in fact, every distinguished man who had ever been in Russia had sat; where Emperors and Grand Dukes even came, everybody was perfectly equal and perfectly at home. The lowest clerk was treated in exactly the same way as the Cabinet Minister or the Ambassador. There was the same kind reception for all, the same willingness to oblige and serve. The Princess Olga was as charming as her husband, though in a different way. Her brother, Count Lanskóy, as Minister of the Interior, had been the chief man in the movement for the emancipation of the Russian serfs. Her family still keeps up its liberal ideas, and one of her nephews is Mr. Galkin-Vrassky, well known in connection with prison reform in Russia; and whom Mr. Kennan has frequently occasion to mention with praise.

To this hospitable house I was introduced, on my first arrival at Moscow, in the autumn of 1867, by Turguénief the novelist, whose personal acquaintance I had just made at Baden-Baden. I was young in years and still younger in character and temperament; and from the first I was treated not so much like a favored guest as like the spoiled child of the house. I was made to dine there regularly at least once in the week, and was also expected to come to the usual Friday evenings; and the Prince, who had a taste for cooking and had even published a cookery book, used to send for me by messenger whenever he was to try a new dish, or was expecting an interesting guest. He lived in an old house on the Smolénsky Boulevard, which had apparently escaped the fire of 1812, with wings extending in a semi-circle on either side to the street in the old Moscow style; with a great court-yard in front, a large garden behind, where he used to experiment on rare vegetables and plants—for he was as fond of botany as of cookery or of music. Beneath him, on the ground floor, dwelt the well-known bibliophile Soboléfsky,—whose library since his death has been pretty well distributed through Europe and America—who was then an *habitué* of the house. On the regular Friday evenings the ladies usually assembled in one of the two drawing-rooms about the Princess, who made the tea unless some young lady relieved her of that duty; while the men sooner or later dropped off into the cabinet of the Prince for cigars, cigarettes, and talk. When some great singer or musician was present, like Madame Alexandrova, the prima donna of the Russian opera, who used to come when she was free, we adjourned to the big hall lined with books between the salon and the cabinet, where



M. N. Katkof—1868.

there were two pianos, an organ, and a collection of musical instruments. There I met Berlioz and other foreign musicians; and once heard the Russian composer Seróf give us the *bonnes bouches* of one of his new operas. The Prince had invented a little piano-forte with separate keys for the flats and sharps properly tuned like a violin. This was sometimes tried, with the result of spoiling our ears during the rest of the evening for the conventional approximate sounds of an ordinary piano. To tell of all who used to come there would simply be to give a catalogue of Russian society of the best



Count Leo Tolstoy, about 1863.

sort—for all that was good at St. Petersburg occasionally stopped at Moscow, and in that case always went to see the Princess—or to recount all the eminent names in Russian art and literature.

It was here that one evening I met Count Leo Tolstoy, who had of old relations with the Prince, and who was intimate besides with many Moscow ladies, great friends of the Princess, who were in fact at that time furnishing material for his novel of "War and Peace" which he was then slowly writing. I was greatly attracted by him, and at the end of the evening told the Princess that he had asked me to come to see him. She laughingly replied: "It is not worth your while; for you will make nothing out of him, as he is very shy and very wild" (*très-farouche et très-sauvage*).

Somehow I was not deterred by the forbidding remark of the Princess, and the next day went off to see Count Tolstoy, whom I found surrounded by books and papers in a small apartment lent to him by a friend. Far from being a bear he seemed to me to be extremely amiable. Our acquaintance continued until a suddenly proposed journey took me southeastward to Orenburg on the confines of Asia, when he not only gave me letters to various relatives and friends whom I would be likely to meet, but gave me, in addition, a pressing invitation to come to his country-place in the autumn and stay as long as I liked and could put up with his ways.

When the autumn came the invitation was repeated.

II.

Therefore, on Saturday, October 3, 1868, I left Moscow at 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the only available train on the Southern Railway, then lately opened,

and after passing Tula—the Birmingham and Sheffield of Russia—about 120 miles south of Moscow, arrived at the Yásenki Station about 2 o'clock at night. During the journey I was much amused by making the acquaintance of Mr. N. Makárof, the compiler of the best Russian-French dictionary, who, in the Russian simple way, told me all his affairs and the whole story of his life. On a journey Russians become very garrulous, and, while they are as inquisitive as the Scotch, they are frank and confiding about their own affairs—even those of an intimate nature—to a degree that it is difficult for us to imagine. The lovely day in Moscow had ended in a disagreeable storm of rain. The Count's carriage was waiting at Yásenki Station, but it rained so hard and it was so dark that it took us fully an hour and a half to drive the four miles to the house at Yásnaya Polyána. At last we came to a tall stone column and turned up an avenue of trees. A servant was waiting for me at the house, who conducted me through what seemed a labyrinth of passages to my room, where I found a table spread, and was very glad to eat somewhat and warm myself with tea. I was told that very late hours were kept, and that I should not be expected to appear before 11 o'clock, which was the usual time for morning coffee. The room which had been given to me was on the further corner of the ground floor. I had to pass the Count's business-room and study to get to it; but, as I found the next day, I was near a staircase, and could go up to the drawing-rooms and dining-room with ease. In one corner was a glass cupboard filled with holy pictures—images, or *Ikons* as they call them—some in the old and primitive style, evidently painted before the beginning of Dissent, and some richly covered with jewels; besides crosses, rosaries, and relics, so that my curiosity was greatly aroused. I soon ascertained that this was the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, who had taken care of him since his early youth and had since continued to live with him.

At 11 o'clock the next morning I made my appearance in the drawing-room and became acquainted with the various members of the family: the Countess Soféa Andréievna, a charming, tall, slender, and handsome woman of about twenty-four, the daughter of a German physician at Moscow, named Börs, who was at that time the chief military medical officer at Tula; three children—Serge or Seryózhka, a nice handsome boy of five years old; a little girl with bright eyes like her mother, called Tánia, short for Tatiána; and a little boy named Ilya or Ilyúshka (Elijah); and an English governess. The Count wore a gray plaited blouse, confined by a belt, neither exactly a shooting-jacket, nor yet a peasant shirt, which turned out to be his habitual costume in the country. The usual language of the family was English, at all events when the children were present. The children had their coffee and bread and butter with us, after which the Count and I smoked, talked, and played an hour or so duets on the piano, as it was still too rainy to go out. Suddenly the weather cleared as if by magic, and we were able to ride out and look at the estate.

Yásnaya Polyána, which means, literally, an open field or clearing, contains about 3,000 acres the greater part of which had been always under cultivation; but as the land was not rich and seemed poor in comparison with the fertile black soil beginning four miles to the south, and as the recent opening of the railway had reduced the price of grain by bringing it from far better lands, and wages in this region were very high in consequence of the peasants being employed as carters and drivers, Count Tolstoy had begun to give up sowing wheat and rye, and was then planting the whole estate with birch-trees. These he estimated would in the course of twenty years yield a large and steady revenue if carefully cut for firewood on the French plan, and thus he would leave the estate to his children far more productive than he had himself inherited it. The house stood on a little hill at the end of a fine avenue of birch and lime trees: in front were the remains of a magnificent garden, with many ponds and slopes of grass and fine alleys of trees. Behind the courts and stables the woods, fields, and plantations began. The green-house had been burnt down a year or two before, and since then the flower-garden

had been given up. The old manor-house, which had been a very fine building, had become so ruinous that it had been pulled down shortly before, and the family were then living in one of the detached wings. All large Russian houses, both in city and country, were formerly built with two or three detached wings, which were always found useful and convenient in the times when a whole family, with half a dozen servants, would come for a three months' visit.

We came back to a 5 o'clock dinner, after which there was music and general conversation, until between 9 and 10, when we had a light supper, without the children, and then the Count took me to his study, where we talked until 1 or 2.

The other days were passed much in the same way. It is impossible to give the diary of a week so spent, the charm of which lay in the company, the lovely October weather which invited to excursions of all kinds, and in the talk.

Although Tolstoy was then engaged on the last part of "War and Peace," there could have been little writing done at this time. The author's great passion was then, as it always had been, sport. Every morning I found that he had been up by daylight, or even before, no matter at what time he had gone to bed on the previous night, and had gone off into the woods with his gun and dogs in pursuit of game. This was just the season for it; but the heavy rain had for the moment driven off the woodcock, of which there were generally quantities within a short distance of the house in what had been formerly a park. It is to this love of sport that we owe not only the whole story of "The Cossacks," as well as several other of his early tales, but also some of the best pages in "War and Peace" and in "Anna Karénin"—the shooting parties and the military races all of them evidently accounts of what Tolstoy had seen and taken part in. After going out once or twice with him I could see the intense realism of these parts, and for me they now have a special attraction as recalling this visit to Yásnaya Polyána. Having inherited an antipathy to firearms, and never having lived in a region where game was plentiful, or where its pursuit was socially obligatory, as in England, I had never been in the woods with a gun in my hand, and I was persuaded to do so for the first and last time in my life—not that it displeased me, quite the contrary, but somehow the occasion has never come again.

I can never forget my first day out—a day as warm and beautiful as that on which I am now writing on the Riviera. We drove about a dozen miles to an open wood where we expected to shoot hares. There we were joined by Mr. Bíbikof, our nearest neighbor, whom we saw nearly every day. Perhaps it was because Tolstoy had so strong an individuality that I have but little remembrance of Bíbikof, except as a pleasant, hospitable country-gentleman, with a good house and an agreeable family. I but dimly recollect even how he looked. Each party had brought a dog or two, whose duty was to start the hares and drive them along the country-road through the woods, so as to pass us, who sat or stood at considerable intervals in convenient little nooks apparently arranged for the purpose; for there was generally a stump or log so placed as to make a seat and a look-out. My forest excursions had up to that time been solely botanical, and, except for a curious bird or insect, I had looked only at trees, shrubs, and the ground in search of some rare plant, moss, or fungus. It was new to me to sit still and use my ears as well as my eyes; to appreciate the different noises of the wood; to know whether that was a twig or a leaf which fell—for the leaves were just falling, none of them, even maples and oaks, colored so highly as with us; to distinguish between the noises made by the birds; to speculate as to the origin of unknown sounds, and to have one's attention always strained for the patter-patter of the hare. I passed thus what I look back to now as one of the pleasantest half-hours of my life; strained, attent, and exercising what seemed to me to be a new sense; quite alone, yet having friends within call, though I knew not where they were, having been first posted. At last I heard the dogs coming down the road and the unmistakable sound of the hare over the dry leaves. She came out into the little clearing, stopped still, and looked at me with curiosity. I

looked at her with equal wonder, and was so nervous and excited that I quite forgot that I had a gun and had been put there to kill her. When we had each gazed our fill she leisurely walked off. There was another half-hour of waiting, during which I heard occasional shots in various directions. Again a hare appeared and sat in front of me—it was probably the same one come back to see what I was doing then. This time I deliberately aimed and fired, wounding her in a hind leg. I pitied her as she hopped off into the underbrush, and entirely forgot that I had a second barrel of my gun. When we met afterward and compared results, it was found that on the whole I had not done so badly; for there was only one hare killed by the whole party—by one of the Bíbikofs. Tolstoy had seen a hare, but she had escaped while he was cocking his gun. The relation of my adventures sent the sportsmen into roars of laughter; but Tolstoy said something in the evening which showed that he appreciated their poetic side.

On another day we went hare-hunting. Tolstoy and two of the Bíbikofs were mounted, and armed with very long, flexible, but heavy whips, followed by the dogs in leash. The rest of us—that is, the ladies and children of the Bíbikof family, the Countess, Serge, and myself—went in a *linéika*, a long, low Russian vehicle for country use, shaped very much like a prolonged Irish jaunting car, which will hold eight or ten people sitting back to back. When we had come to a sort of moor we were posted on a low hill from which we had a wide view in all directions, and where the servants were to prepare the picnic lunch. The riders, with their respective dogs, which were loosed, started off in different directions. The dogs were trained to drive the hares near the hunters, who, as soon as they came within distance, deftly killed them with one blow of the whip, either strangling them or breaking their backs. It was mad, break-neck riding over the hills, gullies, and blind holes, and the sport was almost as exciting to the onlookers as to the actual participants.

This particular sort of sport is perhaps peculiar to the region; the rest of it might have been enjoyed at almost any country-house in such weather. What had more savor to me were the after-supper talks, often prolonged till late in the night.

III.

One evening during my stay Tolstoy told me much about his early life; but in what I shall say now I do not repeat all that he said or as he said it, and I fill in some details from other sources.

He was born on August 28, September 9, 1828, at Yásnaya Polyána, the youngest of four sons. Of his brothers, Nicholas lived until 1862; he is said to have had a charming character, was a great sporting friend of Turguénief, whose estate was near by, and served for some years in the army of the Caucasus. He told sporting stories very well, and even wrote out some of them, which were published; but, as Turguénief said, "his hands were as callous as those of a workman, and he experienced great physical difficulties in writing." In some ways he might well have stood for the original of Nicholas Levin in "Anna Karénin" even to many of the details. His sister Marie married another Tolstoy. She was, according to Turguénief, "a woman in the highest degree agreeable and sympathetic;" who again writes (in 1856): "Her illness saddens me. If there is a woman on earth who deserves to be happy, it is she. But it is just on such natures that the heavy hand of fate is always laid." Tolstoy's mother died in 1830, when he was not yet two years old, on which the children were taken care of by their aunt, the Countess Osten Sacken, their father's sister. But about the time of the removal of the family to Moscow, in 1837, the father died. Leo, his brother Dimítri, and his sister Marie, were sent back to the country, while Nicholas remained in Moscow with his aunt Osten Sacken and attended the University. Three years later the Countess Osten Sacken died, and the younger children passed into the care of her sister, another aunt, Madame Yúshkof, living at Kazán. She devoted herself to Count Leo and his family for the rest of her long life, and Tolstoy gives an

amusing example of her wishes for his future prosperity in the first chapter of his "Confessions." Dimítri now went to the University at Kazán, distinguishing himself at one time by a religious zeal which made him the laughing-stock of the rest of the family.*

Leo himself began to attend the University in 1843 at the age of fifteen, and passed one year in the course of Eastern Languages, and two years in that of Law. Suddenly, seized with a desire of doing good to his peasants, he left the University and settled on his estate at Yásnaya Polyána. His experiences there, as well as his ideas in going there, are hinted at in his sketch called "The Morning of a Proprietor" (*Utro pomiéstchika*). In 1851 he made to his brother, then serving in the Caucasus, a visit which completely changed the current of his life. Struck with the scenery and the simple ways, influenced perhaps also by other considerations, he desired to remain; and, as the Caucasus was not then a place for civilians, he entered the military service as *Yunker* in the 4th battery of the 20th brigade of artillery. A *Yunker* was at that time something between a soldier and an officer, the rank by which noblemen generally entered the army, which obliged them to do soldier's duty, and yet allowed them to associate on an equality with the officers. He was stationed at Staro-Lidóvskaya on the Térek, where he remained about three years, till the outbreak of the war with Turkey. The new surroundings awakened new expressions of his nature, and Tolstoy began to write. "Childhood" (*Diétstvo*) was finished in 1852, and "Boyhood" (*Otrótchestvo*) in 1854. "The Incursion" (*Nabiég*) and "A Landlord's Morning" (*Utro Pomiéstchika*) were also written in 1852. It is curious to find that at the very beginning were the germs of the three different lines that he has continued and woven together in his latest and best works, and even the germs of his more recent philosophical-religious phase. The foundations were laid for several other short stories, especially "The Cossacks"—and in some cases the projects were committed to paper.

* The account of his early life given by Count Tolstoy in his "Confessions" is interesting; but we must remember that it was written under the influence of a very strong religious emotion.

"I was baptized and brought up in the Orthodox Christian Faith. It was taught to me in my early childhood, and through my whole boyhood and youth. But when, at the age of eighteen, I had passed my second year at the University, I no longer believed anything that I had been taught. Judging from certain recollections I could never have believed seriously, and had only a sort of confidence in what older people had professed in my presence. Even this confidence was very shaky. I remember when I was about eleven years old that a boy, long since dead, Volodínka M——, a pupil of the High School, came to see us one Sunday and told us, as the last news, a discovery that had been made at school. This was that there was no God, and that all that had been taught us on that subject was pure imagination. This was in 1838. I remember how interested my elder brothers got over this news; how they called me into the consultation, and how we all became very animated and received the information as something very interesting and perfectly possible.

"I remember, too, that when my eldest brother Dimítri, while he was at the University, suddenly gave himself up to religion with the peculiar passion of his nature and began to attend all the services, to fast, and to lead a purely moral life, we all, even our elders, constantly held him up to ridicule, and for some reason or other called him Noah. Mussin-Pushkin, who was then Curator of the University of Kazán, when he used to invite us to a dance and my brother refused, laughingly tried to persuade him by saying that David had danced before the ark. I sympathized then with these jests of my elders and concluded from them that it was necessary to learn the catechism and go to church, but that all that should not be taken too seriously. I remember also that I read Voltaire when I was very young, and his ridicule not only did not disturb me, but even amused me. Unbelief came on me just as it had come, and still comes, on persons of all classes of society.

"The religious belief which had been inculcated into me in my childhood disappeared in me as in several others, with this difference only, that as I had begun to read philosophical works at the age of fifteen, my refusal to believe was made with the consciousness of what I was doing. At sixteen I had stopped saying my prayers, and acting on my own convictions refused to go to church or to fast. I did not believe in what had been taught me in childhood, but I believed in something or other.

"Some time I will tell the history of my life, which is both touching and instructive in these ten years of my youth. I think that very many will have the same experience. I desired with all my soul to be good; but I was young, I had passions, and I was alone, quite alone, when I sought for good. Every time that I tried to express what were my most heartfelt wishes, that I wished to be morally good, I met with contempt and ridicule; but whenever I gave myself up to my bad passions I was praised and encouraged.

"Ambition, love of power, love of gain, pleasure, pride, wrath, vengeance—all that was respected; when I gave myself up to these passions I began to be like a man and felt that people were contented with me. My good aunt, a most virtuous woman, with whom I lived, always said to me that she wished nothing for me so much as to come into relations with a married woman: 'rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.' She wished me also another good fortune, that I should become an aide-de-camp, especially an aide-de-camp to the Emperor. But the very highest good luck would be to marry a very rich girl, in consequence of which I should possess the greatest possible number of serfs.

"I cannot remember these years without horror, disgust, and pain of heart. I used to kill people in war; I challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I used to lose money at cards; I ate up the labor of the peasants and punished them; I led an immoral life; gave myself up to systematic deception. Lying, theft, pleasure of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder, . . . there was no crime that I did not commit. For all that my contemporaries praised me and still considered me a comparatively moral man.

"Thus I lived for ten years. During this time I began to write—from vanity, cupidity, and pride. I was the same in my writings as I was in my life. In order to get fame and money, for which I wrote, it was necessary to conceal what was good and show forth what was bad. And so I did. How often did I take great pains in my writings to conceal, under an appearance of indifference, and even of light ridicule, those aspirations of mine to virtue which were really the aim of my life. That end I succeeded in attaining, and I was praised in consequence."

When the Eastern war began, Tolstoy asked for active service, and was assigned to the staff of Prince Michael Gortchakóf, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army on the Danube; and when the scene of action was transferred to the Crimea, he obtained the command of a mountain battery, and had the chance to do good service in the battle of the Tchernáya (August 16, 1855). This battle, which was so disastrous to Russia, was the outcome of a series of blunders, beginning with the demand of Baron Vrefsky, the representative of the Minister of War, for active operations of some kind, and with the forgetfulness of the military topographers to put down on the campaign-map certain gullies and ravines that proved of great importance. The deliberations of the Council of War and the events of the battle were well hit off in a satirical song, which is an excellent illustration of a national trait of Russians, of being able to joke and laugh even in the worst moments, and thus to keep up their spirits. It was very popular in the Crimea, and was soon circulated in manuscript throughout Russia. The voice of the army ascribed the authorship to Tolstoy, but it was naturally impossible to avow it. He was at least one of the authors, for new verses were occasionally added at officers' suppers, when Tolstoy himself sometimes accompanied it on the piano.

During the campaign Tolstoy began "Youth" (*Yúnost*) which was not finished till two years later, wrote another sketch of the Caucasus, "Wood-cutting" (*Rúbka-lyésa*), and the three sketches of Sevastópol. These last drew to the author great attention at home. The first two were read with sympathy at the Palace, and the Emperor Nicholas—who even in the midst of war could think of the intellectual glory of his country—gave orders that "the life of that young man must be looked after." That is the expression which Tolstoy used in speaking of it. As a result—much to his personal annoyance—he was kept out of harm's way; sent, I believe, to Simphepól for the short remainder of the siege.

After peace was made Tolstóy resigned from the army, and went to St. Petersburg, twenty-six years old, and with a great prestige for so young an author. Here he was at once received in a flattering way by the chief literary circle of the capital—Turguénief, Gontcharóf, Grigoróvitch, Druzhínin, and Ostrófsky—and on one occasion they had themselves photographed together.*

Tolstoy at last grew weary of life at St. Petersburg and returned to Yásnaya Polyána. The life of the capital did not agree with his ideal of the objects of existence. He was young, obstinate in his own opinions, and was inclined to deviate from the accepted rules of literary art. But in spite of obstinacy and eccentricity, he was respected and loved by those who met him. As his brothers had died of consumption, and he looked very delicate and was credited with leading a very fast life, fears were entertained for his health; and Turguénief, who was comparatively a near country neighbor, as distances go in Russia, had a general mandate to look after him. Of Russian literary men Turguénief was perhaps his warmest friend, although he was the constant object of his raillery; and in general conversation Tolstoy was sometimes exasperating. Of the results of Turguénief's efforts to keep Tolstoy in order I must speak later.

Tolstoy, while in the country, kept on writing, and showed only to a moderate extent his peculiar ideas. The next year, 1857, he went abroad for the first time. He was delighted with Germany, stayed a long time in France, and went as far as Rome. In Paris he went to see a man guillotined and was greatly

* "Twenty-six years old I arrived at St. Petersburg after the war, and came into relations with authors. They received me in a flattering way like one of their own number. I had not succeeded in taking any situation before the views about life of the writers with whom I became intimate had already taken possession of me, and had completely effaced in me all my previous desires to make myself better. These views made up a theory which quite excused the license of my life. Their substance was in general, that life continues to progress, and that in this development the preponderant part is due to us men of thought, and especially to those of us who are artists and poets. Our vocation was to instruct people. What was our instruction there was no need of inquiring: for it was admitted in theory that artists and poets instructed unconsciously. I considered myself a remarkable artist and poet, and therefore very naturally accepted this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote and taught not knowing what. For that I was paid money. I had excellent eating, lodging, and society; I was famous. Therefore what I taught must be very good. This belief in the importance of poetry and the development of life was a Faith, and I was one of its Priests. Being a Priest was very advantageous and very agreeable, and I lived a long time in this belief without doubting its truth. . . . We were all then convinced that it was necessary for us to speak and write and print as quickly as possible, and as much as possible, and that all that was necessary for the good of humanity."—"Confessions."

impressed. He told me the whole story in such a vivid way that I fully expected he would use it in a novel; and I could not help thinking of it afterward when reading Turguénief's remarkable account of the execution of Troppmann. But so far it has only furnished a sentence or two in the "Confessions."

His journey abroad gave rise to two or three short stories; but he soon ceased writing, to devote himself to educating the serfs on his estate, and in 1860 he made another journey to the West. He married in 1862, and from that time on, and for fully ten years after I knew him, devoted himself to the enjoyment of his family life, and to the pursuit of literature, without, however, neglecting opportunities for well-doing.

The Count said that his family was descended from a Dane named Dick, who, when he came to Russia, translated his name into the corresponding Tolstoy (thick). The tradition, however, which is received by the genealogists, traces the origin of the family to a German named Indris, who came to Tchernígof, in 1353, with his two sons and about 3,000 followers, all of whom immediately accepted the doctrine of the Eastern Church, and Indris was renamed Leontius. It was only in the fourth generation that one Andréi received the surname of Tolstoy, on account of his figure. All of the Tolstoys who are counts, are descended from Count Peter Andréievitch, the well-known diplomatist and statesman of the times of Peter and Catherine I., who distinguished himself disagreeably by the capture of Peter's son Alexis at Naples. For his services he was made count in 1724, the fourth time that this title had been given. Therefore the present Minister of the Interior, Count Dimítri Andréievitch, and the late Count Alexis Constantínovitch, the poet and author of "Prince Serébryanny," are both distant cousins of Count Leo; but it is necessary to go back to the son or grandson of the first count to find a common ancestor. Many of the family, both counts and untitled, have distinguished themselves in war, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in literature, in the arts, and at Court. Each of the three Emperors Alexander has had for intimate friend a Count Tolstoy. A cousin of the novelist's grandfather, Count Peter Alexándrovitch, served with distinction under Suvárof, gaining the grade of colonel and the cross of St. George at the storm of Praga, was Russian Commissioner with the army of the Archduke Karl, commander of the Russian army in northern Germany in 1805, and ambassador in Paris in 1807 and 1808, when his recall was asked by Napoleon because he frequented the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. In 1812 he commanded the militia at Moscow and organized the national defence; in 1813 he commanded a corps in Benningsen's army in the operations against Dresden and Hamburg; in 1823 he was made a member of the Council of State as President of the Military Section, and in 1831 commanded the reserve army against the rebellious Poles. He is described by Dolgorúky, who is not given to compliment, as "a man of pre-eminent nobility of soul, of unwavering constancy, of exemplary unselfishness, who ardently loved his country, was faithful in friendship, honorable without the shadow of a change, respected by everyone, and, who during the whole seventy-five years of his life was a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*" In fact he was a worthy prototype of the old Prince Nicholas Bolkónsky, the father of Prince Andrei in "War and Peace."

Count Osterman-Tolstoy might have served as the original of one incident in Byron's "Don Juan," in having been the handsome young lieutenant who brought to Catherine II. the news of the fall of Ismail. He speedily advanced at Court, inherited the immense fortune of his great-uncles Counts Ivan and Feodor Osterman, and was allowed to add this name to his own. Though in disfavor under the Emperors Paul and Alexander I., he nevertheless took an active part in the war of 1812, and won the battle of Kulm (so far as is permitted even to a Tolstoy to win a battle), by which the tide was first turned against Napoleon. Later he lived abroad, took Fallmerayer on a three years' journey in the East, and died at Geneva in 1837.

The novelist's father, Nikolas Ilitch, had no higher rank than Lieutenant-Colonel: but his uncle, Feodor Andréievitch, the Senator and Privy Coun-

cillor, who died in 1849, at the age of ninety-one, was a noted bibliophile, whose splendid collection of Slavonic manuscripts is now in the Public Library at St. Petersburg; and his cousin, Count Feodor Petróvitch, was a sculptor and medallist of merit, and died in 1873 as Vice-President and Professor in the Academy of the Fine Arts.

The mother of the novelist was the Princess Marie Volkónsky, daughter of a general of Catherine's time, and a direct descendant of St. Michael, Prince of Tchernigof, who was martyred by the Mongols in 1246 for refusing to perform an act of heathen worship, and was subsequently canonized by the Russian Church. Thus on his mother's side, and also in other ways, Count Leo Tolstoy is a descendant of Rurik. Among his other direct ancestors we find members of the princely houses of Trubetzkóy Gortchakof, Stchetínin and Trockúrof, without mentioning countless relationships and connections with most of the noble families of Russia.

I have dwelt thus at length on the family of the Tolstoys, partly perhaps because I have a personal leaning to genealogy, but chiefly because Tolstoy is the rare exception in Russian literature of a novelist who really forms part of the society he has undertaken to describe, and because of the contrast of his family history with his present religious and social opinions. Such contrasts are not rare in Russia.

IV.

As we spent the evenings and part of the mornings in the Count's study, which was full of books, the talk very naturally ran on literature. At intervals I helped him to rearrange his library, a good portion of which consisted of old French books which had descended to him from his father or grandfather; but which contained also the best imaginative literature of England, France, Germany, and Italy, not to speak of Russian books and an enviable collection of works about Napoleon and his times which were in use for "War and Peace." Of these latter, some rare books I was able afterward to obtain; others I still envy him. Unfortunately I have mislaid most of my notes with regard to our literary conversations. Certain things, however, made a strong impression upon me.

Tolstoy had a very high opinion of the English novel, not only as a work of art but especially for its naturalism—a word not then in vogue. "In French literature," he said, "I prize, above all, the novels of Alexander Dumas and of Paul de Kock." At this I opened my eyes wide, being at that time strongly imbued with the ideas of the school then prevalent. "No," he said, "don't tell me any of that nonsense that Paul de Kock is immoral. He is, sometimes, according to English notions, improper. He is more or less what the French call *leste* and *Gaulois;* but he is never immoral. Whatever he may say in his books, and in despite of his little loose jokes, his stories are perfectly moral in tendency. He is the French Dickens. His characters are all drawn from life, and very perfectly too. When I was in Paris I used to spend half my days in the omnibuses, simply for the amusement of looking at the people; and I can assure you that nearly every passenger had come out of one of Paul de Kock's novels. And as to Dumas, every novel-writer ought to know him by heart. His plots are marvellous, to say nothing of his workmanship: I can read him again and again; but his plots and intrigues form his strong point." For Balzac he did not care so much. Among other writers I can now only recall Schopenhauer, for whom at that time he had a great admiration, and whose German style he particularly praised.

We talked of contemporary Russian authors, and the conversation naturally fell upon his own books, of which he spoke with great frankness. "War and Peace," which was then in publication, afforded the subject for a long talk; but of this I can only give the result, and not in so many words what he said.

"War and Peace" was originally published in six parts, beginning in 1865, and not as usual in Katkof's *Russian Messenger*. Four numbers had then been issued, had had a very great sale, and had been read by everybody. These carried the story down to the

battle of Borodino. The final portions did not appear for a year or so afterward. There had been, of course, some hostile criticism, to which Tolstoy replied in Bartónief's historical journal, *Russian Archives*, at about this time, and much in the same way that he talked about the book to me.

It may be remarked here that before writing "War and Peace," Tolstoy began a novel to be called "The Decembrists" (*Dekabrísty*), on the theme of the attempted revolution of December ½¼, 1825 (on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas), in which so many well-born Russians, including several of his own relatives and family connections, had taken part. At this time, before the rise of destructive Nihilism, owing in part to the return of several of the participators, who had been pardoned by the Emperor Alexander after a sojourn of over forty years in Siberia, the history of this conspiracy greatly occupied the Russian public. But "in trying to bring to life again in his own mind the period of the Decembrists, he could not help going back in thought to the preceding period—the past of his heroes. Gradually he penetrated deeper and deeper into the causes of the events that he wished to describe—into the family history, the education, the social conditions of the characters he had chosen. Finally he stopped at the time of the Napoleonic wars," and wrote what we all know.

The idea of "The Decembrists" was not lost sight of, and the reader who remembers among the later chapters of "War and Peace" those that describe the home life of Pierre and Natásha will see, if he be acquainted with Russian history, how skilfully the ground is prepared for another epical romance of a similar character. *Diis aliter visum.* Twice before 1878 the project was taken up, and the opening chapters were rewritten, but it was then abandoned. In the first draught Pierre and his family appear in Moscow on their return after their long exile in Siberia.

"'War and Peace,'" said Tolstoy, "is not a novel, still less a poem, still less an historical chronicle. It is not presumption on my part if I keep clear of customary forms. The history of Russian literature from Pushkin down presents many similar examples. From the "Dead Souls" of Gógol to the "Dead House" of Dostoiéfsky there is not a single artistic prose work, of more than average merit, which keeps entirely to the usual form of a novel or a poem.

"Some of my readers have said that the character of the times is not sufficiently shown. I know what they mean—the horrors of serfdom, the walling up of wives, the flogging of grown-up sons, the Saltytchikha, as she is commonly called (that Madame Saltykóf who, in the time of Catherine II., in the course of eleven or twelve years had over a hundred of her serfs whipped to death, chiefly women and girls for not washing her linen properly), and things like that. The fact is that I did not find all this a true expression of the character of the times. After studying no end of letters, journals, and traditions I did not find such horrors worse than in our own times or any other. In those times people also loved, hated, sought the truth, tried to do good, and were led away by their passions. There was also then a complicated, thoughtful, moral life, perhaps even more refined than now, in the highest class. Our traditions of that epoch are drawn from the exceptions. The character of that time comes from the greater separation of the highest class from the rest, the ruling philosophy, the peculiarities of education, and especially the habit of talking French; and it is that character which I tried, as far as I could, to portray.

"You spoke of the similarity of some of the names, such as Bolkónsky, Drubetzkóy, Bilíbin, Kurágin, etc., with well-known Russian names. Yes, that I did purposely. In making imaginary personages act with real historical characters, there seemed to me to be something awkward for the ear if Count Rostóptchin talked with a Prince Pronsky, or Strelsky, or some other made-up name. Although Bolkónsky and Drubetzkóy are not Volkónsky and Trubetzkóy, yet they have a sound which is natural and customary in Russian aristocratic circles. I couldn't invent names for everybody, like Bezútchy and Rostóf, which did not seem false to the ear, and I tried to get around the difficulty by taking the names of well-known families

with the change of a letter or a syllable. I should be sorry if this should lead people to think that I wanted to represent particular persons, especially because that sort of literature which consists in the description of persons who really exist or have existed has nothing in common with my purpose. Maria Dmítrievna Akhrosímof *le terrible dragon* (Madame Ofrosímof) and Denísof (the celebrated guerilla leader Denis-Davýdof) are the only characters to which involuntarily and without thinking I gave names resembling those of two characteristic and charming personages of the society of that time. That is my fault, caused by the special characteristics of these two persons; but the reader must admit that there is nothing resembling the truth in their actions. All the other characters are entirely imaginary, and even for myself have no original either in tradition or in actual life."

In spite of this declaration the Count's family friends insist that in the Princess Marie Bolkónsky he drew an ideal portrait of his own mother; but it is possible that the similarity of the name (Princess Marie Volkónsky) may have deceived their imaginations into seeing a likeness of character. The faithful picture of the times is due to a study of memoirs, old letters, and personal accounts, quite as conscientious as that given by any historian to his material. There were still living in Moscow many old people whose early recollections went back to the burning of Moscow, and Tolstoy himself must in his younger days have known many who had taken at least a minor part in the events which form the groundwork of his story. The Princess Odóievsky told me that some ladies, and especially a Miss P., a distant connection of Tolstoy, and a common friend of us all, had been very serviceable in getting at the old people of Moscow, and in writing out their stories and anecdotes. In fact, society had changed so little in Moscow and the country, up to the time of the Crimean war, that had Tolstoy described only what he had himself seen, his picture would have been true externally of the earlier period; but it would have lacked the breath of life, the spirit which animated the men of 1812.

The indication of sources detracts no more from the merits of the novelist than from those of the historian. At times it is easy to see what influences were at work in "War and Peace." The history and influence of freemasonry in Russia was just at that time a new subject for research, as the barriers against historical study and criticism were being gradually relaxed. The reading, by the author, of a series of articles in the *Russian Messenger*, on freemasonry in the time of Catherine, and the book of Lónginof on Nóvikof, made Pierre become a mason, and further guides were found in the large collection of masonic books, emblems, and rubbish, in the public museum at Moscow, which contains most of the archives and property of the Russian masonic lodges when they were closed and seized.

One incident in the latter part of the story, the indecision of the Countess Helen, Pierre's wife, as to her choice of a new husband, is founded on an occurrence at St. Petersburg while the story was in progress. A certain Madame A., although she was not yet divorced from her husband, was eagerly courted by two suitors, the old Chancellor, Prince Gortchakóf, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg the Emperor's nephew. The Emperor forbade both the rivals to marry, one because of the relationship, the other on account of his age and family. The issue of the story was different. The lady lived for a while with Prince Gortchakóf as his niece, and in that capacity presided at his diplomatic dinners; subsequently she ran away with the Duke, and years after, in 1879, married him morganatically, with the title of Countess Beauharnais.

The Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, in his interesting and appreciative book "Le Roman Russe," seems to imply that Tolstoy's battle descriptions are imitated from the celebrated account of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," the idea of which, Sainte-Beuve in turn says, "was taken from an English book, "The Memoirs of a Soldier" of the 71st Regiment, who took part in the battle of Vittoria without understanding anything about it; much as Fabrice took part in that of Waterloo, asking himself afterward if he really had

been in a battle and had really fought." The "Chartreuse de Parme," with all its merits, is a signal example of how an historical novel should *not* be written. Tolstoy made imaginary take part with real characters in historical events. Stendhal does the same partially at Waterloo and in Milan; but after that all is fictitious, and worst of all, real names are given to purely imaginary places. The Parma of the novel is in no way, either historically or topographically, like the real Parma, however much it may be like Modena.

In speaking not of this, but of his treatment of history in general, Tolstoy said that the historian and the artist in describing an historical epoch have totally different aims and treat of different subjects. "An historian would not be right if he tried to present an historical personage in all his entirety, in all his complicated relations to all sides of life. Neither would an artist do his duty if he always gave him his historical signification. Kutúzof was not always riding on a white horse, with his field-glass in his hand, pointing at the enemy. Rostóptchin was not always with a torch setting fire to his house at Vorónovo (in fact he never did this at all), and the Empress Maria Feódorovna did not always stand in an ermine cloak resting her hand on the "Code of Laws." But this is the way in which the popular imagination pictures them. The historian deals with heroes; the artist with men. The historian treats of the results of events; the artist of the facts connected with the event.

"Battles are, of course, nearly always described in a contradictory way by the two sides; but besides this, there is in every description of a battle a certain amount of falsehood which is indispensable on account of the necessity of describing in a few words the actions of thousands of people, distributed over a space of several miles, all under the strongest moral excitement, under the influence of fear of disgrace or death.

"Descriptions of battles generally say that such troops were sent to attack such a point, and were afterward ordered to retreat, etc., as if people supposed that the same discipline which on a parade ground moves tens of thousands of men by the will of one, could have the same effect where it is a question of life or death. Everyone who has been in a war knows how untrue this is, and yet on this supposition military reports are made out, and on them descriptions of battles are written.

"By the way, a friend told me what was said by Nikolái Nikoláievitch Muravióf-Kársky about my description of Schöngraben, which confirms my conviction. Muravióf, who had been himself a commander-in-chief, said that he had never read a truer account of a fight, and from his own experience he knew how impossible it was to carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief on the field of battle.

"Go about all the troops immediately after an engagement, or even on the second or third day, before the official reports are written, and question all the soldiers and the higher and lower officers how things went: all these people will tell you what they really felt and saw, and you will receive an impression which is grand, complicated, immensely varied, and solemn, but by no means clear; you will learn from no one, still less from the commander-in-chief, exactly how the whole took place. But in two or three days official reports begin to come in, talkers begin to describe what they never saw, finally the whole report is made up, and this creates a sort of public opinion in the army. It is so much easier to settle all one's doubts and questions by this false, but always clear and flattering account. If in a month or two you question a man who took part in the battle, you will no longer feel in his story that raw, living material that was there before, for he will tell it according to the official report. The details of the battle of Borodinó were told to me by many shrewd men who took part in it and are still alive. They all told the same story, all according to the untrue accounts of Mikailófsky-Danilófsky, Glinka, etc., and even related the same details in the same way, though they must have been miles off from one another.

"After the loss of Sevastópol, General Kryzhanófsky, the chief of artillery sent me the reports of the artillery officers from all the bastions and asked me to combine these twenty or more reports

into one. I am very sorry that I did not take copies of those reports. It was an excellent example of the naïve, indispensable, military lie out of which descriptions are made. I presume that many of my comrades, who then made those reports, would laugh at the recollection of their being ordered by their superiors to write about what they never saw. All who have experienced a war know how fit Russians are to do their military duty, and how unfit they are to describe it with the indispensable, bragging lie. Everybody knows that in our armies this duty, the compilation of reports, is generally performed by our officers of non-Russian race.

"But besides the necessary falsehood in the description of events, I find a false way of understanding events. Often when studying the two chief historical productions on this epoch, Thiers and Mikailófsky-Daniléfsky, I am astonished how such books could be printed or read. Without speaking of the exposition of the same events in the same serious, important tone, with references to authorities, and yet diametrically opposed to each other, I have found in these histories descriptions of a sort that I did not know whether to laugh or to cry over them, when I remembered that these books are the sole memorials of the epoch and have millions of readers. I'll give a single instance from Thiers, who, in speaking of the forged Russian bank-notes brought by Napoleon says: 'Using these means in an act of benevolence *worthy of himself and of the French army*, he distributed assistance to the sufferers by the conflagration. But provisions being too precious to be given for long to strangers, for the most part enemies, Napoleon preferred to furnish them with money, and had paper rubles distributed to them.' If Thiers had fully understood what he was saying, could he have written in such a way of such an immoral act?"

This led to a long discussion of the French occupation, and of the burning of Moscow, which Tolstoy maintained in even stronger terms than those he afterward employed in his novel, was solely due to accident. He showed me the large library of books and authorities that he had collected for his studies, and pointed out to me some interesting memoirs and pamphlets which are rare and little known. Of Rostóptchin he spoke with great contempt. Rostóptchin always denied that he had had a hand in the burning of Moscow until he found out that, to excuse themselves, the French had attributed it to him, and that in his visit to France after the restoration this was thought a glorious deed of patriotism. He at first accepted it modestly, and then boldly boasted of it. The legend has been kept alive, partly by the chauvinism of French historians and partly by the influence of the Ségurs (one of whom married his daughter) and their numerous relatives and literary following.

Count Tolstoy insisted on his accuracy, and especially on his conscientiousness in historical matters and said: "Wherever historical characters act and speak in my novel, I have imagined nothing, and have conformed myself strictly to historical materials and the accounts of witnesses." From this the conversation branched off to the activity and effect of historical characters on events, all of which was afterward said so fully in the epilogue of "War and Peace" that there is no need to repeat it here.

In his early stories Tolstoy had already so succeeded in combining vivid realistic descriptions of places and persons with the moral and metaphysical reflections and reasonings of the characters that it was natural for the reader to say: "This is a real personage;" "That is a genuine experience;" "The author must have passed through that phase in order to portray it so well." Tolstoy laughingly, but in all seriousness, denied that there was the slightest autobiographical character in the three sketches, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," which in the translations lately made have been given the names of "Souvenirs" and "Mes Mémoires." Indeed, neither do the incidents of the book correspond to the facts of Tolstoy's life, nor does the moral and mental development of Irténief conform to what Tolstoy has told about himself in his "Confessions." Now that Tolstoy has become a figure in the religious world, his novels and tales have been carefully studied by many who seek in them something more than their

artistic merits; and wherever there are traces of the ideas about life and its objects, which have been so greatly developed in his mystical writings, they choose to consider these portions as autobiographical. Thus Tolstoy is found to be present in "The Cossacks," in "War and Peace," and in "Anna Karénin" in the respective characters of Olénin, Pierre, and Levin. It would be strange if he were not to some extent there present, as he invented them. But between putting a little part and parcel of the author's self not only into these, but into every character he drew, and autobiography, there is a great difference. This constant tendency to see the personality of the author in his heroes, whether the author in question be Byron or Tolstoy, seems to me to be a perversion of fact and a perversion of criticism. In "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" there are pictures of Russian family life so carefully drawn and so well colored that their truth is recognized at once by every Russian of that class in society, and by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to be intimate with Russian families where there are a lot of children. On reading the book again, after twenty years, certain things strike me now as peculiarities of Russian life which were then so natural as to pass unnoticed. For instance, Nicolai Irténief stealing off in a sledge to make his second confession at the age of fifteen, and saying that this was the first time that he had ever been in the street alone without his tutor or some one of the family. The pedagogue (παιδαγωγός) to sleep in his room, to take him to and from school, and follow his every movement, is so usual a character in the life of every well brought up Russian boy (as indeed in the life of some other European countries) that a foreigner—even an American—as soon as he becomes intimate with Russian life, forgets the strangeness of him. In the characters of this book Tolstoy, with the aid of his own recollections and his lively imagination, simply tried to put himself into the place of the boys, with the ideas that he thought he might have had at the time. The boy who approaches nearest to Tolstoy's character is not Irténief but Prince Nekhliúdof, who reappears with some of the author's peculiar views in some of the stories of the Caucasus, in "A Landlord's Morning," and in "Lucerne." While writing the other books just mentioned the author was grappling with some of the great problems of human life, and he made Olénin, Pierre, and Levin do some of his thinking for him, without intending to give them any portion of his individuality. At the time of my visit, for instance, Tolstoy was still occupied with his studies in freemasonry, and was diligently reading the mystical writings of Nóvikof and others for the sole purpose of understanding the psychological history of the early part of the century, and not with any intention of seeking the highest benefits of humanity through such means. He was simply reading up—cramming if you will—for the character of Pierre; and Pierre's dabblings with freemasonry must not therefore be thought to represent any experience or mental process of Count Tolstoy.

"The Cossacks," Tolstoy assured me, was a true story so far as the plot is concerned, and was told to him by an officer one night when they were travelling together, not even in the Caucasus but in the north of Russia. What he had written was, however, only the first part, and he then still hoped some day to write the rest. Perhaps on the whole it is best as it is; as, though a fragment, it is perfect in its way—an idyll and not a complete story. I told the Count of my first acquaintance with Turguénief at Baden-Baden the year before, and that he had advised me, if I wished to do anything more, to translate "The Cossacks," which he considered the finest and most perfect product of Russian Literature. I asked Tolstoy's permission to translate it, which was readily given, but I tried my hand first on one of the sketches of Sevastópol, and, although I began at "The Cossacks," changes of post and varied duties prevented my finishing the translation for fully ten years.

(To be concluded in the June number.)

JEANNE.

By John Elliott Curran.

VI.



THERE lived in New York an uncle of Reuben's, whom he had not seen in years—least of all since he had come to the city to live. Occasionally the lad saw his name in the newspapers: as when they said that Colonel Grislee Ballard was present among the more prominent guests at Mrs. Vanderheyden's rout; or that Colonel Ballard graced with his presence the Plutarchs' Ball, and so forth; adding lustre in the world's eye to whatsoever name his own was coupled with.

Reuben, however, knew far more of his uncle than the world that read the newspapers did. First of all, the colonel had been prejudiced against Starkweather who married his sister. Starkweather was a sterling sort of man and keen, but too hard; there was no soft spot about him. It was a queer thing for Ballard not to like him because he hadn't a soft spot; for no severer man walked the earth than Ballard himself. But he considered that grace should go with severity; and Starkweather did not have that. As for his sister, he had always been affectionate with her and she never had any doubts of Grislee's loyalty to herself, and always understood him when he was distant toward her family.

He had so little to do with them that all the nieces and nephews had grown up, if not total strangers to their uncle, at least not in communication with him. Starkweather had remained in trade, an occupation which the colonel was forever swearing at; and besides that, he had lost all his wife's money for her, which settled the soldier into a lasting enmity.

The West Pointer himself had never married, and now when he was retired and gray and abiding in lodgings, he was more growling and severe and fierce-eyed than ever. His own money had grown on his hands and he had more than he wanted. But he was at odds with the world, with a trading civilization, and was scolding everywhere under his breath at what he considered a want of manliness in these times.

This savage old tiger Reuben planned to visit in his cage. He was almost certain of being eaten up. For himself he had no wish to see him. If the old man had spoken to him first, he should have been scarcely civil in return. But there was a particular reason why Reuben meditated to see him; and the prospect of a rebuff only stirred up in the youth defiance to the old gentleman's rage. Reuben was aware that Uncle Grislee was concerned in the ownership of the Colosseum; and Jeanne was lacking a place in the ballet corps. There was not much connection between the two facts; he was old enough to know that.

But Jeanne had done something for him, and by George! if there was anything he could try for her—soft, sweet little figure of a Jeanne—who was there that could refrain? If the old man wanted to be rough to him, he could; he didn't care a snap of his finger for him, except to use him for Jeanne.

It was a night in early October when Reuben paid his respects, too early in the season for Colonel G. Ballard to be inundated with invitations to dine out; so, when he rang the bell of the suite of apartments and a valet answered the ring, and Reuben inquired if his relative was in, he was shown into a reception-room, and the valet, retiring with Reuben's hand-written card, said he would see. It appeared the colonel was in, and the visitor was summoned to his presence. A handsome lamp burned on the table, and by it the robust looking figure of the old soldier was half sprawled out, with an open book lying at arm's length on his knee, and the other hand holding the card whose handwriting he was studying. He rose as the young man entered, and drew himself up to his

height of over six feet, his head well back on his shoulders. His iron gray hair, scant on the top of his head, grew thickly in short wavy lines elsewhere; and his mustache surmounted a chin that was so strong that it and the jaws too looked better for being shaven.

"Good evening, sir," said Reuben.

"Good evening, Starkweather," replied the colonel, not offering his hand, but with his keen eyes fastened on his nephew.

The uncle was too polite to cast even a glance at the young man's dress, but the eyes that were fixed in a study on his face took in also the fact that Reuben had on well-worn cheap clothes, and coarse-wrinkled heavy shoes; a very plain attire. But he took less notice of that than he did of the boy's face—his broad brow, full, honest-looking nose, his strong jaw and chin (as strong as his own) and the mild blue eyes and light, tawny hair that waved across his forehead and sprouted on his upper lip.

"Damn the eyes!" thought the colonel; "they have the color of the father's;"—they would have been perfect, having the expression of his mother's, if it were not for that. Reuben stood erect, conscious of the doubtful errand he had come on, and prepared for anything, with a half reckless, half determined look on his face. He was shorter than his uncle by several inches, and did not stand quite so stiffly erect; but he was well-built and somewhat brown still, from his country life, and looked hearty.

The uncle spent more time than it is customary to spend in gazing at an unexpected visitor, and finally said, "Well, sir."

"I called to see you a few minutes," said Reuben.

"Sit down," said his uncle, more affably, motioning him to a chair. He returned to his own seat and examining the card, said: "So you are Reuben, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

The old gentleman did not seem very much pleased at seeing the boy. But that was what Reuben had expected. Still, it was uphill work. He saw no way of leading up to his subject. He must come out with it all at once; and there was the veteran, sitting gray-haired and severe with his hardily-built face upon him, as if every lineament was set for a reprimand. Even the luxuriousness of the apartment abashed him. It seemed to remove the colonel even further from a ballet-girl's interests.

"Well, sir?" said the uncle, finally, with severity in his tone, "what can I do for you?"

That settled it. His uncle did not want to know him; if he had any business he was to discharge it and get out. It brought him to the point at once.

"My business is to ask a favor of you."

The colonel offered no encouragement. The Starkweather blood, as represented in Reuben, roiled him.

"It is for a friend of mine."

"Who is your friend?"

"A young woman who used to dance at the Colosseum, until she was dismissed."

Reuben was silent and the colonel was silent. By and by his uncle said: "How long have you been in town?"

"About eight months, sir."

"It seems to me," replied the colonel, slowly, "that you are getting into that sort of thing rather early."

Reuben had bitten off the butt end of a match and was chewing it. He ground it now in his teeth.

"That may be, sir," he said, bound to be respectful, and disdaining to try to set matters in even the least favorable light.

The colonel regarded him sternly, but the young fellow said nothing. At last his uncle asked, "Where are you working?"

"At Robinson, Wareham & Co.'s."

"Who got you that place?"

"I asked them," replied Reuben; "they used to know my father."

"Damn your father," thought the colonel, "and Robinson, Wareham & Co. for knowing him;" but all he said was "humph!" and the spleen in him rose higher against his nephew's Starkweather blood.

"What do you get there?" he asked.

Reuben mentioned some small sum.

"And you can afford to know ballet-girls on that income?"

"No, sir, I can't. I don't know more than one."

The colonel was too delicate to pry into the way his nephew came to know that one; and finally Reuben volunteered, "She supports herself. She won't take anything from me."

The old gentleman pursed his lips at this startling news. Then, perceiving a cloud in the sky, over his nephew, he said: "Reuben, don't marry that kind of a woman. They are all bad enough. But don't make it worse than it need be."

There was some shade of interest in his tone, and Reuben was mollified enough to say: "She won't marry me; I have asked her."

"What did she say?"

"She slapped my face—for one thing."

The firm old face smiled. Then the old man said, philosophically, with his eyes on the ceiling: "Of course, she is flying at higher game; a twelve-dollar-a-week man is a small attraction to a ballet-girl."

Reuben colored, but remonstrated, "I don't think it was that, sir."

The veteran was evidently incredulous, yet he did not press Reuben; but the lad went on, "I think it was partly out of regard for my interests."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the soldier; "don't be a fool, my boy."

"I don't think I am," answered Reuben, firing; "she thought enough of me to come out and nurse Aunt Lucinda when she was sick, so that I could keep my place down town; and that was the way she lost hers."

The old man's eyes opened wide. "Did Lucinda let her in?" he asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"I did."

"That was hard usage of the old lady, Reuben. You might have omitted that."

"What was I to do, sir? She appeared there, and somebody had to be nurse, and I couldn't stay and turn in money from the city, too."

"All those Elmwood people," said his uncle, sweeping his hand before him.

"I can't help it; I couldn't send her away." Then he lowered his voice and said, "Aunt Lucinda liked her before she got through."

The colonel ruminated. At last he said: "Well, Reuben, who is this singular girl?"

"Prévost is her name—Jeanne Prévost;" and here a slumbering ugliness that had been developing under this conversation came to the top, and he said: "I suppose we have talked enough about her now." He arose. "You are a part owner of the Colosseum and I came here to ask you to get her back into her place again." He spoke rather decidedly, and the colonel flared up.

"Did that hussy send you here?" he said, quickly, the color mounting to his temples, "to get me to intercede for her with a dancing-master?"

"No names, please," said Reuben, eying his uncle.

His uncle eyed him in return.

"She is a very gentle woman," said the boy, after a pause; "you might have known that from what I have told you. I came of my own accord. She doesn't know anything about it."

His thoughts reverted to the soft little Jeanne; and as she, such a weak little thing in the world with her own fight to make, stood in contrast to this grizzly man, who was powerful with all sorts of social stays, he hated him, and he could almost have wept for Jeanne in his anger.

"Did you think," said his uncle, sternly, "that I would do anything for you?"

"No, I did not. I only came because I thought it wasn't right by Jeanne, after what she had done, to leave anything undone for her that I could think of. It hasn't been agreeable to me—the way you have spoken, sir. But I have made out to stay through. I am not sorry I came. But I am glad to go."

He stood before his uncle, with his broad, honest, unabashed face; there was quietude on it, but it was alight, too, with something a little more volatile than resolution.

His uncle gazed back at him; and Reuben bade him good-evening.

The colonel set himself down in his chair, meditating; and said aloud once, "It took a good deal of bravery—um" (correcting himself) "bravado, to come and do that." Perhaps it suited the colonel's military notions, to see a man lead a forlorn hope anywhere, with brute

resignation to defeat, and yet doing his best.

Some days after that, after the opera season had begun, running across Carlo at Colombo's, he stopped him and asked him what he had such an infernally ugly ballet for this year; why didn't he have last year's girls?

"*Ma foi!*" returned Carlo, spreading out his hands; "but I have, mostly."

"Well, you had better altogether," remarked Ballard, and marched on.

A few days after, Jeanne, to her surprise, received a note from some underling in the management of the Colosseum, asking why she did not present herself. But Jeanne only pouted and sulked, neither answering nor going; she did not like this being put down and taken up. But, ah! dreams came to Jeanne, as she slept, of rounds and rounds on the stage; and had their influence on her in her waking moments. And one day, a fortnight at least after the note came, her feet drew near the old resort, leading her there, as it were, with her face averted, while she said "No, no." Her feet finally dragged her across the Colosseum's threshold, and up the stairs, to the stage—to the side of it. A rehearsal of the ballet was going on. Jeanne's heart began to dance, while her feet stood still. During a pause, by some fatality, Miss Watkins, of last year's force, stepped over to her as white as a ghost, and asked her to take her place, as she was ill. In a few moments Jeanne was in the proper foot apparel and stepped once more upon the Colosseum stage. Signor Carlo noticed her and bowed with apparent pleasure in his face. The fact was, that he had regretted the manifest pain that he had given to old, enfeebled Henri that day at Borghilloni's, and was glad to see the daughter back again; for Carlo was only irascible, not small.

VII.

Rigid discipline had been a characteristic of the Starkweather family government; and as the family had been poor since Reuben had become old enough to work, his notion of life was little more than one of total disregard of everything but the scratching up of a living. Sentiment had no place with him. But Jeanne was stirring it into life—though not intentionally. She had enjoined him to be faithful at the store; and therein her words contradicted her other influence; for the store was drudgery to Reuben and he felt rebellious toward it—especially now that his aunt was dead and there was no one dependent on him. For one thing, he did not like all his masters. Mr. Wareham was decidedly uncongenial; a dry, bony man, devoid of sympathy, who often behaved rudely to persons who were of no use to him; and though Reuben was only salesentry clerk, he had really looked down on Mr. Wareham more than once. He did not like the trade-world very much, any way; and recurred to the earlier days, when, in spite of his work for his father, he used to have many a day on the water, off the Saybrook front. Summer afternoons, in the gloom of the rear office, poring over his salesbook, he longed—how he did long!—for the salt spray. But a look out of window only gave him a sight of a high brick wall above and a tin roof and skylight (but not a sloop's) below.

One day the climax came. A bootblack peered into the office; a shoeless, seven year-old Irishman. "Shine!" he shouted, as he poked his head in the door; "shine, boss?" advancing toward Reuben. "Get out!" growled Wareham at the other side of the room. The sanctum was not usually invaded by boot-blacks; and Mr. Wareham was probably in a pet; for, instead of keeping his eyes on his books as he spoke, he turned full round in his chair and glowered at the youngster. "What do you mean by coming in here?" he asked savagely. The intruder retreated; he would probably have gone readily under the first command, as a "no" in business; but the question stirred him up to resentful argument. "I kin come in yere on business," he maintained. "Get out! you rascal;" Wareham was furious. The urchin's face was bursting with expostulation, but he retired; only muttering that he could "come in to look fur a job." Reuben was just ugly enough, in his dislike of Wareham, to sing out after the youngster, "Hold on, outside;

I want a shine." He knew very well, that it was defying his employer. But he felt like arraying himself on the side of the weak; and he felt, just then, like doing whatever it was his inclination to do; association with Jeanne was bringing feeling and acting a little closer together. At any rate, he revolted against appearing on Mr. Wareham's side any longer.

"Go back to your desk, Starkweather!"

"I can't do it," said Reuben.

"You will!—Do you mean to say you won't?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you needn't come back."

Reuben went through the door. Mr. Bootblack regarded him wonderingly. "What did yer do that fur, boss? yer bounced."

"You attend to your business," he said, sharply, "and I'll take care of mine;" he felt rather sore.

As the youngster was putting up his brushes, he says, "That's *three* cents, boss."

"Don't be foolish, Micky," said Reuben, laughing, as he turned away leaving him a nickel. Micky pocketed it and before the grass had time to grow at all, it was "Shine! shine!" as ever before.

"That's the end of that," quoth Reuben to himself in a broken sort of way, as he sauntered down the street, and the subsidence of his excitement let him talk; "that's the end of that." There was a tone as of philosophy; but there was turmoil within. No boy had ever started in New York with stronger intentions than he had started with, of doing his work faithfully and well in every particular. Now, he felt much like a castaway—no longer a member of the working world in good and regular standing. The tears came into the boy's eyes. He walked on, scarcely heeding where he was going, until he found himself walking along the sea-wall of the Battery; and, looking out over the water, and for the first time seeing anything but his own woe, the sight so arrested him that he sat down on a bench.

The bay was placid in its general aspect. Only near by was there bustle and stir, when the ferry-boats neared or left their slip, or some puffing tug swept round, near the shore, lashed abreast of a canal boat. Here it was possible for Reuben, after a while, to reflect; and he reflected, with bitterness, on Jeanne's words, to be faithful at the store. Alas! all his trying was to no purpose. Reuben felt very lonesome, then. Only, somehow, he felt assured of Jeanne's friendship. He felt sure that that little arm would go round his neck, and that she would say to him that he was a —yes, a—noble fellow. He did not repent it. It only seemed rather a heart-vexing, unfortunate kind of thing.

So the boats went on; and time went on; and finally time, as luck would have it—luck crowding things of all sorts higgledy-piggledy into one day—brought a tug past the sea-wall, towing a laden schooner. A lookout stood at the vessel's head; and on the roof of the after-house played alone a little child. Her light-colored, wavy hair flew a little in the breeze, and her feet tripped about, childlike, as she played. It was all near enough for Reuben to note; and also to note, when she foolishly hung on the rail and tilted overboard. Why, why was it just then? With horror Reuben was on his feet as if a bayonet had started him; and with straining eyes he looked at the tiny thing as it came up and lay for a few moments buoyed on the water. Down from the wall he dropped on the rocks below and swam out. He thought he should never get there. But he did, in time to see the wild-looking child-eyes—seeing nothing and yet looking everywhere, in time to grab its arm; and then it was only a matter of keeping afloat for half a minute, till a couple of tugs and half a dozen row-boats came up to take in him and his burden. A smutty stoker got it and had it down by his fire before you could say Jack Robinson; and such tender loosening of a child's dress by smutty hands, and such eager listening and looking by sweaty, smutty heads never was before. He had one at home; so the chick fared well and went back to its owner in safety; and Reuben was pulled ashore at the Customs Revenue stairs and walked away.

The waterman in the boat seemed to

have an approving eye for the lad, and he had said, at the stairs, "P'r'aps ye'd like a job; can ye row?" Reuben said he could. "Well, you come along some day." Reuben was brown still, and big-knuckled, and perhaps showed familiarity with boats in the way he handled himself.

VIII.

Reuben did not see Jeanne that night. He no longer lived at the Prévosts. She had read the afternoon paper. Three lines were given to Reuben's exploit. She re-read it, and read it again; and then a thrill went through her little body and her eyes grew wet; and she let the paper fall, and dreamed. When Reuben had not come by half-past eight, she went out and slipped over to his house and falteringly inquired for him. He had gone out—was going to Elmwood next day; the landlady had heard him say that.

She went back, downcast. It was so hard, not to see Reuben and let some of that thrill escape.

But Reuben hardly wished to see her. He was too bashful to tell about the child, and he was afraid to tell about his other performance.

It was with a feeling of freedom that he went up to Elmwood next morning. The old place was unoccupied, and he had half a mind to turn farmer. He walked over from the station, 'crosslots, pondering, and took the place in rear. At the barn, he picked up some tools that were scattered about. He continued to ponder, and made a deliberate calculation of what it would cost to put the barn in repair. He had all the day before him, and there was no hurry. He went about in a desultory way, whistling, and thinking how the farm should be managed. Now that he was out of Robinson, Wareham & Co.'s, the whole world seemed open before him.

Finally, he left the sheds and went to the house, and stood looking at the lonesome old homestead. It was abandoned-looking, indeed. The elm-sprays, now growing yellow, not only drooped about, but into, the chimney. The shutters were all closed. They were solid shutters, so that not even a turned slat showed the sash behind. He strolled round to the front; and with his hands in his pockets contemplated the tall grass in the door-yard, and the obliteration of the path to the gate with the summer's verdure. No accustomed foot had gone on and off the porch. The grass had grown in rows through the seams of its floor. He sauntered to the rear, and his mind reverted to his aunt Lucinda's death and burial; his train of thought became funereal, and then drifted away from the earth; in his reverie he was standing half in the spirit-land and half in the gloominess of a tomb, whose silence could not be deeper than that which hung about this deserted place.

All at once, however, the silence was broken. Reuben shivered, as if supernatural tones had come to his ears, when, just behind him, within the house, there arose, softly at first and swelling louder, a sound of mournful music. The dirge was so consonant with his thoughts that he fancied at first he must be dreaming, and that these tomb-like strains were a part of his reverie. Music more solemn he had never heard. He stood still in his tracks, morbid with fear. The strains rose and fell. At last they ended. With the return of silence, his courage came back. The sounds, he knew, were the tones of the large parlor organ that stood in the rear room. Of that he was certain. But what agency was playing the instrument? The blinds of the window behind him, belonging to that room, were closed. He went softly to the back of the house, and there beheld the shutters open, but the window closed. Stepping up to the sash he shaded his face with his hand and peered in. A little scream met his ear. He pushed up the window, and there, in the middle of the room, with hands clasped before her, stood Jeanne. He would have laughed, but for the solemn effect the music had wrought upon him. And Jeanne was equally solemn, standing there in abject guiltiness.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," confessed Jeanne. "Where have you been so long?"

"I have been here outside; how did you get in?"

"I crawled in," faltered she.

"Through this window?"

She nodded a guilty assent, as if she had been house-breaking.

"You scared me half to death with that organ."

"I had to play on it, Reuben. The house was so solemn and still, everywhere; it weighed on me so, I had to sit down and play something like it. Ah! Reuben, just think! I went upstairs into that room; and it was so still and dark! I saw the bed in the corner. I stood still, and thought how your aunt used to lie there. I could almost see her there then, see her kind eyes and hear her voice speaking to me. But that was long ago. Then I saw the bed was bare, not white and neat as it used to be, but only the ticking. It was so still and so changed; and yet it was the very place. I went and knelt down just where I did before, Reuben, and I heard her voice, 'You are one of his children, Jeanne;' and I felt so happy; I felt as if I were; and yet—and yet—so many people might think—" she dashed a tear away; it is wrong for me to be Jeanne, isn't it, Reuben—just Jeanne, just what I am?" she asked, passionately.

Reuben was silent.

"This is one home to me," she continued in a subdued voice, "where I had that dear friend. I have been to her grave, Reuben," she added, solemnly, "and set out some flowers. I sat there before I came in here."

"She was your good friend," said Reuben, "but you have others."

"I know that, Reuben," and she went forward impulsively and put her hand in his. "Will you help me out now?"

He lifted her down and closed the window and the shutters; and she stood beside him in her diminutiveness, with deep gravity on her face. "Come and eat lunch with me," she said, after a few moments, brightening up; "come down to the brook where I used to sit. I brought some lunch for you."

"How did you know I was coming?"

"They told me; I wanted to see you," she added, looking at him knowingly.

She took her basket and they went down the pasture to a place where some elms stood by the little brook, and near them a small thicket. The brook was shallow here, and passed by very idly. Various plants throve in the wide film of water, making islets where they grew, cowslips and skunk cabbage; and ferns reared themselves in patches, here and there, on the opposite bank; wild-violet leaves were skulking under foot, as long since out of season.

Setting down her basket, Jeanne exclaimed, "O! I do like this place!" Then she went to the edge of the brook, and throwing herself down flat on the turf, looked over the edge down into the water.

"What are you doing that for, Jeanne?"

"O," she said, without stirring, "I am looking to see if the same sorts of bugs are down here that I used to see."

"Where?"

"On the water, in the water, on the roots, on the mud. There were tadpoles then, too. I guess the frogs are away now. The cowslips were in blossom then; and the ferns, little things, were just like that," crooking her supple forefinger like the neck of a young fern; "and the violets too were just beginning. But they are all gone now."

"There is golden-rod in the pasture," he suggested.

"Yes, but—O! no, Reuben; I was thinking of what was here at that time, when I used to come down from the room and get the air. I am very sentimental, Reuben," she said, in a mocking way.

"Jeanne," he asked, "what really did make you come here to-day?"

"Something. What made you come?" Jeanne was holding back her conversation about the child as a rich dessert to her lunch.

"Something."

"Did they give you a holiday?" she asked, timidly. Reuben pursed his lips. "Yes."

"Ah, that was very good in them."

"Yes."

"They must be very nice people."

"Very."

"But you deserved it."

"Undoubtedly."

"Did it make you shiver?" Jeanne looked at him with loving eyes.

"No," said Reuben, "it made me hot."

"I mean the bath."

"I don't. I mean the row."

"What row, Reu*ben?*" she asked, changing her voice.

"O, I have left the store."

"Reu*ben!*"

"Yes;" and he told her all about it.

"What did you do such a silly thing for?" she asked, when he had finished.

Reuben was very much disappointed. "I did not think you would say that," he said at last.

"Say what?"

"That it was silly."

"You cannot sail along on clouds, like that. What do you care for those little Irish boys? How foolish you are!" and Jeanne laughed at him contemptuously.

"I don't know that I do care for them in the lump," he replied; "but, by Jove! Jeanne, I think more of any one of them than I do of Wareham."

"What good does that do you?"

"None, that I know of."

"Except that you lose your place."

"You lost yours once."

"Stop that! I will not hear you speak of it;" and she turned her back on him.

"You are inconsistent."

She turned toward him again, half reclining on the ground, and looked into his face, with a sort of ecstatic glow in her own, and said, in an abandoned way, half laughing, "O! Reu*ben*, you liked the little Irishman, did you? You could have put your arm around his rough little head, could you? I could, Reu*ben;* and hugged him; and his little shirt I would mend, if it had any holes in it. O! Reu*ben*, what a goose you are! and the little child in the water! you don't talk about it, Reu*ben*. That was a very foolish act, too. O! it is all very bad! O! Reu*ben!* no, I do not like you for those things." And in her fervor she ran up to him with her eyes brimming with tears and threw her arms around his neck, and hugged him until the fit of enthusiasm had passed off. "O, Reu*ben!* I like such a goose as you are!" and at last she relaxed her hold.

Reuben picked grass spears and chewed them. He felt sheepish. Then he became serious. He began to feel as if he had done something important—for himself; as if he had somehow chosen the higher instead of the lower; had cleaved to his real thought, instead of smothering it. He seemed to himself, in a vague way, to have set out sailing on an illimitable sea, as if he had chosen a career where everything was unknown and unforeseen, and where he was to square himself to every circumstance according to his respect and getting a living was secondary; a blind faith came to him in this state of mind, a belief in the respectable for its own sake, with a wide feeling that the results would be taken care of by some Power unknown to him. Meanwhile Jeanne's eyes dwelt in a sort of spell on her companion's strong features, his brown neck, and the short, curling hair.

They were both silent for some time, his face turned away. By and by, she picked up a little pebble and threw it at him. He took no notice of it, and she threw another, and another. At last he turned and smiled.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," he said, carelessly. "*Moi*, I have a great scheme."

"What is it?"

"I will tell you—now," she replied; "I am going to sing."

"To sing?"

"Yes."

"You can do it," he said after thinking.

"I know I can," she answered, tossing her head a little, "and Reu*ben*, dear, when no one will hire you and you cannot earn a living because you are such a goose, then I will lead you around, like a blind brother, and what I get for singing I will divide with you—and take care of you—um, dear Reu*ben!*" and the arms went round his neck again.

But Reuben did not come to that pinch right away. He manned the waterman's boats for a while; and that being right under the eaves of the Revenue Service office and as he really had taken a hand at the business already, it came about that he finally went off and joined a life-saving crew out on Long Island.

IX.

JEANNE heard nothing from Reuben; he was not given to writing letters. She missed him. Not in the way of brood-

ing over his absence, for she was too cheerful a soul for that. But at times she would stop in her work and sit down for a moment and reflect, and then her eyes would be moist. She liked Reuben more than she had ever told him. Whether she was ready to marry him or not, she had never hinted at the final reason why she would not, except that evening at Elmwood when she said, "O, no! he was to be a great man;" which imperfectly expressed her notion that she was no match for him. But the poor little soul was distressed by that thought, and her discomfort only increased as her fondness for him went on growing.

Yet she masterfully kept herself from thinking about it, except at the odd moments when it flashed on her by surprise; and not the least effective weapon in her armory was busying herself about her work. Jeanne was no unambitious mortal. Her little heart went pumping away very vigorously over the project of exalting herself in her stage career. Not that she cared especially for the plaudits of success—though they would be grateful to her as a creature craving kindness; but she wished, in a dumb way, to project outwardly the inspirations that upset her inward ease. She would have to rise out of the *corps* to do that.

Her voice was a godsend to her. If she had had to pursue the laborious training of an actress, the path would have been longer. But Herr Druse, a fat, smiling, spectacled music-teacher, to whom Carlo commended her, was delighted with her native performances, and foresaw but little difficulty in preparing her for light opera. He could not tell, however, what charm of presenting herself on the stage his pupil had, except what news he got by hearsay from the manager of Jeanne's first variety, who assured him, in an off-hand way, that Prévost was a great card. He was pleased, however, with her private manners, and actually felt some personal interest in her success, despite his usual phlegm. He even called on old Henri, and became rather companionable with the old Bohemian, manifesting a species of consideration for his failing condition, and avoiding international questions; and Henri appreciated his politeness. So Jeanne went on in her music, with a favoring air fanning her heart into a glow all the time.

Reuben came home in the spring, weather-beaten and hearty, relishing the hardships of his new life and more at peace with himself than—well, he could not remember when. He had got out of the world, the stream of pilgrims to the shrine of superfluous money, and had felt, perhaps, much as Friday did whenever he got out of the clothes Crusoe had given him, and could use his limbs with some freedom. He went first of all to see Jeanne. Whom did he know in the city half so well? She suffered herself to be kissed as he entered the door.

"And did you save lives?" she inquired, after Reuben had told her something of the life out on the sandy coast.

"Well, we had to help a few people ashore."

"O, I should like that!" she exclaimed, under her breath, with her hands prayer fashion, beaming at her hardy companion.

Reuben laughed. He was imagining her little arms on the coast.

"That is much better than dancing," she added, eying him seriously.

"Pshaw!" said he; "it is nothing but work; plenty of fresh air and walking for nothing." Reuben's satisfaction with his calling was a solid one. There was no nervous enthusiasm about it. He quickly added: "You have been dancing again?"

"Yes, they took me back," replied she, tossing her head.

Jeanne at last went and brought him a letter. "This came for you a few days ago," she said; "Carlo gave it to me."

He opened it. "It is from my uncle," said he.

"What uncle?" asked Jeanne, timidly, not wishing to seem to pry.

"My uncle Grislee—Ballard."

"Colonel Ballard?" asked Jeanne aghast, with her small hands again joined in prayer.

Reuben nodded.

"Reu*ben!*" she exclaimed, and then was speechless.

The colonel's note asked his nephew to come and see him on his return to town, and the lad accordingly paid his

respects, rather indifferently, yet disposed to treat his uncle fairly.

The old army officer had undergone a change of mind since he last saw Reuben. He found out about his parting with Mr. Wareham; saw it in the papers about the Battery incident; and most of all was charmed with Reuben's dropping into the life-saving service. In fact, a sort of proud hope had been rising in the old man's breast concerning his nephew.

"You are a clumsy sort of fellow," said the colonel, as Reuben entered the apartment; "sit down; why don't you leave your address when you go away?"

"I didn't think you wanted it, sir."

The uncle did not speak for a few moments.

"How have you been, sir?" asked Reuben.

"Don't call me 'sir,'" responded the old man, testily. "I hear you had a tiff with our friend Wareham."

"I did," replied the boy, collecting himself, the incident not being in the current of his thoughts.

"That was a pretty thing for you to do," said the old man, crossly. "Who do you expect is going to take care of you, if you lose your positions that way?"

"I got it myself," said Reuben.

"And threw it away like a boy as you are. You will never get on so."

Reuben looked down at the hat he was twirling and was silent.

"And what the devil," broke out the colonel, more vigorously, in a renewed tone of censure, "did you go off on such a hare-brained thing as the life-saving service for?"

Reuben smiled disconcertedly, feeling as if he had done a very boyish thing. "I don't know, sir; I felt like it."

"I told you not to say 'sir.'"

"I forgot," answered Reuben, confusedly.

"And what has become of your dancing-girl?" queried the old man severely.

"She is all right," answered Reuben, looking up with some surprise.

"O, she is, is she? She was looking all right the last time I saw her."

"When was that?" asked the youth, amazed.

"O, you needn't wake up so. It was on the stage. And a very neat young person she is; she does your judgment credit."

The red was showing through Reuben's bronze. "Don't—I would rather you wouldn't speak of her that way," he said, looking down.

"You would rather I wouldn't! And you are going to get into a huff about it, I suppose, and serve me as you did Wareham. I tell you what it is, Reuben, Wareham is an infernal old miser, nothing but skin and bones and pocket, without the spark of a man in him; you never did a better thing, my boy"—the colonel had risen and was standing, with hands in his trousers pockets and legs straddled, before Reuben—"than when you said good-by to him and his gang. It was a good move, youngster, and you didn't do it ungracefully. You promoted yourself.

"And how did you find the beach in winter, lad? Rather breezy and fresh, eh? plenty of sand and walking and no duck shooting? You don't look as if it had hurt you, though. Damn it!" he cried, stamping his foot, "why don't you stand up, and give me your hand? There! that's like it," as the young fellow arose bewildered and gave his hand to the old man, who laid his other, free hand on the boy's stout shoulder. "I don't believe you know, Reuben, when you do a creditable thing and a discreditable."

"I haven't done anything discreditable," said Reuben, quickly, in the cleanness of his conscience.

"Now you are thinking of that young woman," said the colonel. "I said nothing of the kind, but, by George! she deserves—I mean she is pretty enough—to have a young fellow like you wait on her."

"That isn't all there is to her," said Reuben.

"Isn't it?" asked his uncle, interestedly; "she is nice, is she? I knew where a letter would reach you, where you'd go first when you came to town. Well, good luck to you, my boy. Reuben, you have made a man of yourself."

It took Reuben, who did not understand what his uncle liked and what he condemned in this world, a good while

to recover from the stupefaction of that day.

Jeanne, in the meantime, worked like a little Trojan. Herr Druse told Henri that her voice was getting more flexible every day; to which the decrepit bowed a pleased assent. She was an apt and intelligent pupil, too, and most of all was a born warbler.

She was to come out, by arrangement of Druse on her behalf, in a light opera at one of the theatres in the autumn. She did not get into the least flutter over the fact, nor into a tremor in imagining that first night. Not even at the variety, two years before, had she been much disturbed. For Jeanne could do nothing that was unnatural to her. She was a good student of her part and her character; and she was so little self-conscious in rendering her work, so honest, so intent on doing what she had to do, and not thinking of on-lookers, that it was always somewhat of a surprise to her to find sounds coming from the audience; but when she did hear them, she was quite overcome with gratitude. Fortunately Jeanne was a genius; her music, her life and grace and sprightliness made her a charm; and every note and look was tell-tale of a heart within.

Both her father and mother were too nervous to attend the *début*. It would certainly have been ruinous to Henri to go, and Mamma could not summon the resolution. But Reuben was there.

"You needn't feel the least bit worried," he said to his uncle; "she will go through it like a bird through the air; Jeanne knows what she is about."

Is it possible, then? Was old Colonel Ballard going to see Mademoiselle Vosprêt (so all the hand-bills had it, and it must be intentional) make her *début?* Why not? Was not the colonel *au fait* of such matters? Of course he should go. But this time he was going with Reuben, and—a little supper for three had been bespoken at Delmonico's—send the bill to G. Ballard. If Reuben liked her so much, why, hang it, there must be something in it, and the colonel would just like to see.

So the night came; and there were just two baskets of real roses—one from the colonel, and one from Herr Druse. Herr Druse cried that night, and without limit; for after she had been on the stage twenty minutes Jeanne owned the house. Reuben was critical, but not from the artistic standpoint; he watched to see whether Jeanne would do anything outlandish; but when he observed that she was as graceful and in as good taste as she always was in private, and sang well, he was content. As for the colonel, he was as solemn and staid as an owl; whatever he thought did not get outside of his skin.

The next thing was the supper. The majestic colonel was presented to Jeanne in the stage entrance. Reuben had prepared her for this meeting; at least, he had told her of it; but preparation, for Jeanne, was wholly out of the question; she could face the house—but the colonel, Reuben's rich uncle—that did make her heart flutter. When the gray, erect veteran pulled off his hat in the passage to the dot of a prima donna, the dot was simply extinguished; a courtesy, exquisitely graceful and not too long for the dot, one upward glance —O, how short! and yet lingering it was!—from the blue eyes, and the red lips spread across the dainty teeth in a wholly assumed smile—for Jeanne was quite unfit to smile—and a flush of deep pink over her face; the dot would have found it very agreeable to back off over the edge of this world somewhere into another just then, if she possibly could. But no! the colonel was there, a fact; right in front of her, beside her, and Reuben on the other side, escorting her to a carriage. And there he was still, right beside her in the carriage, on the same seat, after handing her in! her, Jeanne! As they drove along, she got one of Reuben's feet in between hers and pressed it hard, and that was a great stay. The assumed smile had not once left her lips; nor when they went up the Delmonico stairs, nor entered the room and the colonel took off her coat; nor when she sat down opposite to him —opposite to him with her eyelids down, always down; how *could* she sit there and look the awful colonel in the face?

The awful colonel was not prepared for just such a case as this. He felt like a grandfather to Jeanne. Why didn't she let him be one? Why was

she so afraid of him? The old soldier tried his blandest. It was no use. Jeanne could not be domesticated any more than a young doe could on half an hour's experiment.

"Confound it!" thought the colonel. "I will make her take me familiarly." "Mademoiselle Prévost," he said, in a winning way, "you don't know how little of a stranger you are to me."

The blue eyes went up and down again, giving a glimpse of the constantly half-grateful, half-roguish look. "I knew you last winter; yes, a year ago; I knew who you were, and I knew you by sight; now, is not that an old acquaintance?" A glance, but no gaining of confidence, by Jeanne. The old man fidgeted in his chair; and he burst out. "Now, if you will have it, I had to growl at Carlo for not putting you back on the stage."

Jeanne was simply overcome; and leaning back in her chair, that pair of speaking blue eyes was unswervingly fixed on the colonel's orbs, emitting unspeakable thanks.

"Hang it! no, it wasn't me you're to thank," he cried, jamming the handle of his knife hard on the board, "it's Reuben, he's your friend; I was as sour as a setting hen, and did it with a poor grace. Confound it! Why don't you be Jeanne, and keep me from making a fool of myself? You young scapegrace," turning to Reuben, "what do you sit there laughing for? and you, too, you irreverent witch, what are you laughing at an old man like me for? You looked a great deal better just now, when I said it was Reuben, and you cast those sheep's eyes over at him. Here, Mademoiselle Jeanne! here's your health and a wish that you behave yourself!"

Jeanne drank, and bubbled over in the midst of it with a sense of something funny, and the doe got over its first fright and came a little nearer.

X.

The colonel had been kind to Jeanne. But after all she had been only Jeanne to him, not any one to be received; to be supped with, perhaps, after the theatre; but nothing else: only Jeanne. She knew it.

Perhaps she had captivated him—in a way. But only in a way. The colonel did not set her on his own plane. Her feminine instinct told her that. She did not stop to inquire whether her own shy conduct had not put him at a disadvantage and compelled him to treat her almost as a child, rather than a woman; and yet he had been respectful. She wished that Reuben's uncle was not quite so great. She had looked forward to meeting him with misgiving; and now her apprehension was justified. She was very downhearted.

One evening, soon after, Reuben joined her at the Obélisk. They walked home. He had been silent during the latter part of their supper. When they were on their way and her arm was in his, he said, "Jeanne, dear, I want you to marry me, now."

She made no reply.

"Won't you?"

They were passing a lighted spot, and she looked up into his face with her old kind look, but shook her head.

"You must, Jeanne," he said, with emphasis.

"Must? You are not my master, Reu*ben!*"

"You will!" he said, stopping and looking her in the face.

"I shall not!" she said.

"You will;" he answered, stamping his heel as he seized her by the wrists.

"Will you take me home?" she asked, coldly.

He looked at her a moment, made no reply, but took her arm in his again and went on.

They did not speak for a while. Finally he asked, in a gentler tone, "Why won't you, Jeanne?"

In a gentle, serious voice, she replied, "I will tell you, Reu*ben*. I am not going to be a drag on you and your uncle."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I am not afraid of anything!" she answered; and then said, quietly, "I must do my duty."

"And let me go away?"

"What is any one's love worth, Reu*ben*, if it does not go out in deeds? Am I to use it to hurt you?"

"How can it hurt me?"

"O, you refuse to be practical. 'Mlle.

Vosprêt, *alias* Prévost, the charming danseuse and comic opera singer, was wedded to Mr. Reuben Starkweather, nephew of Colonel G. Ballard.' Imagine the mouths drawn open and the 'O my's' and the sidelong looks of inquiry. Do you think I can ever undo the fact of having danced and sung in public? I am not a great tragédienne, you know; only little Vosprêt, with light feet and a happy voice—a mere butterfly that has a right to be seen for a few hours and then be extinguished—who knows how? Nobody could forget who the mother of your children was."

"God forbid they should, dear Jeanne."

"Don't say such things, please," said Jeanne, falteringly. "I can't talk, if you do."

"There is no use of your talking. You are only called upon to act."

"Ah! Reu*ben*, there I think you are right," she answered, playing on his word; "and I—must act alone. Why should one not set one's face squarely to what should come, and not dodge it, but take it all."

When they had reached the house and he stepped into the hall with her, "Jeanne," he said, "I think we had better stand by one another."

"Reu*ben*," she answered, ardently, as she put her arms around his neck, "I love you enough to; I do, I do;" and she hung against his breast, with wet eyes, her heart throbbing against his. At last she loosened her arms and with averted face said, "Reuben, good-night."

"Is that the only answer to what I asked you to-night?"

She nodded yes, with her face still turned away.

"Then it is *good-by!*" he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking up, frightened.

"I am off to the sands. If I can't take you, I'll take the salt water instead."

"And it is good-by?" she asked, trembling.

"Yes, it is."

That was too much for her. She made a movement toward him; but his back was already turned in his hasty leaving, and he did not see it. He was gone! and quivering for a moment she sank on the floor.

XI.

Reuben went away; and his uncle was troubled. The note that he had written and addressed and sealed, after he came home from seeing Jeanne—saying he was sick of New York and was going back to the life-saving station—that note he thoughtlessly put into the pocket of the coat he left behind; and in his hurry it never occurred to him that he had not sent it. It ended in the colonel's taking his walking-stick and visiting the Prévost domicile. He was confronted at the door by Captain Prévost—though he had looked rather hopefully at the window for Jeanne. The captain made a solemn and profound obeisance. He wore a rather long sack of invisible green, with black braid down the front, in military fashion; and a gold-threaded, black velvet skull-cap covered his crown. His gray eye was not at all abashed at the imposing presence of his visitor.

"Is Mlle. Prévost within?" inquired the caller.

"*Non*," replied Henri, "she is not; did you wish to see her?"

"I do wish to see her very much."

"I beg you come in," returned Henri, as if he could not collect himself on so short notice; and he stood back ushering the colonel into the parlor.

The visitor looked about with some interest at the fitting of the room, and was apparently pleased with its neatness and taste. Henri moved slowly into the room and sat down.

The colonel handed him his card. Henri put on his spectacles deliberately and examined it. "Ah!" he said, looking up, "I think my daughter has mentioned your name; it gives me pleasure to see you."

"Thank you," said the colonel.

"I wish to make my respect for the high position you hold in the army—of the United States," quoth Henri; he was the reverse of voluble, and the fact that he had a visitor seemed to make its way only slowly to his brain.

"Ah," smiled the colonel, "that is past and gone; superannuated now, Captain Prévost."

"*Oui, oui*," nodded Henri; "that comes to us all. One has at last no

longer the strength. Perpetual youth—that remains not with the individual; but it may with the army, the country."

There was a pause.

"You have had your own part, captain, in the field?"

"Yes, yes," bowed Henri, gravely; "much of the time. But my pupils, the instruction of the sword, has occupy much time too—more than the campaign. The campaign has quite use me up," smiled he; "I am no longer fit to be active."

The reflection seemed to weigh on him, and he absently pulled out his snuff-box and was about to help himself, when he remembered the colonel, and proffered it to him. "*Mais, non,*" he added quickly, collecting himself as his visitor declined, "I forget; you do not use it in your country."

"May I ask your last service?" inquired Colonel Ballard.

"O! yes. That was with Prince Maximilian," shaking his head; "a very unfortunate affair, very; I never return to France afterward." Henri sighed and gazed at the ceiling abstractedly.

"You have one comfort," said the colonel, after a while, "that your daughter enjoys such distinction; that may compensate in part for your disablement."

Henri spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "In part," he responded indifferently. "It is but the light comedy; not profound. She does very well." He did not seem to be much interested, and again gazed off into the distance. By and by he said, in his measured way, "I am struck, Colonel Ballar', at the performance of your American troops in your war; on both side, both side." Henri nodded in emphasis.

The colonel was silent.

"You make very rough fighting, but you fight hard." His eye was firing a little. "You stand not off; you go together;" and the captain, having risen, brought his fist into his palm with a smack. The old man's arms were long and wiry, and the movement showed that his muscles were not wholly used up yet. "Good fighting," he continued; "a great race, the American. I have follow your own movements in the campaign, Colonel Ballar'; I present my respect again;" and the captain, waving his hand, seated himself.

Colonel Ballard was a modest man, and he was a little annoyed at Captain Prévost's singling him out for mention. Yet there was nothing servile about the captain.

"You have taught us war in your time," remarked the colonel.

"Yes, yes," assented Henri. "The race of Napoléon have been great for France—first and last. But that is pass, that is pass," he added, waving his arm. "The *République* is *industrielle.* We shall have no more great military history. The Napoléons—they rise, they shoot through the sky, the whole heaven is brilliant, France shine beneath it, and—they disappear; after one century of the Napoléons, France—the night come upon her; she sleep;" and the captain's long hand fell quietly at full length on the flat arm of his chair; "*la République* is not *militaire.*" Again he gazed out of the window into the distance and there was a long pause.

"Is not France better for peace?" asked Ballard at last, half amused and half pleased with the captain's view.

But the captain only shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands. But afterward he said, with a sort of superior smile, "I was raise in the *armée, comme vous même.* I cannot tell. I have my own thought," tapping his breast with his long forefinger; "I have not the thought of another."

The colonel was silent. By and by he returned to the subject of his call.

"But what of Jeanne, Captain Prévost?"

"Ah, yes. I tell you about Jeanne. Yesterday evening a note come for her from the Obélisk, where she perform, and request me to open it, if she is not at home. She is absent then since morning. I open the note. *Ma foi!* 'Mlle. Prévost: It is most astounding that you do not play this evening. You are expected if you are not indispose.' Bien! Jeanne has not appear yet."

"Was there no performance at the Obélisk last evening?"

"I do not know," answered the captain, indifferently.

Neither did the colonel. "Are you not alarmed?" he asked.

"*O, non,*" replied Henri; "It may readily happen; I have *confiance* in Jeanne. She understand herself very well, Colonel Bal*lar*'; she will come;" and Henri nodded assuringly at the colonel.

"I have not seen my nephew, either, for three days," said he.

"Ah! Monsieur Reu*ben!*" The captain meditated. "It is very sangulare," said he, stroking his chin.

The colonel smiled. "I hope they may each return safely," he said, rising to go.

"Assuredly," returned his host as he bowed his visitor out. "Accept my *res*-pect."

The colonel had relished the old captain's military flavor, and he said, "If you ever get so far, I shall be pleased to receive your visit at my lodging."

"Ah," smiled Henri, faintly, "I seldom go so far. Thank you. Accept my best respect," and the visitor departed.

XII.

REUBEN was sitting by the side of the sea, up on the high sands on a tuft of salt grass. It was one of the warmer days of March. A gentle northwest breeze, blowing against the surf, thinned it so that it broke rather light on the beach; and the same wind made all the ocean a dark blue before him. The sun was warm on the white sand. His head was bowed down and he was fashioning the running grains into little figures with his finger.

His mind was upon Jeanne. It was only three days since he had left her. Through some unconscious attraction, he raised his head at last and looked behind him. He had a feeling that somebody was there, but he had not thought who. It was Jeanne!—standing there patiently. She had been standing there for some time. She did not speak when Reuben looked; but there was pleading in her face. Reuben turned his head away again, without a word or look of recognition. By and by there was a soft little voice: "Reu*ben!*" But Reuben did not hear. But he did hear. That call carried him back with a jump to that night in the Prévost upper hall, when Jeanne had spoken his name in the same soft, timid way for the first time; and he was involved again in the delight of that first confession of Jeanne's. All the intermediate life seemed nothing. She was just little Jeanne to him as she was that night. He liked it so much that he waited, to hear it again. It came, "Reu*ben!*" just a shade louder than before. But he sat quiet. Then it came again, with abundant pathos, expostulating with his obduracy. "Ah! Reu*ben!*"

He arose and faced her. She advanced a little, but he did not meet her. She said meekly, "I have done what I could; I have come, after all."

"For what?" he asked.

She did not answer, but hung her head and pushed up a little heap of sand sideways with the toe of her boot; and then she glanced up at him furtively as if to say, "you know."

But he did not stir—only stood looking at her. It was too much for her. She burst into a fit of passionate sobbing, covering her face with her hands.

He sprang to her side and kissed away the tears that oozed through her fingers. "Forgive me, Jeanne! forgive me!" he muttered, bitterly angry with himself; "forgive me, Jeanne." But she was overcome with the gasps of her violent sobbing that had come too strong to be stopped. As soon as she could speak, she broke away from him, and facing him, cried with eyes bright, and with animated gestures of the little arms, "I care not for anything—not for stage, uncle, anything—I love only you! you! Reu*ben!*" and then rushed to him and hid her face on his breast, whispering, "Kiss me! Kiss me!"

Jeanne's storm spent itself at last and when she could act again with some calmness, Reuben turned her chin toward the sea, while his face hung over hers. "Do you see that, Jeanne? the sea?"

"*Eh, oui!*" said Jeanne; why should she not?

"Your heart is just as soft, and just as wide."

THE END.

THE FREIGHT-CAR SERVICE.

By Theodore Voorhees.

I.

THE WANDERINGS OF A CAR.

On the 14th of December, 1886, there was loaded in Indianapolis a car belonging to one of the roads passing through that city. It was loaded with corn consigned to parties in Boston. The car was delivered to the Lake Shore road at Cleveland on the 16th ; but, owing to bad weather and various other local causes, it did not reach East Buffalo until December 28th. It was turned over by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad to the West Shore road the next day, and by this company was taken to Rotterdam Junction, and there delivered on December 31st to the Western Division of the Fitchburg Railroad, or what was then known as the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Western. They took it promptly through to Boston. After a few days the corn was sold by the consignees for delivery in Medfield, on the New York & New England Railway. The car was delivered to this road on January 24th, 1887, and taken down to Medfield. There it remained among a large number of other cars, until it suited the convenience of the purchaser to put the corn into his elevator.

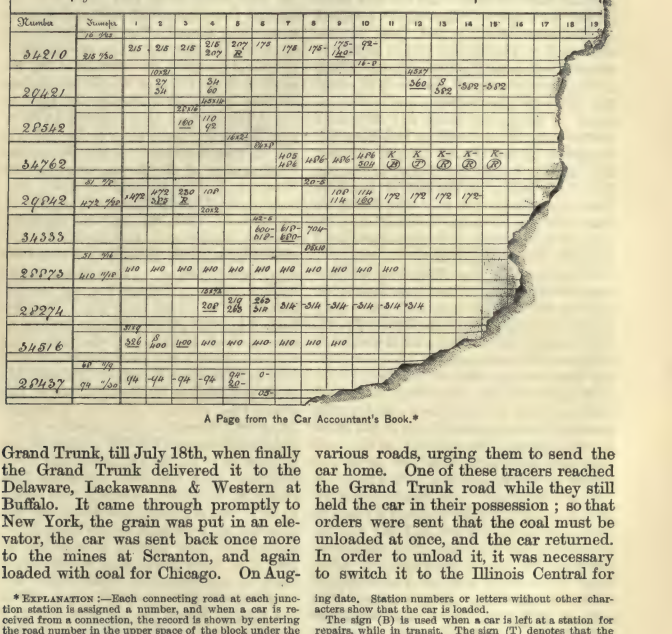
On the 17th of March, the car was unloaded, taken back to Boston, and delivered to the Fitchburg road to be sent west, homeward. That company took it promptly, but instead of delivering it to the West Shore road at Rotterdam Junction, as would have been the regular course, either through some mistake of a yardmaster at the junction station, or in pursuance of general instructions to load all Western cars home whenever practicable, the car was not delivered to the West Shore, but was turned over to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co's. Railroad, taken down to the coal regions, and on March 31st delivered to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, by whom it was loaded with coal for Chicago. That company promptly delivered it to the Grand Trunk at Buffalo, and on April 10th the car reached Chicago. It was immediately re-consigned by the local agents of the coal company to a dealer in the town of Minot, 523 miles west of St. Paul, on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. To reach that point, it was delivered to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific on April 10th, then to the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, Minneapolis & St. Louis, St. Paul & Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, arriving at its destination on the 14th of April.

Winter still reigned in that locality, and the car was promptly unloaded, and returned to St. Paul, where it was loaded with wheat consigned to New York. It left St. Paul on the 26th of April, was promptly moved through to Chicago, and delivered to the Grand Trunk. Coming east, in Canada, the train of which this car formed a part, while passing through a small station, in the night, ran into an open switch. The engine dashed into a number of loaded cars standing on the siding, and the cars behind it were piled up in bad confusion, a number of them being destroyed, and the freight scattered in all directions. Our car, whose history we are tracing, suffered comparatively slight damage. The draw-heads were broken, and some castings on one truck, not sufficient to affect in any way the loading of the car. It was sent to the shops of the road ; and it became necessary for them, on examination, to send to the owners of the car for a casting to replace that broken on the truck. This resulted in serious detention. The requisition for this casting had to be approved by the Superintendent and by the General Manager, and was forwarded, after a considerable delay, to the officers of the road owning the car. There it was sent through a number of offices before it finally reached the hands of the man who was able to

supply the required casting. This in turn was sent by freight, and passed over the intervening territory at a slow rate; the whole involving a detention which held the car from April 28th, when it was delivered at Chicago to the

ust 9th the record says the car was delivered by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western to the Grand Trunk, and on the 12th of August it was in Chicago.

About this time the owners of the car began to make vigorous appeals to the



A Page from the Car Accountant's Book.*

Grand Trunk, till July 18th, when finally the Grand Trunk delivered it to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at Buffalo. It came through promptly to New York, the grain was put in an elevator, the car was sent back once more to the mines at Scranton, and again loaded with coal for Chicago. On Aug-

various roads, urging them to send the car home. One of these tracers reached the Grand Trunk road while they still held the car in their possession; so that orders were sent that the coal must be unloaded at once, and the car returned. In order to unload it, it was necessary to switch it to the Illinois Central for

* EXPLANATION:—Each connecting road at each junction station is assigned a number, and when a car is received from a connection, the record is shown by entering the road number in the upper space of the block under the proper date, followed by the character × if loaded, or—if empty, together with the time, as for example: Car 29421 is shown as received Dec. 2d from the Amherst & Lincoln Ry at Port Chester, (10) loaded, (×) at 21 o'clock, or 9 P.M. A similar entry in the lower space of the block indicates a *delivery* to connecting line. The middle space of the block is used for the car movement, the first number or letter showing the station from which the car moved. The character X as a prefix to a station number indicates that the car is being loaded at that station. The —— when used as a prefix shows that the car is being unloaded, as an *affix* it indicates a movement empty, or on hand empty. When the —— is used *under* a station number it indicates a change date record, that is, leaving a station on one date and arriving at another on the following date. Station numbers or letters without other characters show that the car is loaded.

The sign (B) is used when a car is left at a station for repairs, while in transit. The sign (T) denotes that the lading was transferred to another car, a transfer record being kept showing to what car transferred; the sign (R) when a car is on hand at a station or yard for repairs. Shops are assigned numbers with an O prefix; the upper and lower spaces being used to show delivery to, or receipt from the shop, similar to the interchange record.

For convenience the twenty-four hour system is used for recording time, and is shown in quarter hours, thus: 10, 12¼, 18¾, 21¾, representing 10 A.M., 12.15 P.M., 6.30 P.M. and 9.45 P.M. This, used with the movement record, shows the running time on each division, or detention at train terminals.

The "transfer" column shows the station at which the car was reported on the last day of the previous month, and the *arriving date*, also from what road received, with date.

some local consignee, and it was unloaded within four days and delivered back to the Grand Trunk at Chicago. This was on August 16th. During the few days that had elapsed since the order was given to send this car home, there had been an active demand for cars, and knowing that this one had to be sent to Buffalo in order to be delivered to the Lake Shore road, from which it had originally been received, the car was loaded for that point. This again resulted in detention, for we find that the car was held on the Grand Trunk tracks at Black Rock awaiting the pleasure of the consignee to unload the freight, until the 27th of September; and then, instead of being unloaded and delivered to the Lake Shore road, as had been the intention of the Grand Trunk officials, the consignee sold the wheat in the car to a local dealer on the line of the Erie Railway, and the car was sent down on that road on October 1st, and not returned to the Grand Trunk again until the 10th day of October.

Unfortunately, the Erie was as anxious at that time to load cars west with coal as the other roads, and when they brought the car back to the Grand Trunk, they brought it once more filled with coal, and back the car went to Chicago, reaching there on the 13th of October.

It had now been away from home and diverted from its legitimate uses for nine months, and apparently was as far from home as ever. The delivery of the coal this time at Chicago put the car in the hands of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, and they promptly gave it a lading by the southern route to Newport News; for we find the car delivered by the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago to the Chesapeake & Ohio route on October 28th, and at Newport News on the 10th of November. The owners of the car were meanwhile not idle. The occasional stray junction cards which came in notified them of the passage of the car by different junction points, giving them clews to work by, and they were in vigorous correspondence with the various roads over which the car had gone, urging, begging, and imploring the railway officers to make all efforts in their power to get the car back to its home road.

On its last trip from Chicago to Newport News, the car passed through Indianapolis, the very point from which it began its long journey and many wanderings. Unfortunately, however, it passed there loaded, without detention, and the owners of the car did not discover until it had been for some time at Newport News, that the car had been anywhere near its home territory. By the time they made this discovery the car had been unloaded, and had started west once more. The records of the movement of the car here become dim. It was apparently diverted from its direct route back, which would have taken it once more to Indianapolis, and so home, for we find, after waiting at Newport News for some time to be unloaded, it was delivered to the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, next on the Western & Atlantic, and so down into Georgia and South Carolina. Again, on January 14, 1888, the car was reported on the Richmond & Danville. They sent it once more down into South Carolina and Georgia. From there it was loaded down to Selma, Ala., on the Atlanta & West Point Railroad. They returned it promptly to Atlanta, and so to the Central Railroad of Georgia; and the car, after being used backward and forward between Montgomery and Atlanta and Macon, finally appeared at Augusta, Ga., where it stood on February 11, 1888. Here the car stood for some time, long enough for the owners to get advices as to its whereabouts, and communicate with the road on whose territory the car stood, before it was again moved. An urgent representation of the case having been laid before the proper authorities, they agreed, if possible, to load it in such a way that it should go back to Indianapolis. This could not be done at once, however; but about the 12th of March the car was sent to a near-by point in South Carolina loaded and worked back over the Georgia road and the Western Atlantic, delivered to the Louisville & Nashville on April 3d, and finally, after its many and long wanderings, was by that road delivered to the home road at Cincinnati on the 17th of April; having been away from home sixteen months and one day.

This is a case taken from actual rec-

ords, and is one that could be duplicated probably by any railroad in the country.

II.

THE CAR ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE.

THE WINNIPEG & ATHABASKA LAKE RAILWAY CO.,
General Superintendent's Office,
WINNIPEG, December 31, 1888.

To JOHN SMITH, ESQ.,
Supt. of Trans'n, L. & N. R. R. Co., Louisville, Ky.

SIR: Our records show forty-five of our box cars on your line, some of which have been away from home over three weeks. I give below the numbers of those which have been detained over thirty days, viz.:

Nos.	28542	34210	34762	29421	28437
	34628	34516	29781	28274	34333
	29842	28873			

There is at this time a strong demand for cars for the movement of the wheat crop, and I must beg that you will send home promptly all that you have on your line.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS BROWN.

LOUISVILLE & NORFOLK R. R. CO.,
Office of Superintendent of Transportation,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan'y 3, 1889.

To THOMAS BROWN, ESQ.,
Gen'l Supt., W. & A. L. R. W. Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

SIR: Your favor of the 31st ulto. was duly received and contents noted.

I call your attention to the enclosed mem. from our Car Accountant which shows that we have but seven of your cars now on our road; of these but three are bad cases, Nos. 28437, 34516, and 28873. One of these cars was crippled, and is in the shops; the other two are loaded with wheat consigned "to order."

The necessary instructions have been given our agents, and we will do all in our power to hurry the return of your cars.

I am,
Very truly yours,
JOHN SMITH.

(Mem. enclosed).

MEMORANDUM.

W. & A. L. Nos.

28542 to Ohio Northern, Dec. 5th.
34210 " Ohio Northern, Dec. 10th.
34762 " Kanawha Junc., 12/15 crippled.
29421 " Elmwood, 12/15 unloading.
28437 " Norfolk Shops, Dec. 6th.
34628 " No account.
34516 " Blue Ridge, 12/4 ordered out.
29781 " Ohio Northern, Nov. 27th.
28274 " Niantic. Dec. 12th, loading home.
34333 " Louisville Belt, Dec. 8th.
29842 " Brockton, Dec. 14th, empty, will load home.
28873 " Blue Ridge, Nov. 18th, ordered out.

This is but an example of a correspondence that is constantly being exchanged between the officials who are in charge of the Transportation Department of the various railways of the country.

The demands of trade necessitate continually the transportation of all manner of commodities over great distances.

Thus, wheat is brought from the Northwest to the seaboard, corn from the Southwest, cotton from the South, fruit comes from California, black walnut from Indiana, and pine from Michigan. In the opposite direction, merchandise and manufactured articles are sent from the East to all points in the West, the North, and Southwest. The interchange is constant and steadily increasing in all directions.

In the early period of railways in this country, when they were built chiefly to promote local interests, and the movement of either freight or passengers over long distances was a comparatively small portion of the traffic, it was customary for all roads to do their business in their own cars, transferring any freight destined to a station on a connecting road at the junction or point of interchange of the two roads. While this system had the advantage of keeping at home the equipment of each road, it resulted in a very slow movement of the freight. As the volume of traffic grew, and the interchange of commodities between distant points increased, this slow movement became more and more vexatious. Soon the railway companies found it necessary to allow their cars to run through to the destination of the freight without transfer, or they would be deprived of the business by more enterprising rivals. So that to-day a very large proportion of the freight business of the country is done without transfer; the same car taking the load from the initial point direct to destination. The result of this is, however, that a considerable share of all the business of any railway is done in cars belonging to other companies, for which mileage has to be paid; while, in turn, the cars of any one company may be scattered all over the country from Maine to California, Winnipeg to Mexico.

The problem that constantly confronts the general superintendent of a railway is, how to improve the time

of through freight, thereby improving the service and increasing the earnings of the company; and at the same time, how to secure the prompt movement of cars belonging to the company, getting them home from other roads, and reducing as far as possible upon his own line the use of foreign cars, and the consequent payment of mileage therefor.

By common consent the mileage for the use of all eight-wheel freight cars has been fixed at three-quarters of a cent per mile run; four-wheel cars being rated at one-half this amount, or three-eighths of a cent. This amount would at first sight appear to be insignificant, yet in the aggregate it comes to a very considerable sum. In the case of some of the more important roads in the country, even those possessing a large equipment, the balance against them for mileage alone often amounts to nearly half a million annually.

It becomes therefore of the first importance to reduce to a minimum the use of foreign cars, thereby reducing the mileage balance; at the same time avoiding any action that will interfere with or impede in any way the prompt movement of traffic.

The first step toward accomplishing this result is to organize and fully equip the Car Accountant's Department. The importance of this office has been recognized only of late years. Formerly, and on many lines even now, the car accountant was merely a subordinate in the Auditing Department of the company. His duties were confined strictly to computing the mileage due to other roads. This he did from the reports of the freight-train conductors, often in a cumbrous and mechanical manner, making no allowance for possible errors. At the same time, he received reports of foreign roads without question and without check. He was not interested in any way in the operations of the Transportation Department; and, as a consequence, it never occurred to him to make inquiries as to the proper use of the cars belonging to his own company. That he left entirely to the Superintendent. The latter, on the other hand, his time incessantly filled with many duties, could give but scant attention to his cars.

The Superintendent of a railway in this country who has, let us say, three hundred miles of road in his charge, has perhaps as great a variety of occupation, and as many different questions of importance depending upon his decision, as any other business or professional man in the community. Fully one-half of his time will be spent out of doors looking after the physical condition of his track, masonry, bridges, stations, buildings of all kinds. Concerning the repair or renewal of each he will have to pass judgment. He must know intimately every foot of his track, and in cases of emergency or accident, know just what resources he can depend upon, and how to make them most immediately useful. He will visit the shops and round-houses frequently, and will know the construction and daily condition of every locomotive, every passenger and baggage car. He will consult with his Master Mechanic, and often will decide which car or engine shall and which shall not be taken in for repair, etc. He has to plan and organize the work of every yard, every station. He must know the duties of each employee on his pay-rolls, and instruct all new men, or see that it is properly done. He must keep incessant and vigilant watch on the movement of all trains, noting the slightest variation from the schedules which he has prepared, and looking carefully into the causes therefor, so as to avoid its recurrence. The first thing in the morning he is greeted with a report giving the situation of business on the road, the events of the night, movement of trains, and location and volume of freight to be handled. The last thing at night he gets a final report of the location and movement of important trains; and he never closes his eyes without thinking that perhaps the telephone will ring and call him before dawn. During the day in his office he has reports to make out, requisitions to approve, a varied correspondence, not always agreeable, to answer. Added to this, frequent consultations with the officers of the traffic department, or with those of connecting lines, in reference to the movement of through or local business, completely fill his time.



Freight Yards of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, West Sixty-fifth Street, New York.

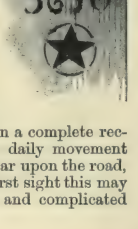
It is not to be wondered at that such a man gives but slight attention in many cases to the matter of car mileage. He frequently satisfies himself by arranging a system of reports from his agents to his office that give a summary each twenty-four hours of the cars of every kind on hand at each station; and leaves the distribution and movement of the cars in the hands of his agents. He will give some attention to the matter whenever he goes over his road on other and more pressing duties. Occasionally he will even take a day or two and visit every station, inquiring carefully as to each car he finds; why it is being held, for what purpose and how long it has stood. Then, satisfied with having, as he says, "shaken up the boys," he will turn his attention to other matters, and let the cars take care of themselves. When the monthly or quarterly statements are made up, and he sees the amount of balance against his road for car mileage, he gives it but little thought, regarding it as one of the items like taxes, important of course, but hardly one for which he is responsible.



His General Manager, however, will note the car mileage balance with more concern; and looking into the matter carefully, will discover that the remedy is to put the Car Accountant into the Transportation Department; thus at once interesting him in the economical use of the equipment, and also placing in the hands of the Superintendent the machinery he needs to enable him to promptly control and direct the use of all cars.

The Car Accountant's office may properly be divided into two main branches—mileage and record. The computation of mileage is made in most cases directly from the reports of each train. These reports are made by the train conductors, and give the initials and number of each car in their train, whether loaded or empty, and the station whence taken and where left. To facilitate the computation of mileage of each car, the stations on the road are consecutively numbered, beginning at nought and each succeeding station being represented by a number equivalent to the number of miles it is distant from the initial station; excepting divisional and terminal stations, where letters are used to reduce the work in recording. The conductors report the stations between which each car moves by their numbers or letters. So that all that is necessary for the mileage clerk to do is to take the difference between the station numbers in each case, and he has the miles travelled by that car. The mileage of each car having been so noted on the conductor's report, it is then condensed, the mileage of all cars of any given road or line being added together, and the results entered into the ledgers. At the close of the month these books are footed, and a report is rendered to each road in the country of the mileage and amount in money due therefor, in each case; and settlements made accordingly either in full or by balance. This is purely the accounting side of the Car Accountant's office.





There remains the Record branch, equally important, and to the operating department far more interesting. This consists broadly in a complete record being kept of the daily movement and location of every car upon the road, local or foreign. At first sight this may seem to be a difficult and complicated



"Dummy" Train and Boy on Hudson Street, New York.

operation, but in fact it is simple. The record is first divided between local and foreign; local cars being all cars owned by the home road, foreign being all those owned by other roads. The local books are of large size, ruled in such a way as to allow space for the daily movement or location of each car for one month, and admit of twenty-five or fifty cars being recorded upon each page. The record books for foreign cars are similarly ruled, a slight change being necessary to allow for the numbers and initials of the foreign cars, which cannot well be arranged for in advance.

The train conductors' reports are placed in the hands of the record clerks, each one recording the movements of certain initials, or series of numbers, under the date as shown by the report; the reports being handed from one to another until every car has been entered and the report checked.

In addition to the conductors' train reports, the Car Accountant receives reports from all junction stations daily, showing all cars received from or delivered to connecting roads, whether loaded or empty, and the destination of each. He also has reports from all stations showing cars received and forwarded from midnight to midnight, cars remaining on hand loaded or empty; and if loaded, contents and consignee, and also cars in process of loading or unloading, and reports from shops or yards showing cars undergoing repairs, or waiting for the same. In fine, he endeavors to get complete reports showing every car that either may be in motion or standing at any point on his road. All of these are entered on his record books. The station reports check those of the conductor, and *vice versa*. It will thus be seen that the record gives a complete history of the movement and daily use of each car on the road.

In case of stock and perishable freight, or freight concerning whose movement quick time is of the utmost importance,

this record is kept not only by days but by hours; that is, the actual time of each movement is entered on the record. This is done by a simple system of signs, the mileage clerks, insuring their accuracy. The junction reports serve also in a measure to check the reports of foreign roads. Then, at frequent in-



Freight Pier, North River, New York.

so that an exact account of the movement, giving date and hour of receipt and delivery, can be taken from the record. This is frequently of the greatest value.

In addition to this, it is customary now for nearly all roads to exchange what are known as "junction cards." They are reports from one to another giving the numbers of all cars of each road passing junction stations. These junction reports when received are also carefully noted in the record, so that an account is kept in a measure of the movement of home cars while on foreign roads, and their daily location.

It would be difficult, and beyond the scope of this article, to tell of the great variety of uses these records are put to. They serve as a check upon reports of tervals a clerk will go over the record and note every car that is not shown to have moved within, say, five days, putting down on a "detention report" for each station the car number and date of its arrival. These reports are sent to the agents for explanation, and then submitted to the Superintendent. In a similar manner reports will be made showing any use locally of foreign cars. From the record can be shown at a glance, almost, the location of all idle cars, information that is often very valuable, and that when wanted is wanted promptly. Also from the record, reports are constantly being made out, "tracers," as they are termed, showing the location and detention of home cars on foreign roads. In turn foreign tracers are taken to the record, and the ques-



Hay Storage Warehouses, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, West Thirty-third Street, New York.

tions therein asked are readily answered by the Car Accountant.

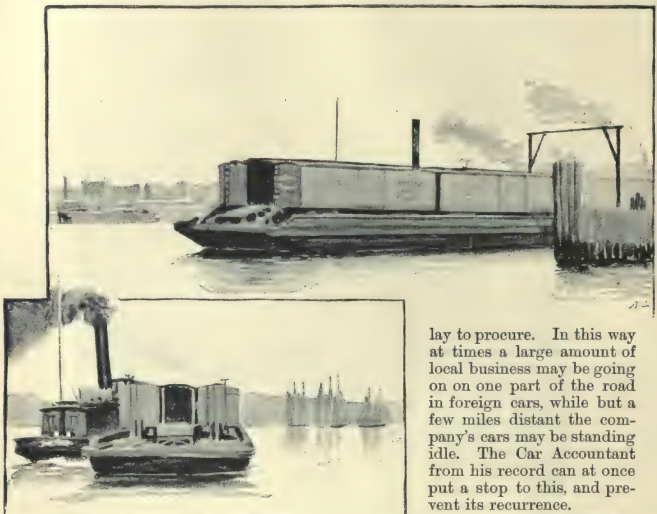
Whenever possible, the distribution of empty cars upon the line should be under the direct supervision of the Car Accountant. Where this matter is left to a clerk in the Superintendent's office, or, as has often been the case, is left to the discretion of yardmasters and agents, the utmost waste in the use of cars is inevitable. An agent at a local station will want a car for a particular shipment. If he has none at his station suitable he will ask some neighboring agent; failing there, he will ask the Superintendent's office, and frequently also the nearest yardmaster. Some other agent at a distant station may want the same kind of car; orders in this way become duplicated, and the road will not only have to haul twice the number of cars needed, but very often haul the same kind of cars empty in opposite directions at the same time. This is no uncommon occurrence even on well-managed roads, and, it is needless to say, is most expensive.

Where the cars are distributed under

the direct supervision of the Car Accountant, he has the record at hand constantly, and knows exactly where all cars are, and the sources of supply to meet every demand. Not only that, but every improper use of cars is at once brought to light and corrected.

The *theory* of the use of foreign cars is that they are permitted to run through to destination with through freight, on condition that they shall be promptly unloaded on arrival at destination; that they shall be returned at once to the home road, being loaded on the return trip if suitable loading is available; but by no means allowed to be used in local service, or loaded in any other direction than homeward.

The *practice* of many agents, and many roads, too, unfortunately, is hardly in keeping with this theory. Agents especially, if not closely watched, are prone to put freight into any car that is at hand, regardless of ownership, being urged to such course by the importunities of shippers and, at times, by the scarcity of cars. Frequently such irregularities are the result of pure carelessness, agents using foreign cars for local shipments simply because they are on hand, rather than call for home cars which it may take some trouble and delay to procure. In this way at times a large amount of local business may be going on on one part of the road in foreign cars, while but a few miles distant the company's cars may be standing idle. The Car Accountant from his record can at once put a stop to this, and prevent its recurrence.



Floating Cars, New York Harbor.

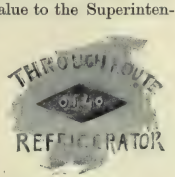
Another valuable use to which the Car Accountant's office may be put is to trace and keep a record of the movement of freight, locating delays, and tracing for freight lost or damaged. By a moderate use of the telegraph wire he can keep track of the movement of special freight-trains concerning which time is important, and so insure regularity and promptness in their despatch and delivery. From the mileage records may be obtained the work of each engine in freight service, the miles run, the number of loaded and empty cars hauled; and by considering two or perhaps three empty cars as equivalent to one loaded car, the average number of loaded cars

hauled per mile is obtained. The information is often valuable, as on many roads the ability of a Superintendent is measured to a considerable extent by the amount of work performed by the engines at his command.



Unloading a Train of Truck-Wagons, Long Island R.R.

In many other ways the resources of the Car Accountant's office will be found of the greatest value to the Superintendent. When the office is once fully organized and systematized, and all in good working order, the Superintendent will find that his capacity for control of his cars has been more than doubled, while the demands on his time for their care has been really lessened. He has all the information he needs supplied at his desk, far more accurate than any he was ever able to secure before, and in the most condensed form; while, at the same time, he will find his freight improving in time over his line, his agents will have cars more promptly and in greater abundance than ever, and last, and most gratifying of all, his monthly balance-sheets will show a steady decrease in the amount his road pays for foreign car mileage, until probably the balance will be found in his favor, although his business and consequent tonnage may have increased meanwhile.



III.

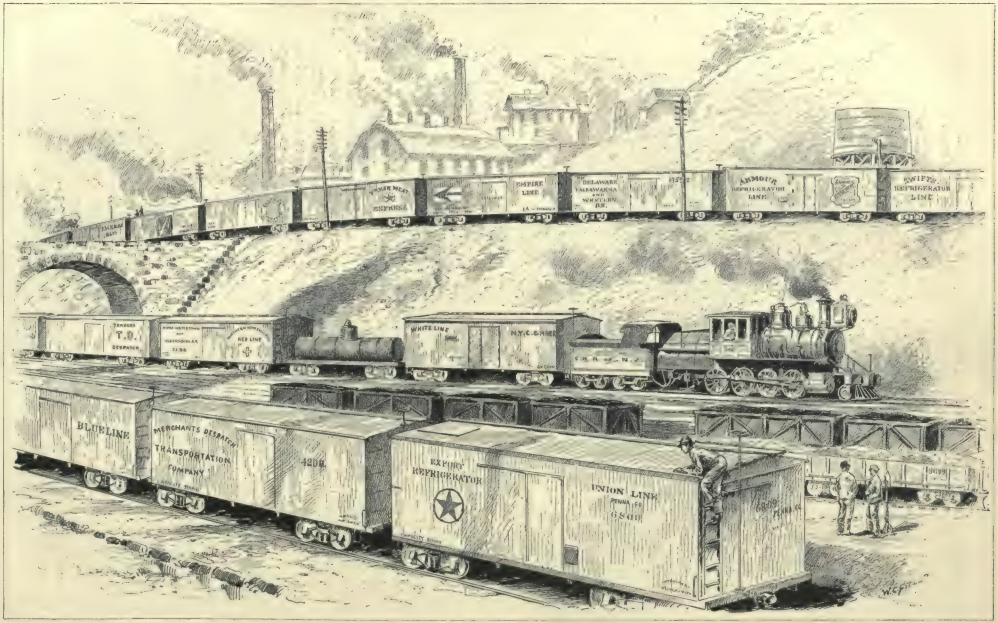
USE AND ABUSE OF CARS.

A PACKAGE of merchandise can be transported from New York to Chicago in two days and three nights. This is repeated day after day with all the regularity of passenger service. So uniform is this movement, that shippers and consignees depend upon it and arrange their sales and stocks of goods in accordance therewith. Any deviation or irregularity brings forth instant complaint and a threatened withdrawal of patronage. This is true of hundreds of other places and lines of freight service. To accomplish it, there is necessary, first, a highly complicated and intricate organization, and next, incessant watchfulness.

The shipper delivers the goods at the receiving freight house of the railway company. His cartman gets a receipt from the tallyman. This receipt may be sent direct to the consignee or more frequently is exchanged for a bill of lading. There the re-



Coal Car, Central Railroad of New Jersey.



Freight from all Quarters—Some Typical Trains.

sponsibility of the shipper ends. His goods are in the hands of the railway company, which to all intents and purposes guarantees their safe and prompt delivery to the consignee.

The tally-man's receipt is taken in duplicate. The latter is kept in the freight house until the freight is loaded in a car, and is then marked with the initials and number of the car into which the freight has been loaded. After that it is taken to the bill clerk in the office, and from it and others is made the way-bill or bills for that particular car.

Where the volume of freight received at a given station is large, it is customary to put all packages for a common destination, as far as possible, in a car by themselves, thus making what are termed "straight" cars. This is not always possible, however, or if attempted would lead to loading a very large number of cars with but light loads. So that it becomes necessary to group freight for contiguous stations in one car, and again often to put freight for widely distant cities in the same car. These latter are known as "mixed" cars.

We will assume the day's receipt of freight finished, and most of the cars loaded. About 6 P.M. the house will be "pulled," that is, those cars already loaded, will be taken away and an empty "string" of cars put in their place. An hour later, this "string" will in turn be loaded and taken out, and the operation repeated, until all the day's receipt of freight is loaded. Meanwhile other freight will have been loaded direct from the shippers' carts, on to cars on the receiving tracks. For all cars, there is made out in the freight office a running slip or memorandum bill, which gives simply the car number, initials, and destination. These are given the yardmaster or despatcher, and from them he "makes up" the trains.

To a very great degree, the good movement of freight depends upon the vigilance of the yardmasters and the care with which they execute their duties. In an important terminal yard, the yardmaster may have at all times from one to two thousand cars, loaded and empty. He must know what each car contains, what is its destination, and on what track it is. To enable him to do this, he has one or more assistants day and night. They, in turn, will have foremen in charge of yard crews, each of the latter having immediate charge of one engine. The number of engines employed will vary constantly with the volume of the freight handled, but it is safe to assume that there will be at all times nearly as many engines employed in shifting in the various yards and important stations on a line, as there are road engines used in the movement of the freight traffic.

The work of the yard goes on without intermission day and night, Sundays as well as week days. The men there employed know no holidays, get no vacations. The loaded cars are coming from the freight houses all day long, in greater numbers perhaps in the afternoon and evening, but the work of loading and moving cars goes on somewhere or other, nearly at all times. As often as the yardmaster gets together a sufficient number of cars for a common destination to make up a train, he gathers them together, orders a road engine and crew to be ready, and despatches them. In the make up of "through" trains, care has to be exercised to put together cars going to the same point and to "group" the trains so that as little shifting as possible may be required at any succeeding yard or terminal, where the trains may pass. To accomplish this, a thorough knowledge of all the various routes is necessary, and minute acquaintance with the various intermediate junction-yards and stations.

The train once "made up" and in charge of the road crew, its progress for the next few hours is comparatively simple. It will go the length of the "run" at a rate of probably twenty miles per hour, subject only to the ordinary vicissitudes of the road. At the end of the division, if a through train, it will be promptly transferred to another road crew with another engine, and so on. Each conductor takes the running slip for each car in his train. He also makes a report, giving the cars by numbers and initials in his train, whether loaded or empty, how secured, and detailed information in regard to any car out of order, or any slight mishap or delay to his train. These reports go to the Car

Accountant. The running slips stay with the cars, being transferred from hand to hand until the cars reach their destination. At junction yards where one road terminates and connects with one or more foreign roads, a complete record is kept in a book prepared especially for the purpose, of every car received from and delivered to each connecting road. A copy of this information is sent daily to the Car Accountant.

A road is expected to receive back from a connecting line any car that it has previously delivered loaded. It becomes very necessary to know just what cars have been so delivered. Without such a record a road is at the mercy of its connections, and may be forced to receive and move over its length empty foreign cars that it never had in its possession before, thus paying mileage and being at the expense of moving cars that brought it no revenue whatever. The junction records put a complete check on such errors, and by their use thousands of dollars are saved annually.

To still more expedite the movement of through freight, very many so-called fast freight lines exist in this country, as, for example, the Trader's Despatch, the Star Union, the Merchant's Despatch Transportation Company, the Red, the White, the Blue, the National Despatch, etc. Some of these lines are simply co-operative lines, owned by the various railway companies whose roads are operated in connection with one another. Their organization is simple. A number of companies organize a line, which they put in charge of a General Manager. Each company will assign to the line a number of cars, the quota of each being in proportion to its miles of road. The General Manager has control of the line cars. He has agents who solicit business and employees who watch the movement of his line cars, and report the same to him. He keeps close record of his business, and reports promptly to the transportation officer of any road in his line any neglect or delinquency he may discover. The earnings of the line and its expenses are all divided pro rata among the roads interested.

Such a line is simply an organization to insure prompt service and secure competitive business, and the entire benefit goes to the railway companies.

Other lines are in the nature of corporations, being owned by stockholders and operating on a system of roads in accordance with some agreement or contract. Others again are organized for some special freight, and are owned wholly by firms or individuals, such as the various dressed beef lines and some lines of live stock cars. These are put in service simply for the mileage received for their use, and in many cases the railway companies have no interest in them whatever.

The movement of "straight" cars and "solid" trains is comparatively simple. But there is a very large amount of through freight, particularly of merchandise, that cannot be put into a "straight" car. A shipper in New York can depend on his goods going in a straight car to St. Louis, Denver, St. Paul, etc., but he can hardly expect a straight car to any one of hundreds of intermediate cities and towns. Still less is it possible for a road at a small country town, where there are perhaps but one or two factories, to load straight cars to any but a very few places. To overcome this difficulty, transfer freight houses have to be provided. These are usually located at important terminal stations.

To them are billed all mixed cars containing through freight. These cars are unloaded and reloaded, and out of a hundred "mixed" cars will be made probably eighty straight and the balance local. This necessarily causes some delay, but it is practically a gain in time in the end, as otherwise every car would have to be reloaded, and held at every station for which it contained freight.

The variety of articles that are offered to a railway company for transportation is endless. Articles of all sizes and weights are carried, from shoe-pegs by the carload to a single casting that weighs thirty tons. The values also vary as widely. Some cars will carry kindling wood or refuse stone that is worth barely the cost of loading and carrying a few miles, while others will be loaded with teas, silks, or merchandise, where perhaps the value of a single carload will exceed twenty-five or thirty thou-

sand dollars. The great bulk of all freight is carried in the ordinary box cars, coal in cars especially planned for it, and coarse lumber and stone on flat or platform cars. But very many cases arise that require especial provision to be made for each. Chicago dressed beef has made the use of the refrigerator cars well known. These cars are also used for carrying fruit and provisions. They are of many kinds, built under various patents, but all with a common purpose, that is to produce a car wherein the temperature can be maintained uniformly at about 40 degrees. On the other hand potatoes in bulk are brought in great quantities to the Eastern seaboard in box cars, fitted with an additional or false lining of boards, and in the centre an ordinary stove in which fire is kept up during the time the potatoes are in transit.

An improvement on this plan is afforded by the use of cars known as the Eastman Heater Cars. They are provided with an automatic self-feeding oil-stove, so arranged that fire can be kept up under the car for about a fortnight without attention. These are largely used in the fruit trade.

For carrying milk, special cars have to be provided, as particular attention has to be given to the matter of ventilation in connection with a small amount of cooling for the proper carrying of the milk. Not only the cars but the train service has to be especially arranged for in particular cases.

As an instance, the Long Island Railroad Company makes a specialty of transporting farmers' truck wagons to market. For this purpose they have provided long, low, flat cars, each capable of carrying four truck wagons. The horses are carried in box cars, and one farmer or driver is carried with each team, a coach being provided for their use. During the fall of the year, they frequently carry from 45 to 50 wagons on one train, charging a small sum for each wagon, nothing for the horses or men. These trains run three times weekly, and are arranged so as to arrive in the city about midnight, returning the next day at noon. The trains by themselves are not very remunerative, but by furnishing this accommodation, farmers who are thirty or forty miles out on Long Island can have just as good an opportunity for market-gardening as those who live within driving distance of the city. This builds up the country further out on the island, which in turn gives the road other business.

The movement of freight is not always successfully accomplished. In spite of good organization, every facility, incessant watchfulness, accidents will occur, freight will be delayed, cars will break down, trains will meet with disaster. The consequences sometimes fall heavily on the railway companies. The loss is frequently out of all proportion to the revenue. The following instance is from the writer's own experience:

Some carpenters repairing a small low trestle left chips and shavings near one of the bents. A passing train dropped some ashes. The shavings caught fire and burnt one or two posts in one bent. The section men failed to notice the fire. Toward evening, a freight train came to the trestle, the burnt bent gave way, and the train was derailed. Two men were killed, one severely injured, and eighteen freight cars were burned. The resulting loss to the railroad company was $56,113. Of this amount, the loss paid on freight was $39,613.12. As a matter of interest, and to show the disparity between the value of the commodities and the earnings from freight charges received by the railway company, the amount of each is given here in detail, taken from the actual records of the case.

Property destroyed.	Amount paid by railroad company.	Freight charges on the same.
Butter, 200 pounds at 35 cents.	$70 00	$0 50
Ore, 75.9 tons at $3.50	265 80	56 91
Paper, 4,600 pounds	269 10	8 74
Pulp, 10,400 pounds	160 00	12 65
Shingles, 85 M.	192 50	11 00
Horsenails	2,986 06	37 44
Lumber	252 00	18 40
Apples, 159 barrels	508 80	15 26
Hops, 209 bales, 37,014 pounds.	34,908 86	59 22
	$39,613 12	$220 12

This was during the fall of 1882, when hops sold in New York for over $1 per pound.

The plan of payment for car service by the mile run, without reference to time, has the merit of simplicity and long-established usage. It is, however, in reality, crude and unscientific, and has brought with it, in its train, numerous disadvantages.

The owner of a car is entitled, first, to the proper interest in his investment, that is, on the value of the car; second, to a proper amount for wear and tear or for repairs. The life of a freight car may be reasonably estimated at ten years, so that ten per cent. on its value would be a fair interest charge. The average amount for repairs varies directly as to the distance the car moves, and may be put at one-half cent per mile run.

It will be seen that by the ordinary method of payment the car owner is compensated for interest at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent for the time that the car is in motion, but receives nothing for all the time the car is at rest. If cars could be kept in motion for any considerable portion of each twenty-four hours, this would prove ample. But in practice, it is found that few roads succeed in getting an average movement of all cars for more than one hour and a half in each twenty-four. This gives about five per cent. interest on the value of the car, only one-half of what is generally conceded to be a fair return. Still further, there is no inducement to the road on which a foreign car is standing to hasten its return home. On the contrary, there is a direct advantage in holding the car idle until a proper load can be found for it, rather than return it home empty. The most serious abuses of the freight business of the country have grown from this state of affairs. It costs nothing but the use of the track to hold freight in cars; consequently freight is held in cars instead of being put in storehouses, frequently for weeks and months at a time.

There is but little earnest attempt made to urge consignees to remove freight; on the contrary, the consignees consider that they can leave their freight as long as they choose, and that the railroad companies are bound to hold it indefinitely.

One special practice has grown up as a result of this condition, that of shippers sending freight to distant points to their own order. This practice is most prolific of detention to cars, and yet is so strongly rooted in the traffic arrangements of the country that it is most difficult to put an end to it. Cars "to order" will frequently stand for weeks before the contents are sold and the consignee is discovered, during which time the cars accumulate, stand in the way, occupy valuable space, and have to be handled repeatedly by the transportation department of the road, all at the direct cost of handling to the road itself, and loss of interest to the owner of the car.

Only two methods have so far been suggested to abate or put an end to the evils which have been but slightly indicated above. The first is a change in the method of payment for car service to a compensation based upon time as well as mileage, which is commonly known as the "Per Diem Plan."

This plan consists in paying for the use of all foreign cars a fixed sum per mile run, based on the supposed cost of repairs of the car, and a price per day based upon what is estimated to be a fair return for the interest on its value. This plan was originally suggested by a convention of car accountants, and was brought up and advocated by Mr. Fink, the Chairman of the Trunk Line Commission, in New York, in the fall of 1887. At his suggestion, and largely through his influence, it was tried by a few of the roads (the Trunk Lines and some of their immediate connections) during the early part of the year 1888; the amounts as then fixed being one-half cent per mile run, and fifteen cents per day. The results of this experiment, while they were quite satisfactory to the friends of the proposed change, yet were not sufficiently conclusive to demonstrate the value of the plan to those who were indifferent or hostile to it.

The second method of remedying the existing evils of car service is in a uniform and regular charge for demurrage, or car rental, to be collected by all railroad companies with the same regularity and uniformity that they now collect freight charges. This car rental, or

demurrage charge, would not be in any sense a revenue to the car owner; the idea of it being that it is a rental to the delivering company not only for the use of the car, but for the track on which it stands, and the inconvenience and actual cost that the company is put to in repeated handling of a car that is held awaiting the pleasure of the consignee to unload. The difficulty in the way of making such a charge has been the unwillingness of any railroad company to put any obstacle in the way of the free movement of freight to its line, and the fear that an equivalent charge would not be made by some one of its competitors. Of late, however, the serious disadvantages resulting from the privileges given to consignees at competing points by allowing them to hold cars indefinitely have led the different railway companies to come together and agree upon a uniform system of demurrage charges at certain competing points.

If these two plans could be put into operation simultaneously, a fair and uniform method of charging demurrage, coupled with the Per Diem and Mileage plan for car service, the results would be most satisfactory not only to the railway companies and car owners, but also to the community.

The matter of Freight Transportation is a vast one, and whole chapters might be written on any one of the various topics that have been but slightly mentioned in this sketch.

The subject is fraught with difficulties; new complications arise daily which, each in its turn, have to be met and mastered. The publicity recently given to the various phases of the railway problem has done much to enlighten the public mind in regard to these difficulties.

The result has already been evident in the growing spirit of mutual forbearance and good-will between the railway companies and the public. Let us hope that this will continue, and that as time goes on, their relations will steadily improve, so that the public, while yielding nothing of their legitimate demand for safe, prompt, and convenient service, will at the same time see that this can only be secured by allowing the railways a fair return for the services rendered; while the railways will learn that their true interest lies in the best service possible at moderate, uniform rates.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

By William Herbert Carruth.

A CARPET all of faded brown,
  On the gray bough a dove that grieves;
Death seemeth here to have his own,
But the Spring violets nestle down
    Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes,
  Locks in which care her silver weaves;
Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,
But God he knoweth on what wise
Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies
    Under the leaves.

THE DILEMMA OF SIR GUY THE NEUTER.

By Octave Thanet.

THERE are two portraits remaining of Sir Guy Paget, later, Baron Ellesmere. One of them hangs in the old hall to which his descendants have spared its Elizabethan state. No one can name the painter; probably he was one of the Dutch artists who were attracted to England by Holbein's success.

The paint has cracked in minute and irregular diamonds all over the canvas; and behind this network of the old spider, Time, you see Sir Guy's face and his supple and elegant figure, down past the half of his comely legs. He is in court dress, as he was wont to appear before her Majesty, Mary I. of England: cloth of silver and white taffeta, jewels sparkling from his sword-hilt, and a "marten chain" wound about his square white velvet cap.

I judge that, at this time, he may have owned twenty-eight or nine years. He has the dark hair of the Pagets (fine and straight I discover elsewhere) brushed upward in the fashion of the day. His slight beard hardly disguises the beautiful oval of his face. His tawny gray eyes, though not large, are full of fire. The nose is the rather long, well-formed nose of Holbein's portraits; the chin is firm; and the delicate lips are relaxed by a fine, half-melancholy, half-satiric smile.

The other portrait, a miniature by Hilliard, taken in Elizabeth's reign, shows the same graceful beauty, not effeminate, yet certainly not robust, and the same smile, which I am quite unable to describe. In the miniature, Lord Ellesmere wears armor, being thus represented at the instance of his wife, whom he tenderly loved and who was proud of his martial exploits. He was indeed, a valiant and fortunate commander; but it was at the court, not in the field, that he mended the estate of a poor gentleman into that of a great lord; and it is the courtier who smiles that haunting and elusive smile.

Perhaps I am reading my own meanings into this dead courtier's face, or taking them, modernized in spite of myself, from the manuscript story which he left to his grandson. He left other records of strange passages in his life, some of them concerning very great personages, indeed; possibly it is for that reason they have been destroyed. Tradition also accuses him of "diuers Sonets the wich were extream commended of Master Philip Sidney." But they have gone their way to Oblivion, all the same. I know of no line of Guy Paget's extant outside these musty old pages, the narrative of a tragic and bewildering episode.

Next to his celebrated uncle, the man who most influenced Guy's life was an almost forgotten hero, Robert Ferrars, Bishop of St. Davids. His first meeting with Ferrars was in this wise.

During the autumn of 1549, Edward VI. then being on the throne and the Catholic rebellion just happily suppressed, Master Paget rode through Devonshire with despatches from his uncle to the Bishop of St. Davids. The bishop and his wife had gone to Devonshire to visit Sir Peter Carew, the bishop's brother-in-law, and afterward convoy his daughter, Lady Godsalve, with them to Wales, because of the prospective absence of her father and husband in Italy on a diplomatic mission. Guy was to meet the bishop in a little Devonshire village. The sun was passing into the west as he came in sight of the village. He rode unattended, for his business was private. "Though of young years," says another chronicler, "Master Paget was greatly esteemed and trusted by his uncle, and much employed by him in secret affairs of State."

The mire of the foul ways had splashed Guy's riding-boots as well as the cloak of fine Flemish cloth which he wore to protect his doublet of "wanchett blue velvet guarded with silver." Yet for all the travel-stains, he must have looked a gallant and handsome young

gentleman. Not a very light-hearted one at this moment, however, though he expected, presently, to see his sweetheart. He gazed about him with a bitter smile. The sunshine bathed the moist green meadows where the sheep were grazing. Kingcups and cuckoo blossoms and all the dazzling ranks of the autumn flowers were freshly sprung along the roadside or waving above the hedge-rows: and sloes showed their sleek black sides on the blackthorn bushes. A little brook flashed across the open before it dipped into the shade of wooded banks. You could see, from Guy's point of vision, orchards and groves, and single majestic oaks or horse-chestnuts dappling the plain with rich shadow; and harvests waving their dull gold; and hills to break the soft curves of the landscape on the horizon line. Directly before him the highway slipped out of sight among the steep roofs of the village.

The scene was one of just such gentle and pensive loveliness as English poets, in all ages, have delighted to praise, but now it was a loveliness dishevelled and woful. The ruined harvests were tumbled over their fields. Ragged gaps had been slashed in the hedges; deep furrows were ploughed in the greensward; how, was easy to know from the broken cannon wheels, the bleaching bones of horses, rusted pieces of weapons and armor, and all the hideous litter of warfare still cumbering the ground. A long, transverse ridge of raw earth marked the common grave of king's men and rebels. In like wise the black heaps of ashes and charred timbers, here and there, meant that the soldiers had burned the cottages. So near Guy that his horse's nostrils dilated with the smoke, a few rafters were still smouldering. They had taken the wayside cross out of its socket, hacked it into the semblance of a gallows, and swung from it a man in a tattered frieze frock. His clouted soles were barely a foot from the embers.

Guy frowned and rode away. The main street of the village was blocked halfway by an ancient Norman church. Here, again, Guy saw signs of that furious time. The lead was peeled from the roof, and the tower stripped of its bells. Zealots had smashed the noble windows, leaving only jagged points like red and blue flames to cling to the cusps and mullions. Within, the choir, bare of all that the piety of ages had bestowed, altars, ornaments, crucifixes, images, held only an oaken communion table; and the walls had been "white limned" so roughly that the floor and even the table were bespattered. Through the trefoil above the group of lancet windows on the north side of the tower, fronting the street, a great beam was run from which dangled a rope, its purpose plainly indicated by the loop and swinging end.

A crowd of half-grown lads craned their necks at the noose; and a half-score men-at-arms made "scurril jests."

Guy kept his way on down the street. It was a narrow street, unpaved, drained by open gutters. The houses abutted on it directly. Most of them were of timber and plaster, two stories high, divided by a projecting string-course. The booths of the tradesmen were below, their dwellings were above. Evidently the town was astir in some unwonted fashion, for heads crowded the windows and doorways, and little groups of citizens, with troubled faces, talked together at the street corners. Guy easily distinguished the inn by its sign of the gilded swan. It was a timber house of some architectural pretension, built about a quadrangle. The façade had the lawless picturesqueness of the epoch, with its Gothic gables, its large, deeply recessed windows, shaped with the Tudor arch, and divided into many lights, its carven dripstones and cornices, and its porch and porch chamber supported on Ionic pillars. The porch seats were filled with the village magnates, and the tapster in his leather apron and crumpled white hose was serving them to great stoups of beer.

No landlord was to be seen (Guy learned afterward that he was a timorous man who shunned the wagging of tongues) but his wife displayed a new violet kirtle and her black eyes and red cheeks in the doorway.

She, alone, was unabashed by Guy's approach; she greeted him courteously, and having rendered his horse to the hostler and bade the tapster fetch a fresh tankard, she continued her speech. "Marry," she cried, "though they do

hang him, I say he was a kind man; many a dirge and placebo hath he said for a poor body, nor axed for the dirge-groat. And which o' the new priests would ha' tarried like him i' the plague time?"

"He feared naught"—it was a red-faced yeoman who took up the word. "Lord, how stout he did crack at the usurers and sheep-mongers, and the forestallers and regrators!"

There was a cautious acquiescence in nods, with side glances at Guy.

A young man would have told of the equally notable drubbing administered to these hated personages by Master Latimer, the King's preacher; but it was clear that young Dobson was suspected of making his travels too conspicuous; they, his elders and betters, were never in London; his own father checked him:

"Aye, aye, lad, 'twas famous fine no doubt, but good Sir Giles was broad spoken enow for me."

"By likelihood, he was too broad spoken," said a burgher, "'tis claimed he practised with the headiness of the multitude; and sure he said the mass the old way."

"Well, they ha' swept us good clean of the mass, now," the tapster rejoined, grimly, "and ta'en the roods down too. Poor Hobb be hanging to one now."

The citizens exchanged black looks.

"They will sweep the land good clean of religion," cried an old man in a thread-bare sarcenet gown. "The nobles be jeerers and mockers, riotous and bloody and evil livers, the young men be neuters, of no faith. They fear neither God nor the devil. The merchants have the gospel swimming on their lips; but, Lord, how they oppress the poor! They keep their wool and their cloth till it be beyond a poor man's buying; and it weareth no time, for the naughtiness of the making. Rich men will show no compassion to the poor. I say there was never a time when the rich were so cruel to the poor. All kinds of bestial be so high a poor man cannot live. When I was a young man, eggs were a penny a dozen, and 'twas a penny a pound for beef or mutton or veal, and white meat a penny farthing, and neck or legs two farthings. But now the new lords and the clerking knights have enclosed the commons so a poor man cannot keep a cow or a pig for the comfort of it."

"Yea, and how the rents be raised!" said the yeoman.

"Wot ye, good people," said a portly mercer, "how this our native country be sore decayed so 'tis to be feared we may fall a prey to our enemies for lack of men? Everywhere be the people sore minished. Where, in a few years agone, were ten or twelve hundred, be scarce four hundred now, and where did use to be fifty ploughs and good houses of husbandry, now will be but a shepherd and his dog. And the husbandmen be so pined and famished they be fain to eat acorns, they say."

"Yea," young Dobson interrupted, eagerly, "'sheep and cattle that be ordained to be eaten of men have devoured the men' quoth Master Latimer; and worthy Master Beçon in his book the Jewel of Joy——"

But the crowd would have nothing of young Dobson or his new lights. The landlady sent a bell-like Devonshire voice above the din of criticism. "Nay, go to, lad, I perceive, as the saying is, a blind man doth swallow many a fly. The new priests talk of charity, but it's from the teeth forward. Yea, we have a hot gospeller here, that got our monk's chantry lands. Ye wot well how that the monks were good landlords. But this new lord hath enclosed the commons and so raised his rents and pulled and polled his tenants that a meanie of them have lost their farms and must beg on the roads or fall to picking and stealing. There was one poor simple man—I knew him well, his name was Jock Tibbets—he came to my yard and died there of a fever, and his wife, why I know not, she died also, so the two sons and one daughter they did beg on the roads. One of the sons was pressed to fight with the king's men and was killed; and the girl, being but simple withal and miserably handled by the soldiers, she was haired out of her wits and drowned herself in the brook; I saw her on the banks stark of her limbs, and dripping, and her other brother making moan over her."

"Yea," said the tapster, "Martin his name is, and by the rood, Lord William

be going to hang him, to-day, with our vicar."

"And how chance they hang him, sirrah?" a voice demanded from within.

Guy had the curiosity to draw nearer and look into the inn parlor. Two persons were in the room. One was the speaker, an elderly man, tall and stalwart of figure, composed and benignant of face. His gray hair was stiff and abundant. His features were large and rather clumsily moulded, but the eyes were "marvellous bright," and wrinkles of kindly mirth discovered themselves at the corners of his eyelids and his mouth. His attire was "grave and reverend" but plain, "a fair black gown" and "black hose with ruffled plates of the same cloth." Instead of the cap of the period, he held a broad hat in his strong, white hand.

"By the faith of my body, 'tis the bishop," said Guy.

The other person in the room was a young gentlewoman, richly apparelled, of whose person the dim light only revealed that she had a pale face and dark red hair. But Guy did not need to see her plainly; he had been fitting grand adjectives to that auburn hair for months. Not much more than two years before, Sir William Paget had selected Mistress Margaret Carew for his nephew's wife. There was "much speech of the matter." The young people saw each other. Mistress Margaret, a shy girl, mourning the death of her mother, did not so much as lift her eyes at the graceful young cavalier, and blushed painfully at his court flatteries. Guy was well enough satisfied; he told his uncle that the lady was fair and he would warrant her "infinitely virtuous." "As for her wit," quoth he, "I could wish it some growth, but there be time enow."

Nevertheless the affair "came to naught." I gather that there was some dispute about "the dowry." Shortly after, Mistress Margaret married Sir John Godsalve.

Cotemporary gossip pictures Sir John as old, rich, and ugly, a brave soldier and an honest if stormy-tempered gentleman.

Guy took the rupture of his betrothal with equanimity: but when, after her marriage, Lady Godsalve appeared at court, whether because she were really grown more fascinating or because her charms had acquired the lustre of the unattainable, certain it is Master Paget chose to fancy himself the victim of a hopeless passion. This was the period of his sonnets to Amoret.

Amoret was cold. She did not blush any for his compliments, and the wit, to which he had wished growth, was quite vigorous enough to match Master Guy's, now. He professed himself dying of despair, but I imagine that, at this period, there was a good deal of poetic license about his despair. At any rate he consoled himself with kinder beauties. Guy was a man of his time, and it was not the time of Sir Galahad. Yet as he saw that averted pale cheek and the lovely curve of the throat into the cheek, he felt a thrill beyond his light admiration. "Dear child," he murmured, "Lord, what an innocent face it is!" All this was in the space of the tapster's gruff answer: "Why, please your lordship, Lord William willed Martin to hang our vicar and he would not—so they are going to hang him—lo, there they come!"

A clatter of armor, a jingle of spurs, a thud of horses' hoofs, the rush of many feet, boys' feet, men's feet, women's feet, little children's feet, a troop of men of arms riding at a slow pace, and, in the middle rank, two men on horseback, arms tied behind their backs, feet lashed under their horses — yes, they were coming.

The priest's spine was as erect as any soldier's, though his robe bunched ungracefully over the saddle pommel, and they had tied a bucket of holy water, a rosary, and a sacring bell round his neck, to splash and clank at every motion. He was a little round man with a bald head which glistened in the sun. He looked steadily at the tower and the beam, but he did not flinch by as much as the quiver of an eyelid: even his full cheeks kept their ruddy hue. The other prisoner was an athletic young man who would have been handsome but for the yellowish pallor of his skin and the glassy eyes which roamed from side to side. His curly flaxen hair was matted with blood, and his ragged fustian jacket nearly torn off him.

As the dismal procession moved up the street an inarticulate and awful murmur swelled from the crowd, that under-throb of rage and grief and straining patience which holds the menace of unchecked fury, and heard from an English mob has rarely failed to keep its promise. "Some day," thought the keen young interpreter who watched it all, "some day it will be the new priests' turn—ha, what meaneth my lord bishop?"

The bishop had stepped into the street.

He stood there, lifting his arms:

"My lord, in the King's name!"

The leader of the troop was a mere stripling well known to Guy, a duke's son. He turned impatiently in his saddle, saying: "My lord, ye be letting the King's justice."

"Nay, not so," said the bishop, "sure 'tis against the King's justice and natural pity, too, to hang this fond young man for that he will not hang the other."

Lord William answered, in a tone of impatient raillery, that the knave would hang the priest fast enough when the pinch came.

"That will I never," said the prisoner, sullenly.

The priest managed to turn his bound body toward the bishop. "For the passion of Christ, good gentlemen," he pleaded, "be a mean for this poor lad. 'Tis no rebel, but a poor miser that begeth on the road."

"That will I, sir," said the bishop, heartily, "but for yourself——"

"For me," said the priest, "pity me not. I have lived good days and I am found worthy to die in God's cause."

Guy had been whispering in Lord William's ear, regarding the Protector's lenity toward the rebels. "He? He may want the like himself," said Lord William; but then he laughed and bade two of his soldiers "have the knave away."

"For the priest," he added, "I have no option."

The bishop thanked him for his "gentleness" and stepped aside. Lord William gave the word of advance. The troop moved on up the street, impassive as their armor. The people streamed after them, and, directly, Guy and the bishop saw the stout figure swinging before his own church tower. Lady Godsalve had gone. They stood alone, together.

"God have pity on his soul!" said the bishop, solemnly; "he was a very pestilent traitor well worthy of death, but he was a brave man."

Guy masked a pity that hurt him, under a careless answer: "Yea, he had a stout and arrogant stomach. He minded me of Forrest that was burned in the late king's time, ye know. I saw him suffer. You of the clergy have a special gift for torment, methinks. They burned him in a cradle of chains. Master Latimer preached, and at such length I trow Forrest was glad to be out of the sermon and into the fire. But, an he were not a traitor, I would say Forrest took his death as Christian-like as any man I ever did see. I was a lad, at the time. I wept to see the man, screaming in the fire, and climbing up, clinging to the chains, swaying his body out of the flames. Marry, I did run away."

The bishop sighed: "It liketh me not these harsh punishments, but they affright evil doers. Better is it one traitor die dreadfully like Forrest than hundreds in battle or—like such an one. But, Master Paget, ye have letters for me, I wis; let us to the green fields where we may read them in good quiet."

Guy willingly "did his bidding." They sat down together by the brookside and the bishop looked over the letters. They related to various abuses in the diocese, and especially to certain complaints privately made against the bishop. Their tenor appeared in the bishop's running comment: "Griffith ap Morgan be an unmeet man for promotion; he stole his own church bells. Canon Hugh Evans complaineth of the multitude of valyaunt beggars and sturdy vagabonds in his parish. The justice hath whipped and branded to no end; he would have two hanged as an ensample. Not an I can hinder it. Let him advise Sir Thomas Jones to open his mines; the poor lobs be willing enow to work so work be had. John Hughes! Nay, she was not his wife. I will not take bribes to bear with his

wrong doing: let him complain. Ha! this be all false! It was not I but George Constantine of his own presumptuous mind removed the communion altar in Caermarthen Church. Yea, it be very vile and in great decay. For why, the canons have spoiled it of crosses, cencers, challices with other plate and jewels to the value of five hundred marks. Your uncle hath the papers. I did take order to compel restitution. But they have bolsterers. I do perceive they make charges against me. Saw ye ever such frivole reasoning." He smiled although plainly distressed. "Here be a famous hotchpotch: Pemunire and using my clergy tyrannously, and wearing a *hat*—verily, there I must plead guilty sith the proof be on me. It beareth off the cold in winter and the heat in summer, yet from the coil ye would deem a hat partook of the nature of mortal sin. Likewise I have had two godmothers for my son, 'making of his son a monster,' quoth they, 'and him a laughing stock.' Well, Master Paget, there were two wives being before at variance who desired both to be godmothers, so to make unity between them they were both received. What! complain they too that I whistle my child, saying that he understood my whistle when he was three days old, and so whistle him, daily, friendly admonition neglected—friendly forsooth! But 'tis true I do use with gravity all honest loving entertainment of the child to encourage him, thereafter, willingly to receive, at his father's mouth, wholesome doctrine of the true fear and love of God. It killeth my heart, Master Paget, to see how cruelly these innocents, that Christ loved, be entreated by their parents and masters. Marry, though, ye would laugh your fill, Master Paget, to see Sam nigh leaping out of his mother's arms, hearing of my whistle, I not being in sight. The towardness of the babe, the nurse saith, is amazing—but I forget my canon's sore grief."—He read with a mixture of sadness, vexation, and humor a long list of charges almost incredible to the modern mind. The bishop did not forcibly take away the people's beads; he permitted them to "kneel and knock" to the sacrament. He seditiously wished, "speaking of the alteration of the coin," that "the penny should be in weight worth a penny of the same metal." He dined with his servants, and his talk was "not of godliness but of worldly matters." He neglected his books and preaching, and spent his time opening mines, surveying lands, and attending to fisheries. When he reached the last indictment the bishop wiped his brow. "God forgive me, sir," said he, "belike therein be a savor of truth. I be so occupied with the piteous condition for this world of my poor people and the seeking out some remede that I may neglect to feed my sheep spiritually: though I do preach regularly every week. But, Master Paget, enow of this gear; ye bear your worshipful uncle's very thought of the matter; pray you give it me."

During the bishop's examination of the letters Guy had been watching every phrase, those sharp, worldly-wise young ears of his on the alert for some ring of the base metal of cruelty or ambition or avarice or sinister indulgence, which he was used to detect in the "new priests' talk."

"Almost thou persuadest me thou art an honest man," he thought, before he answered, courteously: "That will I, my lord. 'Tis my uncle's belief the notary George Constantine is promoter of all this broil. 'Tis bruited that he be not only guilty of theft of church moneys and other naughty facts, but he has had a hand in the late rising. Wherefore, do ye inquire, shrewdly, and secretly gather what proof ye may—it needs not much—and hale him before Sir Peter, who is your right friend and brother—and there will be an end of him and his plottings!"

"Mean ye," cried the bishop, opening his eyes wide, "mean ye that I have him hanged whether or no?"

Guy stroked the down on his smiling lip as he answered gently that the hanging best be left to the secular arm, that is, Sir Peter Carew.

"God forbid," said the bishop, flushing, "that I take any man's blood on my soul! I thank Sir William for his gentle friendship, but it standeth not with my honor or the faith of a Christian man thus to render evil for evil."

"Verily 'tis an honest man," was Guy's inward comment; outwardly he said that his own duty ended with the delivery of his message. "And so the bishop put the papers in his poke and they fared back to the 'ostle."

Will, the tapster, met them with a grin and the intelligence: "Martin, him your worships wot of"—he griped his throat significantly—"he hath led the soldiers into a ditch and is off."

"Another knave to pillage the king's lieges," said Guy, tossing the fellow a crusado and secretly rather glad. He suspected that the bishop shared his feeling.

The evening was spent in the parlor of the inn. Mistress Ferrars was present, a tall, slender gentlewoman, neither young nor pretty, yet attracting by a mild and unexacting comeliness and an evident sweetness of nature.

Lord William contributed his handsome person and his sackbut, "playing divers French songs most untunefully"—but this is Guy's judgment, and he wanted to engross Lady Godsalve's attention himself. He was too courtly a youth to display his chagrin; he rather made extra efforts to please the whole company. He discoursed on the doings of the court, the dress of the ladies at the last Masque; the new salad just come from France; the beauty, talents, and marvellous virtues of the young prince (whereat the bishop's eyes grew moist and he nodded his head "many times in a vehement manner," and was heard to murmur something in his wife's ear about "our Sam"); the fair gardens of the Duke of Somerset; the wonders of France, Holland, and Italy; which countries young Paget had seen with his uncle.

The simple pair were delighted with this talk. Ever and anon, the bishop would turn his beaming eyes at his wife and they would smile in unison upon Guy. He caught his breath with interest over the foreign marvels and laughed a great, round unclerical laugh at every jest. Finally, when Guy sang at his asking (the rascal abused his opportunity and adapted some of his own ravings about "Amoret" to "a fair foreign melody") he rubbed his eyes, openly, exclaiming: "Tush, I had not thought a fond song could so move me. Thou must teach it me that I may whistle it to Sam."

Guy could not help an expansion of his heart under this artless admiration. But when the conversation touched on the state of the commonwealth he was impressed with the sturdier side of Ferrars's character. A homely acumen edged his straightforward sentences. His mind had a breadth of justice and mercy, and a fanciful imagination as well, which played about his stern honesty and blunt courage, just as little Sam used to frolic in his father's arms and rest his dainty cheek against the other's wrinkles.

"Yea, verily, here is an honest man," said Guy to himself.

While the company sate about the room and Lord William explained the last campaign to the bishop, and Mistress Ferrars was counting her stitches on a remarkable sampler, he made an occasion to go to Lady Godsalve, to examine her broidery work, saying (which was not true) that it minded him of a piece worked by the Lady Mary, the King's sister. So he leaned over the gable of her chair and his fingers slipped along the silken pattern until they touched the slim white fingers drawing the thread. He audaciously asked her how she liked the song. "'Twas writ for you," said he.

Lady Godsalve folded her hands upon her work. "Master Paget," she said, "I would fain talk with you in good sadness if I might."

"Assuredly, Madam," Guy answered, perplexed by her calm voice and the steady gaze of her eyes. Then, all at once, he saw that her hands were clasping each other with the tightness of resolution, not self-control. She lifted her eyes. They were long in shape, and not until she lifted them did one see how large they were or how deep their violet lights. Faint shadows lay under her smooth eyelids. Her eyebrows, darker than her hair, were drawn a little together. The small mouth curved downward the merest trifle. It was the short upper lip, Guy could see, that gave the mouth its haughty expression; now, the lips had the pathetic curves of a tired child's. Surely her cheek had grown thinner and paler.

Guy recalled the girl who should have been his wife and who was "infinitely virtuous." He was touched. All the artificial gallantry slipped from his manner; he stood up and held the embroidery in both his hands as if to examine it.

She gave him the first grateful look that he had ever seen in her eyes. "Master Paget," she went on, hurriedly, "brought ye news of the accusations Constantine, the notary, hath laid against the bishop?"

"Alack, madam, my matters be private."

"Nay it needs not you disclose them," she said, with rather a dreary smile, "I wot 'tis true withouten your speech. Ah, Master Paget, be his good lord. Intercede with your uncle. He be not a clawback flatterer like his besetters; he cannot plead his own cause. He hath done so much in Wales for the poor people. And he hath taken order with the misbehaving clergy; therefore they do hate him and practise to destroy him."

"He hath good hap to win such an advocate," said Guy, smiling a little.

"He hath done more for me," she answered; "once when I was in sore trouble and anguish of mind, seeing no helper, he set my feet in the straight road; and his counsel was like the ropes they do throw to poor mariners in a storm. He looketh a kind, simple man only, but oh, he doth know the depths wherein the soul be like to sink!"

During her words the young courtier's heart was beating in an unprecedented way. Could Margaret Godsalve's extremity concern him? That still damsel who scarce let him see the color of her eyes, had she loved him in secret? Poor heart, to have them rudely fling her sweetness at that brutal old soldier! Was her flouting of him but to hide her hurt? Guy recalled his sonnets. He was smitten with the sharpest regret that he had ever known: his seemed to him an unknightly part, and he remembered his mother and her tales of knights who had loved one woman and clave to her and served her, asking no guerdon.

"Margaret," said he, "forget what hath given thee pain in time agone. I will be thy right brother, now. Whatever I can do that will I; wherefore, thou knowest; but shalt never hear me say."

He had spoken to her thought rather than her words, but neither of them considered that until afterward. She was anything but pale, now she turned her face so that he might not see the blushes—so like those blushes when they were first together—her sweet voice was barely above a whisper: "I knew, always, thou wast noble—as noble as thou art brave!"

She might have added something to these intoxicating words; but Lord William was moved to ask her "a fool question."

The following morning Guy rode back to London. He tells that he made the journey, "heavily revolving many things in his mind." He did not know it, but he had passed through a momentous experience: at one and the same time he had been awakened to his best impulses as a citizen and as a man. He had his crude and cynical imaginations of man and woman jostled out of shape; for in Ferrars he found an honest married priest, and in the insolently adored mistress of his fancy, the woman whom he should love all the days of his life.

If there was one being Guy despised more than another it was "the married priest." This opinion was the common property of his time; even the Princess Elizabeth could not rid herself of it, and when one reads the published defence of their marriages given the world by some of the English clergy, it may be owned that the scornful had some excuse. Guy himself, like a multitude of young Englishmen of his generation, buffeted backward and forward between Catholicism and Protestantism, was, in the phrase of the time, "a Neuter, a person of no faith." To him the new religion looked an indecent scramble for spoils on the part of the laity, and for license on the part of the clergy; and the married priests with their wives and children and their greedy palms were a noxious and scandalous spectacle. Yet to-day he had seen a married priest who loved his wife and child and none the less had kept clean hands and a pure heart. That

Ferrars was not of the exalted spiritual type, but simply a healthy, not too refined follower of righteousness, helped his influence over Guy, who had the moderate man's incredulous contempt for exaltation of feeling.

"I will never maintain again that a new priest may not be a true man," said Guy.

And he has left his own record of his state of mind regarding Margaret.

"Before, when he was assured she regarded him not, he had pursued her right earnestly: but now that he did perceive that she had bestowed her heart upon him (so unworthy) he was mazed and durst no longer proceed, but would as it were protect her, yea against his own self. So was he sore distraught, seeing no joy or delight in living without this lady; yet fully persuaded she would in no wise fall from her duty to her lord; and, therewith consumed with such excess of admiring and longing sorrow that he did weep to think of her, yet could he by no manner of means divert his mind from her."

. . . . . .

Edward was dead and Mary reigned in his stead, and the mass was back in England, before Guy saw the little Devonshire town again.

Meanwhile evil days had come to Robert Ferrars. So long as Somerset was in power, the Pagets' influence kept his enemies at bay; but Sir William's address only availed to save his own neck, after the Duke's fall. He retired to what was left of his estates, and Guy went to help fight the Turks. Presently, Ferrars was summoned to London on the same "frivole reasonings" which he had discussed with Guy. He was thrown into prison, and in prison he was, on Mary's accession to the throne. The Pagets came back with the Catholic queen. The Lord Paget had been the most moderate of Protestants; he was an equally tolerant Catholic: but moderate men were speedily pushed into the background by fanatics wild with the unslaked hatreds of the time.

In vain all Guy's influence was exerted for the bishop's release. He was deposed from his see as a married priest; he was kept in prison. His wife sickened and died, but Guy obtained the poor boon of taking him, under his own charge, for a farewell visit to her. There is still extant an affecting letter which the bishop wrote to Margaret Godsalve relating to this visit. And with the bishop's letter is one of thanks to Guy from Margaret—evidently enclosing the first. Margaret's letter is endorsed in Guy's handwriting: "My Dearling Lady, Her first letter writ to Me."

Margaret at this period was in France. Her father had been concerned in Wyatt's insurrection and fled. Her husband, though nominally loyal to the Queen, was reported to sympathize secretly with the insurgents.

It is written in every history how Lord Paget succeeded in defeating the heresy bills of two parliaments, and how he failed in the third. In every history, also, is it written how, though he failed when the question only touched men's lives, he succeeded at every point in keeping for the laymen all the church property which Henry VIII. had stolen for them. Naturally, all this did not help Paget's court favor. He remained President of the Welsh Marshes. He was of her Majesty's privy council. The lands which had been confiscated were his again. But the Queen looked coldly on him; he was "vehemently suspect," and "my lord of Winchester did whisper to my lord Riche at the Lady Jane's execution that, for a small pretext, they would make the Lord Paget's head dance the like dance."

Shortly after, Guy, being summoned by his uncle, found that cool-headed statesman "in a fume."

"By God's wounds, nephew Guy," were the first words Guy could win, "these bloody tikes of priests will break the neck of mother church, of their own swinge! Ten heretics burned in this one month! They be the veriest dolts! Wot they not 'tis the best of the new religion will stand steadfast and men will pity their sufferings and, at the length, turn on their tormentors! By the passion of Christ, it putteth me out of my patience! And now they will send the poor old age, Master Ferrars, down to Wales to be tried of the new bishop, Morgan, and that cursed knave, Constantine. An he do not recant—and ye wot he is of stomach stout and

hard—they will sure burn him. They did send him down to Wales with Lord William Radcliffe; but they need *him* elsewhere, so they demanded me, in the council this morning, if ye were not trusty to be sent. I ween 'tis to practise with us that they may find a pretext to destroy us; but I durst not refuse.

"Thou must go, Guy. See to it the man doth not give ye the slip, and that he be mercifully entreated. God, he knoweth I do rue for him."

So, "very heavily," Guy went. He had planned a different errand to Devonshire. Sir John was dead and Margaret, he had heard, was in England again. Of what had been his relations with Lady Godsalve during the intervening years; whether he had ever tried to drag his star from Heaven, whether he had kept his own fidelity unstained through all the temptation of his youth and that unbridled time—of such matters Guy has said nothing, but it is plain that Margaret was still "infinitely virtuous" as she was infinitely fair; and the stiff phrases of the day relax into grace and tenderness if they do but approach her image.

Therefore, not only "marvellous sorrowful" over Ferrars's sad case, but "much afeared lest the lady might take his errand in ill part," Guy rode into Devonshire to the same village where he had encountered Lord William before. There was little change in the aspect of the village street. The church had plain windows, and a priest in a white rochet was celebrating mass, while a bell tolled from the tower before which stout Sir Giles had swung. He was welcomed at the inn by the landlady, grown a trifle weightier and rosier, and by Will tapster, himself, standing now in the landlord's shoes, that timorous worthy having escaped to the only sure refuge from tumult and fear in England, the village graveyard.

The porch seats were filled much as they had been before, and the rustics stared at the soldiers' corselets and hacquebuts with the same mixture of dread and aversion. Guy made out some of the faces; but the young man who had praised Latimer was gone. The hostess had kept all the details of his visit with rural tenacity, and recalled them volubly. She had not lost her habit of bold speech. "Well a day, 'tis rare good luck your worship be come," she cried; "Lord William he be revelling with a great sort of gentlemen at the hall, and the poor old heretic man been put in a little blind house adjoining, where we do keep the coals; and no fire withal, so he be like to starve for cold!"

Laying up a reckoning (which he afterward paid in full) for Lord William, in his own mind, Guy had Ferrars removed to the inn chamber, where was a fire and a supper laid out, and the best bed well warmed.

The bishop, who had greeted Guy with all his usual affection, now looked about him with a broad smile. "Yea even pennar and inkhorn!" he exclaimed, gleefully, "verily, good youth, thou art my white son. God be praised, 'tis in dolour and hardness that a man findeth out the kindness of men. The good man of the house he did fet me a great mess of meat and bread and a stoup of wine; and the woman did send me the cloak of her husband that dead is. He was of slight personage," the bishop laughed, "and I, as ye see, but, marry, it softened the coals for me, and I have an ill back. I pray you, Sir Guy, thank her for her gentleness. The keepers in the city left me little, but I have a silver groat I would send her."

"This is not the meeting I had hoped for," groaned Guy, unmanned by the old man's cheerfulness.

"Nay, good youth, thou hast done thine uttermost for me; regret it not nor rue for me. I mind me ever of the old saying:

> Although the day be ever so long
> At last it ringeth to evensong.

Pray you sup with me, my son, and tell me of our friends."

Then followed a scene, strange enough but of a like nature to those witnessed often in England, at this time.

The heretic and his most unwilling guard supped together while the soldiers watched outside. Vainly the courtier taxed his subtle wit to persuade Ferrars to choose life instead of death.

"Oh, consider," he cried, unconsciously speaking the words of another man of the world to a martyr, "life is sweet and death is bitter; and will ye die for such empty words?"

A very pleasant, gentle smile stole over the old man's rugged features, gaunt and pale with imprisonment. "Ye remember," said he, "I was ever addict to songs and rhymes. My dear heart, when she was with me, did often repeat to me one that marvellously comforted me.

> He that dieth with honor liveth forever,
> But the defaméd dead recovereth never.

Nay, nay, my son, I die for no idle words, but for the very truth of God."

"Ye would die against the mass, and poor Father Giles he died for the mass," said Guy with the irritation of despair; "ye cannot both be right——"

"Nay, Father Giles be all wrong," said the bishop, cheerily, "I have the warrant of holy writ."

Thus the talk went on as such talk was going on in England, whenever the man of the world and the man of the other world held their everlasting dispute. Guy was too shrewd not to perceive the helplessness of his arguments. He was as powerless to move the bishop as the bishop would have been to persuade the young courtier to go to the stake on his own account because he did not believe in the "mummery of the mass."

Sadly enough he bade the old man good-night and betook himself to his chamber. He had posted his guards about the house and he made the rounds before he retired. Down the street the flare of the torches showed him three soldiers. "Those be Lord William's antients, belike," said the old lieutenant who had served with Paget in Hungary. Just then one of them turned his head: Guy experienced that undefined sense of recognition which often bothers the man trained to remember faces. "Somewhere did I see that fellow's hawk eyes," thought Guy.

His troops placed, the chamber where the bishop lay guarded at every approach, Guy went into the porch chamber which was his own. The porch chamber was built out from the house above the porch, a common architectural feature in Tudor mansions. Leaning out of the window, he could plainly hear the voices of the loiterers in the porch. Guy extinguished his taper and listened. It was more to distract his thoughts than from any analyzed purpose.

Now and then a sentence rose above the murmur.

"Well, I care not for strangers, Gaffer; but poor Jock Dobson——"

"He be a right merciful man an he do be a heretic. I did see him beg Martin's life i' this very place."

"Martin, forsooth! 'twas an ill fact that—'tis the most arrant rogue and robber i' the country side."

"Never a soul i' this town hath had wrong of Martin."

The words were lost in an unintelligible buzz of Martin's exploits, besprinkled with peals of laughter as if Martin's wickedness must have a humorous twang. Then some voice said that Martin had seen "the heretic."

"Say, dame," was the next clear sentence, "will they burn him like they did poor Dobson?"

"Yea, but not here, they only bide here, overnight. They will burn him in Wales. Alack the pity, 'tis a hard death, burning!"

"The gospellers be in some sort Christian men"—Guy recognized the mercer's voice—"I think burning should be for anna-baptists and arians and such like."

"I warrant I could not abide the fire. I should recant."

"Best not take up with their gay glorious doctrines, then, gossip; they be all of the devil, Father Giles said."

"Marry, this same Lord William was 't that hanged him: then would he give the mass ne cap ne knee; and he hacked the rood down and made a gallows out o't for to hang a poor good Catholic clown. How chance he hath not been dealt roundly with? This poor man did no burning, no hanging that I wot of; yet Lord William hath lands and lordship, but this poor miser needs burn. Neighbors, I be the Queen's right subject, God bless her; but I like not these burnings."

"The times be no better," an aged

voice grumbled, "and there be a meanie of Spanish men to eat up all poor England hath. 'Tis bruited the queen meaneth to make the prince King for the great love she hath for him."

"More than he for her, belike," the yeoman muttered.

No one reproved him; they were suddenly all so silent that Guy looked down the street for the cause, instantly apparent in the approach of several figures on horseback. Coming under the light from the inn windows they were revealed as a gentlewoman, an old serving woman, and two serving men, all attended by Guy's lieutenant and half a dozen soldiers.

"I seek Sir Guy Paget, good people," said a voice that made his pulses bound. In a moment he was before the lady of his dreams. She was calm enough; every other emotion had been smothered by the stress of one overwhelming fear.

"Sir Guy, thou knowest mine errand without my telling it. Thou hast mine uncle's life in thy hands. Oh, be his good lord!"

"Alas, Madam, I have no power," said Guy; "I have labored him sore to recant, but he will not."

"And there be no hope for him with Morgan and Constantine," said the lady, "I know that right well."

Guy assented, despondently.

"How wicked be these laws," she cried, wringing her hands, but dry-eyed in her misery; "an I were a man I would fight them till I died!"

"My uncle, he did his uttermost in parliament," said Guy, feeling the weakness of his words. He could not keep his eyes away from her, where she stood, the candle-light on her white face and her curling dark red hair and glittering eyes and the scarlet, trembling lips.

"In parliament! like clerks!" the passionate speech flowed on, "but ye be a valiant knight, ye wear a sword. Think, they will burn twenty this week! Some of them be women, some lads, nigh children, that never *heard* of any other religion. How can the nobles and gentles of England sit by and see such foul shame!"

"What profiteth fighting?" said Guy.

"Wyatt, what hath he done to help the heretics? He hath only lost his own head and many an honest gentleman's beside." He caught the hands which she flung up in a wild gesture, and held the white wrists. "Listen, dear Heart—nay, ye shall not scorn me, Margaret, I be no coward knave, my heart is heavy for these poor heretics. Yea, I would *fight* for them, did fighting serve; but the Lady Mary is our rightful queen. I will not bring in the French king to conquer England."

She let her face droop until her cheek rested almost against his hands which were holding her wrists. "Forgive me, Sir Guy, I did wrong thee. Alack, I be haired out of my wits with the planning and thinking. I know thou would'st serve him. And it is so easy. Ah, sir, do for me one little, little thing?"

"What, sweetheart?" he said, dreamily; how passing sweet it was to have her so near him—and she was free!

"The pass-word for to-night."

She whispered in his ear, "Just that—only that—to me."

"What would ye with the pass-word?"

"Nay, do not ask. Best to know naught. Only tell it me."

"'Tis a device to free Master Ferrars."

He spoke very gently but sadly. Suddenly he kissed her wrist.

"Thou knowest how I love thee," he groaned, "and thou wouldst make me a forsworn man!"

"Nay, not so. Leave holding of my hands, Sir Guy, I pray thee."

When he dropped her wrists she turned and sat down, making a piteous effort at composure. "Fy, I do talk like a fond woman. Look, I will go to work roundly with you to amend your reasoning. Prythee allow me require certain things of ye. Is it because ye deem this law to be righteous that ye help it thus, or because ye be sent to execute it?"

"Ye wot 'tis the latter. I be a soldier. I obey them that have authority."

"But deem ye a soldier must obey always? Say they command ye murder babes, like King Herod? Or like him that sent to kill the babes in the Tower?

Did those slayers, by authority, right well? Or say, the Queen—the which is a shrewd likelihood, sith she be a cruel and irous dame—say she will ye to despatch the Lady Elizabeth? Shall ye do her will and wash your hands, saying, 'Marry, I be sent by authority?' Tush, away with such reasoning for a free-born Englishman! I tell ye, Sir Guy Paget, ye stain your knightly sword when ye lift it in such a quarrel! He is a gentleman that hath gentle conditions. And he that helpeth wicked men to murder—and, lo! how cruelly!—an innocent, kind old man that hath wrought only good, yea, by God's mercy, he be no gentleman, no knight, but a murdering slave!"

"Ye drive me too hard," cried the young man, beside himself; "I tell ye, my uncle, that is more than a father to me, he hath my word. Oh, Margaret, show pity, drive me not out of my manhood!"

But she was too much of a woman to be merciful. She rose. She walked to him and knelt at his feet.

"Guy," she whispered, while he could hardly see her face for the daze of anguish in his eyes, "Guy, often hast thou sworn that thou lovest me; and I could not tell thee how even so did I love thee. No one will know; Martin (he that the bishop saved, here, in this town) will do all. Thy uncle will have no guilt. *Thou* need'st know nothing or—" she lifted her radiant eyes to him—"thou shalt know *all* and fly with him—and me—to my father in Normandy. My father will not refuse me to thee—*then!*"

How many times had Guy pictured this moment when he should speak his heart and know hers; he had hoped and trembled, he had conjured up a hundred possibilities, but never—never anything like this. In his deep bitterness of soul he groaned aloud.

And with that, "seeing him so moved and being in a measure distraught with her misery, she did embrace his feet with weeping tears, calling him her dear lord, and such like expressions, which did, as it were, sear his heart; so that he was marvellous fain to give her her will, yet would he not yield."

It could not be, he said; he had given his word to his uncle.

She urged him further, for she knew that the lieutenant of the guard was to come directly; imploring him if he decided for mercy to send a ring ("therewith she gave it him") by Will tapster, "who was trusty," with the password written and slipped into a hiding-place in the ring.

Scarcely had she shown him the "trick of the stone" before the lieutenant's knock was heard.

They had but a moment together. Margaret drew Guy's dark head down until it was level with her eyes. She kissed him. "That do I," she said, while he looked at her "like a dumb man with a knife in his heart," "because after this night either thou art my husband, or else a man barbarous and forsworn whom I never will see more—and I have loved thee as mine own soul!"

She dropped her hands and opened the door. Guy saw her step into the shadows, he heard the rustle of her gown on the floor. She turned and passed down the stair.

"Come back to me when I call," Guy told the lieutenant; "I have somewhat to write, before."

He closed the heavy door upon the man. He was left alone with his dilemma.

To Martin's plans he had no clue—nor does he supply any to us out of his later knowledge—but he felt sure, now, that the soldier with the vaguely recognized face was the outlaw himself.

Martin may have contemplated strategy alone; but it is likely he had force in reserve. The burning of Dobson and two others of the townspeople had seriously shaken their loyalty. Martin was sure of their tacit good will. Armed with the password, he could introduce his men into the inn. If the Queen's men resisted, there would be bloody fighting and the bishop would be "conveyed away" in the mêlée. "Then will the poor knaves lose their lives because I have first lost mine honor," thought Guy, bitterly. And what would befall his uncle while he led a merry life with his wife in France?"

All his life, Guy had not only loved his uncle, he had also admired that long-headed and rather cool-hearted courtier, above all living men. Apart from any

question of soldierly duty or his conduct as a subject, his defection would most probably ruin his uncle. On the other hand, was he to be the minister of a hideous injustice, to deliver the affectionate and brave old man, to whom he owed the awakening and purifying of his own soul, over to the most cruel of deaths, and to lose forever his most precious hopes? Let him describe the conflict in his own words: "Wherefore I was in anguish and tumult of soul, thinking whether it be best to quit my allegiance and my faith to my uncle who trusted me ever with all he had, or whether to both be the cause of a good man's destruction and to lose her that was dearest to me of any woman in the world, I being then a young man at an age over which Love hath his extremest power."

He paced the floor. At times he wrung his hands, at times he wept; but in the end he summoned his lieutenant and bade him prepare all things for departure. He wrote a letter to Margaret explaining his course and its harsh necessity. This letter he sent to her (with the ring) by Will tapster. "And by this time, all being in readiness, they fared forth on their journey."

There is a large space devoted to the journey into Wales, in Guy's narrative. He described the doomed man's "joyance" in the sunshine, in the spring green creeping into the sedges and covert sides, in the flight of the herons, the song of the mavis, and the crisp air; "he having been so long pent away from all." He tells how people used to stand at the wayside to see them pass, "most often of sad countenance and many crying, 'God sustain you, sir!' or 'God send you deliverance!'"

He repeats all Ferrars's affecting talk of his son, and his messages to the child, and his own promise to "deal with the little Samuel like as it were his own son." He gives the "jests" and the "stories" and the "merry quips on words" in which the old man indulged after the fashion of his time; as well as the grave and godly talk. But it would seem that in his last days, as always, Ferrars had more faith in doing justice and showing mercy than in spiritual exercises; though he humbly reproaches himself therefor, "with dulness and grossness of nature and over love of this glosing world." Guy has not omitted a touch in the picture; he cannot bear to slight a word of this man who moves him so strongly and whom he had given over to death. We can see the cheery old man on Guy's own fiery charger ("for as old as he been there was no horse he could not ride, and all beasts loved him") whistling the notes of the birds or "godly tunes."

"For sure," said he, "it were ungrateful to the Lord that granteth me these days of solace before my trial not to joy in them and strengthen my heart. The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver, be it of life or gear."

But Guy, himself—one only finds here and there a hint of his confused misery.

They had reached the Welsh marshes when they were overtaken by a flying horseman. He delivered to Guy, as token, the ring which he had such sorrowful cause to know, and a pacquet. The pacquet contained a letter to Ferrars and another to himself. When he opened the latter he found only his own eager words of pleading and pain.

. . . . . .

The town of Caermarthen is the principal town of the diocese of St. Davids. It lies on the river Towy, and its narrow streets creep up a hill to the market place and the massive castle, old as the Welsh princes. On the thirty-first day of March, 1555, the market place had but one vacant spot, a little space about the cross, in which a four-cornered pile of fagots had been built as high as a man's waist. An oaken stake stood in the centre and a chain was locked to the stake.

Like a wide wall of light the sunshine shifted from blazing point to point of breastplates, steel caps, and halberts, massed close as men could stand between the stake and the wavering, black sea of Welsh hats and frieze. A platform had been erected whereon, as the custom was, the priests and commissioners sate, to watch the hideous pageant. People pointed out a sleek, dark-skinned priest nervously fidgeting his arms in his wide velvet sleeves; and the name Constantine passed from mouth to mouth.

On the platform they "bore a solemn countenance," relaxed now and then when some wag told a good story such as in our day would beguile the tedium of the pall-bearers' ride to the grave.

But below, among the pale women and men with set jaws and lowering brows, and the little children who had loved Robert Ferrars, the suffering whom he had comforted and the friendless poor whom he had defended, there was no jesting. Tears were on many faces. One man, standing close to the guards, could not wipe his eyes because he was holding a bag of gunpowder, and a soldier near by did him that office, his own eyes full. Presently this soldier was holding the bag, and the man had disappeared.

The crowd have waited since dawn and it is now noon; but no one goes away. Mothers ease the children's blistered feet by holding them in their arms.

Now a universal movement in the crowd shakes a little even that burnished line of steel. Every head is turned to the little group coming slowly from the castle gateway. Taller than any of them all the people recognize that well-loved figure and the familiar hat. Before they reach the market place a haggard rider on a flagging horse gallops through the lane made for him at once. There are cheers and shouts of "Grace! grace!" "A pardon! a pardon!"

"There be no grace, good people, only the devil's wonted bait!" shouts a strong voice; and a wail in women's tones echoes the bold heretic.

Guy has not heard them at all. He is so spent with his long ride and the sleepless nights, before, that he tumbles off his saddle, at Master Ferrars's feet. "Ha, good youth," says the kind, loud voice Guy knows, "the Lord be praised I see ye once more."

Guy knows that Margaret is close to him, and, clinging to her, a fair-haired child; but he has no power to feel an additional pang; he knows that Margaret must have told the bishop all; but he has no feeling left to be hurt or comforted by the serene and kindly gaze that is bent on him.

He takes out a paper and makes the last ineffectual appeal. He felt it useless when he started, but to make it he has ridden night and day. The paper is the mildest possible form of recantation. Let the bishop sign it, no public penance shall be exacted; he shall be free to leave the country.

So Guy tells him, and the sheriff adds his word of persuasion, being a merciful man.

Everyone near can hear the bishop's answer, "Consider, fair sir, how thou, a neuter and a worldly person, would not break thy faith to thine earthly lord, but would rather be letted of a great estate and of the wife thou hast chosen; then shall I, for the sake of a few more years or the Queen's favor, forsake my good God? Nay, God helping me, never. If death come, welcome be it. True, the manner of it be dreadful, but it is the portal to life eternal." Then smiling, he added: "'Tis like thou, beholding, wilt suffer more than I; so, as a sign that the pain be bearable, I will hold up my hands." Guy entreated him no more. He saw him embrace his child, who cried a little at the crowd and the sad faces, and did not understand why he might not go with his father; but was led away smiling at last with Margaret's gold chain.

The muscles of the father's face quivered and he dashed his hand across his eyes. "A good child and winsome," he said, in a husky voice. "Ye will remember, Sir Guy."

Then he embraced Guy and blessed him, and so went cheerfully on to his suffering.

It was long told in Wales how the brave old man lifted his hands, nor once stirred them, amid the flames.

Guy heard the crash of powder.

Then he ventured to look; but still the intrepid hands were lifted.

A groan of horror and pity burst from the crowd. "Put fire! set to fire!" yelled the sheriff. They did not have time to obey him; a bill-hook, wielded by a hand too merciful to falter, caught the spring sunshine on its edge as it swang; the gray head sank, and there was no more need for courage or for pity. The man with the bill flung it down and sobbed. Sick at heart Guy crawled away. He sat down in the shadow of the gateway and abandoned himself to his grief.

A hand was laid lightly on his arm, but not even when he saw the white face and the woful, tearless eyes could he realize that Margaret had come to him.

"He hath sent me," she said; "Oh, God forgive you, Guy, I am his last gift to you!"

As the years dulled emotion I suppose that Margaret came to forgive her husband—even, perhaps, to understand his conduct; but whenever I look at the picture and the smile that has so little mirth, so deep an experience, I query in my own mind: Did Guy ever decide if he acted right, or was he only sure that as acrid a perplexity would have awaited him on the other side of the dilemma?

But our honest Martin always maintained that my lord did act fair and honest, since having passed his word he kept it. "Like I kept mine to the lady Margaret," said Martin. "And sure 'twas a right comfort that my lord was able to give the knave Constantine his deserts and he died in prison."

Martin, be it understood, was a reformed man at this speaking. The narrative tells naïvely that so great was the effect of Ferrars's death on him "that he did straight forsake his evil courses, and sailing over seas, he commenced buccaneer with Sir Peter Carew."

His reformed ways prospered to such an extent that he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth and, retiring on the spoils of his reformation, became a model country gentleman and one of the soundest and most regular sleepers of the parish church.

I fancy if Lord Ellesmere went to church he did not sleep. I imagine him smiling as the crude commonplace dragged along, seeing perhaps the kind, strong, childlike face of another preacher, drearily pondering on that never-ending dilemma.

But little Samuel grew up happily; and never knew why sometimes his benefactor's hand was laid so tenderly on his head and Lord Ellesmere sighed.

A LYRIC OF THE DAWN.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

ALONE I list
In the leafy tryst;
Silent the woodlands in their starry sleep—
Silent the phantom wood in waters deep:
No footfall of a wind along the pass
Startles a flower-bell—stirs a blade of grass.
Yonder the wandering weeds,
Enchanted in the light,
Stand in the gusty hollows, still and white;
Yonder are plumy reeds,
Dusking the border of the clear lagoon;
Far off the silver clifts
Hang in ethereal light below the moon;
Far off the ocean lifts,
Tossing its billows in the misty beam,
And shore-lines whiten, silent as a dream:
I hark for the bird, and all the hushed hills harken:
This is the valley: here the branches darken
The silver-lighted stream.

Hark—
That rapture in the leafy dark!
Who is it shouts upon the bough aswing,
Waking the upland and the valley under?
What carols, like the blazon of a king,
Fill all the dawn with wonder?
Oh, hush,
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen.
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung,
When the old Earth was young;
That rapture rang,
When the first morning on the mountains sprang;
And now he shouts, and the world is young again!

Carol, my king,
On your bough aswing:
Thou art not of these evil days—
Thou art a voice of the world's lost youth:
Oh, tell me what is duty—what is truth—
How to find God upon these hungry ways;
Tell of the golden prime,
When men the wisdom of the angels wore,
Or ever the race was left alone with Time,
Homesick on Earth, and homeless evermore;
Or ever sweet Pan was dead,
Or ever the naiads fled;
When maidens white with dark eyes bold,
With peals of laughter and with songs of gold,
Startled the still dawn—
Shone in upon the mountains and were gone,
Their voices fading silverly in depths of forests old.

Sing of the wonders of their sylvan ways,
Before the weird earth-hunger of these days,
When there was rippling mirth,
When justice was on Earth,
And light and splendor of the Golden Age;
When never a heart was sad,
When all from king to herdsman had
A penny for a wage.
Ah, that old time has faded to a dream—
The moon's fair face is broken in the stream;
Yet shout and carol on, O bird, and let
The exiled race not utterly forget;
Sing out thy revelation on the lawns—
Sing ever in the dark ethereal dawns:
Sometime, in some sweet year,
These stormy souls, these men of Earth may hear.

But hark again,
From the secret glen,
That voice of rapture and ethereal youth
Now laden with despair.

Forbear, O bird, forbear:
Is life not terrible enough forsooth?
Oh, cease the mystic song—
No more, no more, the passion and the pain:
It wakes my life to fret against the chain;
It makes me think of all the agéd wrong—
Of joy and the end of joy and the end of all—
Of souls on Earth, and souls beyond recall.
Ah, ah, that voice again!
It makes me think of all these restless men,
Called into time—their progress and their goal;
It sends into my soul
Dreams of a love that might have been for me—
That might have been—and now can never be.

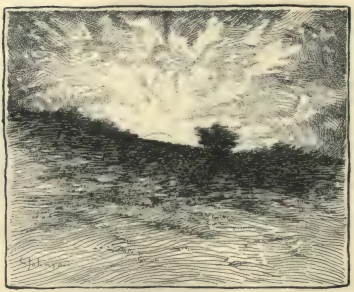
Tell me no more of these—
Tell me of trancéd trees;
(The ghosts, the memories, in pity spare)
Show me the leafy home of the wild bees;
Show me the snowy summits dim in air;
Tell me of things afar
In valleys silent under moon and star:
Dim hollows hushed with night,
The lofty cedars misty in the light,
Wild clusters of the vine,
Wild odors of the pine,
The eagle's eyrie lifted to the moon—
High places where on quiet afternoon
A shadow swiftens by, a thrilling scream
Startles the cliff, and dies across the woodland to a dream.

Ha, now
He springs from the bough,
It flickers—he is lost!
Out of the copse he sprang;
This is the floating briar where he tossed:
The leaves are yet atremble where he sang.
Here a long vista opens—look!
This is the way he took,
Through the pale poplars by the pond:
Hark! he is shouting in the field beyond.
Ho, there he goes
Through the alder close!
He leaves me here behind him in his flight,
And yet my heart goes with him out of sight!
What eerie spell
Of Faëry calls me on from dell to dell?
I hear the voice—it wanders in a dream—
Now in the grove, now on the hill, now on the fading stream.

Lead on—you know the way—
Lead on to Arcady,
O'er fields asleep; by river banks abrim;
Down leafy ways, dewy and cool and dim;

By dripping rocks, dark dwellings of the gnome,
Where hurrying waters dash their crests to foam.
I follow where you lead,
Down wilding paths, across the flowery mead,
Down silent hollows where the woodbine blows,
Up water-courses scented by the rose;
I follow the wandering voice—
I follow, I rejoice,
I fade away into the Age of Gold—
We two together lost in forest old.—
O ferny and thymy paths, O fields of Aidenn,
Meadows and dells by mortal feet untrod!
O souls that weary and are heavy laden,
Here is the peace of God!

Lo! now the clamoring hours are on the way:
Faintly the pine tops redden in the ray;
From vale to vale fleet-footed rumors run,
With sudden apprehension of the sun;
A light wind stirs
The filmy tops of delicate dim firs,
And on the river border blows,
Breaking the shy bud softly to a rose.
Sing out, O throstle, sing:
I follow on, my king:
Lead me forever through the crimson dawn—
Till the world ends, lead me on!
Ho there! he shouts again—he sways—and now,
Upspringing from the bough,
Flashing a glint of dew upon the ground,
Without a sound
He drops into a valley and is gone!



PHOTOGRAPHY.

By John Trowbridge.



From a photograph; the flame exposed ten seconds; the candlestick ten minutes by lamplight.

THE progress of photography reminds one of the development of a mine in which the richest deposits of ore are widely separated from the original opening. The old wet process of photography, which could be worked by only a few skilled experts, has been abandoned during the past twenty years.

The modern improvements in photography have been chiefly in the use of what is called the dry plate instead of the wet plate. Both processes depend upon the sensitiveness of the nitrates, bromides, and iodides of silver to light. In the wet process the sensitive plate was coated with the salts of silver in combination with a film of collodion which served as a support for the sensitive salts, and was used when still wet. In the dry-plate process a film of gelatine takes the place of the collodion. This film of gelatine is impregnated with the silver salts and is used when dry. Instead, therefore, of the professional photographer, with his van drawn by a patient horse, and a camera stained and dripping with nitrate of silver, we have dapper gentlemen carrying small, neat boxes, which might be mistaken for hat-boxes, and even ladies indulge in the pleasures of photography without a fear of silver stains. The difficulties of the old wet process can be well illustrated by one of the earliest attempts at balloon photography made by Mr. J. W. Black, of Boston, in 1862. The escape of gas from the balloon injured the wet film, and by a chemical process caused what is technically called fog upon the plate, thus making it difficult to secure a good picture. What would now, by means of the dry plate, be an easy achievement in a balloon, was thus, a quarter of a century ago, an attempt of no small difficulty.

The ease with which photographs can now be taken by any one is destined to have an important influence upon science, art, and literature. It must not be supposed, however, that with the cheapness of material, and simplicity in applying it, perfection in the art of photography is any nearer to its votary than it was when the difficult wet plate was in vogue. Pictures can be taken more readily than formerly; but the conditions of light and composition remain as difficult as ever—and the amateur every year throws behind him his quickly taken photographs and discovers that art is still long.



From a photograph. An exposure of twenty seconds.

The improvements in photography have resulted from the labors of the chemist rather than from those of the optician and the makers of lenses. Indeed one of the most remarkable features of photography is the simplicity of the apparatus which is necessary. This simplicity perhaps might have been foreseen by a careful study of the human eye. The eye of every person may be said to constitute a detective camera. The retina is the dry plate upon which all objects are focussed by means of the crystalline lens; the cavity behind this lens constitutes the camera, the iris and pupil the diaphragm, and the eyelid the drop-shutter. The latter, it is true, is a slow drop-shutter—not faster than a tenth of a second—whereas the drop-shutter that is employed to take an express train may move as fast as the one-hundredth of a second, or ten times as fast as the eyelid. The eye gives the brain a number of composite impressions of an object in motion, while the sensitive plate and the drop-shutter of the camera can give but one phase of the motions. It does not seem just, therefore, that the photographer should insist that the sculptor or artist should copy certain instantaneous attitudes of animals in motion, for the eye does not see them.

We have said that photography owes more to chemistry and chemists than to the opticians. Fairly good pictures can be taken without a lens, through a mere pin-hole in the shutter of a dark room.



Memorial Hall, Harvard University.
(Taken without lens, through a pin-hole.)

Such pictures, however, require an exposure of from half an hour to an hour, whereas with a lens the time of exposure need not be longer than a second for the same object. Cheap lenses, not costing more than three or four dollars, can be made to give surprisingly good pictures when managed properly. The optician, however, has it in his power to greatly enhance the perfection of the photographer's work, especially in portraiture, in instantaneous photography, and in astronomical work. One can think of glass as a plastic material which the optical sculptor moulds and forms so that the rays of light in passing through the surfaces shall not form distorted images of objects on the sensitive plate. The want of perfection of the optical surfaces is not so apparent in landscape photography as in the photography of the stars. In astronomy the objects which are photographed are comparatively simple, and any distortion of figure is readily recognized. In this science, therefore, the highest degree of skill is required of the optician. In spectrum

analysis, also, the optical surfaces employed must be wrought with the utmost knowledge and practical skill.

Having given an optical apparatus and sensitive plates, we require simple chemical processes which shall be uniform and effective in action. The theory of the development of the latent image on the sensitive plate is briefly formulated thus: the action of the light causes a change in the iodides and bromides of silver salt contained in the emulsion with which the dry plates are coated. The addition of a substance which has a great affinity for oxygen results in the selection of certain salts and the modification of others, according to the degree that they have been changed by the action of light. Such a substance is pyrogallic acid, or the ferrous oxalate of iron. At present hydrochinone bids fair to become the favorite developer. It has the merit of not staining the fingers, and of not deteriorating so quickly as pyrogallic acid. After the developer has brought out the latent image, it is fixed by immersing the plate in hyposulphite of soda, which dissolves the salts of silver which have not been acted upon by light. The process of development here outlined seems a simple and mechanical one. One, however, has only to watch an amateur and a professional photographer to see what different results can be obtained by the same means. The novice is apt to treat all portions of his plate alike, while the professional dilutes the developer for the clouds and the sky, and paints the foreground with concentrated developer. The result is that the novice loses his cloud effects, while the professional artist retains his. Thus in photography we have a species of painting in which the dry plate takes the place of the canvas, and the developer that of the pigments. The reply of Opie, the English painter, to one who asked him how he mixed his paints to obtain such remarkable effects, "I mix them with brains, sir," can be appropriated by the successful photographer in reply to wondering amateurs. Unless one studies the laws of lenses and the theory of lights and shades one cannot hope to produce successful photographs, except by accident. A small knowledge of lenses, for instance, leads the amateur speedily to abandon the effort to take portraits with a landscape lens, or to expect good results when the conditions of light are not favorable.



The Same.
(Through a fifty-dollar lens.)

The action of light upon silver salts may be said to have led students' minds away from true conceptions of radiant

energy. Light seemed to have upon matter a peculiar action, which was not shared by any other agent of nature. When the subject of the transformation of energy was more fully studied and better comprehended, it was seen that light was only one manifestation of radiant energy, which differed only in wave-length from heat, and that the waves of energy of different lengths were capable of setting molecules of bodies into vibration, thus breaking up certain compounds and forming others. It may be said that photographs can be taken by heat as well as by light. The action of the shorter waves of energy which we call light is quicker and sooner manifest to the eye than the action of the long waves which we call heat; but the invisible heat rays in the solar spectrum have been photographed. The slow action of heat in changing the molecular state of bodies is well known. It is probable that an emulsion could be formed which would give an image of a hot black kettle in a dark chamber. The element of time, however, would probably be an important one.



(Taken on an unstained plate.)



Photographing the Values of Colors.*
(Taken on a plate stained with cyanine.)

Indeed we are often presented with evidences of the picture-making facility of heat rays. A fern-leaf upon ice is soon represented, by the difference of molecular action. A stationary carriage-wheel standing in the sun upon the frozen ground is found to have left its photograph upon the ground when it moves on. What the long waves of heat cannot accomplish directly they can often do indirectly. Thus the sensitiveness of the modern dry plate is greatly enhanced by

* The background was light-blue silk, the table-cloth dark red; the jar a light mustard-yellow with pale pink roses in it; the pot white with dark blue design, holding oranges. Time of exposure of the unstained plate ten seconds; of the other, twenty minutes through yellow glass. In the latter the roses appear vague owing to their unfolding during the exposure.



Maple Tree in Yellow Autumnal Foliage.
(Plate stained with Erythrosine.)

long heating the emulsion which is used to coat the plates. This secret action of heat can be illustrated by coating a piece of paper with Balmain's phosphorescent paint and exposing it to a feeble source of light. Nothing appears when the paper is viewed in a dark room, but on exposing the paper to heat, the diagram which had been drawn on the paper with the phosphorescent paint flashes out in letters of violet light.

Heat, or the long waves of energy, thus seems to exert a predisposing effect upon the molecules of matter, which renders them sensitive to the shorter waves of energy, which we call light. Our efforts to interpret the swift motions of molecules are indeed feeble when we consider what is to be learned. The color of flowers, the hues of vegetation, are evidences of molecular movements and groupings which are more evanescent than those we are able to limit and circumscribe upon our sensitive plates.

Thus the manufacture of dry plates resolves itself into a study of molecular physics. The chemistry of the process is, however, somewhat obscure, and must necessarily be so, for it cannot take into account, except in the mass, the subtile shifting and changing of the molecules of matter. It is a remarkable fact that the products of coal-tar contribute so largely to the reproduction of objects by



A Burning Building.
(Photographed by its own light at 12.30 A.M.; exposure about ten seconds.)

photographs. By means of dry plates stained with erythrosine or with cyanine—both products of coal-tar—we are enabled to photograph red and yellow objects with as great facility as we can photograph blue and violet. It can be stated picturesquely that the rays of energy which once painted the palms and the ferns of the carboniferous period with a thousand hues, centuries ago, through subtile molecular grouping, can be made to manifest their action again by a sort of reflex action in the action of the coal-tar dyes. Since vegetation is a complex result, it might be expected that the products of coal-tar should be varied in their action.

Largely through the labors of Vogel, of the Technical School at Charlottenburg, the subject of orthochromatic photography has been greatly advanced. The ordinary dry plate, it is well known, is chiefly sensitive to the blue and violet rays. Red and yellow do not impress themselves; so that it is customary to use red or orange lights in photographic chambers to enable one to watch the progress of the development of dry plates or to conduct the operations of preparing the sensitive emulsions for the market. Every lady knows, moreover, the effect of a red costume in a photograph, or a blue one. The first is rendered as a black with no gradations, and the blue dress comes out white. The red waves coming from the red dress have not been able to alter the molecules of silver on the dry plate, and consequently when the plate is fixed the deposit of silver is removed, leaving nothing but clear glass, through which the sun can print upon the silvered paper with all its force, whereas the blue rays act energetically upon the silver molecules and fix them in a more or less opaque screen on the glass, through which the sun's rays are tempered when the negative is printed. Pictures are thus produced which are false in gradations of tone. The reds and yellows and greens are rendered too black in tone, while the blues and violets are too white.



A Flash of Lightning.

By the addition of a very small amount of erythrosine or cyanine or chlorophyll to the emulsion, or, simpler, by immersing the ordinary dry plate in a bath of these dyes, the plates are rendered sensitive to red and yellow and green. The photographer has now at his command means for reproducing objects in gradations of tone which are true to those of nature. In order to photograph a red flower, a plate is stained with cyanine, a transparent yellow screen is placed before or behind the lens in order to cut off the blue and violet rays, and the red, yellow, and green portions of the object are taken. A momentary exposure without the yellow screen gives the blue and the violet. By means of a dry plate stained with an aniline dye I have succeeded in taking portraits at night by kerosene light, and also views of objects in a parlor—the source of light being a kerosene lamp—with an exposure of only twenty seconds. The most sensitive unstained dry plate demands for the photography of the same objects at least twenty minutes. I have no doubt that the time of twenty seconds can be lessened, and photographers should be able to take better portraits with kerosene light than with daylight, for the illumination of the sitter can be made perfectly constant and reduced to scientific accuracy. At present a dark day at different seasons of the year compels one to estimate the time of exposure by rule of thumb, which is the metric system of the dark ages. At one time it was thought impossible to photograph objects at night except with the aid of the electric light. What could once be done only by the aid of electricity can now be accomplished by means of a kerosene light.



Surf at Bognor, England.

Unfortunately we are not enabled, however, to photograph the natural colors. A great step in this direction has been made by the discovery which we have outlined, of methods of rendering gradations of tone; and various pro-

cesses of lithographic reproduction have been suggested which might give us photographs in color which would be difficult to distinguish from actual reproductions of the hues of nature. For instance, various negatives might be prepared for the various colors, and suitable lithographic stones with tints suited to the negative, and by superposition, as in the ordinary process of lithographic printing, an imitation of nature could be made with true gradations of tint. This method has been proposed by various workers in this comparatively new field of photography. The method of orthochromatic photography is especially valuable in the reproduction of oil paintings, and it is probable that the owner of Braun's beautiful carbon photographs of the old masters may desire to replace them by new photographs taken by the same skilful hand, in which the hues of the originals will be reproduced with correct gradation of tone. Science, moreover, is a great gainer by the processes of orthochromatic photography. By staining dry plates with eosine or erythrosine one can obtain a photograph of the solar spectrum throughout the yellow and the green, and the mixture of other dyes in the sensitive emulsion will give the red portion of the spectrum.







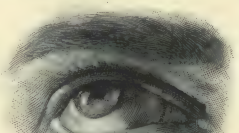
Successive Attitudes of a Man Throwing a Stone. (From an instantaneous photograph by Ottomar Anschütz, Lissa, Posen.)

In physiological investigations these processes of staining are of great importance, for it enables one to represent by photography objects, or sections of objects, which are colored red, yellow, or green. In no department of physics and chemistry except possibly electricity, do practical workers wait with such bated breath to hear the latest word from laboratories as in the varied applications of photography.

It is customary now to photograph daily the progress of great engineering structures. These photographs are sent to the engineer, so that he may judge at a distance of the progress of his work. The various processes of book illustration are enriched yearly by new applications of photography. Many of these depend upon the peculiar property of gelatine, when prepared with bichromate of potash, of becoming insoluble to water after having been exposed to light. The unexposed portions dissolve, thus leaving a picture in relief on bichromatized gelatine, which is then covered with ink and is printed from, just as impressions are taken from type; or by immense pressure the hardened gelatine may be made to give an impression on metal from which a mould can be taken. Thus we have the processes of carbon printing, Woodburytype, and certain forms of photo-lithography. No book of travels is considered complete without photographs, and one can study the sculptures of the Vatican seated in one's study.

We owe to photography our knowledge of the laws of the flight of birds, and of the motion of animals. This knowledge will contribute probably less

to art than it will to mechanics. It is widely believed that the problem of flying is not beyond our solution, and that a light apparatus may yet do for us in the air what the bicycle accomplishes on the firm earth. To Muybridge and to Marey, the French physicist, we owe the impulse which has been given to the study of the motions of men and animals by instantaneous photography, and their results have been followed, and in many respects improved, by workers in various countries. With an extremely sensitive plate we need only suitable mechanical contrivances to expose the plate for a sufficiently short interval of time. A great amount of invention has been bestowed upon the drop-shutter, the eyelid of the photographic camera. The main object which must be kept in view is to give the full opening of the lens to as strong a light as possible, in as short a time as is consistent with the extreme sensitiveness of the plate.

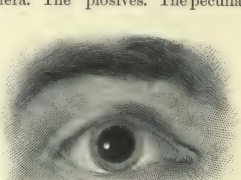


A Human Eye in Broad Sunlight; showing contracted pupil.

A drop-shutter will enable us to take cognizance of separate motions which are blended or blurred into one by the eye. Thus we can appreciate how a skilful trick can be played the eye by one who understands this fact. The investigators in psychical research are fully aware of this; and humbug and superstition may well stand in awe of photography. To photograph an express train, travelling at the rate of forty-five to fifty miles an hour, an exposure of three one-hundredths of a second is necessary. This is often accomplished.

Generally speaking, instantaneous views are unsatisfactory when they are considered as pictures. An exception can be made in regard to marine views. Here we can have a well-lighted subject of considerable simplicity. Some of the instantaneous views of surf merit the title of beautiful, especially when they are printed as transparencies to be hung in the window. Few, however, would regard the instantaneous views of animals in motion as more than grotesque, especially when the effort is a convulsive one. The beginning or termination of a muscular effort is sometimes caught more or less happily. This can be seen in the photographs of a man throwing a stone, which remind one remotely of an antique statue or of the skater on the outer roll.

Science, not art, however, it seems to me, is destined to be the gainer by instantaneous photography. It can give man what amounts to another sense—an instantaneous eye. Underlying the present movement to record what is swift and unseen to the ordinary eye is a scientific one. The chemist and the physicist perceive that they have it in their power to study the action of explosives. The peculiar rhythmical effects which accompany discharges of powder and of nitro-glycerine compounds have been elaborately investigated by the aid of photography. It has also been suggested that careful photographs, taken of steel and timber just at the point of rupture under a breaking load, would conduce to our knowledge of the complicated subject of elasticity.



A Human Eye Taken in the Dark with Flash Powder; showing dilated pupil.

The lightning flash can be investigated. Dr. Koenig, in a recent communication to the Physical Society of Berlin, states that he has photographed a cannon-ball which was moving at a rate of 1,200 feet per second. The ball was projected in front of a white screen and occupied one-fortieth of a second in its passage. Marey has photographed the motions of limping people, and has thus given surgeons the materials for a study

of lameness. It is said, moreover, that photography often reveals incipient eruptive diseases which are not visible to the eye. Photographs taken by flash-powders of the human eye, showing it dilated in the dark, give the oculist a new method of studying the enlarged pupil.

The use of what are called flash-powders seems to find also its best employment in science rather than in art. These powders consist generally of various compounds of magnesium, with certain explosive compounds, more or less dangerous, which are especially rich in violet rays. Their effect in general is by no means instantaneous. The process of combustion, when enough of the powder is burned to give sufficient light, takes an appreciable time. This can be seen by endeavoring to photograph a jet of water where it breaks into drops coming from a small nozzle at the base of a jar only one foot in height. The segments of the liquid vein can be distinguished, but the individual drops draw lines of light upon the photographic plate. If the exposure were one-fiftieth of a second the individual drops would be seen.

The use of flash-powders, however, is various: one can photograph dark interiors, which could be accomplished only by the aid of burning magnesium wire or by the electric light. The portability of the apparatus especially commends itself for such purposes. General Putnam might have carried a camera into the wolf's den and discovered the whereabouts and character of the wolf. Possibly his enterprise would have lost the glamour of heroism and become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Flash-powders are destined to be useful to the naturalist in studying the habits and movements of animals in the dark. Even the depths of the sea can now be explored. Being desirous of testing the applicability of flash-powders for taking photographs under water, the writer arranged the following apparatus: A small spoonful of flash-powder was placed in a glass bottle. Through the powder ran a very fine platinum wire, the ends of which were connected with long wires leading to four Galvanic cells. The bottle was hermetically sealed and lowered under water in a large tank. A photographic camera, specially adapted for the work, was then focussed under water upon a dark corner of the tank where a frog had been placed. On connecting the poles of the battery with the wires leading to the bottle, the current of electricity ignited the platinum wire and set fire to the flash-powder. The bottle was



Frog Taken Under Water.





A Photograph of Human Speech, showing the vibrations of a telephone diaphragm.



The Surf at Hastings, England.

broken, but a photograph was taken; and the experiment showed conclusively that objects can be photographed under water with the aid of the flash-powders. It does not seem impossible to devise methods of exploring the beds of rivers or sunken wrecks by this means. One would be limited, however, to pictures of comparatively small area, on account of the great absorption of the photographic rays by water. Some recent experiments in Lake Geneva have shown that the light of day does not penetrate the water to a greater depth than two hundred feet. At a short range we have in flash-powders, however, a means of exploring depths of the sea where light has never reached.

Photography, however, is a patient servant as well as a swift one. Nowhere does its labor-saving side show more strongly than in its scientific applications. Let us suppose, for instance, that one wishes to study the iron lines in the spectrum of a Bessemer furnace in order to test the effect of the admixtures of certain ores. A glance through the spectroscope shows innumerable bright lines of iron which flash out and disappear. It would be impossible to measure or record them. A photograph, however, can be readily taken and the grouping of the lines studied at leisure. By the eye method it would be a labor of months to map the bright lines of iron in the spectrum produced by the volatilization of this metal. In ten seconds, or less, photography does the same work, and more, for it shows lines which are invisible to the eye.

The practical applications of photographic spectrum analysis are destined to increase. There are mooted questions of the existence of certain metals in alloys which can best be settled by photographing the spectra of these alloys, and physicists are busily occupied in photographing the spectra of all the metals. By a careful study of these photographs our knowledge of the elements will undoubtedly be greatly extended. The practical arts will be the gainers by this study, for it takes what may be called an infinitesimal part of certain ores to affect largely the strength of steel, and the photographic spectroscope can detect what often eludes chemical analysis. Certain metals show in the spectroscope innumerable lines so fine that the eye cannot take account of them. The spectrum of the metal cerium, for instance, shows several hundred lines, fine as a hair, which it would be impossible to measure by the eye, but which can be fixed upon the sensitive plate and measured at leisure.

The visible solar spectrum extends from the red to the violet; but to a distance beyond the visible red equal to more than four times the whole visible spectrum the waves of light have left their impress upon the photographic plate, and in the direction of the ultra violet to a distance nearly two-thirds of the whole visible spectrum. Here is a great region of molecular physics which is open to the student by photography.

It is well known that the solar spectrum is filled with dark lines which indicate the existence of metals in the sun. The grouping of these lines undoubtedly points to certain laws of the combination of molecules to form metals, and the study of these groupings is of great importance to the chemist and the physicist.

By photography we have been able at the Jefferson Physical Laboratory to show the existence of carbon and of platinum in the sun.

The metal thallium was discovered by its peculiar line in the spectrum. Now the mapping of metallic lines in the spectra formed by burning the metals in the electric light is a task of great difficulty to the eye. What the eye can accomplish only after weeks of effort can be done by photography in a few minutes, and, as we have said, there are certain spectra which are revealed only by the aid of photography. Photography thus takes the place of the patient trained observer, and sets free the human intellect to make other still greater conquests over matter.

In physical laboratories and meteorological observatories photography is much employed to register changes in phenomena. These changes could only be detected by patient observation extended continuously over several days and nights. As an illustration let us suppose that it is desired to record continuously the changes of elasticity in a

bent rod of steel. It is merely necessary to affix a small mirror to the rod, by means of which a beam of light can be reflected to a sheet of sensitized paper which is unrolled by clock-work. Here we have an index-arm without weight working without the intermediation of mechanism. The spot of light striking the sensitive paper draws a curve which on development will give the entire history of the change of tension of the bar under the conditions of stress and temperature.

A similar method is adopted to record the changes in the electrical state of the atmosphere. An instrument called an electrometer, having a definite charge of electricity, measures the electricity of the air by comparison with this definite charge. The moving part of the instrument, which responds to an increase or diminution of the charge in the air, is provided with a small mirror, and a beam of light striking this mirror is reflected, in the manner we have already described, to a roll of sensitive paper.

In the Jefferson Physical Laboratory this method of employing photography to record continuously physical phenomena has been applied to the study of the behavior of electrical batteries. It is well known that galvanic cells lose their strength after prolonged use. Different types of cells vary considerably under various conditions of the electrical circuit upon which they are employed. To observe these variations by the eye would require, as we have said, a continuous sitting extending over at least twenty-four hours. By placing in the circuit an instrument which will indicate changes in the electricity flowing through the circuit, and providing the movable part of this instrument with a mirror, we can apply to this problem also the method of the beam of light which we have already described. We can thus obtain what resembles in certain respects the indicator diagram of a steam-engine—for batteries, like the steam-engine, are sources of power, and the areas enclosed by our photographic curves give, as the area of the indicator diagram does, an indication of the power consumed in maintaining a certain current of electricity.

It was by a method similar to this that Professor Blake, of Brown University, Providence, photographed the vibrations of a telephone diaphragm. A small mirror was affixed by suitable levers to the diaphragm, and a beam of light was reflected to a sensitive photographic plate. When the telephone responded to the instrument at the sending station the diaphragm was thrown into vibration; the long index beam of light magnified the extremely small motions of the diaphragm without interfering in any way with its movements, and a photographic representation of human speech was thus obtained as a curious curve which could be readily interpreted. Thus in one sense it may be said that human speech can be photographed; nor does it seem impossible to believe that the waves of sound in passing through the air may yet be photographed.

Nowhere does the labor-saving nature of photography appear more strongly than in the subject of astronomy. One sensitive plate, eight inches by ten, can record the relative positions of hundreds of stars. To make a similar chart by the eye would be the labor of months. It has been suggested by Professor Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, that an observatory situated in the Rocky Mountains or on a peak of the Andes could distribute negatives of different regions of the sky to astronomers who are in less favorable localities, and who desire to investigate the motion of certain stars and to discover new planets. One well-equipped observatory, by the aid of photography, could take the place of hundreds of observers.

There is now a general movement among astronomers to obtain a photographic chart of the entire heavens. To appreciate how much such a chart would facilitate astronomical research it is only necessary to turn to the history of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Adams, when a graduate of only three years' standing at the University of Cambridge, was led by theory and mathematical calculation to believe in the existence of a new planet, which would account for the perturbations of Uranus. He communicated his results to Professor Challis, who set to work to discover the planet by eye observation, and had at the end of two months recorded the position of

3,000 stars. Then Adams and he learned of the discovery of the planet at Berlin in consequence of the celebrated direction of Leverrier* ("Direct your telescope to a point on the ecliptic in the constellation of Aquarius, in longitude 326°, and you will find, within a degree of that place, a new planet, looking like a star of about the ninth magnitude, and having a perceptible disc"). Challis, on turning to his charts, found that he had made three observations on the new planet, and discussion of his results would have resulted in the discovery of Neptune. With several negatives of the region the plaaet could doubtless have been discovered with much greater ease.

If we are to learn more of the character of the moon's surface, whether there is indication of the work of human beings there—great cities or tilled land—photography will doubtless stand forward as one of the greatest means to this end. How far photography will supplant the human eye in determining with accuracy star positions is yet to be determined.

It has vindicated its mission as a means of discovery of nebulæ, and has revealed stars which have not been seen by the eye. Certain configurations of the constellations are revealed which had never been seen before. The Pleiades are shown to be part of a great nebula extending far beyond the small cluster which is familiar to every one. And it is probable that some medium or substance will be discovered which will preserve the delicate film of sensitized gelatine, with its record of hundreds of stars, from shrinkage and deformation. It is certainly gratifying to reflect that American dry plates have been pronounced far more sensitive for exploring the depths of the heavens than those of foreign make.

* Professor C. A. Young's Astronomy.

We have said that science and the practical arts are destined, we believe, to be the gainers, rather than art, in the use of instantaneous photography. The question arises whether art profits in general by photography. What are termed artistic photographs are, in general, extremely artificial. Indeed, artistic photography seems to stand in the same relation to art that riding on a bicycle stands to the noble art of horsemanship, or that tableaux stand to Grecian statues. What is necessary to sacrifice is one of the first things to be learned in art, and the photograph, with true scientific conscience, leaves nothing out of the record; but the study of photographs and the attempts to take artistic ones will undoubtedly lead people to a higher appreciation of real art.

Photography seems destined to widen our knowledge of this world and other worlds. It is an elusive art, for when its votaries think they know it it abandons its old guise and takes on a new shape. One can never fold his hands and say, "I know it all," and the really skilful photographer is known by his humility.

A FRAGMENT FROM PLATO.

By Kate Stephens.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

Thou gazest on the stars!
Would I might be,
O star of mine,
The skies,
With myriad eyes
To gaze on thee.

FICTION AS A LITERARY FORM.

By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

FICTION and criticism are the two distinctively modern forms through which literary genius has sought to express itself. A thorough comprehension of all the influences and tendencies which are represented in the great body of modern critical writing, and in the still greater body of modern fiction, would lay bare the very heart of modern life. This brief paper has no more ambitious purpose than to suggest the significant relation of fiction to one of the greatest movements in the life of recent times. The clear perception of the indissoluble union of literature and human life has vastly enlarged and enriched our conception of the marvellously varied and capacious art through which humanity has striven to express itself to itself. We have learned that a great book contains not only "the precious life-blood of a master spirit," but is made up of the very substance of the larger life in which its writer had his share; every such book is a veritable and authoritative revelation of what human life is and means. So intimate is this relation between books and the invisible world of emotion, aspiration, and experience, out of which they grow as naturally as a flower springs from the soil, that every great literary form, closely and sympathetically studied, discloses a near and necessary relation with some fact of life, some stage or process of social development.

From the time of Hegel to that of Sidney Lanier the immense importance of the evolution of the idea of personality has been clearly understood; it has become more and more evident that just at this point is to be found the fundamental difference between the Eastern and the Western civilizations, between Oriental and Occidental philosophy and art. The inability or failure of the Eastern races to develop the idea of personality to its highest form of clearness and power explains the pause or arrest of progress in the East; while the energy and conviction with which the Western races have seized and worked out the same idea accounts in large measure for their superior motivity and productiveness in all departments of human endeavor. The idea of personality is fundamental in the literature of all the Western races. From Æschylus to George Eliot, the steady advance of this idea in decisive and clearly defined application to religious obligation, to social duty, to political condition, to the totality of human relationships, can be unmistakably traced. As it lies at the bottom of our life so it lies at the heart of our art, and whenever we search deep enough we find it. It is in the development of such ideas as this that civilization justifies the awful cost to humanity which all its great advances involve; for such ideas, evolved during such long periods of time and through so much suffering of individuals, necessarily and permanently carry with them, for most minds, the conviction that they are parts of an eternal process of education.

It was inevitable that in the evolution of the idea of personality the complementary principle of the solidarity of humanity should be long ignored or obscured. Man must first be set free before his relations to his fellows can be defined; until he stands erect and alone his relations have no significance. Endlessly suggestive, therefore, is the sublime figure of Prometheus in that wonderful drama to which we have lost the key, but the large import of which is unmistakable. Equally impressive, and even more significant, is the figure of Job, surrounded by mystery, encircled with darkness, besieged by calamity, yet impregnably entrenched in the twofold conviction that he is and that God is also; each distinct and indestructible, and yet, beyond all the illusions of fate, both harmonious in the final purpose of life. Through the Greek drama there is always evident the struggle of man against a force exterior, and often superior, to himself. Personality is everywhere exhibited in conflict with that

conception of Fate which we can almost, although not completely, express by the word Heredity. But even under the spell of the worst inheritance of crime the individual sufferer is not powerless; he may modify the terrible conditions upon which he has been compelled to accept his life by working out in humility the curse, and so robbing it of its destructive pressure upon his soul; or, by obedience and expiation, he may free himself forever from the fateful circle of evil tendency. Whatever the outcome of the drama the element of struggle is always present; personality is always clearly exhibited, even when it is overwhelmed. The Gods themselves seem less noble and commanding than Œdipus as he descends, aged and blind, into the grove at Colonos. He disappears from our sight, but we are sure that in the darkness to which he goes there is no deity whose claim on immortality is stronger than his, now that his soul has been purified.

In the Shakespearian drama the idea of personality is advanced another stage; it is no longer a struggle against Fate, but against the weaker, baser elements in the individual nature. Emerson interpreted the fundamental idea of this drama in the declaration that character is destiny. Men no longer struggle against inheritance and external penalty, but against the inharmonious and corrupting forces within themselves. The Furies no longer pursue with tireless and inexorable vigilance; they are nested in a man's own soul, and they are sleepless even when he seeks the refuge of the sanctuary. Personality has now become so complete that it furnishes the complete stage for the drama; and it is clearly seen that the real dramatic climax of life is not victory over Fate, but conquest of self. Separated from Nature, distinct from the Gods, independent of all relationships except so far as they illustrate and fulfil its own purposes, the individual soul is shown to be complete in itself; life and death, heaven and hell, are its eternal possibilities; it creates its own Inferno, its own Paradiso; its destiny lies forever within the invisible circle of its own will.

This clearer and broader illustration of the idea of personality through literature is sympathetic with the clearer and broader application of the idea to the dominant relations of life; art has served as a magical mirror of men's thoughts and practices. It has taken centuries to clear the individual from his environment and establish him on the immovable foundation of his own personality. His relations to the external world, to Deity, to Fate, to his destiny through his character, have almost absorbed him; literature is the record of his struggles with these great questions; history is the story of his restless, aggressive energy working out into action his faiths and convictions concerning these questions. But during the last century and a half a new spirit has entered into the thought of the Western world, and from fixed contemplation of their individual relations to the ultimate facts of life men have come to think more and more upon their relations to each other. The idea of personality, necessarily first in point of time, is now being supplemented by the idea of the solidarity of humanity. We have discovered at least the conditions of our relations with Nature; we have mastered the principles which underlie moral life; we understand our own needs and we have tested the adequacy of religion to satisfy those needs; we have gone far toward the working out of the problems of government on the side of organization and order; what we now feel more deeply than we feel anything else is the need of an adequate conception of our relations to each other. All questions to-day inevitably take on a sociological aspect; political questions are all becoming social questions. The idea of personality, fully evolved, has clothed the individual with such dignity and worth that we are unable to isolate ourselves from humanity; society cannot rest so long as its meanest member suffers through no fault of his own. To this result the democratic principle, itself the outcome or fruit of the idea of personality, inevitably tended from the beginning; and this social tendency is certain to become more and more dominant. It marks the latest, and probably the most important, stage of progress.

Now the novel, as a form of literature, is contemporaneous with this new and

deepening consciousness of human relationship and obligation. To-day we feel more distinctly than ever before the unceasing and pervasive influence of other lives upon our life; we are weighted down as never before by a sense of our incalculable obligations to our fellows. We no longer think of ourselves as alone, but always in the thick of relationships of every kind and quality; in the solitude of our own souls we are conscious of the whole striving, suffering world about us. Manfred and Obermann no longer move us; we are touched and penetrated by the story of those whose lives are in the current and not moored in eddies. The hero of to-day does not consume his soul in solitary struggles with the mysteries of life, but spends himself without stint in the common service. The Faust who began by endeavoring to pierce the mystery of existence by knowledge, ends by building dykes to reclaim the earth and enlarge the opportunities of his fellows. As the drama represented the struggles of men first against forces outside themselves, and, later, against tendencies within themselves, so does the novel represent the recognition by men of their complicated social relationships, and the variety, the nature, and the force of the subtle and manifold influences which are set in motion by these relationships. Fiction exhibits men always in society; the individual character is always developed by contact with others. Character is exhibited under the pressure of every form of inheritance and contemporary influence chiefly as it is developed in relations with other lives, from which it receives and to which it imparts potential impulses of every kind and quality. Men and women are brought face to face with social conditions, standards, forces, and conventions, and the problem of the individual life is worked out with full recognition of the play and interplay of countless social influences and tendencies. Society, not isolation, furnishes the necessary environment of the great characters of fiction; and the depth and universality of human interest in all that goes to the making of human life supplies the underlying motive of all great novels. Richardson endeavored to impose a definite moral purpose upon the novel; but art has its own laws, and fiction has taken the direction of the vital movement which it interprets as a literary form; it has ceased to be a medium for definite moral instruction, and become, in the hands of the great novelists, a powerful portraiture of life itself. Nothing is so intensely moral as life pierced to its depths; and all great fiction, in common with great art of every kind, must always be profoundly moral in the true if not in the conventional meaning of the word.

Fiction, as a literary form, has steadily advanced in importance as the social idea has gained in clearness and control; has steadily deepened and broadened as the sense of social obligation and the feeling of social sympathy have deepened and broadened. "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Pamela" have slight interest for a generation who have known what life meant to *Adam Bede* and *Anna Karénina;* but the difference between the earlier and later novelists is not so great as the difference between our ancestors and ourselves. We no longer weep over the misfortunes of romantic gentlemen and the misery of love-lorn ladies of high degree; life has become so earnest through our new consciousness of the community of suffering among all men that we are no longer touched by the old conventional devices of the novelists. The great novels of to-day are so pervaded by life, so profoundly vitalized by genuine insight and sympathy, that they often seem more real to us than the experiences through which we actually pass. We accept nothing as art which does not first convince us of its reality as life. We shall not neglect Walter Scott; but if the magician who has woven so potent and lasting a spell were living to-day can we imagine him content with any portraiture of the past? The prime characteristic of genius is sensitiveness, and could any great creative mind in literature fail to respond, in its own fashion, to that irresistible appeal of humanity for recognition and help which every great writer of our time has heard, from Carlyle to Tolstoy?

It would be easy and profitable to point out the individual contributions of the great novelists to the science which concerns itself with men in their

social relations; but it must suffice to emphasize the significance of fiction as a form of literary art. Each master of this modern art has illustrated some aspect of social life, some form of social influence, some peculiar social condition. The novel of tendency has been only a little more emphatic, a little more consciously directed to a given end, than the great mass of novels of the first rank. "Romola" and "Anna Karénina" are as definite and decisive in their purpose as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Ramona." Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Björnson, Turguénief, Balzac, Spielhagen, Zola, Daudet are never triflers; whatever their differences and their defects they are always profoundly in earnest to represent the fact as they see it. The fact may be repulsive, even loathsome, but it is always a fact worth considering because of its human significance. Turguénief's "Annals of a Sportsman," Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona," Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," have each produced results so definite and marked as to be unmistakable; but these stories have not been more earnest in tone than Daudet's "Nabab" or "Jack," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," George Eliot's "Middlemarch." Each of these admirable works, and all works of their rank, have touched life at first hand, and portrayed or interpreted it with masterly insight and power. In each the social instinct has been evident, and each in turn has disclosed some social fact in its large relations and results. To see life as it is and men as they are is the common purpose of all great writers of fiction.

So complete and searching has been the survey of social life by the novelists that the society of to-day, with all its gradations and differences, could be reproduced from the pages of fiction. From the days of Fielding to those of Charles Reade English life has never missed faithful record at the hands of those who have comprehended it because they have pierced it with their sympathetic insight. Every great political movement like Chartism, every striking political incident like the Gordon riots, every form of discontent and agitation among the lower classes, has had fit and often lasting record. While George Eliot has set forth the tremendous force of inheritance and environment, the vigorous and often coarse brush of Dickens has painted, on a great canvas, the homely life of the common people; and the inimitable art of Thackeray, equally akin to irony and tears, has made us permanent possessors of the social habit and character of the last century. The virile genius of Björnson, in the latest work of his hand, "Flags in the City and the Harbor," deals with some of the most obscure problems of social and family life; Turguénief has made Russian character under the pressure of absolutism comprehensible to us; Tolstoy commands the attention of a new constituency of readers, deeply moved by the marvellous fidelity with which he reproduces phases of experience, hidden processes of character, at once remote and familiar; while of Zola it must be confessed, whatever we think of his themes and his art, that he at least assumes to lay bare the very heart of certain social conditions in France. Fiction is unquestionably the most attractive and influential form through which men of literary genius express themselves to-day; and no fact of social significance, no human relationship, no class limitation, capacity, or condition, will escape the instinctive search for life which possesses this generation. That which the student of social questions seeks as matter of science the novelist seeks as matter of art.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VII.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S SECOND ABSENCE.

Of the heavy sickness which declared itself next morning, I can think with equanimity as of the last unmingled trouble that befell my master; and even that was perhaps a mercy in disguise; for what pains of the body could equal the miseries of his mind? Mrs. Henry and I had the watching by the bed. My old lord called from time to time to take the news,—but would not usually pass the door. Once, I remember, when hope was nigh gone, he stepped to the bedside, looked awhile in his son's face, and turned away with a singular gesture of the head and hand thrown up, that remains upon my mind as something tragic; such grief and such a scorn of sublunary things were there expressed. But the most of the time, Mrs. Henry and I had the room to ourselves, taking turns by night and bearing each other company by day, for it was dreary watching. Mr. Henry, his shaven head bound in a napkin, tossed to and fro without remission, beating the bed with his hands. His tongue never lay; his voice ran continuously like a river, so that my heart was weary with the sound of it. It was notable, and to me inexpressibly mortifying, that he spoke all the while on matters of no import: comings and goings, horses—which he was ever calling to have saddled, thinking perhaps (the poor soul!) that he might ride away from his discomfort—matters of the garden, the salmon nets, and (what I particularly raged to hear) continually of his affairs, cyphering figures and holding disputation with the tenantry. Never a word of his father or his wife, nor of the Master, save only for a day or two, when his mind dwelled entirely in the past, and he supposed himself a boy again and upon some innocent child's play with his brother. What made this the more affecting: it appeared the Master had then run some peril of his life, for there was a cry—"O, Jamie will be drowned—O, save Jamie!" which he came over and over with a great deal of passion.

This, I say, was affecting, both to Mrs. Henry and myself; but the balance of my master's wanderings did him little justice. It seemed he had set out to justify his brother's calumnies; as though he was bent to prove himself a man of a dry nature, immersed in money-getting. Had I been there alone, I would not have troubled my thumb; but all the while, as I listened, I was estimating the effect on the man's wife, and telling myself that he fell lower every day. I was the one person on the surface of the globe that comprehended him, and I was bound there should be yet another. Whether he was to die there and his virtues perish, or whether he should save his days and come back to that inheritance of sorrows, his right memory, I was bound he should be heartily lamented in the one case and unaffectedly welcomed in the other, by the person he loved the most, his wife.

Finding no occasion of free speech, I bethought me at last of a kind of documentary disclosure; and for some nights, when I was off duty and should have been asleep, I gave my time to the preparation of that which I may call my budget. But this I found to be the easiest portion of my task, and that which remained, namely the presentation to my lady, almost more than I had fortitude to overtake. Several days I went about with my papers under my arm, spying for some juncture of talk to serve as introduction. I will not deny but that some offered; only when they did, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; and I think I might have been carrying about my packet till this day had not a fortunate accident delivered me from all my hesitations. This was at night, when I was once more leaving the room, the thing not yet done, and

myself in despair at my own cowardice.

"What do you carry about with you, Mr. Mackellar?" she asked. "These last days, I see you always coming in and out with the same armful."

I returned upon my steps without a word, laid the papers before her on the table, and left her to her reading. Of what that was, I am now to give you some idea; and the best will be to reproduce a letter of my own which came first in the budget and of which (according to an excellent habitude) I have preserved the scroll. It will show too the moderation of my part in these affairs, a thing which some have called recklessly in question.

"DURRISDEER, 1757.

"HONORED MADAM,

"I trust I would not step out of my place without occasion; but I see how much evil has flowed in the past to all of your noble house from that unhappy and secretive fault of reticency, and the papers on which I venture to call your attention are family papers and all highly worthy your acquaintance.

"I append a schedule with some necessary observations,

"And am,

"Honored Madam,

"Your ladyship's obliged,

"obedient servant,

"EPHRAIM MACKELLAR.

"*Schedule of Papers.*

"A. Scroll of ten letters from Ephraim Mackellar to the Hon. James Durie, Esq., by courtesy Master of Ballantrae, during the latter's residence in Paris: under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*) . . . "*Nota:* to be read in connection with B. and C.

"B. Seven original letters from the said Mr of Ballantrae to the said E. Mackellar, under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*).

"C. Three original letters from the said Mr of Ballantrae to the Hon. Henry Durie, Esq., under dates . . ." (*follow the dates*) . . . "*Nota:* given me by Mr. Henry to answer: copies of my answers, A 4, A 5, and A 9 of these productions. The purport of Mr. Henry's communications, of which I can find no scroll, may be gathered from those of his unnatural brother.

"D. A correspondence, original and scroll, extending over a period of three years till January of the current year, between the said Mr of Ballantrae and —— ——, Under Secretary of State; twenty-seven in all. *Nota:* found among the Master's papers."

Weary as I was with watching and distress of mind, it was impossible for me to sleep. All night long, I walked in my chamber, revolving what should be the issue and sometimes repenting the temerity of my immixture in affairs so private; and with the first peep of the morning I was at the sick-room door. Mrs. Henry had thrown open the shutters and even the window, for the temperature was mild. She looked steadfastly before her; where was nothing to see, or only the blue of the morning creeping among woods. Upon the stir of my entrance, she did not so much as turn about her face: a circumstance from which I augured very ill.

"Madam," I began; and then again, "Madam;" but could make no more of it. Nor yet did Mrs. Henry come to my assistance with a word. In this pass I began gathering up the papers where they lay scattered on the table; and the first thing that struck me, their bulk appeared to have diminished. Once I ran them through, and twice; but the correspondence with the Secretary of State, on which I had reckoned so much against the future, was nowhere to be found. I looked in the chimney; amid the smouldering embers, black ashes of paper fluttered in the draught; and at that my timidity vanished.

"Good God, madam," cried I, in a voice not fitting for a sick-room, "Good God, madam, what have you done with my papers?"

"I have burned them," said Mrs. Henry, turning about. "It is enough, it is too much, that you and I have seen them."

"This is a fine night's work that you have done?" cried I. "And all to save the reputation of a man that ate bread by the shedding of his comrades' blood, as I do by the shedding ink."

"To save the reputation of that family in which you are a servant, Mr. Mackellar," she returned, "and for which you have already done so much."

"It is a family I will not serve much longer," I cried, "for I am driven desperate. You have stricken the sword out of my hands; you have left us all defenceless. I had always these letters I could shake over his head; and now—what is to do? We are so falsely situate, we dare not show the man the door; the country would fly on fire against us; and I had this one hold upon him—and now it is gone—now he may come back to-morrow, and we must all sit down with him to dinner, go for a stroll with him on the terrace, or take a hand at cards, of all things, to divert his leisure! No, madam; God forgive you, if he can find it in his heart, for I cannot find it in mine."

"I wonder to find you so simple, Mr. Mackellar," said Mrs. Henry. "What does this man value reputation? But he knows how high we prize it; he knows we would rather die than make these letters public; and do you suppose he would not trade upon the knowledge? What you call your sword, Mr. Mackellar, and which had been one indeed against a man of any remnant of propriety, would have been but a sword of paper against him. He would smile in your face at such a threat. He stands upon his degradation, he makes that his strength; it is in vain to struggle with such characters." She cried out this last a little desperately, and then with more quiet: "No, Mr. Mackellar, I have thought upon this matter all night, and there is no way out of it. Papers or no papers, the door of this house stands open for him; he is the rightful heir, forsooth! If we sought to exclude him, all would redound against poor Henry, and I should see him stoned again upon the streets. Ah! if Henry dies, it is a different matter! They have broke the entail for their own good purposes; the estate goes to my daughter; and I shall see who sets a foot upon it. But if Henry lives, my poor Mr. Mackellar, and that man returns, we must suffer: only this time, it will be together."

On the whole, I was well pleased with Mrs. Henry's attitude of mind; nor could I even deny there was some cogency in that which she advanced about the papers.

"Let us say no more about it," said I. "I can only be sorry I trusted a lady with the originals, which was an unbusinesslike proceeding at the best. As for what I said of leaving the service of the family, it was spoken with the tongue only; and you may set your mind at rest. I belong to Durrisdeer, Mrs. Henry, as if I had been born there."

I must do her the justice to say she seemed perfectly relieved; so that we began this morning, as we were to continue for so many years, on a proper ground of mutual indulgence and respect.

The same day, which was certainly prededicate to joy, we observed the first signal of recovery in Mr. Henry; and about three of the following afternoon, he found his mind again, recognizing me by name with the strongest evidences of affection. Mrs. Henry was also in the room, at the bed foot; but it did not appear that he observed her. And indeed (the fever being gone) he was so weak that he made but the one effort and sank again into a lethargy. The course of his restoration was now slow but equal; every day, his appetite improved; every week, we were able to remark an increase both of strength and flesh; and before the end of the month, he was out of bed and had even begun to be carried in his chair upon the terrace.

It was perhaps at this time that Mrs. Henry and I were the most uneasy in mind. Apprehension for his days was at an end; and a worse fear succeeded. Every day we drew consciously nearer to a day of reckoning; and the days passed on, and still there was nothing. Mr. Henry bettered in strength, he held long talks with us on a great diversity of subjects, his father came and sat with him and went again; and still there was no reference to the late tragedy or to the former troubles which had brought it on. Did he remember, and conceal his dreadful knowledge? or was the whole blotted from his mind? this was the problem that kept us watching and trembling all day when

we were in his company, and held us awake at night when we were in our lonely beds. We knew not even which alternative to hope for, both appearing so unnatural and pointing so directly to an unsound brain. Once this fear offered, I observed his conduct with sedulous particularity. Something of the child he exhibited: a cheerfulness quite foreign to his previous character, an interest readily aroused, and then very tenacious, in small matters which he had heretofore despised. When he was stricken down, I was his only confidant, and I may say his only friend, and he was on terms of division with his wife; upon his recovery, all was changed, the past forgotten, the wife first and even single in his thoughts. He turned to her with all his emotions like a child to its mother, and seemed secure of sympathy; called her in all his needs with something of that querulous familiarity that marks a certainty of indulgence; and I must say, in justice to the woman, he was never disappointed. To her, indeed, this changed behavior was inexpressibly affecting; and I think she felt it secretly as a reproach; so that I have seen her, in early days, escape out of the room that she might indulge herself in weeping. But to me, the change appeared not natural; and viewing it along with all the rest, I began to wonder, with many headshakings, whether his reason were perfectly erect.

As this doubt stretched over many years, endured indeed until my master's death, and clouded all our subsequent relations, I may as well consider of it more at large. When he was able to resume some charge of his affairs, I had many opportunities to try him with precision. There was no lack of understanding, nor yet of authority; but the old continuous interest had quite departed; he grew readily fatigued and fell to yawning; and he carried into money relations, where it is certainly out of place, a facility that bordered upon slackness. True, since we had no longer the exactions of the Master to contend against, there was the less occasion to raise strictness into principle or do battle for a farthing. True again, there was nothing excessive in these relaxations, or I would have been no party to them. But the whole thing marked a change, very slight yet very perceptible; and though no man could say my master had gone at all out of his mind, no man could deny that he had drifted from his character. It was the same to the end, with his manner and appearance. Some of the heat of the fever lingered in his veins: his movements a little hurried, his speech notably more voluble, yet neither truly amiss. His whole mind stood open to happy impressions, welcoming these and making much of them; but the smallest suggestion of trouble or sorrow he received with visible impatience and dismissed again with immediate relief. It was to this tenor that he owed the felicity of his later days; and yet here it was, if anywhere, that you could call the man insane. A great part of life consists in contemplating what we cannot cure; but Mr. Henry, if he could not dismiss solicitude by an effort of the mind, must instantly and at whatever cost annihilate the cause of it; so that he played alternately the ostrich and the bull. It is to this strenuous cowardice of pain that I have to set down all the unfortunate and excessive steps of his subsequent career. Certainly this was the reason of his beating McManus, the groom, a thing so much out of all his former practice and which awakened so much comment at the time. It is to this, again, that I must lay the total loss of near upon two hundred pounds, more than the half of which I could have saved if his impatience would have suffered me. But he preferred loss or any desperate extreme to a continuance of mental suffering.

All this has led me far from our immediate trouble: whether he remembered or had forgotten his late dreadful act; and if he remembered, in what light he viewed it. The truth burst upon us suddenly, and was indeed one of the chief surprises of my life. He had been several times abroad, and was now beginning to walk a little with an arm, when it chanced I should be left alone with him upon the terrace. He turned to me with a singular furtive smile, such as schoolboys use when in fault; and says he, in a private whisper and without

the least preface: "Where have you buried him?"

I could not make one sound in answer.

"Where have you buried him?" he repeated. "I want to see his grave."

I conceived I had best take the bull by the horns. "Mr. Henry," said I, "I have news to give that will rejoice you exceedingly. In all human likelihood, your hands are clear of blood. I reason from certain indices; and by these it should appear your brother was not dead but was carried in a swound on board the lugger. By now, he may be perfectly recovered."

What there was in his countenance, I could not read. "James?" he asked.

"Your brother James," I answered. "I would not raise a hope that may be found deceptive; but in my heart, I think it very probable he is alive."

"Ah!" says Mr. Henry; and suddenly rising from his seat with more alacrity than he had yet discovered, set one finger on my breast, and cried at me in a kind of screaming whisper, "Mackellar" —these were his words—"nothing can kill that man. He is not mortal. He is bound upon my back to all eternity—to all God's eternity!" says he, and sitting down again, fell upon a stubborn silence.

A day or two after, with the same secret smile, and first looking about as if to be sure we were alone, "Mackellar," said he, "when you have any intelligence, be sure and let me know. We must keep an eye upon him, or he will take us when we least expect."

"He will not show face here again," said I.

"Oh yes, he will," said Mr. Henry. "Wherever I am there will he be." And again he looked all about him.

"You must not dwell upon this thought, Mr. Henry," said I.

"No," said he, "that is a very good advice. We will never think of it, except when you have news. And we do not know yet," he added: "he may be dead."

The manner of his saying this convinced me thoroughly of what I had scarce ventured to suspect: that so far from suffering any penitence for the attempt, he did but lament his failure. This was a discovery I kept to myself, fearing it might do him a prejudice with his wife. But I might have saved myself the trouble; she had divined it for herself, and found the sentiment quite natural. Indeed I could not but say that there were three of us all of the same mind; nor could any news have reached Durrisdeer more generally welcome than tidings of the Master's death.

This brings me to speak of the exception, my old lord. As soon as my anxiety for my own master began to be relaxed, I was aware of a change in the old gentleman, his father, that seemed to threaten mortal consequences. His face was pale and swollen; as he sat in the chimneyside with his Latin, he would drop off sleeping and the book roll in the ashes; some days he would drag his foot, others stumble in speaking. The amenity of his behavior appeared more extreme; full of excuses for the least trouble, very thoughtful for all; to myself of a most flattering civility. One day, that he had sent for his lawyer and remained a long while private, he met me as he was crossing the hall with painful footsteps, and took me kindly by the hand. "Mr. Mackellar," said he, "I have had many occasions to set a proper value on your services; and to-day, when I recast my will, I have taken the freedom to name you for one of my executors. I believe you bear love enough to our house to render me this service?" At that very time he passed the greater portion of his days in slumber, from which it was often difficult to rouse him; seemed to have lost all count of years and had several times (particularly on waking) called for his wife and for an old servant whose very gravestone was now green with moss. If I had been put to my oath, I must have declared he was incapable of testing; and yet there was never a will drawn more sensible in every trait, or showing a more excellent judgment both of persons and affairs.

His dissolution, though it took not very long, proceeded by infinitesimal gradations. His faculties decayed together steadily; the power of his limbs was almost gone, he was extremely deaf, his speech had sunk into mere mumblings; and yet to the end he managed to discover something of his former

courtesy and kindness, pressing the hand of any that helped him, presenting me with one of his Latin books in which he had laboriously traced my name, and in a thousand ways reminding us of the greatness of that loss which it might almost be said we had already suffered. To the end, the power of articulation returned to him in flashes; it seemed he had only forgotten the art of speech as a child forgets his lesson, and at times he would call some part of it to mind. On the last night of his life, he suddenly broke silence with these words from Virgil: "Gratique patrisque, alma, precar, miserere," perfectly uttered and with a fitting accent. At the sudden clear sound of it, we started from our several occupations; but it was in vain we turned to him; he sat there silent and to all appearance fatuous. A little later, he was had to bed with more difficulty than ever before; and some time in the night, without any mortal violence, his spirit fled.

At a far later period, I chanced to speak of these particulars with a doctor of medicine, a man of so high a reputation that I scruple to adduce his name. By his view of it, father and son both suffered from the same affection: the father from the strain of his unnatural sorrows, the son more likely in the excitation of the fever, each had ruptured a vessel on the brain; and there was probably (my doctor added) some predisposition in the family to accidents of that description. The father sank, the son recovered all the externals of a healthy man; but it is like there was some destruction in those delicate tissues where the soul resides and does her earthly business; her heavenly, I would fain hope, cannot be thus obstructed by material accidents. And yet, upon a more mature opinion, it matters not one jot; for he who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same that formed us in frailty.

The death of my old lord was the occasion of a fresh surprise to us who watched the behavior of his successor. To any considering mind, the two sons had between them slain their father; and he who took the sword might be even said to have slain him with his hand. But no such thought appeared to trouble my new lord. He was becomingly grave; I could scarce say sorrowful, or only with a pleasant sorrow; talking of the dead with a regretful cheerfulness, smiling at them with a good conscience; and when the day of the funeral came round, doing the honors with exact propriety. I could perceive, besides, that he found a solid gratification in his accession to the title; the which he was punctilious in exacting.

And now there came upon the scene a new character, and one that played his part too in the story: I mean the present lord, Alexander, whose birth (17th July, 1757) filled the cup of my poor master's happiness. There was nothing then left for him to wish for; nor yet leisure to wish for it. Indeed, there never was a parent so fond and doting as he showed himself. He was continually uneasy in his son's absence. Was the child abroad? the father would be watching the clouds in case it rained. Was it night? he would rise out of his bed to observe its slumbers. His conversation grew even wearyful to strangers, since he talked of little but his son. In matters relating to the estate, all was designed with a particular eye to Alexander; and it would be:—"Let us put it in hand at once, that the wood may be grown against Alexander's majority;" or "This will fall in again handsomely for Alexander's marriage." Every day this absorption of the man's nature became more observable, with many touching and some very blameworthy particulars. Soon the child could walk abroad with him, at first on the terrace hand in hand, and afterward at large about the policies; and this grew to my lord's chief occupation. The sound of their two voices (audible a great way off, for they spoke loud) became familiar in the neighborhood; and for my part I found it more agreeable than the sound of birds. It was pretty to see the pair returning full of briars, and the father as flushed and sometimes as bemuddied as the child: for they were equal sharers in all sorts of boyish entertainment, digging in the beach, damming up streams, and what not; and I have seen them gaze through

a fence at cattle with the same childish contemplation.

The mention of these rambles brings me to a strange scene of which I was a witness. There was one walk I never followed myself without emotion, so often had I gone there upon miserable errands, so much had there befallen against the house of Durrisdeer. But the path lay handy from all points beyond the Muckle Ross; and I was driven, although much against my will, to take my use of it perhaps once in the two months. It befell when Mr. Alexander was of the age of seven or eight, I had some business on the far side in the morning, and entered the shrubbery on my homeward way, about nine of a bright forenoon. It was that time of year when the woods are all in their spring colors, the thorns all in flower, and the birds in the high season of their singing. In contrast to this merriment, the shrubbery was only the more sad and I the more oppressed by its associations. In this situation of spirit, it struck me disagreeably to hear voices a little way in front, and to recognize the tones of my lord and Mr. Alexander. I pushed ahead, and came presently into their view. They stood together in the open space where the duel was, my lord with his hand on his son's shoulder and speaking with some gravity. At least, as he raised his head upon my coming, I thought I could perceive his countenance to lighten.

"Ah," says he, "here comes the good Mackellar. I have just been telling Sandie the story of this place; and how there was a man whom the devil tried to kill, and how near he came to kill the devil instead."

I had thought it strange enough he should bring the child into that scene; that he should actually be discoursing of his act, passed measure. But the worst was yet to come; for he added, turning to his son: "You can ask Mackellar; he was here and saw it."

"Is it true, Mr. Mackellar?" asked the child. "And did you really see the devil?"

"I have not heard the tale," I replied; "and I am in a press of business." So far I said a little sourly, fencing with the embarrassment of the position; and suddenly the bitterness of the past and terror of that scene by candlelight rushed in upon my mind; I bethought me that, for a difference of a second's quickness in parade, the child before me might have never seen the day; and the emotion that always fluttered round my heart in that dark shrubbery burst forth in words. "But so much is true," I cried, "that I have met the devil in these woods and seen him foiled here; blessed be God that he escaped with life—blessed be God that one stone yet stands upon another in the walls of Durrisdeer! and oh, Mr. Alexander, if ever you come by this spot, though it was a hundred years hence and you came with the gayest and the highest in the land, I would step aside and remember a bit prayer."

My lord nodded his head gravely. "Ah," says he, "Mackellar is always in the right. Come, Alexander, take your bonnet off." And with that he uncovered and held out his hand. "O Lord," said he, "I thank thee, and my son thanks thee, for thy manifold great mercies. Let us have peace for a little; defend us from the evil man. Smite him, O Lord, upon the lying mouth!" The last broke out of him like a cry; and at that, whether remembered anger choked his utterance, or whether he perceived this was a singular sort of prayer, at least he came suddenly to a full stop; and after a moment, set back his hat upon his head.

"I think you have forgot a word, my lord," said I. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

"Ah, that is easy saying," said my lord. "That is very easy saying, Mackellar. But for me to forgive?—I think I would cut a very silly figure, if I had the affectation to pretend it."

"The bairn, my lord," said I with some severity, for I thought his expressions little fitted for the ears of children.

"Why, very true," said he. "This is dull work for a bairn. Let's go nesting."

I forget if it was the same day, but it was soon after, my lord, finding me alone, opened himself a little more on the same head.

"Mackellar," he said, "I am now a very happy man."

"I think so indeed, my lord," said I, "and the sight of it gives me a light heart."

"There is an obligation in happiness, do you not think so?" says he, musingly.

"I think so indeed," said I, "and one in sorrow too. If we are not here to try to do the best, in my humble opinion, the sooner we are away the better for all parties."

"Ay, but if you were in my shoes, would you forgive him?" asks my lord.

The suddenness of the attack a little gravelled me. "It is a duty laid upon us strictly," said I.

"Hut!" said he. "These are expressions! Do you forgive the man yourself?"

"Well—no!" said I. "God forgive me, I do not."

"Shake hands upon that!" cries my lord, with a kind of jovialty.

"It is an ill sentiment to shake hands upon," said I, "for Christian people. I think I will give you mine on some more evangelical occasion."

This I said smiling a little; but as for my lord, he went from the room laughing aloud.

For my lord's slavery to the child, I can find no expression adequate. He lost himself in that continual thought: business, friends, and wife being all alike forgotten or only remembered with a painful effort, like that of one struggling with a posset. It was most notable in the matter of his wife. Since I had known Durrisdeer, she had been the burthen of his thought and the loadstone of his eyes; and now, she was quite cast out. I have seen him come to the door of a room, look round, and pass my lady over as though she were a dog before the fire:—it would be Alexander he was seeking, and my lady knew it well. I have heard him speak to her so ruggedly that I nearly found it in my heart to intervene: the cause would still be the same, that she had in some way thwarted Alexander. Without doubt this was in the nature of a judgment on my lady. Without doubt, she had the tables turned upon her as only providence can do it; she who had been cold so many years to every mark of tenderness, it was her part now to be neglected: the more praise to her that she played it well.

An odd situation resulted: that we had once more two parties in the house, and that now I was of my lady's. Not that ever I lost the love I bore my master. But, for one thing, he had the less use for my society. For another, I could not but compare the case of Mr. Alexander with that of Miss Katharine; for whom my lord had never found the least attention. And for a third, I was wounded by the change he discovered to his wife, which struck me in the nature of an infidelity. I could not but admire besides the constancy and kindness she displayed. Perhaps her sentiment to my lord, as it had been founded from the first in pity, was that rather of a mother than a wife; perhaps it pleased her (if I may so say) to behold her two children so happy in each other: the more as one had suffered so unjustly in the past. But, for all that, and though I could never trace in her one spark of jealousy, she must fall back for society on poor, neglected Miss Katharine; and I, on my part, came to pass my spare hours more and more with the mother and daughter. It would be easy to make too much of this division, for it was a pleasant family as families go; still the thing existed; whether my lord knew it or not, I am in doubt, I do not think he did, he was bound up so entirely in his son; but the rest of us knew it and (in a manner) suffered from the knowledge.

What troubled us most, however, was the great and growing danger to the child. My lord was his father over again; it was to be feared the son would prove a second Master. Time has proved these fears to have been quite exaggerate. Certainly there is no more worthy gentleman to-day in Scotland than the seventh Lord Durrisdeer. Of my own exodus from his employment, it does not become me to speak, above all in a memorandum written only to justify his father. . . .

[*Editor's Note. Five pages of Mr. Mackellar's MS. are here omitted. I have gathered from their perusal an impres-*

sion that Mr. Mackellar, in his old age, was rather an exacting servant. Against the seventh Lord Durrisdeer (with whom at any rate, we have no concern) nothing material is alleged.—R. L. S.]

. . . But our fear at the time was lest he should turn out, in the person of his son, a second edition of his brother. My lady had tried to interject some wholesome discipline; she had been glad to give that up, and now looked on with secret dismay; sometimes she even spoke of it by hints; and sometimes when there was brought to her knowledge some monstrous instance of my lord's indulgence, she would betray herself in a gesture or perhaps an exclamation. As for myself, I was haunted by the thought both day and night: not so much for the child's sake as for the father's. The man had gone to sleep, he was dreaming a dream, and any rough wakening must infallibly prove mortal. That he should survive its death was inconceivable; and the fear of its dishonor made me cover my face.

It was this continual preoccupation that screwed me up at last to a remonstrance: a matter worthy to be narrated in detail. My lord and I sat one day at the same table upon some tedious business of detail; I have said that he had lost his former interest in such occupations; he was plainly itching to be gone, and he looked fretful, weary, and methought older than I had ever previously observed. I suppose it was the haggard face that put me suddenly upon my enterprise.

"My lord," said I, with my head down, and feigning to continue my occupation —"or rather let me call you again by the name of Mr. Henry, for I fear your anger and want you to think upon old times——"

"My good Mackellar!" said he, and that in tones so kindly that I had near forsook my purpose. But I called to mind that I was speaking for his good, and stuck to my colors.

"Has it never come in upon your mind what you are doing?" I asked.

"What I am doing?" he repeated, "I was never good at guessing riddles."

"What you are doing with your son," said I.

"Well," said he, with some defiance in his tone, "and what am I doing with my son?"

"Your father was a very good man," says I, straying from the direct path. "But do you think he was a wise father?"

There was a pause before he spoke, and then: "I say nothing against him," he replied. "I had the most cause perhaps; but I say nothing."

"Why, there it is," said I. "You had the cause at least. And yet your father was a good man; I never knew a better, save on the one point, nor yet a wiser. Where he stumbled, it is highly possible another man should fall. He had the two sons——"

My lord rapped suddenly and violently on the table.

"What is this?" cried he. "Speak out!"

"I will, then," said I, my voice almost strangled with the thumping of my heart. "If you continue to indulge Mr. Alexander, you are following in your father's footsteps. Beware, my lord, lest, when he grows up, your son should follow in the Master's."

I had never meant to put the thing so crudely; but in the extreme of fear there comes a brutal kind of courage, the most brutal indeed of all; and I burnt my ships with that plain word. I never had the answer. When I lifted my head, my lord had risen to his feet, and the next moment he fell heavily on the floor. The fit or seizure endured not very long; he came to himself vacantly, put his hand to his head which I was then supporting, and says he, in a broken voice: "I have been ill," and a little after: "Help me up." I got him to his feet, and he stood pretty well, though he kept hold of the table. "I have been ill, Mackellar," he said again. "Something broke, Mackellar—or was going to break, and then all swam away. I think I was very angry. Never you mind, Mackellar, never you mind, my man. I wouldnae hurt a hair upon your head. Too much has come and gone. It's a certain thing between us two. But I think, Mackellar, I will go to Mrs. Henry—I think I will go to Mrs. Henry," said he, and got pretty steadily from the room, leaving me overcome with penitence.

Presently the door flew open, and my lady swept in with flashing eyes. "What is all this?" she cried. "What have you done to my husband? Will nothing teach you your position in this house? Will you never cease from making and meddling?"

"My lady," said I, "since I have been in this house, I have had plenty of hard words. For a while they were my daily diet, and I swallowed them all. As for to-day, you may call me what you please; you will never find the name hard enough for such a blunder. And yet I meant it for the best."

I told her all with ingenuity, even as it is written here; and when she had heard me out, she pondered, and I could see her animosity fall. "Yes," she said, "you meant well indeed. I have had the same thought myself, or the same temptation rather, which makes me pardon you. But, dear God, can you not understand that he can bear no more? He can bear no more!" she cried, throwing out her arms. "The cord is stretched to snapping. What matters the future, if he have one or two good days?"

"Amen," said I. "I will meddle no more. I am pleased enough that you should recognize the kindness of my meaning."

"Yes," said my lady, "but when it came to the point, I have to suppose your courage failed you; for what you said was said cruelly." She paused, looking at me; then suddenly smiled a little, and said a singular thing: "Do you know what you are, Mr. Mackellar? You are an old maid."

No more incident of any note occurred in the family until the return of that ill-starred man, the Master. But I have to place here a second extract from the memoirs of Chevalier Burke, interesting in itself and highly necessary for my purpose. It is our only sight of the Master on his Indian travels; and the first word in these pages of Secundra Dass. One fact, it is to be observed, appears here very clearly, which if we had known some twenty years ago, how many calamities and sorrows had been spared! — that Secundra Dass spoke English.

ADVENTURE OF CHEVALIER BURKE IN INDIA:

(Extracted from his Memoirs.)

. . . Here was I, therefore, on the streets of that city, the name of which I cannot call to mind, while even then I was so ill acquainted with its situation that I knew not whether to go south or north. The alert being sudden, I had run forth without shoes or stockings; my hat had been struck from my head in the mellay; my kit was in the hands of the English; I had no companion but the cipoye, no weapon but my sword, and the devil a coin in my pocket. In short I was for all the world like one of those calendars with whom Mr. Galland has made us acquainted in his elegant tales. These gentlemen, you will remember, were forever falling in with extraordinary incidents; and I was myself upon the brink of one so astonishing that I protest I cannot explain it to this day.

The cipoye was a very honest man, he had served many years with the French colors, and would have let himself be cut to pieces for any of the brave countrymen of Mr. Lally. It is the same fellow (his name has quite escaped me) of whom I have narrated already a surprising instance of generosity of mind: when he found Mr. de Fessac and myself upon the ramparts, entirely overcome with liquor, and covered us with straw while the commandant was passing by. I consulted him therefore with perfect freedom. It was a fine question what to do; but we decided at last to escalade a garden wall, where we could certainly sleep in the shadow of the trees, and might perhaps find an occasion to get hold of a pair of slippers and a turban. In that part of the city we had only the difficulty of the choice, for it was a quarter consisting entirely of walled gardens, and the lanes which divided them were at that hour of the night deserted. I gave the cipoye a back, and we had soon dropped into a large enclosure full of trees. The place was soaking with the dew which, in that country, is exceedingly unwholesome, above all to whites; yet my fatigue was so extreme that I was already half asleep, when the cipoye recalled me to my senses. In the far end of the enclosure a bright light had

suddenly shone out, and continued to burn steadily among the leaves. It was a circumstance highly unusual in such a place and hour; and in our situation it behoved us to proceed with some timidity. The cipoye was sent to reconnoitre, and pretty soon returned with the intelligence that we had fallen extremely amiss, for the house belonged to a white man, who was in all likelihood English.

"Faith," says I, "if there is a white man to be seen, I will have a look at him; for, the Lord be praised! there are more sorts than the one!"

The cipoye led me forward accordingly to a place from which I had a clear view upon the house. It was surrounded with a wide verandah; a lamp, very well trimmed, stood upon the floor of it, and on either side of the lamp there sat a man, cross-legged after the oriental manner. Both, besides, were bundled up in muslin like two natives; and yet one of them was not only a white man, but a man very well known to me and the reader: being indeed that very Master of Ballantrae of whose gallantry and genius I have had to speak so often. Word had reached me that he was come to the Indies; but it appeared he kept with the English party, for we had never met and I heard little of his occupations. But sure, I had no sooner recognized him, and found myself in the arms of so old a comrade, than I supposed my tribulations were quite done. I stepped plainly forth into the light of the room, which shone exceeding strong, and hailing Ballantrae by name, made him in a few words master of my grievous situation. He turned, started the least thing in the world, looked me fair in the face while I was speaking, and when I had done, addressed himself to his companion in the barbarous native dialect. The second person, who was of an extraordinary delicate appearance, with legs like walking canes and fingers like the stalk of a tobacco pipe . . . [*Note by Mr. Mackellar;* plainly Secundra Dass.—E. McK.] now rose to his feet.

"The Sahib," says he, "understands no English language. I understand it myself, and I see you make some small mistake—oh, which may happen very often! But the Sahib would be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Ballantrae!" I cried. "Have you the damned impudence to deny me to my face?"

Ballantrae never moved a muscle, staring at me like an image in a pagoda.

"The Sahib understands no English," says the native, as glib as before. "He will be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Oh, the divil fetch him!" says I. "He would be glad to know how I come in a garden, would he? Well now, my dear man, just have the civility to tell the Sahib, with my kind love, that we are two soldiers here whom he never met and never heard of, but this cipoye is a broth of a boy, and I am a broth of a boy myself; and if we don't get a full meal of meat, and a turban, and slippers, and the value of a gold mohur in small change as a matter of convenience, bedad, my friend, I could lay my finger on a garden where there is going to be trouble."

They carried their comedy so far as to converse awhile in Hindustanee, and then says the Hindu, with the same smile, but sighing as if he were tired of the repetition: "The Sahib would be glad to know how you come in a garden."

"Is that the way of it?" says I, and laying my hand on my sword-hilt I bade the cipoye draw.

Ballantrae's Hindu, still smiling, pulled out a pistol from his bosom, and though Ballantrae himself never moved a muscle, I knew him well enough to be sure he was prepared.

"The Sahib thinks you better go away," says the Hindu.

Well, to be plain, it was what I was thinking myself; for the report of a pistol would have been, under providence, the means of hanging the pair of us.

"Tell the Sahib, I consider him no gentleman," says I, and turned away with a gesture of contempt.

I was not gone three steps, when the voice of the Hindu called me back. "The Sahib would be glad to know if you are a dam, low Irishman," says he; and at the words Ballantrae smiled and bowed very low.

"What is that?" says I.

"The Sahib say you ask your friend

Mackellar," says the Hindu. "The Sahib he cry quits."

"Tell the Sahib I will give him a cure for the Scots fiddle when next we meet," cried I.

The pair were still smiling as I left.

There is little doubt some flaws may be picked in my own behavior; and when a man, however gallant, appeals to posterity with an account of his exploits, he must almost certainly expect to share the fate of Cæsar and Alexander, and to meet with some detractors. But there is one thing that can never be laid at the door of Francis Burke: he never turned his back on a friend. . . .

(Here follows a passage which the Chevalier Burke has been at the pains to delete before sending me his manuscript. Doubtless it was some very natural complaint of what he supposed to be an indiscretion on my part; though indeed, I can call none to mind. Perhaps Mr. Henry was less guarded; or it is just possible the Master found the means to examine my correspondence, and himself read the letter from Troyes: in revenge for which this cruel jest was perpetrated on Mr. Burke in his extreme necessity. The Master, for all his wickedness, was not without some natural affection; I believe he was sincerely attached to Mr. Burke in the beginning; but the thought of treachery dried up the springs of his very shallow friendship, and his detestable nature appeared naked.—E. McK.)

NOT STRAND BUT SEA.

By Mrs. Fields.

Upon the storm-swept beach brown broken weeds
Lay scattered far abroad, and as I saw
The wild disordered strand, "Behold the law,"
I cried, "of my sad mind and her dread needs."
But as I wandered there those fruitless seeds
Were trampled by my feet, while quiet lay
My spirit on the waves and joined their play
Round a far rock where safe the sea-bird breeds;
And then I knew, not like the strand forlorn
But like the sea my soul her color drew
From heaven, and all the splendors of the morn
And greater glories that with ripeness grew
Were hers, and hers the calm that evening knew,
And every grace that out of heaven is born.

THE LACK OF OLD HOMES IN AMERICA.

By Charles Eliot Norton.

"We shall live to see the day," says Holgrave, the artist, in the "House of the Seven Gables," "we shall live to see the day, I trust, when no man shall build his house for posterity." The wish comes little short of fulfilment in America, for we have already lived to see the day when scarcely a man builds his house for his own posterity. If one runs over the list of the persons known to him he finds very few of more than forty years old living in the houses in which they were born. Of the twenty houses built more than fifty years ago nearest my own, only one is lived in by the family by which it was originally occupied, while most of the others have had numerous successive owners or tenants. Of my own friends near my own age there are but two or three anywhere who live in the houses which their fathers occupied before them. This lack of hereditary homes—homes of one family for more than one generation—is a novel and significant feature of American society. In its effect on the disposition of the people and on the quality of our civilization it has not received the attention it deserves.

The conditions which have brought about this state of things are obvious. The spirit of equality, and the practices, especially in regard to the distribution of property, that have resulted from it; the general change in the standards of living arising from the enormous development of the natural resources of the country, and the consequent unexampled diffusion of wealth and material comfort; the rapid settlement of our immense territory, and the astonishing growth of our old as well as of our new cities, have been unfavorable to the existence of the hereditary home.

There is scarcely a town in the long-settled parts of the Northern States from which a considerable portion of its people has not gone out in the course of the past fifty years to seek residence elsewhere. Attachment to the native soil, affection for the home of one's youth, the claims of kindred, the bonds of social duty, have not proved strong enough to resist the allurements of hope, the fair promise of bettering fortune, and the love of adventure. The increasing ease and the vast extension of means of communication between distant parts of the country have promoted the movement of the population. The railroad has been like a stream with a steady current bearing boat-load after boat-load of adventurers. The active employments, the animated life, and high wages of manufacturing towns have competed with the more fertile fields of the West to depopulate the quiet villages of New England.

Moreover, while new cities in the West have been building, the old cities on the seaboard have been rebuilding. In Boston and New York, for example, scarcely a house remains that was a home at the beginning of the century, and of the few of this sort that may still exist very few, if any, are occupied by persons of the same social position, and hardly a single one by persons of the same family that dwelt in it fifty years ago. In the country districts possession has been somewhat more stable. Here and there a home has been handed down from father to son since the land was first settled. But a majority of the farms in the older Northern States has changed hands in the course of the last two generations.

> Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva;
> Nos patriam fugimus.

In the older Southern States, in Virginia and South Carolina, owing to the character of their social institutions, hereditary estates have been more common than at the North. The influences tending to change were less strong. But the spirit of the time was already, before the war, beginning to break the continuity of succession, and the new social order that has come into existence since the emancipation of the slaves

is less favorable than the old to the transmission of a home from generation to generation.

So it has come to pass that the American is a marvel who lives as an old man in the house in which he was born, who inherits and transmits hereditary acres, who, like Claudian's Old Man of Verona,

> A neighboring wood born with himself he sees,
> And loves his old contemporary trees,

and who closes his eyes at the end of life on the same landscape which they beheld when they first opened.

Since the days of the great wanderings of the nations there has been nothing like the movement of migration from Europe to America, and the shifting of residence of the American people during the last fifty years. The mixture of new elements in the population and the habit of change and transiency of abode have not only affected the aspect of the land, giving to the landscape, so far as it is shaped by man, a different character from that which it assumes in countries where the population is more stable, but they have affected still more the nature of the people themselves, their relations to each other, their associations, their attachments, their sympathies, and their imaginations.

In the older parts of the country, the pleasant, old-fashioned virtue of neighborliness does not flourish as it once did. Railroads and other modern improvements have weakened the bonds that used to unite men in a genuine community. The village, in becoming more dependent on the city, has lost in self-reliance, in interest to its own people, and in local pride. Trades have died out one after another, and with their extinction the cheerful spirit of self-dependence and of confidence in the combined resources of the community had declined; local relations, local news have lost importance, the neighborhood has lost individuality of character. The railroad train brings the city newspaper and the outer world, opens the way to a larger, less concentrated, less friendly and domestic life; it brings strangers, it carries away neighbors, it empties homes.

But the city suffers from this instability of residence no less than the village. The misgovernment of our great cities is due largely to the facts that a comparatively small part of their inhabitants are native to them, that a great portion of their inhabitants are but temporary residents in them, and that of their permanent residents the greater part have in the course of a lifetime changed their abodes. The sense in the individual of responsibility for the good of the community is weakened by the constant shifting and alteration of its members. A man naturally takes less interest in the affairs that concern the welfare of comparative strangers than in those which affect his friends; and naturally cares less for the welfare of a community of which he is a mere transient member than of one to which he is bound for life, and with whose past and future he is united by indissoluble ties. New York is a city of strangers to each other, without common traditions or controlling common interests. So vast an aggregation of men with so few of the elements of a true community has never before been seen. In such a city the social sentiment is feeble, and its part is largely taken by the mere sense of the necessity of maintaining the institutions requisite for the defence of material interests. Civic pride, one of the most powerful motives in the history of the progress of civilization, has lost its force among us. Such an inscription, full of feeling not less tender than proud, as that which may be read to-day on the front of one of the most beautiful of the Renaissance palaces of Venice, *Genio urbis Joannes Darius*, "John Dario to the Genius of his city," would excite a smile if read on the mansion of a Stewart or a Vanderbilt. Venice was an inspiration to great deeds and to noble life for her citizens; so were Florence and Pisa and Siena, Nuremberg and Augsburg. Men not only knew each other, but knew who had been each other's father and grandfathers; their lives were bound up together; they had common traditions, common interests and hopes, common loves and hates. The "floater," with all that the name implies, was unknown.

> Sempre la confusion delle persone
> Principio fu del mal della cittade.

"Ever the confused mixture of the people has been the source of harm to cities."

But the public and general evil resulting from the confusion and instability of the citizens is not so marked, is not, perhaps, so great a hinderance to the development of a high type of civilization, as the pervasive influence of the fact that, throughout the land, the home in its real sense, as the continuous, hereditary residence of a family, has become scarce, and is becoming scarcer.

No human life is complete in itself; it is but a link, however individual in its form, however different from every other, in a chain reaching back indefinitely into the past, reaching forward indefinitely into the future. Whatever weakens the sense of its linked relation is an evil. To strengthen its connection in both directions, to quicken the electric current of conscious existence conveyed from the past through the present to the future, is to increase the vital power of the individual, his sense of dignity, and of responsibility. To the future every man owes the immeasurable debt for which he stands indebted to the past. Whatever lessens the force and volume of the current of transmitted life lessens the energy and saps the main source of moral being. To maintain in full vigor the sense of the dependence of the individual life upon the past, more is needed than a mere intellectual recognition of the fact. Such is the frailty of our nature that our principles require to be supported by sentiment, and our sentiments draw nourishment from material things, from visible memorials, from familiar objects to which affection may cling. And it is this nourishment that the true home supplies. Sentiments need time for their growth. "If men," says Wordsworth, in a letter written in 1802, "are proprietors of small estates that have descended to them from their ancestors, the power which the domestic affections will acquire amongst them is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers and the manufacturing poor. This little tract of land serves as a kind of rallying point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet on which they are written, which makes them objects of memory in a thousand instances when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the nature of social man, from which supplies of affection as pure as his heart was intended for are daily drawn."

An old home acquires power over the heart with course of time; it comes by degrees to touch the imagination with a sense of life inherent in itself. Its timbers are not dead wood. As the vibrations of the music constrain the fibres of the violin till, year by year, it gives forth a fuller and deeper tone, so the vibrations of life as generations go by shape the walls of a home into a responsive accord with the human experience that goes on within them. Birth and death, joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment—all that men endure and enjoy, give to it a constantly increasing sanctity, and a power to affect the hearts of those who dwell within it. Memory awakes imagination. Each generation has set its stamp upon the home, in some change, some improvement. The lapse of years alone makes it venerable, but if a succession of kindly, humane, and loving men and women have dwelt in it, it becomes the memorial of happiness and an incentive to excellence. The older it is the sweeter and richer garden does it become of human charities and affections.

In our country, barren as it is of historic objects that appeal to the imagination and arouse the poetic associations that give depth and charm to life, such a home is even more precious than in lands where works abound that recall the past by transmitting its image to our eyes. And yet we of all people seem to care least for an old home. Most of us seem to agree with Hawthorne, that "a lodging in a wigwam or under a tent has really as many advantages when we come to know them as a home beneath the roof-tree of Charlecote Hall." But it was the shadow not the sunlight of the past by which Hawthorne's sensitive nature was mainly impressed. Its ponderous gloom, the myriads of dead hopes that lay buried in it, the weight, too heavy to lift, of care passed on from father to son, the hereditary tendency to evil, the taint of guilt—all these oppressed him, and

made him dread the influence of an old home, and wish that each generation should build its own transient shelter unhampered and unwarped by memory and tradition.

Whether we share Hawthorne's feeling, or hold to the more healthy and sustaining conception of the preponderance of good in the influences of the past, of the preciousness of its gifts, and of the need to the best within us of keeping fresh and strong our sense of relation to it, it is plain that no people have less to dread than we of the transmission from it of what may be evil, or have less desire to preserve of it what might be good. *Alla giornata,* "For the day," is our creed, and we tear down our father's house, and sell our grandfather's orchard, and expect our heirs to treat in the same way the house that we build and the orchard which we plant.

But there are advantages belonging to Charlecote Hall which do not attach to the wigwam or the tent. It was of the trees of Charlecote itself that Irving wrote that "their size bespoke the growth of centuries," while "they betoken also the long-settled dignity of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that 'money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks.'" "The commodiousness of money," says Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands," "is indeed great; but there are some advantages which money cannot buy, and which therefore no wise man will by the love of money be tempted to forego." It can buy the finest of new houses indeed, but it cannot buy the associations and memories that belong to an old home, associations and memories by which life is elevated and enriched, any more than it can build suddenly an avenue of oaks. And these unpurchasable treasures are not the appanage of wealth. The cottage may be as venerable as the hall. "The common features of English landscape," I cite from Irving again, "evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues, and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation." The landscape in America nowhere bears a like witness to the domestic virtues of the people, to its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The effect of the restlessness of American life tells upon the land itself, and the landscape even in the older parts of the country is apt to reflect the lack of tranquillity and of local attachments in the people. Seldom is it pervaded by the sense of repose and sheltered quiet. Everywhere the new supplants the old, and the present effaces the past.

This characteristic of our civilization is a novel thing in history, and the results of the moral dispositions which it indicates are not to be easily foretold. Certain effects of it are, however, already plain. The latest foreign student of our conditions, and the one who has been most impressed by their brilliant aspects, Mr. Bryce, remarks that the one serious drawback, "the only one," he says, to the pleasantness of American life is its uniformity; "in the ideas of men and women, their fundamental beliefs and superficial tastes, their methods of thinking and fashions of talking," he finds, "the similarity of type over the country is surprising." The fact has been often remarked upon. But neither Mr. Bryce nor any other observer, so far as I know, has noticed that this similarity is greatly enhanced by the almost universal newness of the homes of the people, and by the general destruction of the homes of the past generations. Boston is in its aspect as new as Chicago, and a large part of New York is as fresh as Kansas City. Such newness is equivalent to uniformity. It does not mean merely that the great majority of the houses in one city are of the same type in construction and decoration, but that the houses of a hundred cities are alike. If the genius of the lamp were employed in transporting in a night twenty houses from twenty cities, east and west, and in placing them side by side in a block, there would be no incongruity in their juxtaposition. They would be alike in their exterior aspect, and not less alike in their interior disposition and furniture. They would offer a dull level of uniformity, and the dwellers within them

would be as indistinguishable as the dwellings themselves. It is no wonder that Mr. Bryce should declare that the monotony of the American town "haunts one like a nightmare," and that "in pacing their busy streets and admiring their handsome city-halls and churches one's heart sinks at the feeling that nothing historically interesting ever has happened here, perhaps ever will happen."

The time is still far distant before the influences which have made the American restless and home-changing will lose their force, and their effect upon national character grows stronger with each generation that is exposed to them. They tend not only to produce uniformity and monotony, but to weaken the force of other influences of a different order that have been among the most powerful in shaping the moral nature of the English race. Sentiments which have been among the most sacred and the most deeply rooted in the hearts of our forefathers, sentiments which have been the steadiest supports of virtue, and sources of the purest joys, have lost their hold on our lives, for they only flourish where their roots can strike deep into the past. Never has there been seen on the face of the world such a multitude of new houses, comfortable, convenient, excellent for the passing day; but in no civilized country are there so few old homes.





"Wheat-field and Pasture Stretch in Sight."—*Vespers*, p. 684.

Drawn and engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

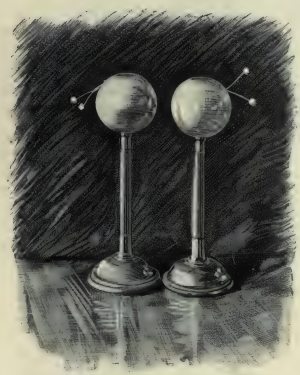
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ELECTRICITY IN THE SERVICE OF MAN.

AN INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

By C. F. Brachett.



Insulated Metallic Spheres, showing inductive action.

ELECTRICAL phenomena have now come to be such important factors in the daily administration of human affairs that the age in which we are living may, with a certain propriety, be called the age of electricity, just as former ones have been called, respectively, the ages of stone, bronze, and iron.

It may be taken for granted that the curiosity or interest of every reader of this Magazine will prompt him to inquire, if he has not already done so, how the mysterious agent which we call electricity is brought under control and directed so as to perform the almost infinitely varied service which is now exacted of it. In fact, almost every industry and art is either so dependent upon, or influenced by, its application that no one, whatever his pursuit, can ignore them and yet hope to attain a foremost place.

It is the purpose of this article to set forth, in a general way, some of the common methods in accordance with which the more important electrical phenomena are produced, the laws which these phenomena reveal, and the principles involved in the measurement of electrical quantities. What I shall have to say will be concerning principles which will be fully applied in the course of articles which are to follow.

The term *electrical* was first employed in 1600, by Dr. Gilbert, to designate the attraction which amber (ἤλεκτρον), and other substances of its class, exhibit when rubbed and presented to light bodies, such as bits of pith or paper. This term and its corresponding substantive have been everywhere adopted in reference to the phenomena we are about to consider.

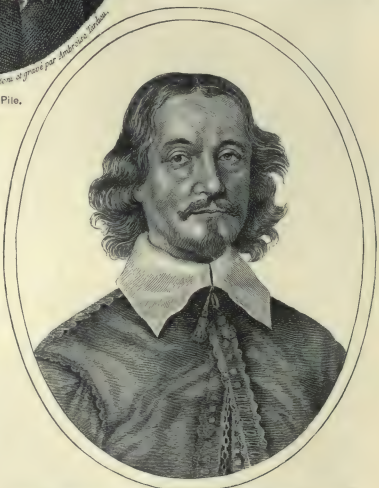
If a piece of amber, or resin, and a piece of glass be rubbed together and then separated, they are no longer indifferent to each other as before, but each attracts the other. In this condition the bodies are both said to be *electrified*, or *charged* with electricity. Evidence of this condition is easily secured by

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Volta, Inventor of the Voltaic Pile.

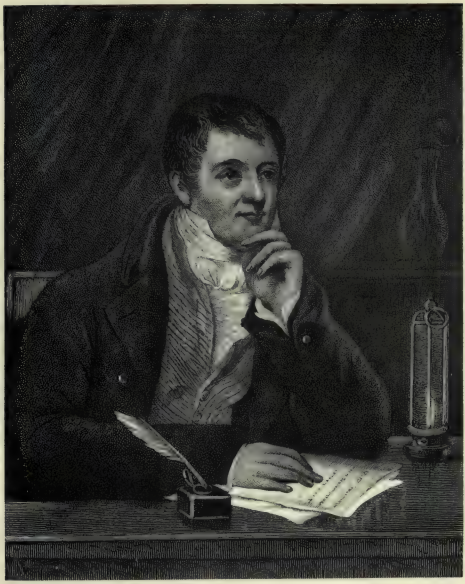
If the pith-ball electroscope be presented to one of the two rubbed bodies just mentioned, say the glass, it will be attracted to it, and after remaining in contact with it for a short time it will be repelled. If, now, it be presented to the other body it will be attracted. The two forces being oppositely directed in the two cases, as respects the charged bodies, we have a sufficient justification for saying that there are two kinds or states of electrification, and it is sometimes said that there are two kinds of electricity. The latter statement, however, must be understood to be only a convenient mode of expression which does not imply suspending one of the charged bodies so that it can move freely, and then presenting the other. An electric charge may be communicated to bodies which have not been rubbed, on merely bringing them in contact with one which is already electrified. For example, a light ball of pith suspended by a silken thread will be charged by such contact, and it can then serve as an electroscope; that is, it can be employed as a means of detecting the electric condition of any body to which it may be presented.* A light straw, balanced so as to turn freely on a fine point, may serve the same purpose.



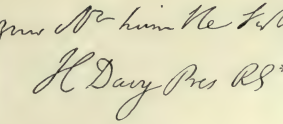
OTTO GERICKE *Patricius et Reipubl: Magdeburgensis Consul, quademq; ad Univers. Pac. Tract. Monasterij et Osnabrugi Legatus.*

P. Aubry Sculp.

* Gericke was the first to observe repulsion between electrified bodies, and the inventor of the first electrical machine, about 1660.







any knowledge of the nature of electricity itself.

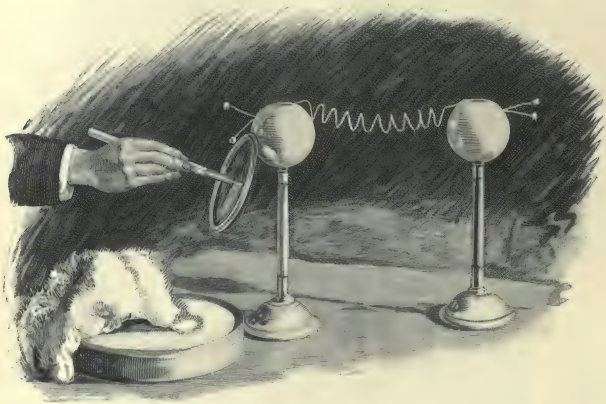
Electricians have adopted the language of mathematics, and they accordingly speak of one state of electrification as *positive* and of the other as *negative*, making the convention that the electrification, or the charge, which glass presents when rubbed with silk shall be regarded as positive.

When metals, and moist bodies which are not metallic, are held in the hand and rubbed, they do not show any signs of electrification. Such bodies, however, may be electrified by rubbing, if the precaution be taken to support them by means of glass, resin, or, in short, by any body which can be electrified by friction while held in the hand. A metallic sphere, for example, supported by a glass rod, may be strongly charged by

* Sir Humphry Davy was one of the earliest and most successful investigators of the effects of the electric current.

whipping it smartly with a piece of dry flannel.

Suppose two metallic spheres so supported, and joined by means of a metallic wire, as below, while somewhat remote from each other. If one of them be struck a few times with dry flannel, both charged in the same sense as the originally charged body. [P. 643.] This action of the one body on the other is called *induction*. If while this action is manifest the two spheres be widely separated from each other, the sphere which was originally charged will retain its



Insulated Metallic Spheres, electrified by contact with charged conductor and by conduction.

spheres will be found charged in the same sense. If, now, either of the spheres or the wire which joins them be touched with the finger, the entire electrification of the system disappears. The wire in this case is said to conduct electricity from one sphere to the other, or when touched, it, together with the person of the experimenter, conducts the electricity to the earth. All bodies which can act in this way are called *conductors*. Threads of silk, rods of glass, sealing-wax, and the like cannot act in this way, and accordingly they are called non-conductors or *insulators*.

There remains to be described another way of producing the charged condition of insulated conductors. If one of two insulated metallic spheres be charged by means of friction, and then be brought near the other, the latter will show signs of both electrifications at the same time—the remoter portion being charge, but the other will not. If the spheres be brought near together again, induction will take place as before. If, when this is done, the sphere which is subject to inductive action be touched with the finger, it will appear to be entirely discharged. On removing it from the influence of the inducing sphere, however, it will be found to be charged in the opposite sense. In this way it may be charged as many times as we please, and the successive charges may be employed for any purpose to which we may wish to apply them. We can thus produce an unlimited amount of electricity without impairing the charge of the inducing sphere. This can only be done, however, by the expenditure of work.

When two bodies are in different electrical conditions, so that an attraction exists between them, they are said to be at different *potentials*, or what is the same thing, there is said to be a difference of



Sir William Thomson's. After the plan of Harris.
Electrometers for Measuring Difference of Potential.

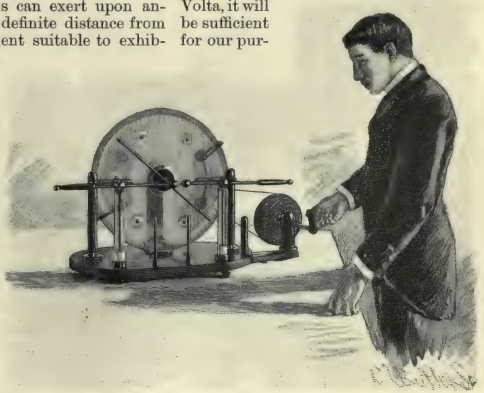
potential between them. If the bodies are conductors, and if they be brought in contact, either directly or mediately, by means of a third conductor, a redistribution of electricity will take place, and they will then be at the same potential.

Difference of potential may be determined by weighing the attraction which a charged metallic plate of known dimensions can exert upon another plate at a definite distance from it. An arrangement suitable to exhibit the method is shown at the right in the illustration above. At the left is shown an electrometer, designed to accomplish the same end more conveniently and accurately. The attracting plates are in the interior of the apparatus, and the force is measured indirectly by means of suitable springs.

Electrical machines are only more or less convenient contrivances for producing great differences of electrical potential by means of friction or inductive action as above. [See Toepler-Holtz Machine, below.]

The laws of electrical attraction and repulsion thus far considered may be briefly stated thus: Unlike electricities mutually attract, and like electricities mutually repel. The attractions or repulsions are proportional, directly, to the product of the numbers which denote the quantities of the electricities concerned, and inversely to the square of the number of units which measure the distance between them.

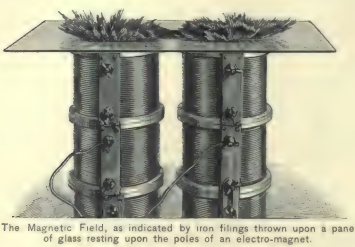
At the very beginning of the present century, Volta, stimulated by Galvani's recent discovery of what he called "animal electricity," invented the "pile" and the "crown of cups." We now speak of any equivalent arrangement as a voltaic battery. Without attempting to trace out the path of discovery and invention pursued by Volta, it will be sufficient for our pur-



Toepler-Holtz Electrical Machine.

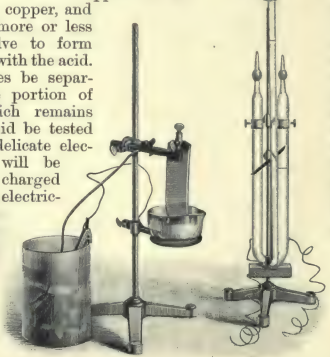
pose if we make clear the general construction and action of such an apparatus.

If a plate of zinc and a similar one of copper be nearly immersed in water containing a little sulphuric acid, which may be held in any suitable vessel, no noteworthy action will be apparent so long as the metals do not touch; but if they be brought in contact, or be joined by means of a conductor, bubbles of hydrogen gas will at once appear on the surface of the copper, and the zinc will more or less rapidly dissolve to form zinc sulphate with the acid.



The Magnetic Field, as indicated by iron filings thrown upon a pane of glass resting upon the poles of an electro-magnet.

If the plates be separated, and the portion of the zinc which remains above the liquid be tested with a very delicate electroscope, it will be found to be charged with negative electricity, and in like manner the corresponding portion of the copper plate will be found to be charged with positive electricity. These charges are very feeble when compared with those which we can produce by even slightly rubbing a glass rod with a piece of silk. Volta, however, showed that in order to make these charges more evident we have only to combine the actions of several such arrangements as we have just described, by joining the zinc in the first vessel with the copper in the second, and the zinc in the second with the copper in the third, and so on. In this way the charges on the terminal plates, or *electrodes*, as they are called, may be increased to any extent. The difference of potential between the electrodes is ascribed to the action of a so-called *electromotive force*, arising from the interactions of the different substances employed in the construction of the battery, and having its analogy in the pressure which causes liquids to flow along through pipes. If a conducting wire join the electrodes or terminal plates of metal, a *current of electricity* will flow through it and through the battery, that is, through the metals and the liquids, which with the wire constitute a closed circuit. The *intensity* or strength of the current will depend on the magnitude of the acting electromotive force, and on the *resistance* offered to it by the entire circuit; and investigation shows that it is directly proportional to the former and inversely proportional to the latter. This relation is known as Ohm's law. It is of fundamental importance in both science and engineering.



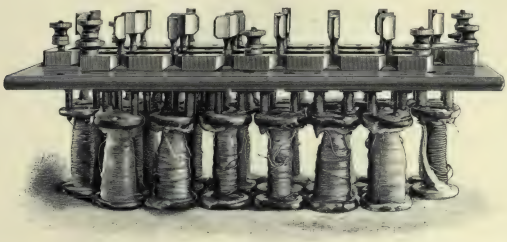
a. b. c.

Two Forms of Electrolytic Apparatus.

a, Battery; b, silver electrolyte in vessel; c, apparatus for electrolysis of water.

When a voltaic battery, such as we have described, is put in action by closing its circuit, the intensity of the current rapidly falls off. This is due to the fact that a counter electromotive force is set up, by the hydrogen liberated on the copper plates, which reduces the electromotive force at first acting. This de-

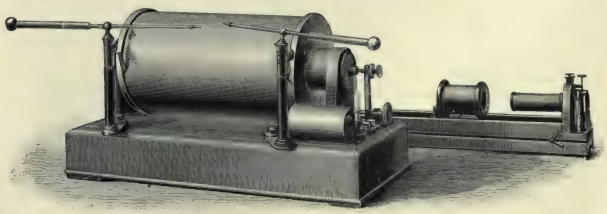
fect, which is common to other forms of voltaic batteries, may be more or less perfectly obviated in various ways. Motion may be given to the plates, whereby the gas will be detached; the plates may be made rough, so as to prevent the strong adhesion of the gas; but it is better to employ some exciting liquid which will not liberate any gaseous product in its action, such as copper sulphate, in the composition of which copper takes the place of hydrogen in the sulphuric acid. In case this salt of copper is employed, it is easy to so arrange the battery that the copper plate shall constantly receive a deposit of bright metallic copper, and so be kept free from adverse action. In the well-known Grove's form of voltaic battery the copper is replaced by platinum, a metal on which the strongest acids do not act, which is placed in a cup of unglazed porcelain containing strong nitric acid. This cup, with its contents, stands in the vessel which contains the zinc plate and the dilute sulphuric acid. The nitric acid is employed to supply oxygen which can unite with the hydrogen as rapidly as it is set free, and thus the platinum plate is kept in the most favorable condition, and counter electromotive force is avoided.



Resistance Coils, removed from box; showing their connections by means of plugs between metallic blocks.

If we wish to study some of the effects which may be produced by means of the battery current, we may employ with advantage a battery of ten or twelve Grove's cups joined in series, that is, the zinc of the first cup joined to the platinum of the second, and so on. A conducting wire should be joined to the platinum of the first cup, and another to the zinc of the last cup.

If the two wires be brought in contact and then separated, a small bright spark will be seen when the contact is broken. The brilliancy of the spark will be much increased if the wires are wrapped around small pencils of hard carbon, and then



Induction Coils, for producing currents of high potential by induction.

the latter brought in contact and afterward separated. If the difference of potential between the wires be increased



Gauss and Weber, who proposed and employed the system of absolute measurements, early in the present century.

by the employment of a series of cups amounting to forty or fifty, the current will continue to flow even when the pencils of carbon are separated to a distance of two or three millimetres. The carbon pencils will then be heated to an intense whiteness, and a light of dazzling brilliancy will be produced. This is the well-known *arc light* so generally employed in public lighting. The expense and inconvenience attending the use of any form of battery, however, is so great that other means are generally resorted to to supply the electric current, as will presently appear.

If the carbon pencils used for the production of light be replaced by strips of platinum, and if the latter be plunged into water containing about one-tenth its bulk of sulphuric acid, hydrogen will be abundantly liberated from the platinum connected with the zinc electrode of the battery, and oxygen, amounting very exactly to half the volume of the hydrogen, will be liberated from the platinum connected with the platinum electrode. Chemical solutions of the metals may, in like manner, be decomposed by the action of the current. If any conducting body replace the platinum strip connected with the zinc electrode, it may be covered with silver, gold, nickel, or other metal, by employing the proper solution of the metal instead of the acidulated water. This action of the current is called *electrolysis*, and it is largely employed in the arts in the operations of electro-plating, electro-metallurgy, etc., as well as in the laboratory in chemical analyses.

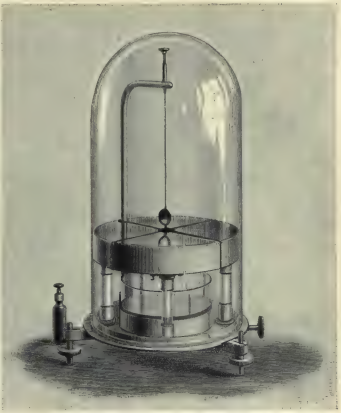
Faraday, in the course of a masterly investigation, proved that a given amount of electricity passing through the *electrolyte*, as the solution to be decomposed is called, always sets free a definite amount of its constituents. He also showed that when the current passes through several electrolytes arranged in series, the constituents liberated in any one of them will be proportional to the combining weights of the constituents, respectively.

Various forms of electrolytic apparatus are employed. Those represented in

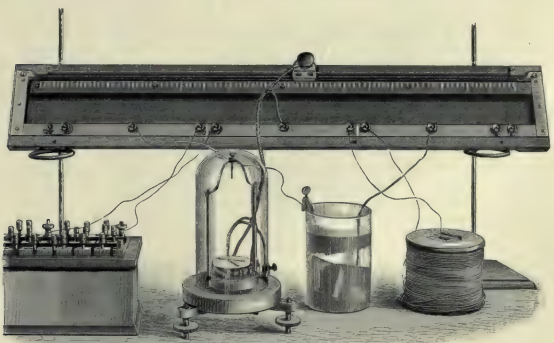
the illustration on page 648 are examples.

It will be seen that this law of Faraday gives us the means of comparing one current with another, or of comparing any current with a standard current defined in any way which may be chosen.

If, while the electrical current is flowing through a wire, a delicately poised magnetic needle be carried about it, the needle will tend to place itself at right angles to the general direction of the wire. It may be easily shown that the region about the wire is a magnetic region, commonly called a *magnetic field*. In order to do this, the wire may be made to pass vertically through a sheet of smooth paper which is held in a horizontal position. If, then, while the current is passing, some iron filings be sprinkled over the paper, and the latter be gently tapped, so as to assist the movement of the filings, they will arrange themselves in concentric circles about the wire. When the current is interrupted the region about the wire is no longer a magnetic field, but it may be restored as often as the current is renewed. This simple experimental fact lies at the foundation of many electrical appliances with which we are familiar. The magnetic field about a single conducting wire is, however, generally too feeble to serve for many purposes for which it would otherwise be useful.

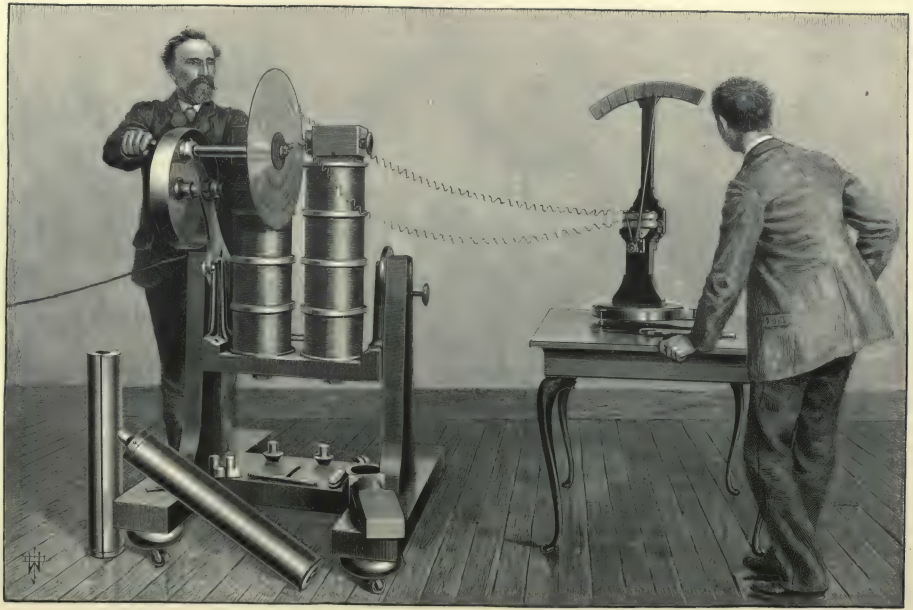


Thomson's Quadrant Electrometer, for comparing potentials.



Box of standard resistances. Galvanoscope. Battery. Conductor to be measured.
Above, sliding key for effecting balance.

Wheatstone's Balance, used for comparing resistances.



Current Produced by Conductor Revolving in the Field of a Powerful Electro-magnet.—Effect of current shown by galvanometer index displaced to right of scale.

In order to strengthen it we may increase the intensity of the current which flows through the conducting wire, or we may employ a sufficient number of conducting wires whose united actions will produce the desired result. The former plan is of limited application, since very intense currents involve great loss of energy in consequence of the heat which they develop, and if too intense it will destroy the conductor. In carrying out the latter plan it is easily seen that it is a matter of indifference whether one employ many separate conductors, each uniting the electrodes of an independent battery, or so dispose a single long conductor that it shall pass many times through the region which it is desired to convert into a magnetic field. The most economical and effective way of proceeding, therefore, is to coil the conductor into a compact helix or spiral. In order that the current shall traverse the entire length of the wire composing the helix, it is covered with an insulating material such as cotton or silk thread. If an open space be left in the centre of the helix, this space, as might be expected, is found, while a current is flowing, to be a powerful magnetic field. If, now, an iron rod be placed in the helix, it is at once powerfully magnetized. Such an apparatus is the well-known electro-magnet which, under one form or another, plays an essential part in a great variety of devices, including the telegraph, the telephone, the burglar-alarm, the dynamo-machine, etc.

Having now a clear idea of some of the more remarkable effects which may be produced by means of the electrical current, we may with advantage consider some additional means of producing the current itself. We have just seen that a bar of iron, when placed within a helix through the wire of which a current of electricity is flowing, becomes a powerful magnet. Experiment shows, conversely, that if the extremities of the wire constituting the helix be disjoined from the battery and brought in contact with each other, and if then a powerful magnet be thrust back and forth in the helix a current of electricity will be set up which will continue to flow so long only as the motion of the magnet continues. If a bar magnet be carried, in the direction of its length, quite through the helix, the current which is induced in the helix by this motion will be reversed in direction when the mid-point of the magnet passes the mid-point of the length of the helix; and if the magnet be thrust only half-way through the helix and then withdrawn, the same result will be produced. It is plain, then, that we can set up an electromotive force in a conductor by merely moving a magnet with reference to the conductor, and that we can determine the direction in which the electromotive force shall act to produce its corresponding current of electricity by our choice of direction in which the movement shall be made. Moreover, it is quite a matter of indifference whether we move the magnet or the conductor, or both, so long as the two change their relation to one another, and experiment shows that the magnitude of the electromotive force, and consequently that of the electrical current, is also under our control. It depends upon the strength of the magnet, on the velocity and direction of its motion, and on the number of turns of wire in the helix.

We might easily devise a machine operated independently, such as the steam-engine, which would continuously thrust a magnet into a helix and withdraw it, by a reciprocating motion. We should then have a means of producing currents of electricity which would depend upon mechanical power for the energy which must be supplied. For certain purposes the alternating character of the currents so produced would be a matter of no importance. It is not difficult, however, to devise means by which such a machine can automatically change the relations of the conductors, in which the currents flow outside of the helix, so that they shall flow always in the same direction. Any form of such apparatus is properly called a *magneto-electric machine*. [P. 652.]

In practice, machines of this general character are usually so constructed as to substitute rotatory for reciprocating motion, for the obvious reason that such a motion is more easily maintained. In order to carry out this plan it is only necessary to place permanently within the helix a mass of soft iron, which can

readily acquire and lose the magnetic state on the approach and recession of a magnet, and then make a magnet rotate so that its poles shall pass rapidly in succession near the mass of iron, or, since it is equally efficient, make the helix, together with its iron core, rotate so that it shall be carried rapidly through the field due to the magnet. In either case the iron core, rapidly acquiring and losing its magnetism, will act precisely as if it were a permanent magnet having a reciprocating motion within the helix.

Obviously the permanent magnet in the apparatus just considered may be replaced by an electro-magnet, and better results may be secured, since such magnets can easily be made of far greater strength than the best permanent magnets possess. The electro-magnet so employed may, of course, be excited by the current supplied by a voltaic battery, but this inconvenience may be avoided by the simple device of sending the current produced by the motion of the helix through the coils of the electro-magnet, on whose presence the current itself depends. When this arrangement is adopted the current which is at first produced on setting the apparatus in operation is extremely small, since the electro-magnet is not then excited to action, and the feeble magnetic field which it presents is wholly due to accidental causes. When, however, the least current is produced by the motion of the helix, it is made to pass through the coils of the electro-magnet, which has its magnetism developed thereby, and thus presents a more intense field, and this in turn reacts to increase the current.

Such are the general principles involved in the construction and operation of the *dynamo-machine*. We need only add that in practice there are several movable coils symmetrically disposed about an axis, and constituting the *armature*. It will thus happen that one or more of the coils will always be passing through the most intense portions of the magnetic field. The current which is generated when the armature revolves is led away to be utilized by means of conducting wires joined to *brushes* or contact-devices, which are suitably held in contact with opposite sides of the revolving armature.

In the dynamo-machine we have an economical means of producing the electric current, since the mechanical energy which must be supplied to it costs less than an equivalent amount of available energy in any other form, and since there is no material contact of the working parts of the machine to wear them out.

The brushes which are applied to the armature are maintained at different potentials when the machine is in action. They may therefore be compared to the terminals of the voltaic battery ; and, in short, it may be remarked that the relations expressed in Ohm's law hold good for the dynamo-machine and its circuit as well as for the battery.

If the current generated by a dynamo-machine be made to traverse the circuit of another and similar one, the latter will be set in rotation, and it will thus be a means of translating electrical energy into mechanical energy ; in other words, it will become an *electric motor*, and may be employed as any other prime motor would be. Since the conductors which unite the machines may be as long as we please, we have thus a means of transferring power from one point to another. Obviously, however, we cannot do this in defiance of the law of conservation of energy, and as there will always be some energy expended in heating the conductors, we can never develop at the distant station as much energy as we expend at the transmitting one.

It is frequently desirable to exchange one current for another of different electromotive force and intensity. The inductive action of the current, through the magnetic field which accompanies its conductor, on other conductors in its neighborhood, affords the means of accomplishing this end. The apparatus by means of which the result is secured is called the *inductorium* or *transformer*. The special arrangement which is employed in any given case depends on the object to be accomplished. The most common form for use in the physical laboratory is shown in the illustration. [P. 649.] It consists of two helices of insulated wire of such dimensions that one can be placed within the other. The interior helix has comparatively few

turns of thick wire and incloses a bundle of soft iron rods. The exterior one often has many thousand turns of thin wire.

When any change in the strength of the current which is made to pass through the interior helix occurs, a corresponding change takes place in the intensity of the magnetic field dependent upon it, and this, of course, produces a current in the exterior helix. The electromotive force of this current depends on the number of turns of wire in the helix. We can therefore secure as high electromotive force as we please by adding to the number of turns in the external helix. But every additional turn adds to the resistance and so diminishes the strength of the induced current. If we have given a current of high potential we may send it through the exterior coil and with every change in its strength we can secure a corresponding current of greater strength but of lower electromotive force.

In practice the current which is to be transformed is rapidly reversed or broken and renewed.

Since, as we have seen, an electric current may be employed to effect chemical decompositions, and since the constituents of an electrolyte so treated may set up a counter-electromotive force, it is clear that we may employ the current produced by the dynamo-machine to set free the constituents of chemical compounds which, on the withdrawal of the decomposing current, will reunite, and in so doing produce a current in the reverse sense. Such an apparatus is called a *storage*-battery. Thus, if two plates of lead which are covered with lead oxide be suspended, without touching, in a vessel containing dilute sulphuric acid, and if, then, a current from the dynamo-machine be passed through the plates and through the liquid, the plate connected with the negative electrode of the machine will give up its oxygen to the liquid, while the plate connected with the positive electrode will receive from the liquid an equal amount, in addition to that which it possessed at first. On disconnecting the electrolytic apparatus it may itself be employed as a voltaic battery. When conducting-wires from the lead plates are joined, a current is set up which continues to flow until the plates recover the condition which they had before the action of the dynamo-current. Evidently this electrolytic process of *charging* the storage-battery may be repeated as frequently as occasion may demand, the battery being in the meantime used for any purpose to which it is suited.

It remains now to consider, in the most general way, the scheme which electricians have adopted for the measurement of electrical quantities.

Since we know nothing of the ultimate nature of electricity, but must admit that it is as much a matter of conjecture as that of gravitation, it is clear that we can only base our measurements upon the effects which it can produce, just as we are obliged to do when dealing with the latter agency. Accordingly, we are quite at liberty to express our results in terms of the same *fundamental units* as are employed in physical measurements in general, and if we do so we shall obviously be able more easily to detect any relations which may exist between electrical and other physical phenomena.

It may be of service to the reader to define the fundamental units usually employed, and to point out how these enter into the derived units which must be employed in measuring complex quantities, such as velocity, acceleration, force, energy, etc. When once the method of procedure in measuring these quantities is clearly apprehended, there will be no difficulty in seeing how we are to apply it when we have to measure other related quantities.

Only three fundamental units are needed, and those usually selected are the unit of *mass* or quantity of matter, the unit of *time*, and the unit of *length*. The unit of mass is the *gram;* it is the one one-thousandth part of a standard piece of platinum called the kilogram. Masses are compared with copies of this unit of mass by means of the balance. The unit of length is the *centimetre* [0.394 inch], or the one one-hundredth part of the standard metre. The unit of time is the *second*, or the one eighty-six-thousand-four-hundredth part of a mean solar day. As the simplest example

of a derived unit, may be mentioned that of a surface, or a square centimetre. It evidently implies extension in two directions, and into our conception of these extensions the notion of a length enters. We might, however, adopt an arbitrary standard of surface as our unit, and when we have occasion to measure a given surface we might find by actual trial how many times this standard unit can be applied to the surface so as to completely cover every part of it and no more. We should thus measure the given surface, but such a measurement would not be primarily based on a unit of length, and thus we should lose sight of important relations. In like manner we might adopt arbitrary units of velocity, acceleration, etc., but great difficulties would be involved as well as obvious disadvantages.

The notion of velocity implies both a time and a length, and a body moving uniformly in a straight line is said to possess *unit velocity* when it moves over one unit length—one centimetre—in one second. If a particle move in a straight line and change its velocity by one unit of velocity in one second, it has one unit *acceleration*. If the particle have a unit of mass, and be subject to unit acceleration, it is acted on by one *unit of force*. Change in the motion of a given mass is thus made the measure of force, and it will be observed that this does not raise any question as to the nature of force itself. The unit of force as just defined is called the *dyne*. It is obvious that a force may be applied to a body which is not free to move by reason of other forces which are acting upon it at the same time. In such cases we have recourse to some indirect method of determining what amount of motion would occur if the body were free to move.

If a body, by reason of its relations to other bodies, is able to exert a force of one dyne, through one centimetre of space, it has one *unit of energy*, called the *erg*. The energy of a body, or system of bodies, is defined as its ability to perform *work*. Since, then, energy and work are convertible quantities, it is clear that the erg is the proper unit of measure for work as well as for energy.

A familiar illustration of work is presented when a heavy body is raised from one level to another, as in building; and every reader is aware that in estimating such work both the amount of material raised and the height through which it is raised are taken into account. The work is numerically equal to the product of these two factors. This method of estimating work is sufficiently exact to meet the requirements of the contractor, but not sufficiently so for the purposes of science. The intensity of the earth's attraction is not the same at all points on its surface, and so it follows that the amount of work which must be done in order to raise equal masses through the same height is not everywhere the same. It is not difficult, however, to determine, by means of the pendulum, what acceleration a body falling freely will be subject to at any place. When this is known we can completely specify the force which acts on any given mass by taking the product of the number of units in the mass by the number of units of acceleration. For New York the acceleration due to gravity is about 980 centimetres per second, that is, a body starting from rest and falling freely will acquire a velocity of 980 centimetres in one second. If, therefore, we multiply the number of grams contained in a given body by 980 we have the value of the force acting on the body. This is called, in scientific language, the *weight* of the body.

Any region in which a mass is acted upon so as to produce, or tend to produce, an acceleration is called a field of gravitational force. In like manner, a region in which a magnet pole is acted upon so as to produce a similar result is called a field of magnetic force, and a region in which an electrified body is so acted upon is called a field of electric force. We must not infer, however, from these forms of expression, or from what we may imagine respecting the regions to which they are applied, that there are several kinds of force. The expressions are in no sense qualitative, but merely indicate the conditions under which a stress will arise such as will tend to produce an acceleration in a body.

Now, the earth itself may be regarded as a great magnet, since it acts on

magnets just as they act on each other. The earth is accordingly accompanied by a magnetic field, of which the intensity varies at different points, though not according to any established law. The intensity, however, of the earth's magnetic field at any place can be ascertained by a method in general similar to that employed in determining the intensity of gravitation.

The ratio of the intensities of the two magnetic fields, the one due to the earth, and the other to the action of the current, is determined by the position which a needle, hung free from restraint, assumes under their joint action. But the intensity of the field due to the current depends on its strength, on the distance of the needle from the conductor, and on the number of times the conductor passes through the region. If, then, the conductor be coiled so as to form the circumference of a circle, and have its ends accessible so as to be connected with the source of the current, and if a short magnetic needle be so suspended that its centre of form shall coincide with the centre of the coil, we have all that is essential to a *galvanometer*. Of course, such an instrument would be furnished with a divided circle, or similar device, for convenience in determining the position of the needle when under the influence of the current to be measured. It may easily be shown that the intensities of any two currents are to each other as the tangents of the angles of deflection from the magnetic meridian which they respectively cause the needle to make. Hence the instrument is called a *tangent galvanometer*.

By the aid of the tangent galvanometer and the foregoing principles we can do more than to compare one current with another in terms of the tangents of the angles of deflection which they can cause—we can determine the value of any given current in terms of our fundamental units, or in *absolute measure*, as it is called. In order to this we define the unit magnet pole and the unit current in accordance with the conventions already made when dealing with velocity, acceleration, etc.

A unit magnet pole is one which exerts a unit force upon a similar and equal pole at unit distance.

The unit current of electricity, for every centimetre of its length, can exert a unit force upon a unit magnet pole at one unit distance from every portion of the current. The only disposition of the conductor conveying the current which will meet the last condition is that of a circular coil with the needle at its centre. This disposition is found in the galvanometer described above. As the radius of the coil described in the definition of unit current would be too small for practice, we have only to employ coils of any convenient, but known, radius, and make the necessary computations, remembering that the effect of the current is inversely as the square of its distance from the magnet pole.

It will be noticed that our definition of current involves but a single magnet pole, whereas the galvanometer of necessity has a magnetic needle of two poles, since one pole cannot exist without another having exactly opposite properties; and, further, nothing is assumed to be known, in the description of the galvanometer, about the strength of the poles of the needle employed. These circumstances, however, cause no inconvenience, since the only use we make of the needle is to ascertain the ratio of the intensity of the horizontal component * of the earth's magnetic field to the intensity of the field due to the galvanometer coils through which the current to be measured is passing. But the intensity of the horizontal component of the earth's field is known as above, in absolute measure, or, in other words, we know the velocity which it would impart to a free magnet pole weighing one gram. The intensity of the field due to the current, and therefore the intensity of the current itself, is then easily found. Thus it is seen that the intensity of the current is measured in the same fundamental units as are employed in measuring the stress between a heavy body under the action of gravitation. The real standard of comparison is the horizontal component of the earth's magnetism. The number representing this, in the neighborhood of Princeton, is about 0.18 centimetre—in other words, the

* The direction of the earth's magnetic force is oblique to the horizon. By "horizontal component" is meant the amount of force which it can exert horizontally.

velocity along the magnetic meridian which a free magnet pole weighing one gram would acquire in one second is about 0.18 centimetre. The corresponding velocity which any body would acquire under the action of gravitation is about nine hundred and eighty centimetres, or about five thousand four hundred and forty-four times greater.

The unit of current, as defined, would necessitate the employment of inconveniently large numbers in calculations involving the related quantities, electromotive force and resistance. To avoid this another unit, called the *ampère*, is used in practice. It is one-tenth the *electro-magnetic* unit, as the unit of definition is called.

In order to present an idea of the unit of electromotive force, we may imagine an experiment of very simple character, although its execution would be very difficult. Let a long straight conductor be bent upon itself at its middle point, so that the two straight portions shall be at all other points at unit distance from each other, and let the conductor thus formed be so fixed in a magnetic field of unit intensity that the plane in which the conductor lies shall be at right angles to the direction in which a magnetic needle points; if, now, a second conductor slide along in contact with both branches of the fixed conductor, so that all positions successively assumed shall be parallel, and with unit velocity there will be unit electromotive force set up in the circuit. An equivalent experiment has been carried out in which a coil of wire of known dimensions was made to revolve with a known velocity in the earth's magnetic field. From the data thus at hand the electromotive force was calculated. It is evidently in terms of the known intensity of the earth's magnetism at the place of the experiment and of velocity.

Since there is an electromotive force set up in the revolving coil, there will be a current in it which may be measured by making suitable connections of its terminals with the galvanometer. Both the current and the electromotive force being thus known, the resistance of the entire circuit is readily found by Ohm's law. It is simply the ratio of the electromotive force to the current.

The electro-magnetic units of electromotive force and resistance defined as above are too small for practical use. The *practical* unit of electromotive force is therefore taken 100,000,000 times greater, and is called the *Volt*. The unit of resistance is taken 1,000,000,000 times greater, and is called the *Ohm*.

If the wire of which the revolving coil and the galvanometer coil are formed is of uniform character and diameter, and if we find their joint resistance, we can easily prepare proportionate lengths of similar wire which will represent one ohm or any given number of ohms. Sets of such wires, coiled and so mounted upon an insulating support that they may be joined in any way desired, constitute what are called *resistance coils*. [P. 649.] They are concrete standards of resistance, and in theory they are used just as standards of length, mass, etc., are used.

One of the most obvious methods of comparing the unknown resistance of any given conductor with that of a standard coil will be understood by considering the effect of friction on the flow of water in pipes. If a pipe be selected as a standard, through which, with a given constant pressure of water, exactly one gallon will flow in one second, it is evident that any other pipe which, under the same conditions, will deliver the same amount must offer the same resistance. If the pipe under trial deliver only one-tenth of a gallon, it evidently offers ten times the resistance of the standard. In the case of electrical conductors we may maintain the electromotive force constant, and determine the number of ampères which flow through the standard resistance wire, and that whose resistance is to be measured successively. Their resistances will be inversely as the number of ampères which can respectively pass through them. This would be an inconvenient method in practice, and accordingly others have been devised, but our limits forbid presenting them. [See *Wheatstone's balance* on page 651.]

The energy expended by a current in passing from one point to another of the conductor is due to its loss of potential. The equivalent work may appear in heating the conductor, as in

electric lighting, in electrolytic work, or in mechanical work according to the devices included in the circuit.

The power, or, in other words, the rate at which work is done when one ampère of current suffers a loss of potential equal to one volt is called a Watt. It is 10,000,000 ergs per second, or about one seven-hundred-and-forty-sixth part of a horse-power.

An example will illustrate the use which may be made of these relations. It requires about ten ampères of current to operate an arc-lamp such as is employed in street-lighting. The current suffers a loss of about fifty volts at each lamp. If there be fifty lamps in the series the entire loss will be 2,500 volts. This number, multiplied by 10 and divided by 746, gives between thirty-three and thirty-four horse-power, which will be required to operate all the lamps.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to emphasize what has already, perhaps, sufficiently appeared, namely, that we can entertain no expectation that electricity of itself will ever in our hands become a *source* of energy with which we can operate factories, drive trains, etc. It can only play a part in our service when there is a difference of potential between the points of its application, and, in order to secure this difference of potential, work must be done, in general, greater in amount than can be recovered from the fall of potential when equilibrium is restored. Similar disadvantages attend the use of other means of applying energy, such as belting, shafting, steam and water in pipes, etc.

It would be quite impossible to forecast the future, even for a single decade, with reference to the applications of electricity, even though discovery were ended. The mere expansion of industries already in some degree established will give them an importance which we cannot now estimate. But discovery is not ended, and it is more than probable that results will yet be reached which, although they cannot be at variance with the general doctrine of energy as now understood, may, to some extent, revolutionize our methods, with corresponding advantages.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

By Margaret Crosby.

Last night I dreamed you kissed me on the lips.
Instead of all the wild and sweet surprise
I feel if you but touch my finger-tips
In waking hours, I coldly met your eyes
And heeded not your fiery words that burn
Too late. . . . To-day you passed me with a glance—
I live—no! starve upon that look, and yearn
For all I spurned in sleep. O hard mischance
That night should heedlessly and without ruth
Tangle anew the daylight's waste and cheat!
Waking or dreaming—which, love, is the truth?
I may not know—yet this one thing were sweet:
That, ere forever vanishes our youth,
My waking self thy dreaming self might meet.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

By Henry Drummond.



THE closing years of the nineteenth century will present to the future a moral phenomenon unique in history, the rise of a great, unselfish International Movement for the abolition of a single wrong —a wrong which endangers no international interest, which affects personally none of those engaged in crushing it, which is dealt with purely on the ground of humanity and Christianity. The greater Governments of Europe are just now combined in forming, not the usual defensive alliance to enrich themselves or diminish the risks of war to those they love and guard, but an offensive alliance to save the land of a stranger who has no claim but his utter helplessness. And what is of greater significance still, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches have met for once on a common ground, and find themselves fighting side by side for the redemption of a country beyond the pale of either. When before did the nations of the world direct their politics, without the desire of acquisition, to a people which was not even a nation, or the ecclesiastics devote themselves, without the hope of a proselyte, to a land without a church?

A spectacle of this importance deserves more than a passing notice, and I shall try in the following pages to present a bird's-eye view of the movement, the nature of the evil against which it is directed, and the steps that are being taken for its remedy.

Notwithstanding the recent influx of explorers, Africa is still almost an unexplored land. Its condition is really known only by what a geologist would call "sections"—lines of survey, struck at several widely different points, with cross-sections here and there connecting them; and it is only by inference from these great travel-routes that the moral and civil structure of the country can be made out. But from the fatal unanimity upon one or two cardinal points among the various observers, and from the constant corroboration of their facts by fresh explorers, there is but too much reason to fear that these sections are typical of the whole, and that the darkness of the Dark Continent must be held to be unrelieved at no single spot. A very brief citation, therefore, of one or two of the more important witnesses will place the facts before the imagination in all their lurid truth and nakedness.

A few years ago the well-known German explorer, Captain Wissmann, found himself within a few degrees of the equator, in the heart of Africa. It was a region of great beauty and fertility, with forests and rivers, and great and many-peopled towns. The inhabitants were quiet and peaceable, and lived a life of artless simplicity and happiness. For generations they had been established there; they grew many fruits in their gardens, and excelled in the manufacture of cloth, pottery, ironware, and wood-carving. No Arab slaver had ever visited this country. Within its borders the very report of a gun had never once been heard. But as the explorer walked among the palm-trees and met the kindly eyes of the country-people who came to gaze upon the white man, his heart sank. This Arcadia could not last. He knew, from what had happened in adjacent districts, from what happens every day in Africa, that its fate was sealed.

And the sequel showed too clearly that his silent prophecy was right. Four years passed. The same traveller led his caravan once more across this sylvan country. "As we approached the villages we wondered that no one came out to receive us with rejoicings, that no merry laughter greeted our ears. We entered the deep shade of the mighty palms, and to the right and left were the clearings where our friends had stood. Tall grass had overgrown all that formerly gladdened us. The crops were destroyed; everything was laid

waste. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look for the happy homesteads and happy old scenes. A charred pole here and there, a few banana-trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the road-side, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened since our last visit." Some wretched fugitives from them supplied the missing links in the story. "People with long white shirts and wearing cloth round their heads (the Arabs) had been there with their chief, who was called Tippu Tib. He at first came to trade, then he had stolen and carried away the women. Those who had opposed him had been cut down or shot, and the greater part of the natives had fled to the ravines and forests. The Arabs had remained in the place in force, as long as there was any chance of hunting and finally capturing the fugitives in the woods. What they could not utilize they had destroyed or set fire to—in a word, everything had been laid waste. Then they passed on. The fugitives had returned to their former homes, and had endeavored to cultivate and renew their fields, and rebuild what was possible. After three months Tippu Tib's hordes had again appeared, and the same scenes had been re-enacted, and again, for a third time, three months later. Famine and the greatest misery had been thereby produced throughout all the country of the Beneki. In Africa the results of famine are found mostly in the shape of frightful epidemics, especially smallpox. I was told that a few of the fugitives had escaped to the West, but only an imperceptibly small number in comparison with those thousands, I may almost say millions, that I had found there on my first visit."

These statements, told by Wissmann himself to a meeting at Cologne, in October, 1888, might be paralleled by almost any traveller who has any experience of remoter Africa. The following account, by Mr. Fred M. Moir, of the African Lakes Company, refers to a totally different district, and I select it not so much to emphasize the horrors of slavery but to illustrate the Arab slaver's general policy and his method of setting to work.

"Within twenty miles of the station, while we were on our march from Nyassa to Tanganyika, the fertile valley of the Lofu was the scene of a terrible slave-raid. An Arab, Kabunda, who had been settled there for about ten years, having many houses and slaves, determined to go to Zanzibar with his ivory. So he picked a quarrel with Katimbwe, the chief, and took all his cattle; then organized a sudden raid throughout all the valley, and every man, woman, and child who could be found was seized and tied up. Very few managed to escape him or his keen hunters, and a caravan was made up for the coast; but the smiling valley that had been known as the Garden of the Tanganyika, from its fertility and the industry of its people, now silent and desolate, was added to that already long stretch of hungry wilderness through which we had passed." But this is only the first act of the drama. With the slave-march to the coast the real tragedy begins. Here is the procession which a few days afterward filed past Mr. Moir's tent:

"First came armed men, dancing, gesticulating, and throwing about their guns, as only Arabs can do, to the sound of drums, panpipes, and other less musical instruments. Then followed, slowly and sedately, the great man himself, accompanied by his brother and other head men, his richly caparisoned donkey walking along near by; and surely no greater contrast can be conceived than that between this courteous, white-robed Arab, with his gold-embroidered joho, silver sword and daggers, and silken turban, and the miserable swarm of naked, squalid human beings that he had wantonly dragged from their now ruined homes in order to enrich himself. Behind the Arab came groups of wives and household servants, laughing and talking as they passed along, carrying the camp utensils and other impedimenta of their masters. After that the main rabble of the caravan, the men armed with guns, spears, and axes. Ominously prominent among the loads were many slave-sticks, to be handy if any turned refractory or if any likely stranger were met. Mingling with, and

guarded by them, came the wretched, overburdened, tied-up slaves. The men who might still have had spirit to try and escape were driven, tied two-and-two, in the terrible goree or taming stick, or in gangs of about a dozen, each with an iron collar let into a long iron chain, many, even so soon after the start, staggering under their loads. And the women! I can hardly trust myself to think or speak of them—they were fastened to chains or thick bark ropes; very many, in addition to their heavy weight of grain or ivory, carried little brown babies, dear to their hearts as a white man's child to his. The double burden was almost too much, and still they struggled wearily on, knowing too well that when they showed signs of fatigue, not the slaver's ivory, but the living child would be torn from them and thrown aside to die. One poor old woman I could not help noticing. She was carrying a biggish boy who should have been walking, but whose thin weak legs had evidently given way; she was tottering already, it was the supreme effort of a mother's love—and all in vain; for the child, easily recognizable, was brought into camp a couple of hours later by one of my hunters, who had found him on the path. We had him cared for; but his poor mother would never know. Already, during the three days' journey from Liendwe, death had been freeing the captives. It was well for them; still we could not help shuddering as, in the darkness, we heard the howl of the hyenas along the track."

According to the usual computation of travellers, the mortality during the slave-march from the interior to the coast is set down at fifty per cent. In some cases it may be less, but in others it is undoubtedly more, the difference depending on climate, the nature of the country traversed, and especially the use to which the slaves are to be put when they reach their destination. In some caravans the able-bodied men receive all the attention, the other slaves being left to struggle on and live or die as it may be. In others, the women and children alone are needed, while the men, as a possible source of danger, are either killed or allowed to escape. In either case the loss of life by cruelty, starvation, fatigue, or murder, is an element in framing a count against the Slave Trade which must be seriously considered.

No one who understands how human life is estimated by savage peoples will doubt the shocking and revolting accounts of travellers regarding this phase of the traffic; and no one who knows what an Arab's heart is made of will make any discount even for the exaggeration of an orator, as he listens to the following citation from a speech delivered the other day in London by Cardinal Lavigerie.

"The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw 'sorgho' are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again. But after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings, and the privations have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time someone breaks down, the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting-place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness; then, to economize the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall,

when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and to sleep. But what sleep! it may be easily imagined. Among the young negroes snatched by us from this hell and restored to liberty there are some who, long afterward, wake up every night, shrieking fearfully. They behold again, in their dreams, the abominable and bloody scenes which they have witnessed. In this manner the weary tramp continues—sometimes for months, when the caravan comes from a distance. Their number diminishes daily. If, goaded by their cruel sufferings, some attempt to rebel or to escape, their fierce masters cut them down with their swords, and leave them as they lie along the road, attached to one another by their yokes. Therefore it has been truly said that, if a traveller lost the way leading from Equatorial Africa to the towns where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewed."

Cardinal Lavigerie, be it remembered, does not speak here as the mere rhetorician. As Archbishop of Algiers, he knows Africa personally. As Roman Catholic Primate of Africa, he is in ceaseless communication with the missionaries of his Church in the Sahara region, the Upper Congo, and the Great Lakes from the south of Tanganyika to the sources of the Nile. "Our missionaries at Tanganyika write to us," he says, "that there is not a single day in which they do not see pass caravans of slaves which have been brought from afar as carriers for the ivory, or from the markets of the interior, like human cattle. Never in any part of the known world, or in the pages of its history, has there been such butchery and murder, and such contempt for human life. Already millions of human beings have thus been murdered during the last quarter of a century, but the numbers increase continually, and on the high plateaux of the interior the figures given by our missionaries surpass those given by Cameron for the slave-trade of the Zambesi and Nyassa."

One would have thought the figures of Cameron here referred to impossible to beat. "Every minute," he wrote lately in a magazine, "a fresh victim is seized on by the slave-stealers; not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes; and during this month of August in which I write, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth."

I should willingly spare the reader the suffering of further acquaintance with the actual facts of the slave-trade, but I am compelled, before closing the evidence, to recall one long dark passage from Mr. Stanley's book on the Congo. The stress of this question must always lie, not upon its advocates but simply on its witnesses, and the importance of Mr. Stanley's testimony forms its own apology for the extreme length of the following quotation.

"Our guide, Yumbila, was told to question them as to what was the cause of this dismal scene, and an old man stood out and poured forth his tale of grief and woe with an exceeding volubility. He told of a sudden and unexpected invasion of their village by a host of leaping, yelling men in the darkness, who dinned their ears with murderous fusillades, slaughtering their people as they sprang out of their burning huts into the light of the flames. Not a third of the men had escaped; the larger number of the women and children had been captured and taken away, they knew not whither. We discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality and without disguise they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kibunga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubiranzi, on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biyerre and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover superficially 16,200 square geographical miles on the left bank, and 10,500 miles on the right, all of which

in statute mileage would be equal to 34,700 square miles, just 2,000 square miles greater than the island of Ireland, inhabited by about one million people. The band when it set out from Kirundu numbered 300 fighting men, armed with flint-locks, double-barrelled percussion-guns, and a few breech-loaders; their followers, or domestic slaves and women, doubled this force. Within the enclosure was a series of low sheds extending many lines deep from the immediate edge of the clay bank inland, 100 yards; in length the camp was about three hundred yards; at the landing-place below were fifty-four long canoes, varying in carrying capacity. Each might convey from ten to one hundred people. The first general impressions are that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms —upright, standing, or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children—many mere infants—forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava-tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details, I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat anchor-chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by these copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of this curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons on their mammas' breasts. There is not an adult man captive among them. The slave-traders admit they have only 2,300 captives in this fold, yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, bringing fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron. Both banks of the river show that 118 villages and 43 districts have been devastated, out of which is only educed this scanty profit of 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 tusks of ivory! The spears, swords, bows, and the quivers of arrows show that many adults have fallen. Given that 118 villages were peopled only by 1,000 each, we have only a profit of two per cent., and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwe, of camp-life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox, and the pests which miseries breed, there will only remain a scant one per cent. upon the bloody venture. They tell me, however, that the convoys already arrived at Nyangwe with slaves captured in the interior have been as great as their present band. Five expeditions have come and gone with their booty of ivory and slaves, and these five expeditions have now completely weeded the large territory described above. If each expedition has been as successful as this the slave-traders have been enabled to obtain 5,000 women and children safe to Nyangwe, Kirundu, and Vibondo, above the Stanley Falls. This 5,000 out of an annual million will be at the rate of a half per cent., or 5 slaves out of 1,000 people. This is poor profit out of such large waste of life, for originally we assume the slaves to have mustered about ten thousand in number. To obtain the 2,300 slaves out of the 118 villages they must have shot a round number of 2,500 people, while 1,300 men died by the way-side through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness. How many are wounded and die in the forest or droop to death through an overwhelming sense of their calamities we do not know; but if the above figures are trustworthy, then the outcome from the territory with its million of souls is 5,000 slaves, obtained at the cruel expense of 33,000 lives! And such slaves! They are females or young children who cannot run away, or who with youthful indifference will soon forget the terrors of their capture! Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father, and

perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown-up daughters. An entire family of six souls have been done to death to obtain that small, feeble, useless child! These are my thoughts as I look upon the horrible scene. Every second during which I regard them the clink of fetters and chains strikes upon my ears. My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the collar, or as it displays a manacle exposed through a muscle being irritated by its weight or want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvium of the unwashed herds within this human kennel. The smell of other abominations annoy me in that vitiated atmosphere. For how could poor people, bound and riveted together by twenties, do otherwise than wallow in filth. Only the old women are taken out to forage. They dig out the cassava-tubers and search for the banana; while the guard, with musket ready, keenly watches for the coming of the revengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin which hangs down in thin wrinkles and puckers."

It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. Is the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever? Remember that these deeds of blood and darkness are no isolated facts, no temporary misfortunes, no mere passing accidents of the savage state. They are samples of a sustained, accepted, and carefully organized system of cruelty and murder which pervades and penetrates every corner of this continent. Do not let it be supposed that this horror is over, that this day of tribulation is at an end. This horror and this day are now. It is not even abating. *Slavery is on the increase.* Time, civilization, Christianity are not really touching it. No fact in relation to the slave-trade is more appalling than this. The fact of this increase, for a time denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the Government of England. In a Government Blue-book issued only the other day, Her Majesty's consul for the Somali Coast reports that "the slave-trade has been very active of late. On the 16th of September (1888), Captain Gissing captured three dhows and brought two hundred and four slaves to Aden." The consul at Zanzibar writes (September, 1888) to the Marquis of Salisbury: "There is a marked increase in the slave-traffic carried on under the protection of the French flag." The consul further states that dhows carrying French colors were constantly and regularly leaving for the Comoro Islands, Mayotta, and Madagascar, loaded with slaves. In June, 1888, Brigadier-General Hogg, dating from the Aden Residency, wrote to the Bombay Government: "I have the honor to bring to the notice of Government that I have from time to time received reports of the activity of the slave-trade from the neighborhood of the Gulf of Tajourra, and I deem it my duty to inform Government of this fact with a view to such action being taken as may be deemed advisable." Turning to a very different region, we find Consul O'Neill addressing a letter to the Marquis of Salisbury with reference to the coast of Mozambique; "I have the honor to say that with the opinion that the East African slave-trade has received some considerable impulse, and has greatly increased and strengthened, I am compelled regretfully but entirely to concur. The evidence I have myself received from the interior is of a similar nature." The Portuguese authorities in that district concur in these statements. Thus the commandant of the lately established military post of Mji Mkwali, in his monthly report of the state of the province, calmly writes, under the heading "Commerce:" "The sole trade of this district, at the present, is in slaves."

The cause of this revived activity of the slave-trade is not far to seek. It is the normal expansion of a paying business. More men engage in it; more capital is invested in it. The Arab never retires from business. With the profits of his first small caravan he equips and heads a larger one. As the

years pass his flying columns grow larger and larger, and fiercer and fiercer. Now he can attack with impunity a region which, in former days, he must have let alone. Formerly he fraternized and traded with the great interior nations; now he overthrows and carries them off bodily. Having much capital and better fire-arms he can push farther and farther into the country, establishing depots as he goes, which become minor centres of the trade. Long ago the Arab dared not venture beyond a limited distance from the coast-line. Now he pervades and almost dominates the continent. As one region after another is drained of its slaves and ivory, fresh and remoter fields have to be sought out. So home after home is made desolate, region after region is ravished, state after state is demolished, nation after nation is mowed down like grass. Such being the state of matters in the interior of the country, to talk of the civilization of Africa, till this butchery is stopped, is but a mockery. No nation has either time, or heart, or encouragement to improve. To be rich is to excite cupidity and invite disaster; to be poor is to be the prey of the first murdering Arab who happens to pass that way.

Where do the slaves go to? What is their final market and destination? These questions are among the first to be asked by those whose interest is awakened in the slave-trade, and the answers are not so easy to put together. In the first place, multitudes are used up as mere beasts of burden. The mortality in a slave-caravan has already been referred to. Now, in all cases where a slave who is a carrier or porter succumbs on the march, a fresh man has to be secured from some neighboring tribe to carry on his load. Vacancies caused by desertion are supplied in the same way. The vacancies caused among the local tribes due to the filling up of these vacancies, again, have to be supplied by fresh seizures of slaves from surrounding tribes, so that a perpetual circulation of this human currency is set in motion. Again, the domestic slaves of the coast-regions were for a long time drained away by shipment from the various slaving ports. The supply throughout vast littoral territories was thus exhausted and had to be continuously replenished from caravans arriving from the interior. These domestic slaves were absolutely necessary to the coast-tribes for household and agricultural purposes, and there can be no doubt that enormous numbers of slaves have lately been absorbed to replace those exported from the littoral zone at earlier periods.

But, in addition to this, it is an open secret that several large and defined markets for slaves exist in many parts of Africa and in the adjoining islands. Off the Zanzibar coast, for instance, the extensive plantations of Pemba are wrought by slave-labor. Owing to the nature of the work and the fatal insalubrity of the climate the death-rate here is terrible, and a ceaseless traffic with the coast has to be kept up to supply the almost daily blanks. The slavers of the Mozambique Channel find a ready market in the Comoro Islands, and even in Madagascar. Abyssinia, again, has many slave-markets, the slaves being taken overland to Roheita, on the south of Assab Bay, whence they are shipped during the night in dhows to Jeddah, Hodeida, and elsewhere in Arabia. Turning to the north of the continent, we find that almost every town in Morocco is furnished with its slave-market. A few years ago these markets existed in all the Mediterranean provinces, and they are still in active life everywhere south of the European boundaries. In a word, it may be said that almost every Mohammedan town in the country is a receiving and distributing centre for slaves.

What, now, is being done to cope with this far-reaching and still-growing wrong? That a cry so piteous and awful should have long ago wrung the heart of the civilized world was to be expected. Let us see in how many ways and from what diverse sources the needed help begins to come. Many great and powerful agencies are already enlisted in this cause, and some are actually embarked upon the struggle. These fall into four classes—philanthropic, political, military, and commercial; but, from the way in which their

various interests are linked together, it will not be possible to separate them in making a few remarks upon each.

In the foremost rank among those to receive honorable mention in contending with the slave-trade must be placed that venerable and influential institution, the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society. This society has made it its one aim to focus public attention upon the evils of slavery in every part of the world, and, by agitation at public meetings, by the steady dissemination of literature, and by the personal influence of its few but devoted members, has formed and guided public and parliamentary opinion in England throughout a long course of years. Its monthly magazine, the *Anti-slavery Reporter*, of which the eighth volume of a fourth series lies before me as I write, is the classic of slavery literature and contains a storehouse of carefully sifted facts upon every aspect of the question. The creed of the society may be gathered from a single clause of its constitution:

"That, so long as *slavery* exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the *slave-trade*, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings; that the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade will be attained most effectually by the employment of those means which are *of a moral, religious, and pacific character;* and that no measures be resorted to by this Society, in the prosecution of these objects, but such as are in entire accordance with these principles."

With the first two clauses of this sentence most men will be, in the main, agreed. The abolition of the *status* of slavery, could that be brought about, would of course annihilate the slave-trade. But how could that be brought about? By a Declaration, it is said—a Declaration by all the European powers, including Turkey, in International Conference assembled, that the *status* of slavery was no longer to be recognized, and that therefore any traffic in this commodity must be held as contraband or piratical and punished accordingly. But held contraband by whom? Punished by whom? Enforced by whom? Would not the mere attempt to enforce this throughout the vast territories of the Dark Continent demand the resort to physical force, at least at some point? Not that the thing is not worth trying. In some quarters it would certainly do good. For even some of the European powers are themselves not above suspicion in the matter of countenancing, or at least winking at, the existence of slavery under the shadow of their own flag. But the bulk of the African tribes have no flag, in the political sense. And even where a European power has raised its standard over a native territory, its own existence there is in most cases too precarious to be perilled by any serious attempt to extirpate so ancient a custom as that, for instance, of domestic slavery. That the abolition of the *status* of slavery would be a valuable auxiliary to those means of a "moral, religious, and pacific character" which the Society recommends is not to be disputed. That *in time*, also, these means would together bring about the end will be denied by no one who knows how the leaven of Christianity has wrought in history. But meantime? Are we to stand by and let chance after chance escape us of decisive action at particular points? As emergencies rise, are we not to meet them? As favorable opportunities open of closing markets or of snatching the prey from the very arms of the slaver, are we not to utilize the forces and resources of civilization effectual for that purpose? The slaver cannot be caught *in flagrante delicto* and dealt with effectively without the show, and, if necessary, the application of forces other than moral. The Anti-slavery Society would itself countenance punishment before a formal tribunal after the practice of slavery has been declared illegal. But till that hour has come, an informal tribunal must take its place, and the way be paved for the introduction of the more peaceful, more permanent, and more beneficent influences so justly advocated by it.

At this moment a freshly organized slaving centre has just been erected in the heart of one of the most hopeful districts in Africa—the north end of Lake Nyassa. Civilizing and missionary agencies, after years of work, and after the most serious cost in lives and money, were just beginning to tell upon

that country. But everything is now disorganized, paralyzed, and put to confusion; and till these Arab intruders are driven from their intrenchment no further progress can be dreamed of. The very existence of the tribes who are there being worked upon is threatened, and those who know the local conditions intimately are compelled, against all their previous policy and inclinations, to call for the help of arms. Fortunately this cry for help has been heard by willing ears, and a Nyassa Defence Fund is now being raised in Scotland to deal practically with this special crisis.

But it is evident that if action along this line is to be taken at all it must not be local or temporary or spasmodic, but an organized system with ramifications in every quarter of the continent. And hence schemes of a larger kind are being discussed. The general basis of these proposals is to have armed boats on the great inland lakes, with depots of men here and there who would act as a sort of police-patrol. To be more than child's play such schemes would have to be international in character; and co-operation between all the countries and agencies at work in Africa would be a first condition of success.

Two things give one hope that some such scheme may yet take definite shape. The first is the formation of Anti-slavery Societies all over Europe. Mainly as the result of the noble crusade of Cardinal Lavigerie, these societies are now organized in Germany, France, and Belgium, and others are following in Italy, Spain, and other countries of Europe. Large sums of money are pouring into their treasuries, Pope Leo XIII. having headed the subscription-lists with a donation of 300,000 francs. What the policy of these various societies may be remains to be seen, but the mere awakening of an interest so widespread and practical must be an important factor in the solution of the problem.

The second hopeful sign is the adoption of the anti-slavery policy by the German Reichstag, and its co-operation with England in the blockade of the Zanzibar coast. Germany has a great and momentous future in relation to this question. Vast tracts of Africa are now under her wing, and if she rises to her opportunity immediate progress may be made. But the practical interest of England and Germany must not be limited to this. Merely to operate on the coast is not even to half do the work. The real mischief is in the interior. It is there the Arab must be dealt with; and even apart from that Arab slavery which finds its main outlet at the various seaports, the raiding of African chief against chief and of larger tribe against weaker is in some regions almost as bad. Nowhere is there any real security to the native either of life or property; and the whole country, in a word, requires administration. Any scheme therefore which is permanently to improve the country must strike at once for its heart. And on the whole, and until the various colonizing and missionary agencies have begun to tell upon the lives and habits of the people, the establishment of some definite police administration throughout the interior seems to be the most rational policy.

We say police administration, rather than military. An international military system would be almost impossible in practice, but that is not the main reason. It would be of the first importance to teach both African and Arab the distinction between a police and a military system. The policeman is a protector, the soldier is an avenger—so, at least, it would be in Africa. Soldiers would necessarily be regarded as enemies; with wise and patient management police-patrols might come to be looked upon as guardians of the peace. The worst thing that could possibly happen, either for the slave-trade, for the African, or for the European in Africa, would be the letting loose upon this continent of expeditions of mere fighting men who from time to time would raid across the country and leave behind them only a trail of blood and hate. To do this is so easy; its cheap glory seems so real; an immediate end is sometimes served—these things are the temptation of the man who has power in Africa. But no man should be given power in Africa who has not learned the greater power of self-control, of a policy of patience,


Southern
Equator
Tropic of Capricorn
Slave Routes.
Routes of Slave Caravans.
Slave Markets.
Districts where Slaves are obtained by Slave Hunters or exported by the Coast or Lacustrine routes.
Districts depopulated by Slave Hunting.
Congo State.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
CONGO STATE
GERMAN E. AFRICA
PORTUGUESE E. AFRICA
BRITISH E. AFRICA
UGANDA
BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA
GERMAN S.W. AFRICA
BECHUANALAND
GERMAN N.W. AFRICA
PORTUGUESE W. AFRICA
ANGOLA
Zambesi R.
Congo R.
Nile R.
Niger R.
Lake Victoria Nyanza
Lake Tanganyika
Lake Nyassa
Lake Bangweolo
Lake Moero
Lake Chad
Lake Tchad
Lake Ngami
Lake Shirwa
Victoria Falls
Khartoum
Cairo
Zanzibar
Mombasa
Kilimanjaro
Mt. Kenia
Mt. Ruwenzori
Mt. Elgon
Mt.

for a single purpose. What the native tribes really want is leaders, and access to the munitions of modern warfare. Both of these would be supplied if necessary from the proposed depots, but the mere presence of these agencies in the country would probably render actual warfare an exceptional circumstance.

But the best result would be that under the moral and physical support of these agents the various civilizing, colonizing, trading, and missionary enterprises would advance with rapid strides and overrun the country—in time replacing the very agents which fostered them into being. It is to these enterprises that we are to look for the lasting good to Africa, the military or police element being only an unfortunate preliminary necessity. The men to whom this adventurous and benevolent commission would be given would be selected persons, lay and military, from the different nations interested in the pacification of Africa. Some of these would be paid, others might be volunteers. Is there any reason why a few young men whom Fate, kind or unkind, has rendered independent as regards pecuniary and domestic ties should not espouse this holy cause and find a fitting career for at least a few of the stronger years of their life in delivering this nation of children from their long Reign of Terror? The rank and file of the patrol-corps, under their leadership, might be largely Africans, or even natives of India, judiciously chosen and trained to handle a gun. But the ball only needs to be set rolling. There is knowledge enough in the world, of African ways and habits, to guarantee the details.

Such ideas as these are already possessing the public mind in England. Everywhere meetings are being held to discuss this question. The Government, the Church, and the most famous names in the country are interested in it; and the time for action on the large scale cannot be far away.

What will America do to help? Time was when the United States kept a cruiser on the west coast of Africa to check this trade. But when the attitude of America to the Congo treaty is remembered, and her refusal to touch the question of the exportation to Africa of arms, ammunition, and liquor, can it be said that she keeps her place to-day in that moral reformation of the world which is the duty and privilege of all the foremost nations? Is it true of that Constitution of which she is so worthily proud, that with reference to these questions, and in the words of the Prime Minister of England: "They (the United States) have told us that, owing to the peculiarities of their Constitution, they are not very anxious to enter into obligations with foreign powers?" America has never been provincial. She must not become so. So manifold and pressing are now the interests of her own great country that she might also be pardoned if she did. But the world will be bewildered and disappointed if she separates herself now from the rest of mankind in facing those great wrongs of humanity from which seas cannot divide her and which her poorer brethren in every part of Europe are giving themselves to relieve. America does well in refusing the entanglements of European politics. Let her be careful lest she isolate herself from its humanities. None who know her will fear for a moment that the breadth of her sympathies and the greatness of her national heart will not continue to be shown in her sustained philanthropies, in her joining hand to hand with the advanced nations of the earth in helping on all universal causes which find their appeal in the world's great need and tribulation.



Pasque Island Club House.

STRIPED BASS FISHING.

By A. Foster Higgins.



The Cast.

IF we turn to our national repertory of knowledge on the subject, our admirable and exhaustive "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," we shall find described under the title of Roccus Lineatus or the Striped Bass, a fish so perfectly familiar to all who live along the eastern seaboard that, for them, it is hardly necessary to dwell upon his special characteristics. For those who have not enjoyed the precious privilege of being born near the sea it must be pointed out that he is not the same fish that will be found in European waters, nor in the Mississippi, the White River, Arkansas, and in many rivers of the Southern States. The best authorities hold that the Brassy Bass, the "Roccus Interruptus," has probably been there mistaken for the Striped Bass. The Bass of Europe, "Roccus Leibrax," a favorite food fish, is to be found from Tromsöe, Norway, to the Mediterranean, and is very closely related to our "Rockfish" or "Roccus Saxatilis" ("dwelling among rocks"); in which class our own beauty is included. The two species are very similar in form, although the colors differ—the American being conspicuously striped—while that of Europe is silvery gray. Both are strong, active, voracious fishes, and both ascend rivers; although the American Bass seem to be much more addicted to life in fresh waters than their transatlantic relatives, probably owing to the fact that our rivers are more numerous, larger, and more plentifully stocked with the fish upon which the bass rely for food. They ascend the Potomac, to the Little Falls, the Hudson, to Albany, the Connecticut, to Hartford, and the St. Lawrence, to Quebec. In the North he is known as the "Striped Bass;" in the South as "Rockfish," or the "Rock." Large sea-going individuals are sometimes known in New England by the names of "Green-head," and "Squid-hound." There is considerable uncertainty regarding their southern limits, as they unquestionably wander beyond their usual feeding-grounds, and have been caught in schools in Pensacola Bay, while solitary specimens have been taken at various points in the Gulf.

The Striped Bass are not migratory, being found along our coast in winter as well as summer, and in our markets at all times of the year; and one of the most potent causes of their diminution, is the facility with which they are taken under the ice, by nets, spearing, etc. They are voracious feeders, entering the rivers to prey upon the "fry" of the shad, herring, and bluefish—and are particularly fond of crabs, shrimp, squids, clams, and mussels, and even

lobsters, when shedding, or of a sufficiently small size to be conveniently "bolted" whole. They spawn in May and June, and as the number of eggs cast has been estimated at 2,248,000 each, it will be seen how rapid and great a growth is possible. Their increase in a month is 1½ inch—5 months, 4½ inches—8 months, 6 to 9 inches. After that from 2 to 6 lbs. per annum. Their average weight does not exceed 20 lbs. In the Potomac, Hudson, and Connecticut Rivers the largest seldom exceeds 30 to 40 lbs. The Fish Commission has for several years had a standing offer of a reward for a 60 lbs. fish from the Potomac, but none has as yet been forthcoming. The largest Striped Bass on record was one weighing 112 lbs., taken at Orleans, Mass. They are caught in large quantities by seines, wherever used, and may be captured by hook and line, either in the more robust style of heaving and hauling in the surf, or in the most dilettante style of rod and reel, and even with the artificial Fly.

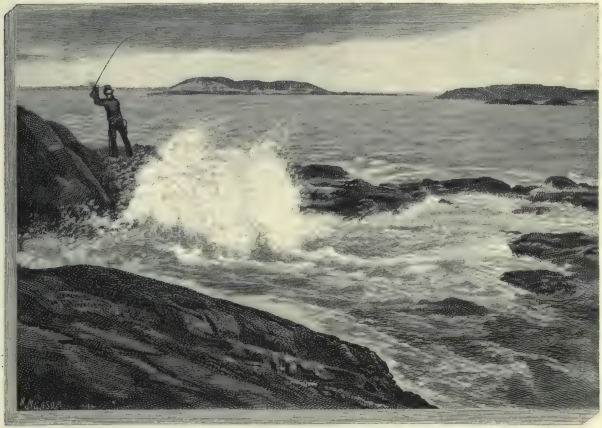


A Striped Bass.

My purpose here is to describe more particularly that mode of taking them by rod and reel, adopted by the gentlemen of the Clubs, and other anglers, at Point Judith, Narragansett, Newport, West Island, Cuttyhunk, Pasque Island, Squibnocket, and other places along the coast, chosen for characteristics favorable as feeding grounds for the Striped Bass.—These are, first, an open exposure to the ocean waves—at least to some degrees of the compass; and then, as complete a fringe of seaweed-covered rocks as possible. Wherever groups of such rocks, or extensive reefs are to be found, the diminutive forests of rockweed and the various seaweeds constitute the homes of all the crustaceæ, the small eels, the squid, and the endless mass of the newly hatched fry of all the fish which spawn in the spring. Whilst the water is still and clear, most of these, at least, can hope to escape their enemy; the crustaceæ, the former class, by flying to the shelter of the overhanging rocks, and hiding under the dense thickets of seaweed; the latter, by rising suddenly to the surface or diving to some shelter. This will be at once apparent to anyone who sits near such spots and quietly watches what takes place. Suddenly and with a rush that startles him, the surface of the water for some feet is agitated by a mass of scintillating silver bodies, which disappear as quickly as they came to the surface; and it is evident that some prowling monster has suddenly appeared to their keen visions and they have rapidly ascended—so rapidly that the impetus carries them into the air, whence they swiftly return to their own element, to dart shoreward into shoal water, where their enemy dare not pursue.

Far otherwise is it, when the wind has been blowing a steady blast from the ocean, landward. Harder and still harder pound the rising breakers on rocks, seaweed and bottom; soon the succeeding waves are churned into foam, and the clayey bottom is washed into the undertow, until for hundreds of yards from shore the water becomes white and clouded. Now the poor crabs,

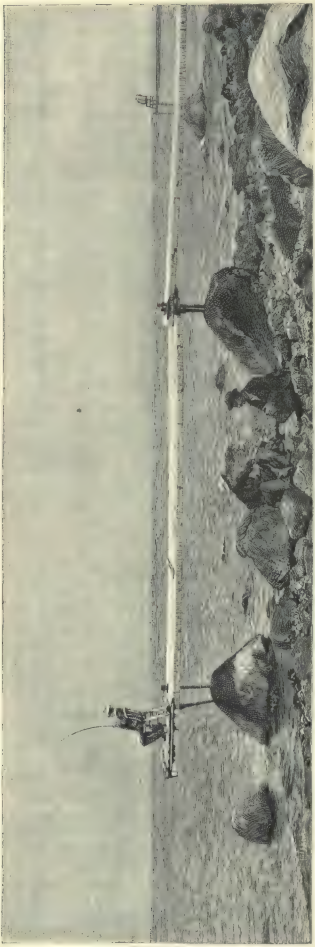
shrimps, lobsters, eels and all crawling life are washed backward and forward until they surrender all attempts to gain safety or shelter and are soon at the mercy of every wave. This is the long awaited opportunity, and now the timid, nervous, shrinking Bass becomes bold and venturesome—and will follow each wave into shallow places, with the assurance that no eye can see his movements, and that the receding water will carry him out again into safety. Hence all projecting rocks and promontories—where one can sit in safety, and from which a cast can be made into deep water, and where the incoming surf may be permitted to roll under his perch, are the desiderata for bass fishers.



Good Water.

One of the most attractive spots in these particulars—chosen for description here as typical of these fishing-grounds—is the group of Islands known as the Elizabeth Islands, lying between the mainland of Massachusetts, and Martha's Vineyard; a long succession evidently in prehistoric times connected together, and forming a continuous line from S. S. E. to N. N. W., commencing with Cuttyhunk, and continuing with Nashewena and Pasque, to Naushon; which brings us to Wood's Holl and the main—a stretch of say seventeen miles. North of Cuttyhunk, is the little Island of Penekese, where the revered Agassiz started a school of ichthyology, which has been abandoned since his death. Between these Islands and the Main Land on the North lie the waters of Buzzard's Bay, and Southward and toward the Ocean lies the land of Martha's Vineyard, and the water of Martha's Vineyard Sound,—the highway of vessels coming from the West, either outside of Long Island or through Long Island Sound, and bound for Boston—which, at its Western entrance, is flanked on the South by beautiful Gay Head, and on the North by Cuttyhunk.

If we visit one of these resorts we shall see for ourselves, in what consists the fascination which draws young and old men, yachtsmen, merchants and bankers, idlers and busy men, wives and maidens, season after season, from gayer and more fashionable places, to these sober, quiet, and seemingly unattractive spots.



Fishing Stand at Pasque Island.

The home of one such fishing club is reached after a run of an hour and a half from New Bedford; and its situation and the routine of its day are perhaps sufficiently typical of all. The club house, and outhouses stand prominently on a knoll, sentinelled by a lofty flagstaff, from which flies gayly the stars and stripes. The whistle of the little steamer that brings visitors advises by a series of "toots" the number of arriving passengers, who hurry ashore, to be welcomed most heartily by members of the Club, ladies and children, to all of whom the arrival of the Boat is an "occasion," bringing twice a week letters, papers and tidings of the busy cities. It is, nevertheless, with a feeling of relief, and gracious rest, that one waves adieu to the little tug, as after an hour, she speeds her way back, knowing that for a period nothing is likely to disturb or annoy him from the outer world. The house soon settles down after its departure; the ladies return to their bright pretty sitting-room, the gentlemen to their papers, or games of dominoes, and the children to their plays. The visitor is ushered into his bedroom, which may be either a favored private apartment of a member, or one of the Club rooms. Of the latter, there are a dozen or more—all furnished alike with simple cottage furniture, corresponding with the buildings, which are built entirely of Southern Pine, without plaster or any other finish than the varnished wood. It seems, at once, the business of every member to inquire as to the stranger's outfit of tackle, etc., and a smile of delight will be seen to pervade more than one face, if he avows himself totally unprovided. Tenders of rods, reels, lines will speedily be made, until he is more than amply equipped.

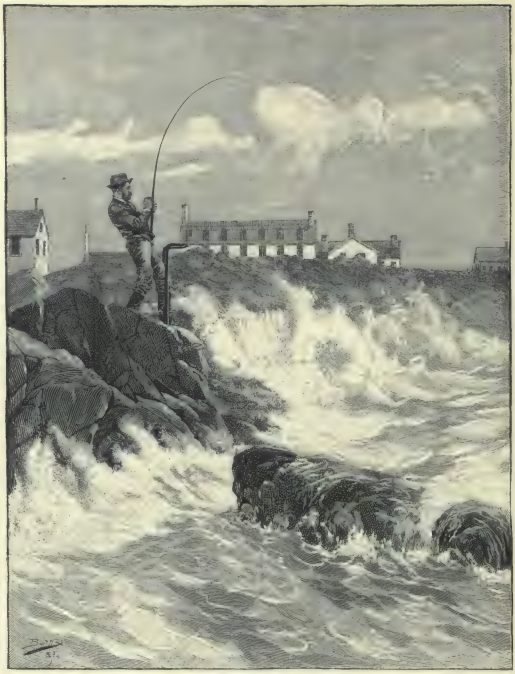
Learning that full tide is deemed most favorable, and will serve about 5 P.M., he will put on rough clothes; as he is sure to be more

or less wet. A thoughtful member comes in, bearing in his arms india rubber boots and a suit of "oilers," which he advises should be carried along, as one cannot tell at what moment they will be needed. He proposes a walk to the stand, which he has drawn for the day, and hands the oilers and poles to an attendant, who, he explains, is a "chummer," or one who cuts up and prepares the bait. The Island is very rugged in surface, rising into considerable hills and dales, and is covered with a short tough turf, which has a tendency to run into tufts and little hillocks, interspersed with quantities of field daisies, golden-rod, purple Michaelmas daisies, and other wild flowers. As the eye wanders over the hills, huge travelling boulders are seen, and the thought of glacial action, as the creator of these Islands, is suggested, and the suggestion becomes a conviction, as palpable moraines are seen stretching in regular lines across the valleys and hills. Along the cliffs which front the Sound, the whole water front is broken with boulders, wholly and partly submerged, and the shore itself is so entirely a mass of rocks from the smallest size, up to a number having more than a thousand cubic feet of contents, that the conviction is forced upon one that these Islands were, so far as we can surmise, formed by the huge glaciers that Agassiz tells us once covered this portion of our globe, and which in their steady march into the Ocean ploughed up, shoved ahead and deposited as they melted, these masses of land now the subject of man.



"A novel and exciting scene it is to see these loads of eager men."

After proceeding a half mile from the house and turning onto the shore we found, under the shadow of a huge, square mass of granite, halfway between the hill and water, the "chummer" busily arranging his basket, laden with menha-



"By George! I've got him."

den packed in ice. He has a square piece of board which he places on a rock, around which are a mass of debris of menhaden bones and heads;—and catching up one of these fish from his basket, he hastily scales it and cuts off the entire side close to the back bone. An incision is made lengthwise through the flesh to the skin, which enables him to double it together, skin to skin and the flesh all outside, and the bait is ready—a mass about four inches in length and weighing about two ounces. The hook, a No. 9—°, is then carefully attached to the line; the hook is furnished with a round knob on its upper end and tapers from the shank to this knob. Two half hitches are taken with the line on this taper below the knob; then the end of the line is used to make a third half hitch over the first two; the body of the line then makes a fourth over the others, and the end being taken between the teeth and the line in one hand, the hitches are drawn tight, whilst the hook is revolved by the other hand, so that when the end is cut off short, the hook will revolve without twisting the line. A good fisherman will do this himself, and when passing in his rod to get a new bait put on, will always examine the line, to see if it has been chafed or injured—and if so,

it must be cut off and refastened—or else he may have the pleasure of seeing a good fish lost by his line giving way at the hook at a critical moment. The "chummer" stands waiting to put on the bait. This is a delicate matter, as the hook is passed first through the smaller portion of the bait, then back again from that side entirely through.

It should then be taken by the bend, and drawn through just far enough to allow the point and barb to be passed a third time through the bait, just far enough to expose the point—and then with a couple of half hitches; one around both the bait and shank of the hook, and the other on the shank below the knob of the hook alone, the bait is ready to be cast. It will be found on examination that the line pulls directly on the hook without cutting the bait, and if the whole thing is seized by a fish, the pull on the line will drive the barb into the fish's mouth without interference of the bait itself.

reel is usually a work of art, in which America excels all other nations. It is quite large, holding from 700 to 900 feet of line, multiplying, and will run freely one minute and a half with a twirl of the finger. The best makers strive to adjust a perfect balance between the handle and its revolution, so that the slightest pressure will stop its motion and so prevent "overrunning."

Following our friend's suggestion we will go out on the stand and watch his movements, and thus learn first, what is to be done, and then how to do it. He puts on his oiled trousers, to catch the drip of water which always runs off the reel on to knees and legs; and adjusts two thumbs, fingers of crocheted wool, termed "thumb-stalls," with which pressure can be put on the reels, without experiencing the burning its rapidly revolving surface would otherwise produce.

"Tom, have you any chum ready?" to the "chummer."

"Aye Aye, sir."

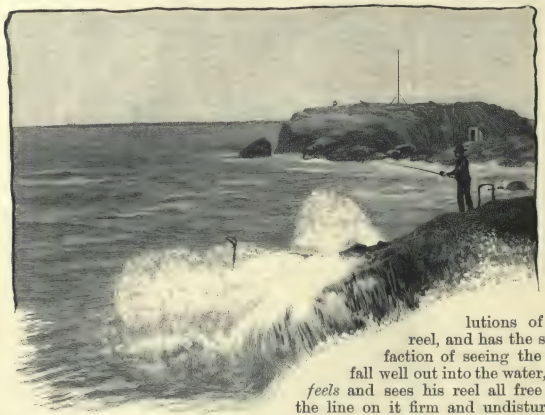


The Fishing Stand at Cuttyhunk, Mass.

One's interest is now centred on the rod, and this is seen to be short—not exceeding 8 feet in length—with large free guides and tips of german silver; sometimes of agate. Generally the rod consists of two pieces, a butt of, say, 22 inches and a tip of 5½ to 6 feet—or it may be one solid bamboo rod—of size, taper and flexibility to suit fancy. The

"Well throw it out." And Tom runs rapidly out on the planks, which extend out from the shore a distance of thirty to fifty feet, at which point the ends are supported by two iron stanchions embedded in one of the huge boulders there submerged. Upon the ends about three feet inside, is *lashed* a wooden chair, secured firmly by staples to the stand;

and after making his cast, here the fisherman takes his seat. Tom throws vigorously out as far as he can all the remains of the fishes he has cut up—heads, tails, and backbones, and entrails—all full of oil, which soon creates on the bait outward at a slight elevation—his eyes fixed on the flying bait, his thumb barely touching the face of the reel, until he sees its flight decreasing and the bait falling; at this instant, by his thumb's pressure, he stops the revo-



The Horseshoe at the West Island Club, near Newport, R. I.

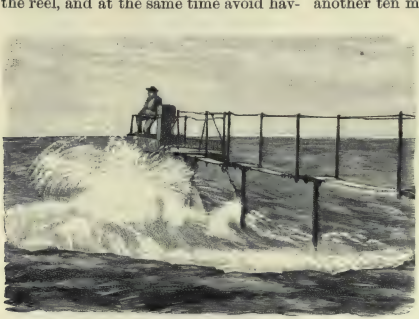
lutions of the reel, and has the satisfaction of seeing the bait fall well out into the water, and *feels* and sees his reel all free and the line on it firm and undisturbed. Or else his thumb has performed its office of checking, by reason of his seeing the outward flight suddenly and forcibly arrested and his bait flying backward towards the stand, which may always be attributed to over confidence in the reel's condition, and the lack of the precaution of unwinding and rewinding with care. Or if it is not the first cast, undue haste in winding in to get a fresh bait, or for any other purpose, will be the cause. Dear reader, if you aspire to be a bass fisherman, religiously examine your reel before casting, always and in every case, and unless you see and know that it lies firmly and regularly on the reel, never hesitate, but at once unreel it and lay it on carefully; and thus you will save yourself many an impatient word and action.

surface of the water a "slick," and as the tide sweeps these particles out and the odor pervades the water and air, the fish are attracted, and follow up the "slick," looking eagerly for the food it promises. Our friend now examines his reel, and finding it is slack and the line lying loosely on it, he unreels quite a quantity, rewinding it with great care tightly and very evenly, layer by layer, until he has only an end of about two feet from the tip, to which hangs his bait, looking firm, fresh, and inviting. He now walks to the end of the stand, steps carefully in front of the chair, braces himself with his left foot on the strip clamping the two planks together, and with his right inboard towards the chair, swings the tip and bait back toward the plank. His left hand grasps the butt, his right has the thumb on the reel and fingers around the handle—then with a quick wrist and forearm movement, largely partaking of a jerk, he impels

At last, we have a beautiful cast, the bait has shot out at least 150 feet and fallen gently into the water, the slack has been gathered in, so that you feel the bait and know that each movement of the reel moves it slightly; and now

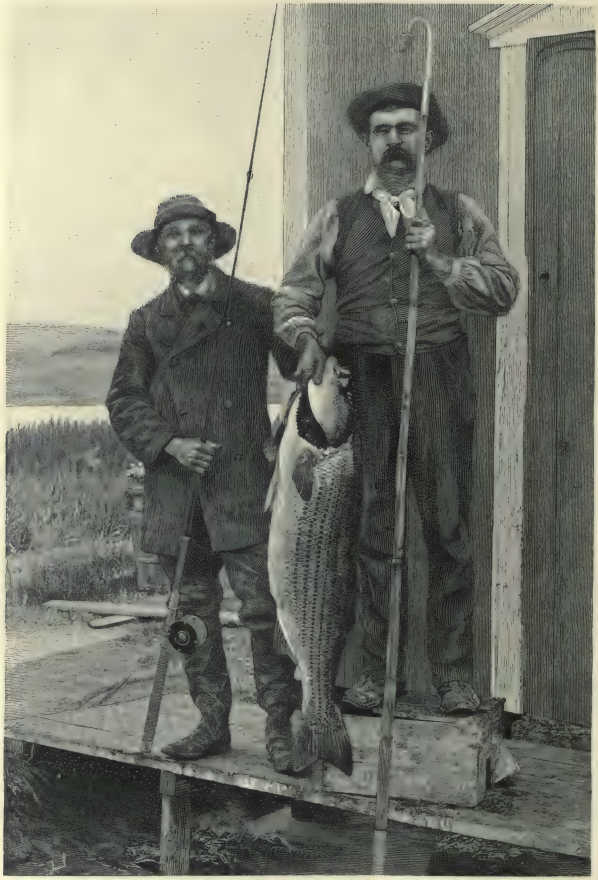
comes in the trait of a true fisherman—patience. That kind of patience which does not lose heart, even though, for days in succession, bait after bait is cast out without return, until the fisherman feels as if he is only feeding blackfish and "cunners," with which the water abounds, and which will eat off the bait sometimes before it is fairly settled in the water. Our chances this afternoon are rather slim, still there is a freshening southwest breeze, blowing from Gay Head and the swash of the surf begins to be heavier; but on looking over the side of the stand, the bottom, with its folds and waving ribbons of yellow seaweeds is too plainly visible, and as you look down you see a huge eel slowly glide from one rock to another, and schools of green cunners chase a little atom of bait the tide has brought back.

"By George! I've got him," exclaims our friend in the chair, and as we hastily look up, he is seen apparently fighting to keep his rod erect, whilst something at the other end is convulsively dragging it downward, with such jerks as threaten to part the line or break the rod. The reel is whizzing in a threatening way, and our friend has a hard time to keep his thumb on the barrel of the reel, and at the same time avoid having his knuckles rapped and torn by the rapidly revolving handle. His left, as yet, grasps the rod above the reel and forces the socket into his groin.



Mr. Davis's Stand, Brenton's Reef, Newport, R. I.

"Bring out that belt, Tom," he yells, and Tom comes jumping down the rocks, in one hand his gaff-hook and in the other a leather belt with a short round pocket sewed on its centre. This Tom hastily buckles about the waist of the fisherman, when, carefully shifting the pole, he places the butt in this pocket and is thus protected from possible injury, which the great leverage of the fish's pulling on the top of the rod can easily produce. The fish, in the meantime, has succeeded in getting away, say three to four hundred feet now, and shows some hesitation. Our friend has carefully kept a pressure on the reel, whilst indulging his majesty in imaginary freedom of running—but which he begins to realize as "uncanny,"—and as our eyes follow the slender thread of the line in its distant entry into the water, it is seen to rise, and presently with a whirl of his tail, the fish shows himself; looking then to our unskilled eyes a very monster, and as he again disappears we unhesitatingly pronounce him full six feet long. "Oh, no," says our friend in reply to our exclamation, "he is not over a thirty pounder, but he is a good one—see him fight!" and the victim tugs and tugs, with a desperation born of a foresight of his calamity; but in vain, and in another ten minutes he loses heart, and sheers in towards the shore, when our friend is put to all his skill to check and reel him in before he reaches a huge rock inshore for which he heads—just in time! The next wave moves him bodily this side of that rock and the road is clear to warping him in. This is done by forcibly elevating the pole and keeping it as far over the shoulder as control will permit; then rapidly reeling and lowering the pole until nearly horizontal, and continuing to repeat the process; thus avoiding the terrible strain on the reel itself which any attempt to reel his dead weight in shore would produce. And now he is slowly dragged to-



"What does he weigh, Tom?"

wards the stand and his beautiful color and stripes are plainly seen, but he still strives by ineffectual runs, first to one side and then the other, to avert his fate; though all in vain, as Tom is now bending low down from the outer end of the plank with his sharp shining gaff-hook extended.

"A little more to the left, sir," he says, and as the fisherman inclines his pole and turns the fish's head, his gaff is extended down, under and across the fish's body; a rapid jerk upward and backward and it sinks into his silver belly. He is raised from the water, convulsively hugged by Tom, who reaches for the rod, and all of us hurry inshore to inspect and gloat over him. "What does he weigh, Tom?" and with judicial eye Tom measures and lifts him. "I say, thirty pounds." "Well, I think thirty-five," says the fisherman, the inexperienced looker-on being under the conviction that he should weigh fifty, at least, and impressed with a sense of awe —his huge mouth and head when seen for the first time, thus affecting one. It is now too dark to be worth while to fish longer, and we are in fact a little eager to get home and exhibit our catch. So Tom puts him in the basket, covers him carefully with fresh seaweed, recklessly throws all his cut up bait for chum, and we start for the house, Tom gladly lugging his heavy basket for the glory and triumph he will have on exhibiting him. The "chummer" becomes part and parcel of his "boss," participates in all his excitements, honors and disappointments, and constitutes no small element of comfort or discord, as his temper and capacity turn out. As we arrive at the club-house, windows go up, heads are thrust out, eager questioning follows, men and ladies turn out and go to the fish house to admire the beauty and guess his weight. After the solemn ceremony of ascertaining his exact weight has been performed, he is carefully packed away in the ice-box, to be sent to your most valued friend, or disposed of by the club steward. It is now the judgment of connoisseurs that the flesh of this fish is improved by being kept on ice two or three days at least.

Such are the general features of this noble sport, but subject to great variation. Another day, a "cloudy Sou'-Wester" is prevailing, and the dull roar of the surf with its heavy pounding, and the crash of the cobble stones rolling downward on the beach, as the sea recedes, is plainly heard. On looking from the club-house, over at the point of Naushon, one can see the successive waves rolling on shore, and the "white water" is plainly seen extending hundreds of feet from shore. "A superb bass day!" is the greeting from one to another. And both the wagons are brought into service to take out the fishermen to their respective stands. A novel and exciting scene it is to see these loads of eager men. Some, who in their varied and important stations in life and business, have been wont to look upon financial panics and disturbing causes unmoved, are now excited and anxious about stands and bait, and rods, and "chummers," as if their living depended on them. Down we all go, and all the stands on the south shore are quite sure to be manned that day. Altogether different is the scene and also the work to-day. As the tide and sea rise, the huge breakers get heavier, until finally they dash over the stands; some of the more daring, still stick to their chairs and with oilers and rubber boots defy the waves; being excited with the momentary expectation of catching a huge fellow. But this by no means follows even the most propitious conditions; nor do the most adverse state of wind and weather always work adverse results. The most remarkable catch of bass ever made at Pasque Island was with the water as clear as crystal and perfectly smooth. There happened in a school of huge bass, and they were very hungry and took the bait without hesitation for over twenty-four hours after arrival; and one member comparatively inexperienced as a fisherman caught nine fish in one day aggregating 170 pounds.

Nearly, if not quite all bass fisherman agree in the opinion that the steam menhaden fishermen have greatly injured the bass fishing—both by depriving them of the food they most eagerly seek, and also by driving them off their feeding grounds, by their huge nets.

A few years ago, from the first of July to the first of November, one could reasonably expect any day to hook a large bass, at any of the noted places. Now, they can rarely be caught even where systematically chummed.

But there are many enjoyments in the surroundings. The delicious, exhilarating, health-giving air from these pure sea-waters, the soul-inspiring scenery, and varying panorama of vessels constantly moving, creates in all frequenters of these islands a real love for them. If you doubt it, come and try it.

I recall one occasion—when on visiting the club, I learned on arrival that no bass had been caught for three weeks past—on which with the eagerness invariably accompanying even the sight of the stands and shore, I proceeded with little loss of time, to one of my old haunts. The bait had been duly cast—when on settling myself in the chair and looking about me, to study the water and its indications—I saw in the slightly lapping surf about thirty feet below the stand, what appeared to be the tail of a fish slowly waving, in response to the movement of the waves. With an exclamation of surprise, my "chummer" was summoned in conference, and we concluded it was a fish of some kind—and both of us rushed ashore, down the beach, and out on the rocks, and in a few more minutes into the surf, where by aid of the Gaff-hook, we slowly hauled ashore a superb bass, which on examination showed by his pale gills that he had literally "fainted away." A scrutiny of his body soon brought to light the cause. One of his side fins was found bitten off nearly in its full size, close to his side. He had evidently been chased by a shark or some other voracious fish, which had bitten him in this manner, and in desperation the poor fellow had rushed into the shoal water, where stranded and almost lifeless he lay, when I saw his tail. After being ashore for fifteen minutes the color of his gills slowly returned to their natural brilliant scarlet. Of course a comparatively short, because unsuccessful, sojourn on the stand sufficed, and we returned to the house in triumph, to experience not the least of the pleasures of the sport, in the congratulations and rejoicings of fellow-members. The fellow weighed 42 lbs., and the facetious Secretary of the Club, in solemn voice announced that he "had been appointed a special committee of six, to invite me to immediately leave the Island, as for any member to come down and catch a 42 pounder within a few hours, when all hands had been fishing three weeks without results, was not to be borne!" I plead in extenuation that I thought when the circumstances of the catch were narrated, I might be pardoned; and then told to the wondering group the story, and showed the damaged fin. I was graciously accorded the pardon of the Club, and the record book was made to duly recount the incident.

Each day some different state of the water required the change of bait from menhaden to lobster tail or small eels. All vary the sport, and furnish the endless narratives with which a group of old fishermen beguile the placid hours spent in the sitting-room and on the long piazzas. They tell of the enormous fellows they have lost; how this one ran nearly the whole line off his reel when it was cut off by a bluefish, how that one was so great, that the utmost pull on the line could not stir him after he had run to the bottom and "sulked," and finally how the line parted, by being chafed off against a rock. A third tells you how his fish sulked and then pounded his head on the bottom to "spring" the hook out, and succeeded. A fourth tells triumphantly how, when having seen his fish and knowing him to be a "good one," on his taking to the game of sulking, he had sent his "chummer" back to the house, obtained a boat and another man, rowed outside to the stand, carefully followed the line out until over the fish, and thus secured him. The scarcity of fish is discussed, and every imaginable cause is carefully weighed, steam menhaden fishing, "night seiners," scarcity of "fry," change of feeding grounds, etc.

I was once favored with a scene that indelibly printed itself on my memory and furnished a yarn for one of these councils. A strong northwest wind had been blowing all night, and a lively brisk sea was setting on the North

shore. I had been fishing for some hours without success, and as the now large waves rolled in, my eye followed them in, commenting on their remarkable clearness and transparency. I made a new cast and sat down, when on my left, heading for the bait which I had just thrown out, was a beautiful bass, his stripes and silver side plainly visible, his brilliant eyes staring at me, precisely as mine were fixed on him; the wave rolled him up until he was in bold relief against its green depths, and had he been artificially held there, the picture could not have been more perfect or animated. His impetus and intention both carried him as far as the bait, and he took it into his mouth, but only held it for an instant. His terror was too vivid to admit of forgetfulness, and I in vain reeled in, and threw again and again.

Another time, I had hooked and successfully sustained the run of a large fish, had turned him, and had warped him in, until he was within fifty feet of me; quite a heavy surf was running, of which I was availing myself to aid in bringing him in—when my "chummer" called attention to the seaweed which was running in on the line and threatened to choke up the tip. Hardly had he spoken, when it jammed the line so that I no longer had the slightest control over the fish; the next wave moved him about ten feet in shore, and on the other side of a huge sunken boulder; and as the line became taught, although I tried all I could to extend the rod and give it play, it parted as if a thread, and there I stood; stamping with vexation, utterly helpless, the heavy surf forbidding any attempt to get to him, and looking on his huge majesty rolling from side to side, nearly drowned and quite unable himself at the moment to make any exertion; but gradually he gathered power, and a sudden conviction that he was no longer a prisoner, and I had the comfort of seeing him slowly glide about, and out to sea. My feelings were much added to, by having one of the fair sex, sitting on the bank above me watching the whole operation, and perhaps more amused at my discomfiture, than distressed at my loss.

Such are the prominent and prevailing features of the sport. Each locality however has its own features and advantages or disadvantages. There can be no doubt that of all the places, the advantages afforded by Brenton-Reef are supreme, especially when aided by the long and strong stands erected by Mr. Winans, now owned by Mr. Davis—and next may be classed the rocks at Narragansett known formerly as "Anthony's." The east end of Montauk has also developed well, and we hear good reports of "catches" made there. At Block Island also and at "No Man's Land" at times, remarkable catches have been made, and even down at Cape Cod and Nantucket; but all of them are subject to variation, and the true sportsman finds his enjoyment in all the surroundings more than in the fish itself, or even its capture.





VESPERS.

By Ellen Burroughs.

The robins call me sweet and shrill:
"Come out and fare afield;
The sun has neared the western hill,
The shadows slip down sure and still,
But in our meadow wide and wet
There's half an hour of sunshine yet;
Come down, come down!" Who would not yield?

Across the road and through the lane,
Where buttercups grow tall and bright
With daisies washed in last night's rain,—
Beyond the open bars I gain
An angle of the rude rail-fence,
A perfect coign of vantage, whence
Wheat-field and pasture stretch in sight.

The cows, with stumbling tread and slow,
One after one come straggling by,
And many a yellow head falls low,
And many a daisy's scattered snow,
Where the unheeding footsteps pass,
Is crushed and blackened in the grass,
With brier and rue that trampled lie.

Sweet sounds with sweeter blend and strive:
In its white prime of blossoming
Each wayside berry-bush, alive
With myriad bees, hums like a hive;
The frogs are loud in ditch and pool,
And songs unlearned of court or school
June's troubadours all round me sing.

Somewhere beneath the meadow's veil
The peewee's brooding notes begin;
The sparrows chirp from rail to rail;
Above the bickering swallows sail,
Or skim the green half-tasselled wheat
With plaintive cry; and at my feet
A cricket tunes his mandolin.

High-perched, a master-minstrel proud,
The red-winged blackbird pipes and calls,
One moment jubilant and loud,
The next, to sudden silence vowed,
Seeks cover in the marsh below,
Soft winds along the rushes blow,
And like a whisper twilight falls.

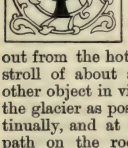
The Frontispiece illustration drawn and engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

MONSIEUR NASSON.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

By Grace H. Peirce.

I.



N the summer of 1817 I made an extraordinary acquaintance in Switzerland. On a certain July day I found myself at Grindelwald, and soon set out from the hotel, intending to take a stroll of about an hour, and with no other object in view than to get as near the glacier as possible. I mounted continually, and at last reached a narrow path on the rock where I was high above the glacier, with a wall of granite on the one hand and a sheer precipice of some hundred feet on the other. I had just made the reflection that a misstep might have serious consequences, when I slipped, grasped at the rock as I fell, and the next instant hung by my hands over the precipice. To raise myself was impossible, the rock sloped inward, and in that most horrible position I remained for a time which was long enough for the suffering of a hundred deaths in anticipation.

At first I called for help, though in despair of anyone hearing me in that lonely place, but soon gave that up and simply clung in an agony, awaiting the terrible moment when I could cling no longer. Already my senses had nearly left me, when I was suddenly brought back to life by hearing a human voice singing, and that not far away. I called once more, then, with all the strength I could muster, and, a moment later, saw —for my head was just on a level with the path, as I held with one hand to a projection in the middle of it and to the edge of the rock with the other—I saw a man rush up, who, as he got to me, threw himself on the path and reaching down seized me below the arms. But now, whether I had held on so long that I could not let go or whether I dared not, he, at any rate, had all the difficulty in the world to induce me to loose my gripe on the rock and put one arm around his neck. At last he lifted me a little by main force; I grasped him then, felt my knee against something, struggled, and the next thing of which I was conscious was of lying at full length on the path while my preserver bent over me and talked solicitously. It is singular how distinctly I can recall the sensations of that moment. I felt as I should suppose an infant must feel when people talk to it. Gradually, however, I began to derive some ideas from what he was saying, and found that he proposed to make me as comfortable as the circumstances permitted and then go in search of help. But while he divested himself of his coat and folded it together to put under my head, I found my voice and began to thank him feebly for his blessed intervention to save me from an awful death. He disclaimed at once any especial credit in the matter, declaring that while he was rejoiced to have been at hand, yet as what he had done had been without risk to himself, there was no occasion to make much of it. With regard to the risk, I was not so sure of there being none when once I had clutched him, and, in any case, I was bound to have my say out.

I have not yet mentioned that my preserver spoke French, and never in my life was I more glad than then of such knowledge as I possess of that language. For certainly it would be more endurable to be silent at a dinner-party or even in a bevy of pretty girls, than to be reduced to dumb-show with a man who has just saved your life. I said, therefore, as best I was able, what I felt on that subject and then begged him not to think of going for help, inasmuch as I had sustained no injury whatever beyond a few scratches and bruises, so that I should presently be able to get back to the hotel with no other aid than his, if I might venture to claim it. In this,

seeing that I was really recovering rapidly, he acquiesced, advising me, however, to lie quietly for some time yet and make no effort to speak.

So I watched him silently as he stood leaning against the rocky wall and looking at the wild scene about us or turning to me with, as I thought in my gratitude, the sweetest smile and the most amiable expression of countenance I had ever beheld.

He was a fine, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, of a stronger build—to my good fortune—than one often sees among his countrymen; very young—I decided at once that he must be two or three years my junior—and with a face which, if not actually handsome, was, by reason of a fresh complexion, dark eyes, and curling brown hair extremely taking and agreeable. I observed further that his clothing was fashionably made and his linen fine and delicate.

Before long I was able to get up and then to walk; so we set off, he a step in advance, I with my hand on his shoulder and keeping as far from the edge as possible lest I should turn giddy. When we were past that ticklish place and stopped awhile for me to rest, I bethought myself that it was time we knew what to call each other, and accordingly took out my card. He followed suit with his, and, smiling at the absurdity of such civilized compliments amid the wilds of nature, but both of us doubtless glad to find out whom we had there, we exchanged. On the card I received was, *M. Henri Nasson.*

After this little interlude we went on steadily, for I was quite recovered. Dwelling, however, all the while, on what I had gone through, I asked him how he happened to be there just in the nick of time. He said there was a fine view of the glacier not far from the scene of my accident, and he had started for that point, having visited it already the day before and been much struck with the grandeur of the spot.

"Indeed!" said I. "Then let us go there together; to-morrow if you like."

I could feel a hesitation in his manner, as if this proposal took him by surprise, but when he said merely that he had arranged to leave Grindelwald the next day, I thought no more of it.

By the time we got back to the hotel the hour for the table-d'hôte was long past, and I asked my companion to give me the honor and pleasure of his company at dinner. That seemed to me the merest matter of course, but again there was a decided hesitancy. I might have taken it ill, only that I conceived his backwardness in accepting was due to a certain reserve, a sort of shyness which I began to notice in him. Altogether, he was not just what I had thought at first; flushed then with the pleasure of having rendered such timely service there was a brightness about him which faded afterward; I was quite surprised to discover in the course of our walk that his expression was naturally grave, almost sad; that made him look older. However, as before said, I was not hurt when he suggested that I might still be feeling the effects of my accident too much to desire his society; I only insisted that his society was precisely what I desired. I would take no denial, and he yielded.

We passed a pleasant evening together, though all I now remember of our conversation is an amiable diversity of opinion as to the merits of Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Duchenois; I thought the latter the better actress, while he was all for Georges. Naturally we were of one mind about Mlle. Mars and Talma. But it is not surprising that I recall so little of what he said, for he was no talker; on the other hand, the most flattering listener I ever met in my life. I can see him now, his dark eyes fixed attentively, his serious face relaxing into a smile in the right places, always ready with whatever sentiment was called for—wonder, indignation, sympathy, or with the question that helps the story on. And this quite simply and unfeignedly, as I have reason to know since.

One thing he did say, however; he told where he was going next, namely, straight to Geneva and thence home to Paris, and upon that there passed a momentary shadow over our harmony. It happened that I also was going to Geneva, for my aunt, who had been taking the waters at Aix-les-bains, had arranged to join me there, with my sister Frances, in order that they might visit Chamouni under my escort, and now, hear-

ing of Nasson's plans, it instantly occurred to me that I should do well to go with him rather than stay a few days longer around Interlaken and Thun, as I had proposed. I was not quite sure, either, just when my aunt meant to reach Geneva, and it was advisable that I should be on hand to receive her; also it would lessen my expenses considerably to take a carriage with Nasson, but my chief reason was for the companionship's sake. There are times enough when one must be alone, and I am for company when I can get it—if it is agreeable, as his had been thus far. So I was now really annoyed to find him once more apparently taken aback by my advances. After all that evening together! After he had shared my bread and salt, so to speak, and when he seemed to find pleasure in my society! I could not understand it, and let him see that I did not. It was my turn to be stiff. But he flushed up then, and was so evidently concerned at my thinking his manner ungracious, that he said something about having been, by force of circumstances, all his life much alone, which made him awkward in responding to friendly advances, and assured me so earnestly that indeed my company would be most welcome and agreeable to him if his were to me, and so on, that I soon relented, and it was settled we should travel together.

When we parted for the night I remember it came over me again, in full force, how I owed it to him that I was to sleep in my bed, and that, instead of lying out there shattered on the rocks, I had a good many years of life before me that, God willing, I meant to make something of. That all came over me, with a warm feeling around the heart, and I suppose if I had been a Frenchman I should have embraced him, but he was not demonstrative, either, and I think he knew what I meant when I held his hands hard, for there was something at the same time in my eyes that I was a little bit ashamed of—though I verily believe there was in his, too—and so we said good-night.

One little incident only of the journey I will recall. There was often a motley company of beggars collected around the inn where we dined or slept, to see the strangers off and scramble for such small cash as they had to distribute. It was a nuisance, at least I thought so, but Nasson really laid in a stock of coins, I believe, for these occasions, and seemed to enjoy the delight of those who got them.

What I started to tell was a pretty kindness of his to one peculiarly wretched old woman. She was so decrepit as to have no chance at all among the swarming children; every time she hobbled to pick up something, one of them got ahead of her, and made off with it. But when Nasson saw that, he was indignant. "For shame!" he cried, "for shame! Have none of you a grandmother? Stand out of the way and let that old woman come up here!" She came, and he slipped his fingers into another pocket, and leaning well forward so that I should not see, dropped something into her hand. She had barely time to look at it and burst into blessings on "his lordship" when we were off, but her shrill voice quavered after us, wishing him "a long life and a happy one!"

I glanced at him just then, and such a grave look on that young face! One would have supposed length of days was a deplorable prospect. Then suddenly it flashed upon me what might be the matter with him. For when a man is young and has plenty of money what on earth should make him look solemn unless the one he loves is wedded to another? That was precisely what I wanted, to explain his pensive airs. And I knew all about it myself, having been through the agony before I was out of my teens, although now I was heartless enough to mingle amusement with my silent sympathy. All the same, I felt not a little interest in his love-affairs, even to reflecting that his affliction, if such he had, might be due to cruel parents rather than a rival; possibly she was not rich enough or grand enough; or perhaps he had aspired too high. Had he been only half as expansive as some of his country-people, I should have known all about it long before the journey's end; but no! he was as mum as to what presumably lay next his heart as the veriest Anglo-Saxon of us all.

The same day that we reached Geneva, my aunt and sister arrived there; and, of course, the first thing to tell them was my adventure, and they were all eagerness to see and thank my new friend. He was not aware that they had come, for, feeling too much fatigued to appear in public, they had been served in the pretty suite of apartments which I had chosen for them, so that after dinner I was able to take him to their room as if it had been mine and introduce him to the ladies before he knew where he was. It was a necessary ruse, for he was so shy that he might not have gone at all had I explained beforehand.

His confusion was extreme, but he made a good impression in spite of that; indeed his blushes were becoming. Meanwhile, my aunt, long accustomed to French society, expressed very elegantly her sense of obligation to him as the preserver of my life, and Fanny was not behindhand with her tribute, he protesting as usual that it was nothing, but still looking pleased and happy, as well he might. And when that was all over, I was quite surprised to see how they drew him out and discovered gifts and graces in him which had remained unknown to me. He could sing, for instance, and he could sketch. Frances of course did both, just released from school as she was and expecting to be launched in society in Paris the next winter, under my aunt's protection. Fanny sang first to the piano, but when Nasson modestly said that he could only accompany himself on the guitar, the ladies were charmed with the idea of hearing him sing to that instrument, and insisted that he must fetch it, which he finally did and gave us some old French *chansons*. They were the only things he knew, he said. And he probably sang them well, for my aunt and sister were much pleased with the performance.

There was now nothing more said about an immediate return to Paris; that idea appeared to be abandoned, and for the next two or three days Nasson walked with us, drove with us, and sat with us quite as a matter of course, and sketched with Fanny from the balcony or at the places of interest which we visited.

I was rather surprised therefore when my aunt asked me one day abruptly and, I thought, even a little severely:

"Robert, who *is* this Monsieur Nasson?"

"Why, aunt," I began, "he is a man who saved my——"

"Yes," said she, "and very much obliged to him we all are, but who is he? What are his connections? Where does he live? Who are his parents?"

And at that I could only look blank. Being something of a talker myself, I dare say I had given him a pretty good account of my life—past, present, and even future, so far as I could forecast it, in that I was to follow the law, as my father and grandfather had done before me, but that he had told me anything I really could not remember. No, certainly he had never said a word about what *he* meant to do—leaving his father and grandfather quite out of the question. Upon a little reflection, however, I thought he must expect to be a gentleman of leisure, for the few remarks of his that I could recall which bore in any way upon himself went to prove that he had considerable spare time on his hands. With regard to music and drawing, for instance, he declared that he had no pretensions to excel, but having received some instruction in those accomplishments as a child, had kept them up merely to pass the time. And again, a fancy of his which he mentioned for taking long walks in Paris and finding out old streets and curious landmarks, he had pronounced to be another excellent way of passing time. Also, he had read a good deal, not very profitably, as he said, but for the same cogent reason—*pour passer le temps*.

That was all I could tell my aunt, and she did not appear very well satisfied. The cause for her disquietude was naturally not far to seek, but it seemed to me ridiculous. Little Fanny! And if *I* understood anything of such matters, there was no sign of danger. While my aunt and I wrote letters at the centre-table and they two, on the balcony, were sketching a view of the lake—the boats with their graceful lateen sails and the Jura in the distance—it was just as quiet outside as in. And when the works of art were finished, and Fanny's left some-

thing to be desired, he would point out her errors as seriously as any old drawing-master; she looking down on her paper and making little idle flourishes with her pencil, and he—looking at her, to be sure. But what of that? Who would not look at a pretty young girl?

In the hope of easing my aunt's mind a little, I imparted to her my suspicions that Nasson had had a disappointment, but she only replied dryly that she observed no indications of that, and I could see that she grew more and more dissatisfied with the existing state of things; she never was content when they were on the balcony until she had discovered that it was damp and Fanny must come in. Then she, herself, would take the chief part in the conversation with Nasson, and I used to admire the cleverness with which she led up to this or that opportunity for his giving some account of himself. But he never did. He simply listened to her accounts with just that charmingly interested manner which I have already described.

However, in spite of his reserve, we were destined to get a glimpse of one of his ancestors; which happened on this wise: He had brought his portfolio, at Fanny's request, to show his entire collection of drawings, and in the course of turning them over there was discovered among them a picture in pastel of a child. Nasson uttered a slight exclamation at the sight of it, and murmured that he had not known it was there. It was really a remarkably pretty thing and very well done, a little boy in a brilliant old-time costume of black and scarlet, while for a background there was an indication of wainscoting and portraits on the walls which gave the impression of a fine room in an antique mansion.

"This looks as if it might be a family portrait," remarked Fanny.

"It is," he said briefly, and then added, after a moment, "it is from a picture of my great-grandfather at the age of seven. I found it a good subject to copy."

So there was something we knew of him, at last! He had a great-grandfather. And I passed that little gentleman over to my aunt, feeling that he could hardly fail to produce an agreeable impression upon her. As I held the picture in my hand, however, and looked at it closely, I happened to notice that two or three words had been written under it and erased. She also noticed that and said to me afterward:

"One does not like to be suspicious, but it is very easy to claim a great-grandfather in pastel. That looked to me as if it had had a title written and carefully rubbed out."

I refused with some warmth to think so ill of him, and declared that there was nothing about him which suggested an adventurer. She admitted that he was not exactly her idea of an adventurer, but added that as she had not often been in a position to meet such gentry, she of course could not judge.

I felt the reproach in that, and she presently continued:

"Besides, my dear Robert, your Monsieur Nasson has really very peculiar ways. I cannot at this moment instance anything in particular, and you men never observe such things; but I assure you, he does not make the impression on me of having been used to such society as ours. Not that he is not courteous, for he is—very, but in a fashion of his own, not like other people."

"Ah well," I said, "I could explain that, for he had spoken himself once of having lived much alone."

"But why?" inquired my aunt. And that, to be sure, I did not know.

I fancied I saw what she meant, though, by his "ways." He had not perhaps the very latest fashion in saying and doing certain little things; it was possible that he did not enter and leave a room in just the style affected by the exquisites of the diplomatic circle in Paris. But if he was courteous, was not that enough? For my part, I was glad that, as my aunt said, we men did not notice such trifles.

Since he was "my" Monsieur Nasson, however, it plainly behooved me to take care of him, and this I resolved to do. Our departure for Chamouni was fixed for the day after the next, and I thought it would be a pity if, during the short interval, I could not keep him out of the way, and by means of all possible friendliness on my own part conceal from him the fact that he was not precisely a *persona grata* to my aunt.

And still, what she had said did make a certain impression on me. I found myself thinking afterward how very reticent he had indeed been, and that it *was* singular I should not have the slightest idea even of where he lived in Paris. But it appeared as if he must soon reveal as much as that, for knowing that I should be in Paris before I went home, he could hardly fail to say that he hoped to see me, which would necessitate his giving some address. As for my aunt, it was plain that she intended to pass no compliments, and I wondered how she would get over the leave-taking without asking him to call. But that she would be equal to the occasion I had no manner of doubt; it was I who did not expect to be equal to it, picturing to myself beforehand poor Nasson's mortification.

Altogether, I felt quite guilty when I went to his room to ask him to take a stroll with me, and rather relieved that he should be out, probably taking a stroll by himself—*pour passer le temps*. It must have been rather a long one, for he did not appear at all until the close of the day, when he presented himself in the dining-room looking very low-spirited.

I had registered a vow that if the town of Geneva afforded any public entertainment that evening, of no matter what description, I would carry him off to it, and as soon as we rose from the table I went to consult with our host on the subject, and then to my aunt's room to inform her that she was not to have the delight of our society. It was all in vain! Not only Nasson had stolen a march on me and was established there—as he certainly had a right to be, when I had taken him with me so often—but Mr. and Mrs. C—— L——, who had but just heard of our being in Geneva, had come with their two daughters to call, and going out was no longer to be thought of.

Poor Nasson was much out of place among us all, talking eagerly as we were of home and things and people unknown to him, though to be sure, as we spoke English, which he did not understand, the subject of our conversation was neither here nor there so far as he was concerned. I really quite forgot him until I heard Fanny trying to make him talk, and noticed Miss Caroline L—— turning her bright eyes in that direction. Quick-witted and good-natured as she is, she soon saw what was the matter, and declared that we younger members of the company must have a game; that would bring us all together, she said.

So we were presently seated around the table, and she indoctrinating us into the mysteries of *Lyrics*, as she called it. Each person wrote a word on a slip of paper, then doubled it out of sight, and changing the order of the letters that composed it, wrote them at the head of the slip; upon that the papers were shuffled; each player drew one and made of the letters some word or words which must be incorporated in a rhyme. If you could guess the original word it was so much the better, but anything that made sense, or, more properly speaking, nonsense, would answer.

Here, also, there was the difficulty of two languages, which we had heedlessly taken no account of at first, but it was finally pronounced that Fanny, just out of a French boarding-school, and I with my "known proficiency" ought to be able to support the French end of the table with M. Nasson, who, the L——'s declared, would lose nothing by not understanding their English rhymes, while they could perfectly appreciate the French poems which we should be sure to produce.

So we played one round pretty successfully, except that the person for whom all this had been set on foot took it as seriously as if he had never "assisted" at a game before in his life, and seemed bewildered by the laughter and *badinage* that went to and fro. Even when Miss Caroline L—— addressed him in her English-French, which from her lips sounded so excessively pretty, he answered in monosyllables and looked no more animated than a tombstone. It was only when Fanny spoke, whether in French or English, to him or to anyone else, that his interest was aroused. I could not help seeing this, and it was from some rather serious reflections on the subject that I suddenly woke to find everyone waiting for me to write my word for the second round. And I

could think of nothing at all! My mind seemed absolutely vacant. The situation was fast becoming ridiculous, and they all laughing, so in desperation I hastily scribbled *Nasson*. The next instant I could have found fifty words instead, and would have given a good deal to get my slip back again, but it was too late. I knew what a mistake it was to introduce a chance for personalities, and presently, as ill-luck would have it, I recognized, from the manner of its folding, my paper in Fanny's hands. Instead of seeing at once, however, what the two *n*'s, two *s*'s, an *a* and an *o* stood for, I found to my surprise that she had made something else out of it, for I heard her say to Nasson, in a low voice :

"*Aidez-moi, monsieur!* Who was Sanson? I connect him disagreeably with your Revolution, but I can't remember what he did."

He looked at her and was so slow in answering that it was I who said :

"He chopped heads off."

"Oh, yes, the executioner!" She reflected a few moments and then began to write. I was a good deal relieved, thinking no harm could come of that, at all events, and when it was her turn she read,

> "Il y a du bourreau, O Sanson,
> Jusqu'en ton nom;
> Car il s'y trouve vraiment
> Un son de sang."

Then turning the paper, she exclaimed, with an air of disappointment :

"Why, I thought, of course, I had guessed it! It is *your* name, monsieur."

I was just preparing to criticise her poetical effort and ask what sort of a *sound* she conceived blood to have, when Nasson suddenly pushed back his chair with more noise than was at all customary to his movements, started up, and rushed rather than walked out of the room, leaving amazement and consternation behind him.

Everybody began to exclaim, What could be the matter! and then to declare that he had been taken very ill—that he had looked terribly pale—that he was faint.

Fanny spoke last and, I thought, was probably right when she said she feared it was her rhyme that had been taken ill, that it was very thoughtless in her, and she ought to have known it might be a painful subject, for he had perhaps lost all his family and friends in that dreadful time.

There seemed a sort of light to dawn on me with that—it would explain so much—and even my aunt, who at first had kept very cool and worn an expression which I interpreted to mean that any kind of disturbance might be expected from "my" M. Nasson, looked now a little interested.

But if this conjecture was correct and he was not ill, there seemed to be no necessity for hurrying after him immediately. The excitement had broken up our party, the L——'s began to take leave, and I offered myself as a supplementary escort to the young ladies, and was accepted. It was just as well to give Nasson an opportunity to compose himself before I went to express our regrets that so unfortunate a topic should have been touched upon.

It was some little time, therefore, before I stopped at his room on the way to my own. I knocked very gently, on the just possible chance that he *was* ill and had gone to bed; then, as I seemed to hear "*Entrez!*" I opened the door. But I was mistaken, the room was dark, or rather there was only the moonlight that fell across the floor and showed the bed untenanted, and pieces of furniture looming up dimly around the walls; it was a large chamber and, at first, I did not see Nasson at the further end of it, kneeling at a window, with his head on his arms and the moonlight streaming over him.

I went out and closed the door softly, feeling shocked at my intrusion.

I kept thinking of him while I lay awake. He was too young to have known anything himself of the Revolution, but it might easily have altered the whole course of his life and left him alone in the world. I don't know why, seeing that the victims of that insane fury were of every class, it should just then suddenly have came into my head that perhaps he was not what he appeared to be. I remembered that pretty little great-grandfather with his lordly posture and picturesque costume, and it occurred to me that if my aunt thought

Nasson unused to such society as ours, there might be more ways than one of accounting for that. What if he had never found himself before in circumstances so lowly? What if his odd, simple name covered a distinguished *incognito?* What if he were—— But that thought never took any actual shape in my mind. I suppose I was asleep the next moment.

II.

I AM an early riser and often take a walk before breakfast, so the following morning I was up while the house was yet quiet, except for some preparations for departure—persons moving cautiously about and the porter carrying luggage down-stairs. Later, the French *diligence* came jingling along and stopped before the hotel to pick up a passenger, as it often did. I was dressed by that time and went to the window, but all I saw was our host making his bow on the sidewalk, and the coach rattled off again. He and a number of the servants were still standing about when I went down-stairs, the latter with the satisfied air of those who have just received ample proof that their services are appreciated; but our host advanced to meet me with an expression of condolence on his countenance.

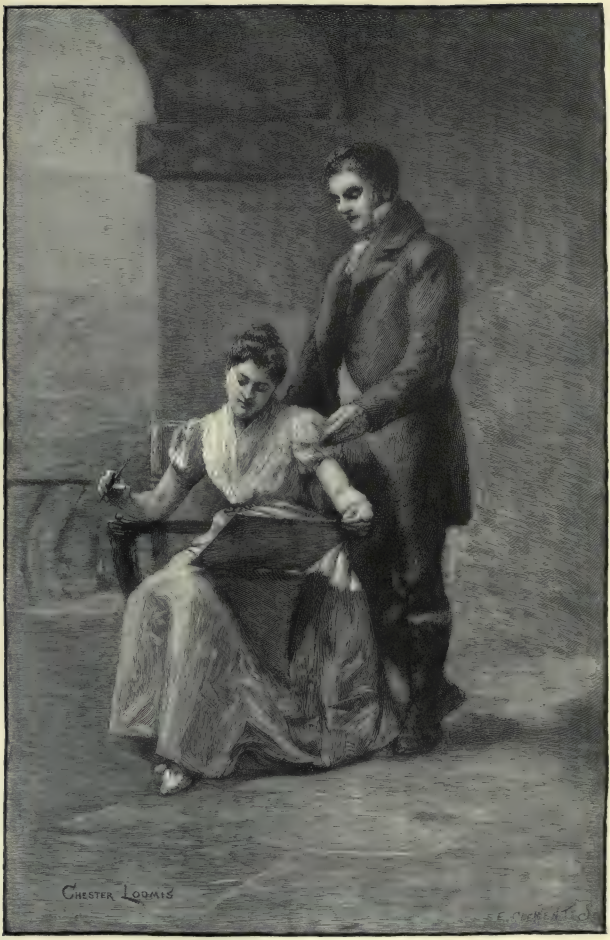
"Ah, monsieur, if you had come but a few moments sooner! Your friend is gone! He received news last night which must have called him immediately to Paris, and he asked me to give you this," handing me a letter he held. "I told him you were often up early and offered to send to your room, but he would not have you disturbed."

I took my letter and walked away with it toward the lake-shore, where I generally went of a morning. I was in no haste to open it. It was sealed with a coat-of-arms, which confirmed my suspicions that he was something other than he appeared, and my first feeling was that the termination of the masquerade was not precisely flattering to me. For it amounted to this: So long as he could pass himself off as Nasson, I was good enough for him, but in his proper person, the acquaintance would apparently be troublesome, wherefore he took French leave and our pretty little friendship was over.

Nevertheless, curiosity soon got the upper hand—it was a good thick letter, he had told the whole story now, at all events—and coming to a bench beside the lake, I sat down, broke the broad seal and proceeded to read, in indescribable bewilderment, what follows.

"MONSIEUR: What shall I say? My conduct of this evening will have explained itself, you know all, and I am only too well aware that you will consider excuses impossible. Yet I cannot help but write, not to defend the tacit deception I have practised, but at least to show how strong the temptation was to which I yielded. And I even believe if you could know how little I have gained by my stolen pleasure, how inexpressibly bitter the ending of it is, you would hardly grudge it to me. Those lines—all the more cruel that the intention was so innocent! And then, when my guilty looks betrayed me, the sudden, terrible suspicion, the change on every face as I glanced around—these are things, monsieur, which will be with me to my dying day.

"But first of all, lest you should think me more culpable even than I am, and suppose me pretending to an ease of circumstances impossible for a family so situated as mine, let me say that my father has a sufficient private fortune to enable him to give his only son any advantage which it is possible for him to enjoy. In this I am no cheat, I have a right to travel on the footing you have seen me assume. Indeed, had it been my intention to deceive and give myself importance, I might have taken quite another name. It is a well authenticated tradition in our family that the first of our race to devote himself to the office which has since descended among us from father to son was a nobleman of the name of De Longval, whose coat-of-arms we still possess. I will not trouble you with the story of how he fell from his estate to the position his descendants have since occupied; my only reason for mentioning this fact with regard to my origin is in order to show that if I had wished to play a part, I might have been to a certain extent justified



"They two on the balcony sketching a view of the lake."—Page 688.

in assuming a title, even though the only one my father can now claim is that of *Monsieur de Paris.*"

"Gracious powers!" I exclaimed to myself aloud, and the letter sank in my hand. For until I saw it in black and white I had not been able to believe it, I had hoped there was some mistake. And then it came to me in a sudden flash of recollection that I had seen his father!

It was only a few months before that I was riding out to St. Denis with a young nobleman who, including me in his admiration for everything American, had undertaken to show me the sights of Paris and the environs. It was the first spring day of the season, one of those lovely mornings full of promise, when the sky is blue and the air soft and everything is fresh, after a long rain.

In a narrow street of the Faubourg St. Denis we came upon a little crowd collected near one of the rather imposing houses that are found in all the older parts of Paris, imposing because very little is seen of the house itself; it stands back from the street in aristocratic seclusion, with a courtyard in front and a glimpse of garden behind—perhaps some blossoming trees looking over a wall; so it was in this instance as I glanced in at the open gate. My companion uttered an impatient exclamation, touched up his horse and sprang ahead, while I, on the contrary, with the curiosity of a stranger, reined in a little to see what was coming.

Directly, there rolled out of the courtyard a large, old-fashioned coach, in which sat a man bolt upright in the middle of the back seat, with his arms folded and looking straight before him with a singularly impassive expression of countenance. On the opposite seat were two other men, evidently satellites of this dignitary. As the coach turned into the street, the rough-looking assemblage of men, women, and children parted to let it through, while a peculiar sound passed, as it were from lip to lip, like a prolonged *ah!* It was plainly not an expression of good-will.

When I rejoined my companion, he looked half-annoyed and half-amused at my delay.

"That was the *executioner!*" he exclaimed with an emphasis of contempt. "I called to you to come on, but you did not hear. He is going to the Conciergerie for some poor wretch."

And then he added that that man's father had beheaded Louis XVI., and that his ancestors had done the hanging and burning and torturing and breaking on the wheel in Paris and the surrounding district for years and years back, until the family of Sanson had become a species of aristocrats among hangmen. Once involved in the infamy, they had clung to it, so that when one of them died leaving a son only seven years old, the mother solicited his father's place and emoluments for him and had her prayer granted, and though the child could not perform the functions of his office, executions were legalized by his presence on the scaffold. In those bygone days the dishonor was, at all events, well paid.

The executioner lived in a certain style, and even practised the amusements of a gentleman in his leisure hours. For there was a story of his hunting one day and seeking shelter from a storm, at a château where he was taken for a man of quality and invited to sit down to supper with the host and his friends. He, nothing loath after a long day's hunting, shook the rain from his feathered hat and went bravely in to the feast, and it was, "A *couvert* for monsieur!" and they filled his glass. But in the end somebody recognized him, and then they shattered at his feet the glass he had drunk from, and he fled from their scorn out again into the night and storm.

All this came back to me as I sat there holding the letter. The executioner did not hunt any more nor swagger about in a plumed hat, but his son might employ his elegant leisure in playing the guitar and singing songs and sitting on the balcony *with my sister!* When I thought of that I was ready to tear the letter to bits and toss it into the lake. For the fellow had deceived me vilely! Did he think, perhaps, that Americans would take up with a man whom the very ragamuffins of Paris scorned? He had talked more than once about "the beauty of republican simplicity." But

republicans were not quite so simple as that! So I worked myself into a rage, until I remembered that the tone of the letter was not that of impudent confidence. Then I picked it up again and went on.

If he had wished to play a part, he might have called himself a nobleman. Then the letter continued:

"But I had no such thought. My only idea was to mingle, for once, freely with my fellow-creatures. And I believed it could do them no wrong. For wherein were they injured to exchange a few chance words with me, if they did not know and could never know that it was the executioner's son? Alas! I may say, too, wherein was I benefited? I found I had lived too long in a world of my own to be able to meet other people in theirs.

"But with *you* the case was different. First, no doubt, it was the happy part assigned to me in your accident which put me at ease. And then, you were so grateful, you thanked me so warmly, you looked at me with such interest; I knew you *liked* me—and I had never had a friend! But also I began to feel now, for the first time, that I was practising deceit. I seemed to see that here I *was* doing a wrong. For I said to myself: 'If he knew who you were, would he ask you to his table? Would he claim your company? Would he choose out the executioner's son to give him his confidence, to tell him his joys and hopes, his memories and prospects, —his whole happy life?' It was a temptation of which you, who have troops of friends, will hardly be able to form an idea, but I struggled against it. I think, if you recall the circumstances, you must do me the justice to admit that it was you who kept me when I would have gone. And I was weak and yielded. I yielded time and again when I fought the battle over with myself. I said always, 'Just one day more, only one.' And so the end came. It was just one day too many. But for that, I might have carried home with me memories which, in spite of all the pain they must have had, would yet have made a bright place in my life for ever after. And would you really have been the worse? In all I have said I have been looking at the matter as from your—from the world's point of view. I know the estimation we are held in, and I accept it as a fact, but that is not to say I acquiesce in it. Far from that, I consider it a burning wrong. For if the office of executioner is a necessary one, if he is a functionary of the state, the state should see to it, for its own honor, that the office is not reputed vile.

"But I waste words in demonstrating this; I am persuaded that neither you nor anyone who thinks logically would defend an opinion which makes the man who pronounces a capital sentence entitled to especial honor, and the man who executes it the basest of the base. I know, however, that argument is powerless against prejudice, and therefore I accept the popular estimation of my position as a fact, at the same time that I reject it as an injustice. I confess willingly to as much pride as that, or rather—I mistake my word—to as much self-respect. Even the executioner's son may have *that*—nay, he must have it or he would be lost.

"I would write no more but that I think I hear you ask: Why, then, expose yourself to the injustice? Why remain in a position against which such an invincible prejudice prevails? Let me try to tell you why.

"In doing so I must go back to a time when I had yet no idea who I was. Up to my twelfth year I received instruction from a good old abbé, who thought no shame of teaching the executioner's child. I lived in absolute seclusion; our house having a garden attached to it, I never went into the street except when my mother took me with her to church or, more rarely, for a walk. But on these occasions I saw neglected, ragged children and beggars, to whom my mother allowed me to give alms, and at that time I lived in the belief that I was one of the fortunate of the earth. Surrounded by every comfort and, above all, by the tenderest affection, what could a child want besides? But when the good old man who had charge of my education died, my father, knowing no one who would take his place, formed the hazardous project of sending me to school. There was an excellent institu-



"It was a rude sketch of two upright beams with a great knife between them."

tion in our quarter, the principal of which was an enlightened, kind-hearted man, who made no objection to receiving me. Of course, both he and my father hoped that my identity would remain unknown, and this seemed possible since the school was at some little distance from our house, and the children who attended it were unlikely to have any thought of the executioner or to be acquainted with his name.

"I went to school, then, and was supremely happy. For I must take back what I said just now—that until I saw you, I had never known what friendship was. Perhaps if I had not walked arm-in-arm with a boy friend, I should not have known how to feel it when you pressed my hand or leaned upon my shoulder. It would have been too late—as would to God it had been.

"The boy who became my inseparable companion lived in the next street to ours and I used to call for him daily and leave him at his door when we returned from school. Once, however, when we had been dismissed earlier than usual, I invited him to go home with me. I had told my mother of him and she had asked if he was a good boy; I wanted her to see what a nice boy he was. I was very proud of my friend. Judge of my dismay, therefore, when he was received with the greatest coldness. I supposed my parents were ill-pleased that I had brought him, especially as, when dinner was put on the table they did not even ask him to sit down. Poor X—— went away surprised at the reception he had met with and leaving me intensely mortified by it.

"The meal that followed was so silent and constrained that I could remember nothing like it since my grandfather died, and I fell to fancying some one must be dead; perhaps the old man who had been a contemporary of my grandfather and who still came sometimes—our only visitor—to pass an evening with my parents. I have thought since that there really was some one dead, and that was a little happy boy, though he did not yet suspect it.

"After dinner my mother took me aside and told me it was not best to bring my friends home, that grandmother was old and did not like strange faces about her or company at the table. That was explanation enough for me, and I went to school next day prepared to tell X. how it happened that he had not been more kindly treated. But he would not speak to me or even look at me, and moreover the other boys were evidently bent on avoiding me. Pride came then to my assistance; if X. would not speak, neither would I. I endured this state of things for a day or two, but my heart was very sore all the while at my friend's unkindness, and at the more and more openly displayed intention of the boys to slight me, and at last, when I could bear it no longer, I went to X. in recreation-time, made my poor little excuse for my family's inhospitable behavior and told him I was sorry. Still he did not speak! I implored him to say if I had done anything to offend him. He only turned his head away and began to draw on a bit of paper. I grew angry and declared that he *should* speak. He simply finished his drawing and put it in my hand without a word.

"It was a rude sketch of two upright beams with a great knife between them and a man bound to a plank. Underneath was written: *Tuus pater carnifex.*

"I had never seen the guillotine, but I was long past *carnifex* in my Latin and I understood a look of contempt on a childish face. With the paper in my hand I ran through the streets, straight home, never stopping till I sank down at my mother's feet in such a passion of tears and sobs as brought the whole house in alarm. I gave her the crumpled sketch, she smoothed it on her knee and I remember yet her startled look; then she, too, was in tears, heart-broken with compassion.

"When I grew calmer, my father requested my mother and grandmother to leave me to him, and he told me everything—who we were and how people regarded us. But he said there must be an executioner and our family had furnished that officer of the state since 1688; we must think of that, and do our duty, and let people behave to us as they would. And then he said that as he had stood by *his* father, so he hoped that I should stand by him.

"I promised. Little I knew what I was

promising, but my childish vanity was flattered to find myself of such importance and my father talking to me as if I were a man. And who knows? perhaps I felt a pride that our family had furnished that officer of state for so many years! But chiefly, I promised because it was my father, the man whom I loved best and the man who loved me best, who set the case before me, and those are reasons that hold good when one has come to think differently about all the rest.

"So my fate was fixed. I never went back to school. The teacher informed my father that he had talked seriously with the boys and believed I should have no further trouble; but when it was left to me to decide, I instinctively knew that it could not be the same to go back on sufferance and as an object of compassion. Pride and defiance were astir in me, and I continued my education on a plan of my own, in my father's library, amongst novels and travels and whatever else I was able to devour. I was not miserable; yet I had had a taste of something that I often missed and never could enjoy again; and now, when I went out with my mother, I used to think if people knew who she was they would not be so courteous to her.—Everything was changed. It was a turning-point in my life. The happy child that I had been was dead.

"But in all this I am not blaming my father. He was right when he said that in Paris or in France the only position open to me was his. For if, in spite of every difficulty, he had bred me to the law, would anyone have intrusted his case to the executioner's son? The Parisians would have made a *bon mot* on my pretensions; they would have said, if the son did not succeed with his client, the father would, no doubt—it was all in the family. And that would have been the end of my career. Such a plan could only have been carried out if my parents had had me brought up far from them and under another name. And it is not for me to wonder that they could not do that with their only child. One other chance, indeed, might be open to us all; with such private means as we possess, and glad as I should be to do my part toward increasing our resources, if this were necessary, we might make ourselves a place in a new country; but my father is too fixed in his habits and has too little energy for that. The mere thought of it disturbs the repose and equanimity he has cultivated. For he, too, had his season of revolt, as he has told me.—Perhaps I shall have mine of resignation or indifference!

"At all events, while my father and mother are left to me, my place is with them. It would be sad, indeed, if, when everyone turns from us, we were not united among ourselves; if, at least, so far as love and duty go, the executioner's family were not like any other.

"I have written an immeasurably long letter and have no right to expect that you will find in it any excuse for the advantage I have taken of your amiable character and kindly disposition. All I dare to hope is that some little lingering of the friendly sentiments you professed for the man you thought I was, will have enabled you to read it with patience and then—since our ways have parted and we shall never meet again—will help you to forget, without rancor, HENRI SANSON."

I gave this letter to my aunt to read, saying only that it contained something which would shock her. I don't doubt there were things in it that touched her, too, as they had me, in spite of the fact that when she gave it back her chief preoccupation seemed to be as to my intentions. She did not reproach me, the *dénouement* was altogether too terrible for that, but she thought the letter needed no reply and that he expected none. And she earnestly begged me to observe that this was a case for the utmost discretion. For her own part, she must say, she had not come abroad to associate with the hangman, but that was of little consequence; it was my sister who was to be considered. If this story became known she could not be responsible for Fanny's success in society. It was quite true that the Parisians delighted in *bons mots*, the more malicious the better; and anything ridiculous would be fatal! Besides which, I must be aware that in this adventure there was far more than the ridiculous for us; she was sure I felt all

the unseemliness in my sister's having been brought, even by chance, into contact with such a personage.

And she was right; I did feel it. Nevertheless, the letter gave me no peace till I sat down and tried to answer it. And that was as difficult a composition as I ever attempted. I could not tell him that his "tacit deception" was of no consequence, and thus imply that he was a fitting acquaintance for Fanny. Besides, there was a complication there —on his part—which it was impossible to think of without indignation. And what was the use of writing if it was only to agree with him that his conduct had been unpardonable? One thing I was thankful for—he had not attempted even to mention the ladies. Indeed, I could not help thinking that in that world of his own which he lived in, he was a man *comme il faut*. Ah, if the matter had been only between him and me, there would have been no difficulty. I could even fancy myself, in that case, going under cover of night to make a mysterious visit at the house of the executioner of Paris!

As it was, I wrote; and trust I wrote in such a way as to give him no pain. All I said was that while he had anticipated some of the sentiments that his letter might call forth, there was one of which he had seemed to feel some doubt, it was the only one of which I cared to assure him. I begged him to believe that he had my heartfelt sympathy, and that though, as he said, our ways had parted, yet I should never forget what I owed him and if, at any future time, I could do him a service, not in return for his to me but as from one man to another, he would find me ready.

How Fanny might be affected by all this, I did not know until she asked me, the first time we were alone together, if I had answered "that unfortunate man's" letter. "Why, what was there in it to answer?" I said, just to try her. "You might, at least, tell him you are sorry for him!" she exclaimed, indignantly. And then I was glad to say I had told him just that, and still more glad to perceive that she spoke without the least embarrassment. He was simply *that unfortunate man*, for her.

But she was anxious to respect him in his misfortune and inquired further whether I thought that picture we had seen was really of one of his ancestors. Whereupon I related the story of the little executioner, for I have no doubt that was he. His fond mother probably wanted her young headsman painted in his official dress! And I can even imagine how poor Nasson—for so I still call him—might have written under his copy, in a moment of bitterness, *Le petit Bourreau*, and then effaced it afterward with a sort of pity for the pretty child. If we had had our wits about us though, we must have reflected that that was no Louis XV. or Louis XIV. costume, such as his great-grandfather might have worn, but a survival from an earlier period—the slashed doublet, the long, red hose, and pointed shoes.

Fanny has had a great success in Paris this past winter, and has been *la jolie Americaine* everywhere. No one of the thousand possible chances has ever brought him before her eyes again. In writing to me they have never mentioned him, and I have been discretion itself. Only now, just lately, the first allusion there has ever been to his existence fluttered out of a letter from my aunt to me. It was a little slip cut from a newspaper and enclosed, without a word of comment, a brief notice of an execution which had taken place in Paris. The concluding paragraph was as follows:

> "A notable feature of the occasion was that Monsieur de Paris, prevented by illness from performing his office, was represented by his son and associate, a young man of apparently not much over twenty years of age, who was observed to be as pale as the patient and considerably more agitated."

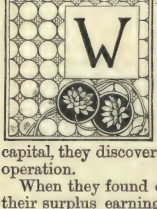
That was the last—an unlooked-for ending to my strange acquaintance. Will the finer or the coarser part of him prevail?

As memory pictures him through all the various circumstances of our intercourse, down to the last time I saw him —kneeling there in the moonlight—I hope the best.

It is true, he may not be in the least a devout man; that was perhaps only a chance posture of his despair. But I like to think otherwise, and to believe that for his probably long and certainly lonely life, he has already begun to seek the consolations of religion.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

By W. A. Linn.



HEN men of small means found out that a business enterprise which no one of them could conduct alone was possible for them by uniting their labor and their capital, they discovered the secret of co-operation.

When they found out that by uniting their surplus earnings they could provide themselves with homes of their own, instead of remaining subject to the demands of landlords, they put co-operation to one of its most beneficent uses.

This kind of co-operation is most popularly known under the name of Building and Loan Associations; but the official title differs in different places. In England the common designation is "Building Societies." Those formed under the New York statute of 1887 must be called "Co-operative Savings and Loan Associations." In Massachusetts they were first styled "Co-operative Saving Fund and Loan Associations," a title which was changed by a later act to "Co-operative Banks." But, whatever their title, the object and general plan of operation are the same.

Exactly how long ago this kind of co-operation was devised is uncertain. But if we discard as unverified the statement that the essential principle of our modern Building and Loan Association system was known and employed during the Greek republic and among the Anglo-Saxons in England, we can still find for it a verified origin ancient enough to prove that it is no novel scheme of a speculative age.

H. F. A. Davis, a very intelligent writer on the subject, gives Birmingham, England, as the place, and the year 1781 as the date, of the first known association formed for the object of assisting its members to build or purchase houses. In the earliest association described, each member paid in 10s. 6d., on each share of stock he held, every month. A subscriber for three shares was entitled to have "one or more houses built for him of the value of 200 guineas;" a subscriber for two shares, one or more houses of the value of £140; and a subscriber for one share, "a single house, value £70." By 1795 "Building Clubs" had become common in Birmingham. The rules or by-laws of the "Greenwich Union Building Society" have come down to us from those early days; and it is curious to note how closely they resemble the by-laws of the best-planned associations in this country to-day. A notable difference is, however, that the membership was limited to fifty. The legality of such organizations under the common law seems first to have been called in question in some proceedings in which this last-named society was a party. And, the suit having terminated in its favor, we are told that "similar societies were formed in other parts of the country, Scotland, Lancashire, and South Wales being the districts where they were most popular." The Earl of Selkirk, a philanthropic man of wealth, was instrumental in establishing a society at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, in 1815. The system must have proved a steady success, for the number of societies or associations has kept on increasing throughout Great Britain, reaching 2,050 by the year 1851, with an annual income of £4,000,000; and returns made to Parliament show that, in July, 1888, the societies numbered 2,404, with assets of £54,200,620 and a membership of over six hundred thousand.

Edmund Wrigley, a leading American writer on the subject, fixes the date of the introduction of the Building and Loan Association system in this country at about the year 1840. Philadelphia seems to have seized most readily on the idea; but associations were also formed not only in other Northern cities, but in Charleston, Savannah, and other cities in the South and West. At first they

were organized without the assistance of special statutes regarding them; their managers, for instance, being trustees appointed by deed. But as experience gave wisdom, the aid of the Legislatures was sought; and now in almost, if not quite, every State where interest in the matter has been excited, there are laws governing the organization and management of such corporations. As this legislation generally has not yet reached a state of perfection which requires exact statistical returns, as in the case of bank legislation, the number of these organizations in this country, their membership, and their assets, cannot be given precisely. The following figures are, however, taken from the latest attainable sources.

In New England the number of associations is between 90 and 100. Of these there are 66 in Massachusetts, 15 in Maine, 4 in New Hampshire, 3 in Rhode Island, and 6 or 7 in Connecticut. The assets of the "Co-operative Banks" of Massachusetts on October 1, 1888, were $5,505,072.19, a gain of $1,293,-123.33 during the year. The open accounts numbered 983,202. The assets of the Maine associations at the close of the last fiscal year were $187,967.77, a gain in one year of $92,556.58. The shareholders numbered 972. The New York statistics are very inadequate, as only 24 associations filed reports with the State Banking Department in 1888. Judge Seymour Dexter estimated the number last September at 275, and many have been organized since. The report of the New Jersey Labor Bureau for 1886 estimated the total number of associations in that State at 170. The complete returns sent in by 156 of these showed 37,730 shareholders, holding an average of 5½ shares each, with net assets of $9,349,517.46. The number of associations in Pennsylvania is estimated at 900, one-half of which are in Philadelphia. Their shares are estimated to number 1,000,000, with a cash value of $60,000,000. Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in his report to the Social Science Association last September, estimated the number of associations in the old slave-States, outside of Delaware and Maryland, which support a good many, at 250. The first association in Ohio was organized in 1867, and now their number in that State is estimated at over 600. In Illinois, where the first association was organized in 1849, there are more than 450, which lend some $36,000,000 a year to their members. In Minnesota —and especially in St. Paul, where the system dates back to 1869—the associations have proved wonderfully successful. They now number about 125, with an estimated investment of $18,000,000. It is stated that "from eight to ten thousand homes in St. Paul have been in whole or in part secured to their owners with money advanced by the building societies." Michigan supports about 50 associations; California in 1887 had 11, with assets of $2,595,488, and they have found a lodgement as far west as Oregon.

Taking Mr. Sanborn's calculation, there are now from 3,000 to 5,000 of these co-operative organizations in the United States, with a constant investment of $300,000,000; while the accumulation under this plan of saving during the last forty years has amounted to from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000. It is not surprising that the savings banks look on this system as a formidable rival to their own. Mr. Sanborn, estimating the investment in the Minnesota associations at $18,000,000, says: "The deposits in Minnesota savings banks hardly exceed $2,000,000; and the rapid growth of these associations has certainly checked the growth of savings banks there, as it has in Rochester, N. Y., in Buffalo, in Pittsburg, and in every State west of the Alleghanies." A decrease of $893,703 in the deposits of the New York City savings banks in 1888 as compared with 1887, and of $346,322 in those of Brooklyn, is attributed to the recent increase in the number of associations in those cities.

What, now, is this system of co-operation which has stood so long a trial, has won its way so steadily and generally into popular favor, and has produced so wonderful financial results? Why does it commend itself to so many persons of small incomes, and why have failures under it been so rare?

A Building and Loan Association is a corporation, regularly formed in ac-

cordance with the law of its locality; generally, as I have explained, a statute especially adapted to this form of business. Its officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, board of directors, and a counsel. There may be slight variations from this list. For instance, in some associations auditors and appraisers are included in the number of officers annually elected; while in others the auditors are chosen just previous to the close of the official year, to examine the secretary's accounts, and appraisers are appointed from time to time as loans are made. In small towns the secretary is the only salaried officer; in other places a salary is paid both to him and to the treasurer, and in some large associations in New York City and in the West the president receives compensation. Aside from the salaries, the expenses consist of the rent of a room for holding the meetings and receiving the dues, the cost of the necessary printing, and incidentals. Small associations pay rent for a room only one or two evenings in a week. Larger ones require more permanent accommodations. I can cite an association in a suburb of New York City which, in the first two years of its existence, issued 1,869 shares of stock and accumulated assets of $33,061, and whose total expenses for those years were about five hundred dollars. In cities like Philadelphia, where associations are very numerous, and the accounts of many series have to be kept in each, it is customary for one person to be employed as secretary by several, his duties becoming those of a professional accountant. To show the responsibility of such a position, an instance may be mentioned in which the secretary of six associations handled $4,939,728 from 1879 to 1886, inclusive.

The persons composing a Building and Loan Association agree to pay into their treasury a certain sum, at fixed periods, on each share that they own, until their shares through such payments and the accumulated profits reach their par value, or, as it is technically termed, "mature." The stated payments (called "dues"), their frequency, and the par value of the stock vary. The general rule is that $1 shall be paid on every share once a month until a par of $200 is reached. When the shares "mature" the assets in the treasury are divided among the shareholders. Just as fast as the money is paid in it is offered in the shape of loans to the members—and to the members only—the security taken being a mortgage on real estate and an assignment to the association of the borrower's stock. The amount which a member is entitled to borrow equals the par value of his or her shares. Thus, in an association where the par value is $200, a member who wants $1,000 must own five shares. As every member has an equal right to become a borrower, the disposition of the loans is made by putting the money up at auction, from time to time, and awarding the loan to that member who will give the highest premium above the regular interest rate. The Building and Loan Association laws provide that the acceptance of these premiums shall not constitute usury. In order that the dues and interest shall be paid regularly, the by-laws provide that they shall be received only by the secretary, and by him only at the stated meetings; and there is a small fine for a non-payment, which is increased from meeting to meeting, a delinquency for a certain period causing the forfeiture of the stock, or giving ground for the foreclosure of a mortgage.

The interest is paid monthly, and the interest money, with the dues and any other receipts, goes into the treasury, to be loaned at once. It is apparent, therefore, that a Building and Loan Association whose money is in demand not only receives interest constantly on the dues paid in by all the members, but that *it compounds this interest monthly.* Herein lies the chief secret of the profitableness of this system of investment.

To explain more in detail the operations of one of these associations: The regular meeting night finds the secretary seated at his desk, with one or two of the directors at his side as tellers. The members, who are provided with pass-books, as in the case of savings bank depositors, hand in their dues (and interest, if borrowers) to the secretary, who enters the amount, receipts for it with his initials, and announces the name and

deposit to the tellers, each of whom enters the same in a separate blotter. At the close of the evening each of these blotters must balance with the amount of money in the secretary's hands; if there is any error it is looked for at once. Thus a perfect check is placed upon the secretary. When the money is counted, the secretary pays it over immediately to the treasurer, who is required by the by-laws to deposit it in a designated bank within twenty-four hours. As the treasurer is under bonds, the money is safe while it is in his hands. For greater security it is customary, with some associations, to require the signatures of two directors to the association's checks, in addition to those of the president, secretary, and treasurer. During the course of the evening, when there is money on hand, some officer, usually the president, announces that a loan, or loans, will be made to the highest bidder or bidders. A member who thus becomes entitled to a loan, at once gives to the counsel a description of the property, with a plan of the house, if he intends to build a new one, and the premises are examined, as soon as practicable, by the association's appraisers. When the directors receive the appraisers' report they decide whether the loan is a safe one or not. In reaching this decision each application is considered on its own merits. A private lender would simply inquire if there was a good margin of value above the amount of the loan; but in the case of an association borrower the directors inquire into the applicant's personal character, and find out his employment and his salary or wages. If this results satisfactorily, and the premises proposed to be bought are not beyond the applicant's means, then the directors can take into further consideration the facts that the borrower will begin to pay off his debt at the very next meeting of the association, and that experience has proved that a person who is securing a home in this easy way will make, in most cases, almost any sacrifice rather than see the property pass out of his hands. I have never seen a happier man than a German laborer who stood in front of a little house, just finished, which his Building and Loan Association had put up for him. And the pleasure expressed in his countenance seemed to me a better assurance that he would clear the debt from that house, than the bond of many a richer man would be that the latter would meet his payments. Dr. Keck, the pioneer organizer of these associations in Cincinnati, had to complain a few years ago that the desire for membership there was so great that "many people suffer by it—the butcher, the baker, the doctor, the tenant, the landlord." While this is an admission that the business may be overdone, it also shows how strong is the desire "to own a home" when once the way to do this is opened up to a man to whom it has seemed an impossibility.

Loans are made to members either to purchase houses already erected, to build houses, or to remove existing encumbrances. If a member borrows to build a new house, the money is not paid over to him in bulk, but is paid over to the contractor, on the audit of the owner and the association's building committee, as the work proceeds.

One of the great advantages of these associations as assistants of persons of small means is, that they can safely lend very close to the appraised values. Seventy per cent. to a man of good habits is considered an excellent risk, and Mr. Paine, the Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, in a work recently published, says: "It is seldom that a loan of more than eighty per cent. of the appraised value of mortgaged property is absolutely secure."

The earliest Building and Loan Associations contemplated the issue of stock all of the same value, members joining at any time after the date of organization paying back-dues sufficient to effect this; and all the members were to continue the payment of their dues until maturity was reached, when the mortgages of the borrowers were to be cancelled, the non-borrowers would receive the par value of their shares in cash, and the life of the association would end. This was a perfectly feasible scheme, but there were reasons why it did not work with entire satisfaction. As an association grew older, the cash payment required of new members steadily increased, and the growth of

membership ceased. In the course of time the list of would-be borrowers was exhausted, the funds remained inactive, and at best a large sum had to be accumulated to pay the shares of the non-borrowers. So the life of the association was prolonged beyond the original calculation.

To obviate this difficulty it has been found best to issue shares in successive "series," the present value of the shares of each series being kept equal, the funds of all being loaned together, and the profits being apportioned among the different series according to their age and assets. Such an association is called a "permanent" or "serial" one, the first mentioned a "terminating" one. The frequency of the issue of new series is regulated by the demand—as quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. A "serial" association, too, presents this advantage: A member of an older series who has not borrowed on his shares may withdraw the amount to his credit when it equals the price of a lot, buy his land, enter a younger series, and in it borrow the money to erect his house. Thus a "serial" association is constantly creating for itself a body of borrowers, and borrowers, it must ever be kept in mind, are the life of the system.

The "terminating" plan still finds favor in some places, associations of this kind in Philadelphia being, it is said, for some unexplained reason, most popular among the Germans and Irish. In Reading, Pa., where there are a number, a reason given for not discarding the older plan is that members like to know that "an association *can* wind up and pay all its members," and that the fixing of a date for termination is a check on the concealment of mismanagement. To obviate the disadvantages above referred to, a new association, instead of a new series, is started every year, with practically the same officers, one secretary, for instance, acting for a dozen associations. But with honest management and intelligent book-keeping the serial plan is much less cumbersome.

In some States the total number of shares which an association may issue is limited by law. There are two statutes governing these corporations in New York. The older one (that of 1851) contains no limitation of this kind. By the statute of 1887 the outstanding shares of the value of $200 each cannot exceed 10,000. In Pennsylvania the limit is 2,500 shares of $200 each, and in Massachusetts 5,000 of the same value. In New Jersey, by an amendment passed in 1888, all limitation as to the number of shares to be issued by an association working under the serial plan is removed. Careful writers on the subject point out danger to an association whose shares become too numerous; but this danger, I would say, would be realized only in a large city where the number of associations did not increase, as usual, with the demands for stock. If 2,500 shares seem a small limit, it must be remembered that in a "serial" association there are constant transfers from one series to another, as well as voluntary withdrawals from membership and compulsory retirements.

A word of explanation about the latter. The essence of success in a Building and Loan Association is to keep all the funds in active operation—to have no money lying idle in the bank. But even in a "serial" association, if, as a series approaches maturity, any considerable number of non-borrowing shareholders remain, the officers will have to accumulate a cash fund to meet the matured value of their shares. The number of such investors is in practice found to be smaller than might be supposed, owing to the voluntary withdrawal of shares. But, to provide for an emergency, directors are—or should be—given authority to retire the shares of non-borrowing members from time to time, as their series grow older and the condition of the treasury warrants. The Massachusetts statute requires such withdrawals, and its text on this point may be cited as an illustration:

"The directors may, at their discretion, under rules made by them, retire the unpledged shares of any series at any time after four years from the date of their issue, by enforcing the withdrawal of the same; but whenever there shall remain in any series, at the expiration of five years after the date of its issue, an excess above one hundred unpledged shares, then it shall be the duty of the directors to retire annually

twenty-five per centum of such excess existing at said expiration of five years after the date of its issue, so that not more than one hundred unpledged shares shall remain in such series at the expiration of nine years from the date of its issue; and thereafter the directors may in their discretion retire such other unpledged shares as they consider the best interests of the bank to require; provided, that whenever under the provisions of this section the withdrawal of shares is to be enforced, the shares to be retired shall be determined by lot, and the holders thereof shall be paid the full value of their shares, less all fines and a proportionate part of any unadjusted loss; provided also that shares pledged for share loans shall be treated as unpledged shares."

To show how, in actual practice, the number of existing shares in older series decreases, I have compiled the following table of the existing number of shares, in six New Jersey associations, from the report of the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries for 1886:

Number of Shares.

Oldest series....	63	12	48	71	99	5
Next oldest.....	57	17	21	67	76	5
Next oldest.....	62	17	10	55	97	1
Next oldest.....	59	22	10	40	101	8
Next oldest.....	160	18	7	31	161	5
Next oldest.....	207	45	11	97	252	12
Next oldest.....	135	64	31	100	274	29
Next oldest.....	336	44	29	189	197	52
Next oldest.....	385	85	38	411	283	27
Next oldest.....	425	183	55	753	530	96
Next oldest.....	543	257	86	924	608	150
Next oldest.....	...	682	274	...	...	189

Members are allowed to withdraw their shares as they wish, so long as the total demand of this kind does not exceed a fixed limit at any one time; as, for instance, one-half of the dues of a month. This provides against a possible "run" on the association. Withdrawing members receive back their dues paid in, less fines and their share of any losses, and such proportion of accumulated profits as the by-laws of their association may provide. As it is not customary to pay young members who withdraw their full share of profits earned, there is a profit to the remaining members from such voluntary withdrawals. The earlier associations made no provision for the cancellation of mortgages before the maturity of the borrowers' shares, or none except where other members stood ready to borrow the money paid in. But experience showed that many persons were deterred from borrowing of an association without the privilege of removing the encumbrance at their convenience; as, for instance, if an opportunity occurred to make an advantageous sale of the property to some one who wanted to pay cash in full. It is coming to be the practice, therefore, to permit a borrower to pay off his mortgage at any time on a given notice, the money being either loaned again or used in retiring shares.

The most perplexing problem that presents itself to a person whose attention is first directed to the Building and Loan Association system of borrowing is this: How can a member be benefited by a loan on which he pays *a premium*, in addition to the regular rate of interest? It is well, therefore, that this feature of the system be perfectly understood.

At the start it must be remembered, first, that this premium is in reality only a payment made by a borrower for the privilege of having the immediate use of the par value of his shares, for which the non-borrower is obliged to wait a term of years; and, second, that the money in the treasury is put up at auction, in quest of a premium, only in order to give all the members an equal chance to secure it.* In England, and, I think, in this country, other plans of assigning loans have been tried. Sometimes they have been assigned by lot; but, under this scheme, the money would often go to members who did not care to use it, and they would dispose of it to other members at a premium which went into their own pockets. In other associations a list of applicants for loans has been made out, and the money paid over to them in turn; but this did not prove satisfactory.

Again, in considering the premium feature it must be remembered that, as the premiums all go into the common treasury, each payer of a premium shares

* Associations in which a minimum premium is fixed are, I think, very exceptional.

the premiums paid by all the other borrowers, and that the larger the average premiums, the greater are the profits of the association, and the sooner is the stock matured and the borrower's mortgage cancelled. I have heard the statement made, "I would rather belong as a borrower to an association whose money brings thirty per cent. premium than to one which gets only three or five, because my debt would be so much the sooner discharged." Practically, this only means that such a person is able to make larger payments in order to shorten the time. By the majority of members of such organizations easy payments are most desired.

Courts have held that the fixing of a minimum premium is illegal, but they have held that usury cannot be pleaded when the premium is determined by open competition. Thus the Supreme Court of New York (25 Barb., 263) held: "The statute of usury is repealed as to the taking of premiums, and also to interest on premiums although previously deducted. The greater the premiums and the greater the amount drawing legal interest, the sooner will the association have the necessary funds to pay off all the shares, the shorter will be the life of the association, the number of payments by the borrower will be less, and the mutuality of the whole scheme removes the ordinary objections to the unusual interest." The New York Court of Appeals (1 Abbott's Appeal Decisions, 347) has sustained this reasoning.

But let us look further into the profits of these associations, which premium-paying borrowers share.

If each member of a Building and Loan Association, the par value of whose stock is $200, contributed $1 a month to its treasury, and there were no expenses and no profits, the shares would mature in two hundred months, or sixteen years and eight months. But in a prosperous association, while the expenses are very small, every dollar that comes into the treasury is kept earning other dollars, the interest, as I have explained, being compounded monthly. The profitableness of this system of lending may be seen from the statement that while $1,000 at six per cent., simple interest, will earn only $300 in five years, it will, if the interest is compounded annually, earn 338.22\frac{6}{10}$, and, if the interest is compounded monthly, will earn 348.83\frac{8}{10}$; and the gain goes on increasing with every successive year. From this cause the members of a Building and Loan Association, instead of waiting sixteen years and eight months for their shares to become worth $200 each, find the par value attained in a much shorter period. And just as soon as this is attained a borrower's mortgage disappears.

Exactly how long a series of shares must run to reach maturity cannot be calculated precisely in advance, because it is impossible to foresee the rate of premiums offered, the expenses, the number of withdrawals, etc. An association—to use Wrigley's illustrations—that (1) makes a profit of ten per cent. per annum on the average time will mature its stock in ten years and ten months; (2) making thirteen and a quarter per cent., will mature in ten years; (3) making twenty-seven per cent., will mature in eight years. In calculating the withdrawal value of shares in associations using the "gross" or "net" system of paying premiums (to be explained hereafter), it is customary in this country to estimate the life of a series at ten years, and in England at twelve years. Albert Shaw, Ph.D., in his papers on "Co-operation in a Western City," published by the American Economic Association, says of the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Loan and Building Association of Minneapolis, which began business in 1874 with a membership of forty-five, and whose receipts are now from $80,000 to $90,000 a year: "The average premium bid for loans has been forty-two and one-eighth per cent., and the final cost to the borrower is about eight per cent., while the 'free holders' (those whose shares remain unpledged to the close of the series) gain about twelve per cent. annual compound interest on their savings." These statements are sufficient to show that the premium need not be a cause of alarm to borrowers in these associations.

But I may illustrate this fact very clearly by simple figures.

Suppose that A and B each borrows $3,000 at the same time, A of a Build-

ing and Loan Association on fifteen shares at five per cent. premium and six per cent. interest, and B of a private lender at the same rate of interest but without any premium, B to pay his principal at the same time that A's shares mature. Supposing that maturity is reached (1) in ten years and (2) in thirteen years, the two accounts will stand as follows :

1.

A, Paid in monthly dues	$1,800
Paid in interest.....	1,800
Paid in premium	150
Total payments.....	$3,750
B, Principal	$3,000
Interest.....	1,800
Total payments.....	$4,800

2.

A, Paid in monthly dues	$2,340
Paid in interest.....	2,340
Paid in premium	150
Total payments.....	$4,830
B, Principal	$3,000
Interest.....	2,340
Total payments.....	$5,340

Under the first example A pays $1,050 less than B, and under the second $510.

If the person of whom B borrows permits him to pay the interest and $180 (the amount of A's annual dues) of the principal annually, under the system of partial payments, it will require between thirteen and fourteen years to liquidate the debt.

A further analysis of these figures, that is sometimes made in Building and Loan Association prospectuses, is this: A's total payments in ten years being $3,750, and the principal actually borrowed on being $3,000, the total amount he has to charge to interest is $750 for the ten years, or $75 a year, which is at the rate of two and one-half per cent. per annum ; or, if his series runs thirteen years, his interest charge is $1,830, or $140.77 a year, which is at the rate of four and seven-tenths per cent. per annum. Expert accountants, who have been employed by savings institutions to find flaws in the Building and Loan Association system, have made haste to point out that a member of an association continues to pay interest on the whole amount borrowed, while his dues are constantly decreasing that amount, and hence that this is only an apparent interest rate.* But the vital question with a person who borrows a few hundred or thousand dollars with which to secure a home, and which is to be paid back in small instalments, is, "How large a sum out of my income for the next ten or twelve years will be required to make my payments ?" If anyone will lend him the required amount, with the understanding that he is to pay the principal at the end of ten or twelve years and only annual interest meanwhile, can he find any way in which to invest his accumulating principal (if he *does* accumulate it) which will so rapidly increase it to the required amount as the Building and Loan Association increases it for him ? If he is A in the above examples, he will be a good way ahead of his neighbor B financially when their respective debts are paid. A's payments are small, systematic, and at the same time imperative. When he goes home from every meeting of the directors he says, "My house is so much nearer being my own." And when he attends a quarterly or annual meeting of his association at which the profits are reported, and he finds a sum to his credit beyond any that he has paid in, he learns, perhaps for the first time, the secret of making money saved earn other money.

It is quite as easy to show by figures the economy of buying one's house with the assistance of a Building and Loan Association as compared with paying rent. The following statement is only given as a form of comparison ; every prospective borrower can change the figures to suit his own locality.

C and D occupy houses worth $3,000 each (lot, $600, and building, $2,400). C is a tenant, paying $25 per month. D, with $600 in cash, has borrowed $2,400 on twelve shares of a Building and Loan Association, and built his house. Supposing that D's shares mature in twelve

* In what has been called the "Ohio system" the dues paid in are deducted at stated periods from the principal, and interest is charged only on the remainder. As this necessarily prolongs the life of a series, the benefit to the borrower is more figurative than actual.

years, their accounts at the end of that period will stand thus :

C has paid out $3,600 in rent, and has nothing to show for it.		
D has paid out :	Monthly dues	$1,728
	Interest	1,728
	Premium, five per cent.	120
	Search	50
	Taxes	260
	Insurance	100
	Interest on value of lot.	432
	Total	$4,418

The neighborhood must be a very inactive one where the increased value of the property will not more than offset the cost of repairs. We find, then, that D owns his premises by paying out only $818 more than C, who, at the end of the period named, has nothing to show for his money.

One or two things remain to be said in explanation of the premium system. There is constant discussion among writers on the subject about the advantages and disadvantages of very large premiums. As I have pointed out, *average* high premiums mean larger payments for a shorter time. An element of trouble comes in when high premiums in the early years of an association are followed by low ones later on. Then, evidently, the earlier borrowers pay a higher rate of interest than those who follow them. In actual practice, where no minimum premium is fixed, the amount bid will be regulated by the law of supply and demand. Start a pioneer association in a place of considerable size, where, for the first time, an opportunity is afforded to secure homes under this easy system of payments, and competition will probably run the premiums offered to a high figure ; and this rate may be kept up for a good many years in places like St. Paul and Minneapolis, whose growth is rapid and whose accession of wage-earners is constant. But with the demand for loans will certainly come new associations, an enlargement of the loan fund, and a diminution of premiums. Take, for example, the cities of New York and Philadelphia ; the former has been very slow to take advantage of this kind of co-operation, most of its existing organizations being only a few years old. Premiums of sixty per cent., and perhaps more, have been paid for loans in New York within the last year. In Philadelphia, Mr. M. J. Brown, editor of *Building Association and Home Journal*, writes me : "Very few associations are obtaining any premium on loans. Good borrowers can obtain all the money needed without a premium. The premium is no longer a factor here."

There are about thirty-five associations in New York City, and some four hundred and fifty in Philadelphia. Hence the difference. High premiums were once as eagerly offered in the latter place as they now are in the former.

There are different ways of paying the premium. Under what is known as the "gross plan" the premium is deducted in advance from the sum that is loaned, while interest is charged on the whole amount. Under the "net plan" the premium is deducted as before, but interest is charged only on the sum which the borrower receives. Under a third system, known as the "instalment plan," the premium is paid in monthly instalments. This last plan avoids many difficulties encountered under the others, as in calculating the value of shares at any time, and I think it would be well for every new association to adopt it. A fourth method, sometimes practised, is to issue to a borrower additional stock whose par value shall equal the premium paid ; this makes his payments of dues on the additional stock instalment payments. Still another plan which has been tried is to have the rate of interest determined by competition. This is again the instalment plan. A premium of five per cent. on the gross plan is equal to about eight cents per month on the instalment plan.

At first glance it might seem as if there was unfairness in the positions occupied in an association by the two classes of members, the borrowers and the non-borrowers, the former sharing the premiums and interest paid by the latter. But this is a superficial view. I doubt if any association is ever organized in these days in which those members who wish to borrow at one time

supply the requisite sum in dues; so that immediate borrowers require the non-borrowers' assistance. Besides, a large class of borrowers is supplied from among those who may be mere investors at the start. As most associations lend only on first mortgage, requiring a borrower to own a fee in the land, many persons purchase shares who own no land and have no money to buy any, and very likely never would have any without the aid of some systematic plan of saving. But after they have been non-borrowing members for a certain time, they find that their savings are large enough to enable them to buy the coveted piece of land. So they withdraw their accumulations, secure their lots, take shares in a new series, and become borrowers in turn. The non-borrowers, too, are, or should be, liable to peremptory retirement whenever their assistance is no longer necessary.

Considered abstractly as a beneficial feature in a community, an association of this kind would be commendable if it only induced a number of persons to lay aside small sums every month, without paying them any profits. And it is the cultivation of the habit of saving which is one of the best arguments in favor of the Building and Loan Association system, especially as such associations can be formed where the establishment of a savings bank would be impracticable.

If complete statistics of these associations in this country and in Great Britain were available they would prove the safety of the system by showing the very small number of failures under it. But this plan of investment has not, in every case, worked satisfactorily, and it is well to consider the disappointments in order to warn investors and managers that it is possible to go astray.

I am informed that in the Western States and in Massachusetts, where so many associations have been for years in operation, no instance of a failure is on record. In the early history of the associations in Pennsylvania some of them did not work out satisfactorily; but this was because of ignorance in their Board of Directors. The premiums were paid on the "gross plan," and early retiring members were allowed so large a share of the apparent immediate profits that those who remained "came short," and the date of maturity was unduly prolonged. The largest list of failures and the fullest history of their causes are to be found in New York State.

Before the year 1851 several associations were organized in this city without the assistance of a legislative enactment. The popularity of the idea became so great that an "act for the incorporation of building, mutual loan, and accumulating fund associations" was passed by the Legislature in 1851, and it is stated that by 1856 one hundred and twenty-four of them were doing business in this State, while already it appears that more than thirty had gone out of existence. A reaction set in, and complaints by members were so frequent that the Legislature in 1855 appointed a special committee to investigate the subject and ascertain the cause of the trouble. Their report is numbered 46 in volume iii. of Assembly Documents. This report specifies two causes "which have had much to do with the creation and embarrassment of these associations." The one "was the commercial activity which followed the discoveries on the Pacific," and the other, "the commercial crisis consequent upon an extended trade which those discoveries had seemed to warrant." In the time of inflation almost everybody felt able to assume the responsibility of the payment of dues and interest, as well as a liberal premium. When hard times came members could not meet their payments, and when they found that their investments were likely to be lost through foreclosure, they appealed to the courts and the Legislature for relief. This cause of trouble might have affected only the defaulting members, and not the associations as a whole, but many of the early associations accepted second mortgages as security, and this, the report says, was one fruitful source of complaint. Mismanagement by the officers was also charged. The rush of withdrawals was so great that in some associations the receipts were put up at auction, and the person who would take the smallest sum for his

shares was paid off first. The evils of the system seemed so great to this committee that they recommended a repeal of the act.

Judge Seymour Dexter, in a paper read last autumn before the Social Science Association, cited some failures outside of New York City. The first association organized in Rochester, in 1852, was wound up, having failed to realize the expectations of its members, probably from the causes just named. The next effort in that city was made nineteen years later, and in the ensuing years a number of associations were organized there; but some "Building Lot Associations," which had in view a real-estate speculation, were also founded there at the same time. The latter came to grief, and having been confounded in the public understanding with Building and Loan Associations, these received much injury. Two or three associations in existence in Albany in 1871 lost heavily through bad management, some of their loans having been made on second mortgages. One association organized in Elmira and another in Waverly, in 1871, were closed before maturity, with consent of the stockholders. An association started in Elmira, in 1875, began with by-laws accepting no premium of less than $40 a share (twenty per cent.). There was great demand for the stock at first, but when, after four or five years, the borrowing slackened, the minimum rate of premium was reduced one-half without obviating the trouble. Eight years ago the minimum premium was abolished entirely, and, we are told, "from that time the association began to grow in popularity. Its money was readily loaned, and, while it received only $62 on $40,750 borrowed in 1887, and $232 on $60,000 borrowed in 1868, it is maturing a series of shares every year to the satisfaction of its shareholders, ninety-five per cent. of whom are wage-earners." The age of each series is about eleven years. This Elmira example is worthy of study by anyone who thinks that large premiums are necessary to an association's prosperity.

Of the unsuccessful early New York associations, all, I believe, were organized on the "terminating and gross premium" plan.

The Legislature of Connecticut caused an investigation of the associations in that State to be made some thirty years ago, and in 1860 they were forbidden to receive deposits after January 1, 1862. In 1865 they were required to return their deposits to the shareholders by July 1, 1886. The system is, however, becoming popular again in that State.

Mr. C. F. Southard, of New York, who is assisting in the organization of many associations in this State, read a paper on "The Dangerous Side of Building Associations" before the American Social Science Association last September. In this he pointed out, as "the three leading dangers which menace this plan of banking in all the States to-day," the following: (1) Permitting a single member to hold a large number of shares of stock and borrow on them; (2) the plan in general use of deducting the bonus bid from the sum borrowed; (3) the almost utter lack of knowledge by directors of the simple principles governing finance, and a criminal carelessness in the matter of informing themselves in reference to the same. But, when well managed, Mr. Southard calls this system "the grandest, simplest, and most successful plan of co-operation ever made practicable in the two hemispheres."

The safety or the risk of this system of investment is increased directly in proportion as its original purpose is adhered to or departed from. As a means of speculation it should take no part. Well-managed associations limit the amount of stock which one member may hold, and, consequently, the amount of money which he can borrow. In some States this limit is fixed by law, as in Massachusetts, where the maximum is twenty-five shares; the New York act of 1875 limits the number of shares which a person may hold in one series to ten unpledged and twenty pledged.

Some localities are much better adapted to this form of co-operation than others. It would have a poor field in a Newport or a Lenox, where there is no considerable body of wage-earners. The more expensive land is in any place, the larger are the loans required by each member and the greater is the risk to the lender. The limited area of New York City makes it a less available

field than Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Paul, and largely, for this reason, it has been called a city of tenements, while the others boast that they are cities of homes. Where the membership is made up principally of persons who are not strictly wage-earners the officers are likely to be men on whose time there are many demands, and who are not, therefore, regular in their attendance on the meetings. Complaints on this ground are made in regard to some New York City associations, and they are serious.

Another warning ought not to be overlooked. Attracted by the success of the honestly co-operative associations, corporations have been formed in several States to carry on the business on a "national" plan, as it is styled; that is, to conduct a money-loaning scheme under the guise of a Building and Loan Association, but to lend money in all parts of the country, and to secure profits to persons who are not contributors of dues. These "national" associations are attracting much attention in the West, and the genuine Building and Loan Associations, realizing that they must suffer from the unsatisfactory dealings of such imitators, are moving against them. In Illinois an act is now before the Legislature, and will doubtless be passed, prohibiting associations organized outside of the State from doing business in it, and the State associations from doing business outside of the State's limits. The Savings Bank Commissioners of Massachusetts have ruled that loans can be made by the co-operative banks only on real estate within the State.

Building and Loan Associations have a value to any community aside from their pecuniary aspect, which is always recognized wherever they have been established.

Albert Shaw, Ph.D., in vol. i., No. 4, Publications of the American Economic Association, says:

"The success of the Building Societies in St. Paul is quite as complete, all things considered, as in the Pennsylvania cities. They have become an accepted local institution, destined to play a growingly important part in the building up of the city, and in the development of thrift and providence among wage-earners. . . . But even more important than their mere material achievements for the city, and for their members individually, has been their social and moral value, in counteracting the tendency of a city population to wider divergence between rich and poor, and to the development of a proletariat class. The typical American citizen is a free-holder, and has a home which is his castle. His independence and his virtue depend not a little upon his worldly condition. The Building Society is above all things to be commended as a conservator of the home and family institutions that underlie all our national greatness and power."

F. A. Richards, Bank Examiner in Maine, in a report of this year on the associations of that State, says:

"The key to the almost uniform success of Building and Loan Associations is to be found in the intimate relations which they hold to shareholders, and especially to borrowers. Not only do they make it possible for persons having but small incomes to build homes for themselves by loaning money on unfinished property, as the money is needed to advance the work, repayable in small instalments, but they exercise a scrupulous supervision over the interests of the borrower. The condition and situation of his property, the plans of the architect, the estimates, the character of the contractor, the building material, the work of the builder—all are carefully inspected by competent judges, and subject to their approval. The Building and Loan Association thus forms a supervisory board, whose assistance to the borrower is invaluable. . . . The educational character of these institutions is far from being one of their least important features."

Willis S. Paine, LL.D., Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, in the introduction to his recently published work on the New York laws relating to Building Associations, says:

"These associations serve as a barrier against the dangerous paternalism urged on the State by men of questionable statesmanship, and they become likewise the foes of communism, creating habits of accumulation and assuring the privacy of homes. Such organizations become

indirectly valuable moral agencies as a partial solution of the tenement-house problem, and hence are worthy of careful attention. The independent home secures removal from immoral tendencies, the adornment of domestic life, and full sway for the influence of wise training and good example. Whatever helps to remove the youth of the nation from the terrible and ever-present temptations of many of the crowded tenement-dens, from the accustomed debaucheries of drunken wretches in neighboring rooms, and from the shamelessness of those who oftentimes exist in them, works blessings for the peace and prosperity of the State. They are not a cure-all, however, but may, if loosely managed, prove a serious injury to the frugal and industrious wage-earners who invest in them."

The Chief of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries said, in his Report for 1886:

"From the reports which have been forwarded to the Bureau these New Jersey associations are generally in a very prosperous condition, and a great benefit, not only to the individual members, but to the community at large; for they are increasing the number of tax-paying, property-owning citizens, and making it comparatively easy for an industrious working-man to own a home."

AT THE TOMB OF A POET.

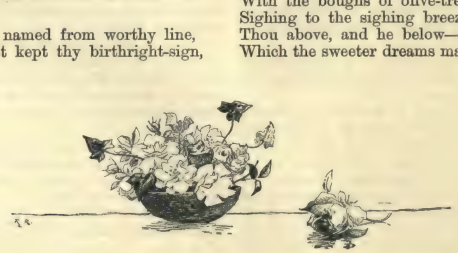
By Mary A. P. Stansbury.

Here lies Hipponax, the poet: if thou art worthless, draw not nigh his tomb; but if thou art honorable and of fair descent, come! sit here boldly, and, if thou wilt, slumber.—*Theocritus.*

STANDING at Hipponax' grave
By the ever-sounding wave—
Silent singer, centuries three
Sleeping at Clazomenæ—
To the passing stranger thus
Spake the wise Theocritus:
"Soft! the poet lying dead
Sought no favor, knew no dread.
If within thy soul abide
Evil which thou fain wouldst hide,
Venture not! lest waken here
Eyes that, living, saw too clear.
Leave him of late peace possest,
Draw not near to break his rest!

"But if, named from worthy line,
Thou hast kept thy birthright-sign,
And a heart unstained with guilt—
Come, and linger as thou wilt'
Suit the question on thy lip
To this mute companionship.
Wiser-tongued this silence is
Than the schoolmen's rivalries.

"Tremble not, though slumber press
On thy lids forgetfulness;
Sleepers twain shall Nature guard—
Draw her coverlet of sward
Closer o'er his quiet bed,
Screen from garish light thy head
With the boughs of olive-trees
Sighing to the sighing breeze;
Thou above, and he below—
Which the sweeter dreams may know?"



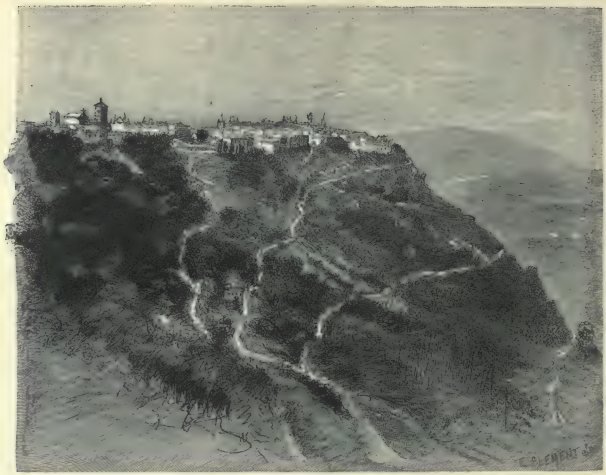


SPRING IN WINTER.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Deep in the heart of savage Winter lies,
  Untracked and fair, a realm of halcyon dreams.
  Limpid and free run on the talking streams—
With bloomy drift the stooping tree replies.
Ofttimes a wood-sprite in a thrush's guise
  Eludes all search, though near its rapture seems;
  And morning meadows, where the dew yet gleams,
Look heavenward, vivid with a thousand eyes.

Last night Sleep bore me to this charm-wrapt place,
  Where thou (sovereign of joy and peace alway)
    Wast gathering cool white florets born of May.
Of these one dazzled with so strange a grace
  That I besought thee tell its name and race.
    Thou smiling saidst, "It is the Eye of Day."



View of Castrogiovanni from Careo Rock.

CASTROGIOVANNI.

By A. F. Jacassy.

IN order to appreciate the giant strides toward civilization and progress that southern Italy has made, we should read the authors—Taine, for instance—who described it before the Unification.

The abolition of the autocratic dynasty of the Bourbons (whose home policy might be described as: "Give the people perfect liberty to amuse themselves, but forbid them absolutely to think or to educate themselves") has been the signal for the transformation of a decadent feudal society into a living modern society—a real revolution, as radical as the French Revolution of 1789, but infinitely better, inasmuch as it has been accomplished gradually, without violent shocks and without riots. Of course it is quite evident that the regeneration of a people which has been enslaved and degraded for centuries is a question of time, but we must also take into account that in Italy, and above all in southern Italy, the work of regeneration is aided by the lively intelligence of this half-Greek, half-Roman race of which Alfieri could say that perhaps nowhere else in the world does the human plant flourish mentally and physically in such vigor and completeness. To-day, as during the time of the Bourbons, the social and political struggle is between education and ignorance, but the sceptre has passed from the hands of the nobles and the clergy into those of an enlightened and liberal middle class; accordingly all has changed, and parliamentary institutions have begun to show results that have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The army, for instance, which everywhere else in Europe is only a blood-tax, a crushing burden that devours the resources of the state, and paralyzes during their best years the energies of its most precious citizens, is here a great school which teaches the meaning of Fatherland and effaces narrow and provincial ideas. The railroads,

built, as in America and contrary to European custom, in districts where there are no highways, are like great connecting links that bind together and give a common life to the scattered members of the fatherland; and now this sacred name, a symbol of union, is revered everywhere, and provincial appellations have lost their narrow antique meaning.

A recent event proves this. The writer was in Sicily when the news of the massacre of the Italian troops at Dogali in Africa wrung the heart of the nation. Even in the humblest cottages the sad event was discussed and resented like a personal injury, and the whole country declared itself energetically willing to make great sacrifices to avenge the national honor. Compare this with the state of public feeling twenty years before, when the struggle with Austria for the liberation of Venetia hardly aroused even a feeling of curiosity in the mass of the Southern population.

Freed at last from her fetters, proud of her unity, conscious of her increasing strength, and of the progress that she has made, young Italy feels stir within her an ambition, descended from that ambition which made Rome so great and so redoubtable in the history of the world. Under this powerful and vivifying impulse all is transformed; waste territory is reclaimed; agriculture, which was unprogressive, becomes intelligent and scientific; great manufactories are started all over the peninsula; Rome, Naples, Palermo, Catania, are fast becoming great modern cities where the constantly increasing value of real estate has enriched as many far-seeing business men as in our young Western towns, St. Paul or Kansas City.

This material transformation has only encountered one class of bitter enemies—the artists, those eternal lovers of the crumbling, the wretched, the old! When they saw the cutting of wide streets through the old, unhealthy, but picturesque quarters they shrieked like devotees who saw the axe raised against a venerated sanctuary. Looking at the matter from their point of view, and avoiding exaggeration, one can but admit that they were right to protest against an abuse of utilitarianism, and against those straight lines of tall houses which have neither character nor beauty, and after all look like nothing but boxes pierced with holes. To do them justice, their opposition has prevented many excesses, and it is to be hoped that they may guide the modern current; but as to stopping it, as some fanatics desire, that fortunately cannot be done. The old monuments will be respected, but the rags of the past are bound to disappear.

At the present time it is only in a few remote corners of Calabria or of Sicily that one can still find the customs and manners of the past, scarcely modified by contact with the ideas of to-day, set in a frame of ruins, and as untouched by modern improvements as the most fastidious artist could desire. Ruined cities—Syracuse, Selinus, Agrigentum, Sybaris—that have shrunk into a corner of their antique foundations remain like the vestiges of a bygone time, just enough of them left to mark a place wherein to localize famous episodes, or the illustrious men with whom we lived so familiarly in our college days, whose names awake deep and powerful echoes in the memory—Archimedes, Regulus, Hannibal, Scipio, Belisarius, etc.

Of all such cities there is not one which is as little known, and which nevertheless has played such a continuous and varied rôle on the world's stage, as Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, which had the great honor of giving birth to the first civilization within the memory of Europe, that same civilization that a small Greek nation was to bring to perfection and to light the world with.

From the sublime crater of Etna, raised into the upper regions of air, looking over sky and sea, the eye takes in the whole perimeter of Sicily, and in the midst of its mountain-ranges and its valleys,—that resemble the waves of a stormy sea petrified by some mysterious power,—there appears as a great vessel, solitary and mighty, anchored in the midst of these petrified surges, a crag shaped like a truncated cone. It is on this rock, whose situation in the centre of the island caused it to be called by the Greeks the navel of Sicily, that Castrogiovanni is perched, like a true eagle's nest, in an impregnable position. We reach it from the rail-

way station in the valley below by means of an antediluvian diligence, springless and creaking, that makes us



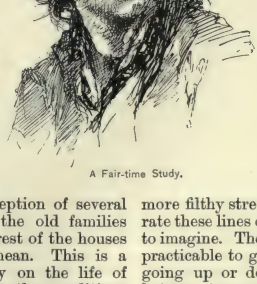
An Old Street.

think of and regret our old Concord coaches. There is some compensation, however, and if the means of transport are rather primitive the view at least is superb. As we rise from the burning atmosphere of the plain the air becomes fresher and cooler, the road stretches out before us in tortuous windings, like a white ribbon, dappled alternately by sun and shadow, through dark woods, by fine wheat-fields, kitchen-gardens filled with wild-flowers, and gladdened by a multitude of singing-birds. Noisy brooks dash through the ravines. Nothing can be more prosperous and fruitful.

Caravans of asses and mules, men, women riding astride meet us, and already in these brief encounters the Sicilian character reveals itself. These people do not speak nor smile; they have nothing of that Southern exuberance that makes such unexpected meetings so gay in Italy; foreign domination, especially that of the Arabs and Spaniards, who occupied this country for several centuries, has left deep traces on this people. Instead of the gay songs that one hears everywhere in the Italian provinces there comes to us, quite melancholy and softened by the distance, a plaintive chant, a kind of melopœia in a minor key much akin to the Arab Cantilena or the Andalusian Malagueñas. Still we climb; sombre walls stand out on the height; the horizon grows wider. Calascibetta, a neighbor-

ing village, spreads out beneath us its mass of formless buildings like the scales of a gigantic saurian on its crumbling rock; the mountains stretch out farther and farther, and the mighty and calm forms of these colossi expand in the infinite azure; each has its own individuality and a different color; some are dark and tawny, with great patches of verdure, others in the distance are blue and violet, the farthest are airy and diaphanous in their vaporous robes of light, here and there are a few white peaks, and the moving shadows of the clouds dapple them superbly.

We arrive, finally, where in the calm of lofty summits the poor fallen city sleeps. No sign of life, no sound disturbs her, and one seldom sees an occasional passer-by, a horseman with his gun on his shoulder, dressed in dark clothing, who watches you out of the corners of his eyes as though you were an enemy. The grass grows between the broken paving-stones of the streets; climbing plants cling to the half-ruined walls; we feel as though we had entered a necropolis, and involuntarily we become thoughtful. Scattered about everywhere old convents and monasteries attract the attention by their massive walls; their windows of divers shapes have most fantastic iron gratings which formerly served to protect their inmates from the curiosity of the public, and which to-day are only handsome ornaments. There are also many churches; but, with the exception of several palaces, dwellings of the old families of the aristocracy, the rest of the houses are very small and mean. This is a significant commentary on the life of past centuries, and on the conditions that lasted until the middle of this century in many European countries; the churchmen and a few great lords were all-powerful, the wretched and enslaved populace was a mere beast of burden. We can form some idea of the burdens that weighed down the people, when we learn that there was in this little town of barely twenty thousand inhabitants, according to the largest estimate, something like three hundred convents, monasteries, and churches; which, including the women and children, gives a proportion of one of these institutions to every sixty-six inhabitants; and when we consider that in certain monasteries there were great numbers of monks, and that most of them were supported by taxes and local alms, it will be readily understood that the condition of the people was anything but prosperous. All this is now ancient history. The possessions of the clergy have been declared national property by the new government, and have been sold at auction; only a few buildings have been spared, and in them the last monks may die in peace. As to the churches which have become the property of the communes, three-fourths of them have been abandoned.



A Fair-time Study.

The handsomest buildings are in the rich quarter of the town, which is built on a plateau of the mountain; if one only walks through this part of the city one has no idea of what Castrogiovanni really is—to see it we must go to where the hovels, piled up one above the other, cling to the side of the rock, and into the little alleys—for more fantastic or more filthy streets than those that separate these lines of houses it is impossible to imagine. They are winding paths only practicable to goats and chamois, always going up or down hill; now they run between two walls where there is hardly room to pass, now one side of the street overhangs a real precipice; a loathsome

channel crawls between the rocks that obstruct its passage; to cross it we must jump from stone to stone, and woe to him who is not sure-footed; poor overloaded asses timidly pick their steps on these slippery slopes, and pigs, in spite of the municipal decree, splash about



A Fortune Teller—Fair Time.

in the filth in the middle of the path. Doors are open here and there, and in the gloomy depths beyond them we can just make out some formless objects, broken household utensils covered with dust; dirty, tattered children wallowing in the mud; lean and decrepit old women; young girls, clothed in rags, with unkempt black hair and brilliant eyes, who run away at our approach like shy animals vaguely alarmed by an unfamiliar object. Seeing all this, how the heart swells with pity and disgust. Is this, then, all that is left of a great and glorious past?

To recover ourselves we must go to the Belvedere, from which a magnificent panorama is to be seen, or, better still, to the castle which lies at the culminating point of the plateau. There the old fortress, built long before the days of Athens and Rome, and restored in turn by the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and the Normans, lies sunk beneath the weight of centuries in a heap of weather-beaten ruins; the bright verdure of the young trees, the grass that has overrun it everywhere, give it a venerable and charming aspect. If we climb to the top of a tower, built by the Greeks and still well preserved, we shall find at our feet the ruins of the first temple in the world that was built to Ceres, to the Goddess who was the personification of organized labor, of civilization, and of the city. On the southern slope of the mountain are the caverns in which lived the men of prehistoric times, which sheltered later and continue to shelter the unfortunate who are too poor to pay the rent of even a hovel. All around are deep valleys, and the immense horizon shows us range upon range of mountains, with the majestic snow-crowned pyramid of Etna towering above them. How pleasant is the peace, the grand serenity of nature in this landscape that is so eloquent in its silence, and with what gentle philosophy one can look back on vanished centuries and generations, on the great individuals who have lived and thought here, on the multitudes they influenced, and the institutions they established!

Science has retraced in the most conclusive manner the history of the first steps of humanity, in the instruments of rough stone, of polished silex, of coarsely worked iron found in many

localities, and proving the presence of man in such regions. The soil of Enna, its many grottos, the construction of which shows them to be of remote antiquity, are full of these sacred relics that prove that on this very mountain primitive men felt the first needs and began the hard struggle for existence. Fable, that personified allegory retaining the substance of facts, has transmitted their earliest traditions and preserved their memory: thus Homer poetically, and no doubt with exaggeration, describes the primitive Sicilian in the myths of the Latophagi, who wandered about in the woods, the Lastrigoni, who were shepherds, and the Cyclops, or cave-dwellers. They were veritable savages, living alone or in families with no law except that of might, and with no social relations except those entailed by necessity. According to history, reinforced by the testimony of Thucydides, this prehistoric epoch was followed by the invasion of the Sicani. All that we know of them is that they were of Asiatic origin, and though it is almost impossible to fix the date of their arrival in the island, the German and Italian scholars agree in placing it toward the year 2200 B.C.* History and fable unite in connecting the introduction of the worship of Ceres with the invasion of the Sicani. Naturally tradition has fixed a definite period for the establishment of a civilization that must have stammered and struggled for centuries before attaining definite expression; the legend tells us that Ceres married the chief of the Sicani and taught him how to make the soil tributary to him.

Ceres, the personification of agriculture, loses Proserpine, the seed, because the seed is confided to the earth; it is taken from her by Pluto, because fire, the generative force of the globe, preserves and develops the seed. After six months Ceres recovers her daughter, because in this period of time the seed germinates, grows, and matures. From this we can conclude that the Sicani became agriculturists and as a natural consequence land-owners, for if the ground, according to Locke and so many others, is common to all, cultivated ground, that which alone is fertile, becomes the property of him who cultivates it. The sacerdotal caste, after having interpreted for the people, in a manner calculated to strike the imagination and to be easily understood, the marvellous transformations of the seed, and having in so doing established a religion, continued the work and organized a society, assigning his place to each man, defining the duties of citizens to each other, and establishing law. It was not until this was done that barbarism disappeared; it was then only, according to Diodorus Siculus, that "instead of brute force the voice of the judges put an end to disputes, then property became inviolable, and under the protection of the laws man was encouraged to perfect his work; then the hearths of the father-



The Belvedere.

land became inviolate" (Diod., lib. i., chap. ii.; lib. v., chap. ii.; lib. xii., chap. ii.).

The government of Enna was oligar-

* Cesare Balbi, Somm. Ital. Hist., and G. B. Niebuhr, Roman Hist.

chic, but wisely tempered by the supreme authority of the people; it was composed of a senate and of executive magistrates, nominated by universal suffrage, but their authority was sensibly limited; on important occasions all the citizens met to deliberate and decide the matter at issue (Cicero and Livy). Such wise institutions formed a proud, moral, and self-respecting people. Cicero, who knew them well, pays them this high tribute: "They are not only citizens, but all are priests," showing what a civilizing influence the worship of the gentle Ceres possessed. This homogeneous society was so solidly established that it resisted the influence of centuries of invasion, and of changes in the supreme power. Its form of government was respected by all until the arrival of the Normans in the eleventh century, and the worship of Ceres was publicly exercised until the year 1413 A.D., when a Spanish and Catholic king (two terms that are almost always synonymous in history), Martin I., desirous of supplanting it, employed a curious stratagem, which shows how deeply rooted this religion was in the hearts of the inhabitants. He had the revered statue of the goddess secretly burned at night, having provided to replace it a magnificent image of the Virgin, painted and decorated with gold and silver. The dates of the old legendary festivals were scrupulously respected, and the statue of the mother of Christ presided over almost the same ceremonies. The names alone were changed. The feasts of Seed-time and Harvest took the names of saints, and they are still celebrated today with pagan details.

Her early days were the happiest period in the history of Enna. Her inhabitants had the rare good sense to be satisfied with what they had and to refrain from fighting except in self-defence. The title of Urbs applied to Enna proves that her domain extended over a large neighboring territory. This tributary land was fertile and enriched the citizens, who, protected by the impregnable position of their town, peacefully enjoyed the benefits of well-organized social conditions.



Old Saracene House—A Remnant of the Arab Occupation.

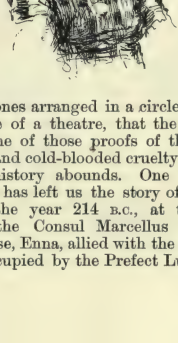
But the tiny nation of the Greeks (whom these inhabitants of Enna had civilized, since it was from Sicily and consequently from Enna that the worship of Ceres passed into Greece), stirring and ambitious, feeling the need of expansion, a passion for which in the end all the governments of the world have paid dearly—the Greeks conquered southern Italy and passed into Sicily. Enna was too rich a prey, her military position was too important, to be disdained; and after many battles she succumbed. Several centuries later the Carthaginians drove out the Greeks and in their turn were succeeded by the Romans. In the ninth century the Arabs took the city from the feeble grasp of

the Lower Empire, and she submitted to the yoke of all the powers that succeeded them in the island, the Normans, the French of the house of Anjou, the German Emperors of the house of Suabia, the Spaniards, and the Bourbons.

All around the old castle on the steep slopes of the mountain, in the depths of the valley lying just where they were hurled by the catapults, are huge stones. Small leaden missiles thrown by the slings, marked with Greek and Roman letters, Norman and Arab arms, helmets, horse ornaments, lie here and there on the ground or scarcely covered by a little earth. The peasants who pick them up sell them for a few pence; several years ago they disdained them. In a short time only a few specimens will remain, scattered about in museums or the cabinets of collectors. It is to be regretted that some loving hand has not gathered up these relics of the past, and left them here where they could preserve all the eloquence of mute things and serve as a kind of living commentary on the ruins and the reminiscences of Castrogiovanni. But one reflects that a time will come when even these relics will fall into dust and when Nature, that invincible conqueror, will reign absolute mistress, while not the slightest trace will remain of the efforts of many generations of men. Occupied as we are by the trifling details of our short life, we do not understand this eternal goddess, who is hardly stained or scratched by the ephemeral constructions that we lay upon her and that in our pride we believe built for centuries. Such reflections in such a place make one feel something of the sadness that oppressed the heart of Leopardi the evening of a feast-day when he heard, dying away in the distance, the solitary song of the peasant that recalled to him the voice of the people of other times, and he thought that everything on earth passes away like a dream.

How many summer days have I spent on the summit of this tower, re-reading the accounts of the historians and seeking to reconstruct in the calm of the present the tumultuous scenes of former times! Nothing can describe the marvellous splendors of the landscape. In the morning when the sun pierced through the mist, and the distant gorges, ravines, mountains, valleys, watercourses, lakes, forests, and fields, all the riches of the fruitful mother came clearly into sight. Darting forth and striking the stone foundations of the temple of Ceres, the first beams of the sun kindle a conflagration there, which is instantly reflected, dispersing its splendors on all sides. The gray-blue of the sky changes to a lively even-tinted azure, and the glowing earth is resplendent. Scattered over the verdure the tears of night burn like diamonds. All nature feels the fiery yoke of the sun, and as if to salute him the trees, touched for the last time by the dying night-breeze, bend their rustling branches. Later in the day the overheated earth cracks and splits, the details of the landscape are obliterated under a sort of bluish veil, and the mountains rise one behind the other as far as eye can see bathed in a warm light like that the poet describes in the Elysian field. *Lumine vestit purpureo*—it is literally true to nature; it swathes the mountains like a thin gauze.

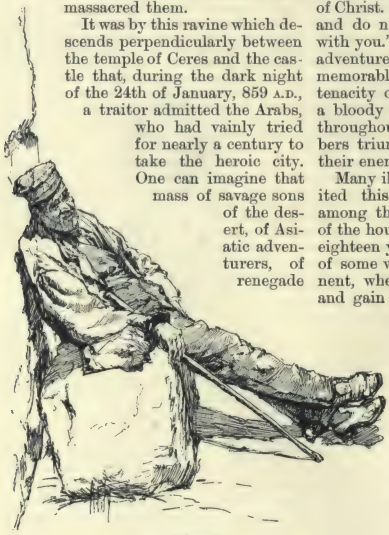
It was there right at my feet upon a bare plateau, where, on a level with the



soil, stones arranged in a circle denoted the site of a theatre, that the Romans gave one of those proofs of the clever policy and cold-blooded cruelty in which their history abounds. One of their writers has left us the story of it. Toward the year 214 B.C., at the time when the Consul Marcellus besieged Syracuse, Enna, allied with the Romans was occupied by the Prefect Lucius Pi-

narius, "a tried soldier and one who, to escape being deceived, relied rather upon himself than upon the fidelity of the Sicilians." The inhabitants demanded the keys of the city illegally retained by the Prefect, arguing that good faith was the surest bond between good allies, and that the possession of the keys was after all only a formality which had no other end in view than that of maintaining their dignity and of showing that they were not conquered rebels, but friends and allies. One must read the detailed account of Livy, who tells how the Prefect, without any proofs, feared a revolt on the part of these same inhabitants who had called the Romans into their city and had put it under their protection; how he brought them together in the theatre under the pretext of finding out whether their formulated wish was really that of the majority of the citizens; how his soldiers, stationed about the edifice, at a given signal threw themselves upon the multitude and massacred them.

It was by this ravine which descends perpendicularly between the temple of Ceres and the castle that, during the dark night of the 24th of January, 859 A.D., a traitor admitted the Arabs, who had vainly tried for nearly a century to take the heroic city. One can imagine that mass of savage sons of the desert, of Asiatic adventurers, of renegade Christians, of old emirs, of wild dervishes, the great turbans of dazzling colors, the silken vests embroidered with arabesques, the damascened arms sparkling with silver, that ferocious horde in all the exultation of rapid and marvellous conquests, accustomed to massacre and rapine, creeping noiselessly along the narrow path like a band of tigers eager for blood.



A Beggar.

Two centuries later Roger, the Norman, type *par excellence* of the "Condottiere," audacious and great fighter but crafty politician, a real Machiavelli in deeds, obtained possession of the town. After a severe struggle at the foot of the valley Roger harangued his little troop in these words: "Do not hesitate to attack this host. Has not the Redeemer said, 'If you have faith, command the mountains and they will move.' The mountain which you have before you is not made of stone but of vileness, of heresy, and of iniquity. Confess your sins; receive the body and blood of Christ. Seize the lance and the sword, and do not doubt of victory; God is with you." And his handful of valiant adventurers furnished one of the most memorable examples of the courageous tenacity of the Norman race, and after a bloody day, the issue of which was throughout doubtful, their small numbers triumphed over the multitude of their enemies.

Many illustrious persons have inhabited this old fortress, and foremost among them was Frederic the Second, of the house of Suabia. When scarcely eighteen years old he made a halt there of some weeks on his way to the Continent, where he was going to fight for and gain possession of the German Imperial Crown. This philosopher-king of the thirteenth century, whom Dante the theologian puts into the Bolgia of the heretics, and whom Dante the historian salutes as "illustrious hero," was, like his homonym of the house of Prussia, a poet and artist, legislator and warrior, great in all, and it is upon few men that nature has lavished, as upon him, the gifts of the spirit and of the mind, gifts

which, increased and refined by the school of early adversity, are rarely known by those born to power.

Emiliano Giudice, the Italian historian, speaking of him says: "Frederic was the man whom Italy needed, the Messiah of God, whom the peoples had long awaited to uplift the ancient and venerated queen of nations, to break the chains with which the barbarians had loaded her, and to rid her of Byzantine decrepitude. A rival power, however, degenerate from its first principles—the papacy—after having aided him in the hope of using him as a docile instrument, alarmed at his patriotic and liberal ideas, arose to oppose him, so that from good he became tyrannical, and it was with bloody hands that he gave to the world the blessings of civilization." But, instead of a few lines, volumes would be required to write the history of Castrogiovanni, and the narrow limits of a sketch keep us from further calling up the past.



Entrance to the Castle.

The singular mixture of so many different peoples has produced a race quite apart—small and robust without marked physical traits—no general, but many individual types. What one notices in them first of all is the prevalence of rather harsh and strongly accentuated features, great black flaming eyes, with the fixed look of an animal, glowing in the warm and swarthy color-tones of their energetic faces. But, after all, that is a general impression only, and as I write I see again in memory very different types—handsome faces, quite Greek, with long delicate features and nobly intelligent blond heads with blue eyes. All these people are dressed in black or dark blue, the women wearing shawls on their heads that cover half the face, the men shod with sandals with leg-pieces of cord. These details are evidently a heritage from the Arab and Spanish rule, which have left deeper traces than any other of the conquering races. The jealous seclusion of their women, the absence of social relations, the disposition of their houses, making them look like prisons, are so many features sprung from the same origin.*

A significant fact, and one which indicates a certain amount of self-respect, is that at Castrogiovanni one is not harassed as in the rest of the country by that plague of travellers, the beggar. During a stay of several months I only saw a few evidently needy old men hold

* It is perhaps interesting to remark here that the ferocious fanaticism with which the Saracens inaugurated their triumphal progress in Asia, Africa, and Europe quickly gave way to the wealth of affection which nature has bestowed with bountiful hand upon the Arabs, and that in their capacity for assimilation of conquered races they surpassed even the Romans. The latter ruled by force and intimidation. The yoke of the Arabs was light and just. At the epoch when Europe was plunged in the darkness and barbarism of the Middle Ages, they encouraged the arts and sciences, and were the representatives of civilization.

out their hands. One notices too with pleasure that these people have not the servile and dull manner of European peasants, that they are proud, distrustful, and are in presence of a stranger somewhat like wild beasts taken in a snare. When one succeeds in making their acquaintance (and it is not easy), their good qualities, their gentleness, their honesty, their extreme frankness make one like them; and, besides, one sympathizes with these poor people, for their life is a hard one. The country being wholly without local industries the inhabitants are all cultivators, very few being proprietors; for besides its being almost impossible for a day-laborer to save enough from his wages to buy himself a field, the neighboring country belongs to three or four rich families, who, according to tradition, only sell when constrained by absolute necessity—one may as well say, never sell.



Wages are ridiculously low—20, 25, 30 cents a day, according to the season, just enough to keep them from starving. Sulphur mines situated in the environs afforded in late years what was considered remunerative labor, at 80 cents the day, but the work was so fatiguing as to ruin the best constitutions in four or five years. At the present time the soil, cultivated for more than three thousand years, is becoming less and less fertile, while the price of sulphur has fallen so much that it no longer covers the expenses of working, so that the mines have been necessarily abandoned.

All this, combined with a financial crisis caused by speculation at Catania and Messina, and with the cholera which during the last five years has more or less paralyzed business in Sicily, has produced a stagnation and misery which one must see to form an idea of. One asks himself what is to become of this people. A few individuals go to South America, engaging themselves with contractors who pay their trip over in return for the right of controlling their employment for several years; but the greater number remain and vegetate at home, in such ignorance as to see no help for their situation but the intervention of Providence, forgetting the proverb "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Like all tried and unhappy peoples, these poor creatures throw themselves desperately upon religion—the great consoler which promises them after the troubles and hardships of this life a peaceful and happy future. By religion we must understand superstition — for the Castrogiovannese are no longer religious, and to be convinced of this fact it is enough to see their churches, loaded with uncouth ornaments, without dignity or simplicity, where on all sides hang canopies of gauze spangled with gilt paper stars, pictures of Madonnas with real zinc crowns, hearts, or imitation jewels nailed or glued to the canvas, and realistic scenes from local miracles, with absurd dedications. In some peculiarly venerated sanctuaries are hung up thousands of *ex-votos* representing the parts of the body cured by the intercession of the saint, and painted with realistic exaggeration. One goes to church just as to a free show; the priests walk up and down a platform to deliver their sermons, and speak with many gestures. The organ plays opera-airs; young girls flirt with their fans, and, according to the pretty Italian expression, "speak with their eyes" to their

lovers. As social relations are nearly unknown, it is almost the only chance they have to see each other. Children cry, play, chase each other, and fight in the middle of the nave, and the dogs imitate them ; but I wounded the susceptibility of some bigots, slaves of the letter, by going into the churches without dipping my fingers into the holy-water fonts near the doors.



Women of Castrogiovanni—Peasant Types.

In presence of all this it is quite interesting to remember that the most rational of antique beliefs was cradled and developed here. The moral influence of the worship of Ceres Demeter has been attested by many witnesses (among them Pausanias, Aristophanes, Heraclitus, Cicero) ; and a well-known anecdote tells how Nero, feeling himself unworthy, and fearing the anger of heaven, never dared to take part in the rites of Ceres, to which the pontiff always prefaced the words : "Far hence let the profane depart, and those of evil mind go hence." As I have said above, the ancient customs have come down to our times by uninterrupted tradition. The processions of the two great local fêtes, of the Seedtime and of the Harvest, take place upon the very days of the festivals of the Goddess, and are quite in accordance with the antique descriptions, except that a few customs are varied, and that where in the old times the protection of the Goddess was implored, to-day Madonna is called upon. Only names are changed ; the symbolism remains the same. One cannot look upon these naïve scenes with indifference. Since early in the morning the bells with which the town abounds have not ceased to peal joyously, the narrow streets are very lively, full of passers in Sunday dress. Long before the time, the crowd borders the route of the procession, and men, women, and children await it, singing hymns sitting in the dust under a burning sun or a pouring rain, for on these heights showers are frequent. But nothing discourages them, and what a mingling there is in their faces of joy, timidity, and veneration, when the little children, wearing garlands of flowers and carrying long palm-branches appear heading the cortége. Then the procession of young girls, flower-crowned also, and gracefully draped in great white veils, passes, as if an antique frieze unrolled itself before us. Under a canopy comes the statue of the Madonna, adorned with ears of wheat, carried by robust young fellows, full of the importance of their position, and quite unconscious of the absurd air given them by the sheets which are draped about them in toga fashion. The musicians follow—flutes, clarinets, oboes, and guitars playing dance music. The clergy close the procession, and it is only at their approach that the singing ceases and that a profound silence reigns ; at each movement of the high-priest and of his assistants the gold-laced capes and brocades gleam, and the gold church-plate glitters in the



At the Fountain.

sun, children ring bells, and when the bishop gives them his blessing all heads bow like ears of wheat bending before the breath of the wind.

By dint of walking and looking about I arrived at this general impression :

that Castrogiovanni is undoubtedly dirty, dull, and wretched, but not in the least commonplace; it abounds in character and beauty. In the first place, as it is built on the mountain, the streets are all unlike, according to the slope; the sky line is curiously varied by the irregularity of the houses, and you discover many unexpected views of the



An Old Capuchin Monk.

neighboring hills, the ravines, and the valleys. Finally, the clouds which elsewhere we scarcely notice are here a part of the landscape.

Now a mist dims the lines of the view until it appears like the apparitions of a dream; now light clouds float here and there, shrouding some of the houses in a thick fog; sometimes they lie like masses of cotton over the scene below, completely isolating the city, which then looks like a dark island emerging from a sea of filmy gauze pierced here and there by a few lofty peaks. Elsewhere contrasts abound, old palaces built in the fine Sicilian style, noble convents side by side with veritable dens, winding staircases leading to the doors of buildings that are like anything but human habitations. It is all picturesque, but it lacks life—it is melancholy, and looks something like a dead and abandoned city; there are not people enough to make it animated. During the day the men are in the fields, the women are busy with household cares, or have gone to wash their linen in the brooks near by. We meet them with great bundles on their heads. They are all straight, supple, and barefooted; they are ragged, and, what is worse, one is warned of their approach before they appear. Nevertheless many of them are handsome; they all have the easy and graceful gait of goddesses, and seem expressly created for painters' models.

A singular custom observed by the men illustrates the strength of tradition. They meet on Sunday afternoons in the public square, where they stand without moving for hours together, talking and looking at each other. It was a great surprise to me when I first happened upon one of these gatherings. I could hardly make my way through the groups huddled together like sheep in a meadow, and from the stillness and the thoughtful look of these people, who talked in low tones, I had no doubt that some funeral ceremony was about to take place. I was mistaken: it was only their way of keeping Sunday. These meetings, evidently reminiscences of an antique custom, are held exclusively on the site of the old Forum of Enna, though there are other places much better suited for such reunions.

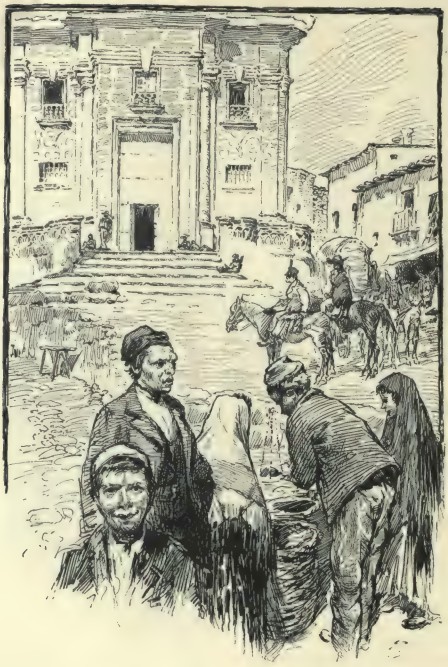
During the week I liked to go to either one of the two roads that led out into the fields, to watch the return of the laborers. How majestically the sun sets in a mountainous country! At the moment that it descends into the sea the details of the panorama are colored with rosy and fiery tints, the sky is resplendent with a rapid succession of pale golden lightnings, and hardly has the sun disappeared when the huge profile of the mountains which stretch across the horizon stands out in deepest blue against a background of flame, while the rest of the landscape is drowned in a misty gray tone starred in places by the lights of the neighboring villages. In this great hush of nature the wind begins to make itself heard, its plaintive note comes to our ears mingled with a strange sound, a



The Harvest Festival.—Procession of Flower-crowned Girls.

continuous, muffled, and vibrating diapason like the fall of a distant cascade. This was the peasants coming home. Stranger costumes than theirs could not be invented, old fur-jackets, dingy cloaks soaked by a hundred rains and reddened by the sun, leathern and wooden sandals, gaiters of tanned leather, all of which exhaled an unbearable odor. We heard them talking in their rough, harsh language. They had walked several leagues to reach the fields, had sweated and toiled all day, and had gone over as much ground to return. Their only meal consisted of bread and a few onions, and it was all that they would find at home to refresh themselves with. We could just see them vaguely in the dim twilight, but from their slow steps and their labored breathing we felt their fatigue.

One is not surprised after seeing them to find the streets deserted after eight o'clock in summer. Nevertheless there is an exception to this rule. It occurs during the May fair and the few days that precede it. Then Castrogiovanni loses its wonted aspect to become in some degree the tavern, the caravansary of all Sicily; then no more of that perfect stillness that makes the heart sink, no more empty streets, no more stern faces; everything becomes gay and lively as if by enchantment. It is indeed a marvellous change that takes place, like that the sun brings for an instant into a gloomy landscape: every face brightens up and becomes animated; everywhere people are passing and running busily about with bundles on their heads; wagons loaded with merchandise



Group in the Old Forum of Enna—A Sunday Custom.

slowly make their way through the crowd; even the women lose their habitual reserve and now gossip at the doors, greeting strangers, smiling, and singing. Everyone seems to forget his personal character to conscientiously perform his duty as host. Is it the feeling of hospitality that causes this radical change? Oh, no, it is self-interest, that all-powerful factor, that gives the real reason for it. The town is chosen for the scene of this annual event, the most important fair in southern Italy, on account of its proximity to the Continent and its many means of communication with it. A large plateau south of the city is a most desirable situation for this purpose: water is abundant, and shallow valleys form natural meadows where the live-stock of the different provinces can be herded. Preparations begin a month beforehand, when the inhabitants make ready to entertain strangers, as it affords a source of income that the richest do not disdain; the houses that line the long crooked street leading to the fair-grounds are let to shopkeepers from Naples, Palermo, and Messina, who fill them with their trumpery wares. Looking at their show-

cases we realize how few are the peasant's needs: a few fire-arms, cotton prints, knives, primitive agricultural implements, whips, harness, simple table-ware, and kitchen utensils—it is a short list but nothing has been forgotten, and these cheap and common articles are as full of attraction for him as the expensive bric-à-brac of the art-dealers is for our fashionable people. In odd corners, squatting motionless are already wrinkled old women like witches out of their holes fully prepared to tell the future, the past, the way to get rich, to be happy in love to all who will give them in exchange a few "centesimi."

A week beforehand, from all parts of the island, from every little village hidden among the mountains, come droves of animals, filling up the roads, to be parked in the neighborhood. Their drovers are of all types and speak all sorts of dialects, and half of them do not understand each other; but the Sicilians have an advantage over other folk: when a spoken language is inadequate they have a language of signs, not rude and limited like that of our Indians, but a complete vernacular, wherein the eyes, the shoulders, the feet even, play as active a part as the mouth or the hands. The creation of this singular mode of expression is probably the result of necessity in a country where almost each village has its own local dialect. There are still parts of Sicily where Norman or a corrupt Spanish is spoken, and on one plateau, called "Piato dei Greci," nothing is spoken but Greek. The costumes differ also: some of them look like the Arab burnoose and barracan; others have retained the jacket and pleated skirt of the Albanians, while some are as thoroughly Spanish as those seen in Andalusia.

It is impossible to obtain any official statement as to the number of animals brought to the fair. According to the impressions of an inexperienced person there are several thousand cattle and horses, mules and asses, and hundreds of sheep and goats. These are large figures for a remote district, and really such a mass makes an imposing effect. Almost all these animals belong to small farmers who have made great sacrifices in order to raise them, so that the expectations of these poor people are brought to a high pitch. May fortune smile upon them! If they are successful in selling, they become buyers in their turn; if not they go back to their village, where, unless they have an improbable stroke of good luck, they must wait another long year. We meet them after the fair going sadly along the high-roads, and their disappointment may be plainly read on their tired faces. The most important customers are a committee of cavalry officers buying stock for the army, several great noblemen, landed proprietors, and the rich inhabitants of the cities. Business is done by the buyer and seller without the intervention of the crafty "go between," and with cash payments. The first day is spent in examining the stock; the second the prices are discussed, with much talking and gesticulating. The asking price is always much higher than that which will be ultimately accepted, and bargains are not made until the third day. Why the last day and not the first, if the buyer and seller arrive at an agreement? "It has always been done so." There are, on the contrary, excellent reasons for proceeding in a more expeditious fashion, as I found out this year (1887), when it rained in torrents during the last two days of the fair, making it impossible for people to find each other and meet again, and stopping most of the sales already begun. It does seem ridiculous that so puerile a cause, a mere custom, should render useless long journeys, costly displacements, and interfere with bargains that are often a question of misery or of prosperity for at least one of the contracting parties. But one may say, what will prevent these people from meeting again on the first pleasant day? It seems as though nothing were done here as it is elsewhere: at sunset on the third day, no matter what the weather may be, everybody goes away. It is easily understood: most of these people have snatched these few days from their home work; each extra moment is not only an expense but also an additional loss of time, and as all transactions for these primitive but essentially business-like folk only count when the money is paid and the merchandise delivered, they are

afraid of losing their time for nothing. At Castrogiovanni, as in all countries bathed by the Mediterranean, business is conducted in a manner highly amusing to English-speaking people. As the French say, "Leurs malices sont cousues de fil blanc." The buyer does not show his desire to purchase until he actually pays, and the seller does not take him seriously until that moment; it is then only that he announces his real price. Therefore before this finale, no matter how much may have been said between the two, nothing is done, nothing can be inferred.

The fair-ground is an animated scene. Several patched tents, like those the gypsies use, shelter tables covered with glasses and eatables. Everywhere pell-mell are the animals, alone or in herds. The noisy and many-colored crowd moves, shouts, and gesticulates. In the midst of this disorder young boys mounted on horses or mules gallop about. By what marvellous combination of events no accident happens I will not undertake to explain. Nevertheless, if one is not careful one runs the risk of being crushed every moment. Instinct warns you when you find yourself in the undesirable vicinity of a troop of mules or of a herd of bulls. Sometimes a squadron of frightened asses seems to be rushing to the assault of a drove of cattle which are peacefully lying down, and, when it comes near enough to realize the formidable nature of the obstacle before it, wheels quickly and starts in another direction. One's ears are deafened by this concert of clamorous voices, of plaintive or furious bellowings, of neighing sonorous as a flourish of trumpets. On all sides are different scenes: in quiet corners away from the tumult, shepherds leaning on their long staffs, still as statues, guard their flocks; peasants clothed in rags side by side with the townsfolk scramble around the fountain, each trying to fill his pail first; a continual movement like the ebb and flow of the sea shows itself in a knot of people surrounding a valuable horse, who, not understanding their curiosity or their gestures, manifests his impatience after the manner of his kind; tired drivers sleep near their beasts; the animals exchange kicks or caresses; some are proud and wild, with glowing eyes and stamping hoofs; others are resigned and quiet.

The Calabrians, tall and well-muscled, with harsh features and a forbidding look, are easily distinguished by their black caps that cover the forehead, the inseparable knife showing through their tight-fitting trousers, many among them groaning away at their inseparable bag-pipes. The shepherds of the Abruzzi are picturesquely clothed in goats' skins dressed with the hair on, and their heads are wrapped in gayly colored striped handkerchiefs. The gentlemen farmers exactly resemble our Western cowboys in their costume, half corduroy and half chamois leather, and their big hats of gray felt. There are also some representatives of the aristocracy of the towns in the correct outfits of gentlemen riders, with single eye-glasses, and they produce a curious effect amid such surroundings. The animals are generally ordinary and of a poor breed, except the horses. The Sicilian horse is the result of a mixture of the Arab and Andalusian races, and is remarkable like them for the delicacy of its form, its high shoulders, deep chest, and long mane. It is full of fire, and very sure-footed, incomparable in a mountainous country. In Sicily the horse is the companion of man. It is treated with great kindness, which contrasts agreeably with the cruelty the Italians continue to show, in spite of the establishment of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Sicilian noble is, one might say, a horseman from his birth. That which distinguishes the horseman from the ordinary rider is not only the perfect understanding between him and his horse, but also the habit of giving it assiduous and constant care. The horseman is rare in Continental Europe, and while in England there are but few nobles who are not proud of managing their stables themselves, the Italian or French gentleman, when he has shown his skill in horsemanship at the hunt or on the road, is satisfied and leaves the rest to the intelligence and faithfulness, both equally doubtful, of his servants. As to the European peasant, he uses his beast according to his needs without trying

to understand it. In Sicily riding is a passion with rich and poor alike, and the Sicilian horse is stronger and possesses more staying power than the Continental horses. As it is more exposed to the weather it is more hardy, and its life in the open air insures strength and health.

The fourth day, then, the fair-ground is abandoned. Only the bare earth, from which every blade of grass has disappeared, and the loiterers that can still be seen scattered along the highways show what has taken place there. A few hours later and the booths set up in the village disappear likewise. Castrogiovanni resumes her mournful aspect, and has fallen back again for another whole year into her accustomed lethargy, on which the regenerating breath of the national Renascence has not yet had the slightest effect. It is true that all her sons are soldiers, but military life bewilders them, makes them melancholy and homesick. They merely vegetate elsewhere; they live only here. The sight of great cities, of modern industries, says nothing to them; they are not happy until, their military service done, they return to their firesides. They live wretchedly, working like beasts of burden to earn scarcely enough to eat. At night men, women, children, and animals are huddled into ruined hovels open to the four winds; and yet these creatures, suffering from cold, from heat, from hunger, love life and cling to it as we do who possess its comforts. They have their own scanty but real pleasures, and, if society has shown itself a niggard to them, God at least lets his sun shine on their rags and spreads above their heads as well as above those of the rich a bit of his beautiful blue sky. After all, it is the poor of our great cities, deprived of all contact with nature, who are more to be pitied. In them there is no hope of renewal, no aspiration toward the ideal —like Dante's damned folk every day they descend one step into the sombre hell of misery, with mind and heart polluted, far from the sky and the pure air.

I cannot end this sketch without mentioning my old friends, the guardians of the Campo Santo, an ideal place of rest in the open country, irregularly laid out, and all fragrant with flowers, where wooden crosses and simple tombs are an improvement upon the pretentious monuments of our cemeteries. Like everything that is connected with the town, ruin has invaded the Campo Santo. Its walks are now only marked by scarcely traceable little paths that run through the tangles of stones and grass. At the entrance stands a cloister, also in ruins, before which, under an arbor covered with grapevines, is a stone bench. It was here that I made the acquaintance of three survivors of another age (the youngest was eighty-six years old). There, in the charming solitude, in the midst of a silence so absolute that the flight of a bird, the whir of an insect's wings, the voice of the wind that was singing about us, seemed disproportionately loud, they told me their simple and pathetic story: how in their prime they had joined the religious order of the Capuchins to consecrate their lives to meditation and pious observances, how the Italian Government when it took possession of the property of the religious communities left them the use of the monastery during their lifetime, how then there were forty-seven monks and now only three remained, for one by one their brothers had gone. Their days were spent in praying for the dead and in the happy and consoling hope of rejoining them in Paradise.

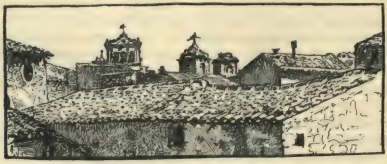
The sight of their little cells in the cloister was heart-rending. On the ground in the corner was a little straw: that was their bed. A broken chair and a great wooden crucifix completed the furniture. But what beautiful faith, absolutely simple and confiding, these Capuchin fathers possessed, and how it transfigured their lives and their surroundings! Here everything was harmonious, frame and picture; these good old men, bent and trembling, and the crumbling cloister, the beautiful light of inward peace that shone on the wrinkles of these venerable faces, and the wild flowers and weeds that invaded corridors and cells—it was as if the edifice would not survive its masters, and like them was gradually passing away.

Leaving them I used to go back to the city by a path that followed the winding

course of a little brook that sung as it danced over the stones, disappearing every few steps to reappear a little farther on. Some goats jumping from rock to rock came to drink of this cool clear water, and the goatherds, their sandals tied around their ankles, their guns on their backs, fixed their eyes upon my foreign dress with the long slow gaze of an animal. Farther on, women were washing linen; charcoal-burners passed, haggard and black, dripping with sweat, carrying heavy loads of wood on their heads. Thus sauntering through scene after scene I would reach the first houses of the town unconsciously. There is nothing that keeps one company while walking so well as a brook: following its course, one cannot feel alone; it is a life that runs beside our life with its pauses, its overflows, its moments of calmness, of agitation, of clearness, like ours; it glides now weeping, now singing, on the pebbles of its bed that are the little daily trials; or sometimes it tries to surmount the rocks that enchain its eddies around the obstacle, flows back again, then undermines them, then wears them away, and opens an outlet in spite of everything; or it runs half asleep in a soft clayey bed. Doubtless this symbol of life can be applied to the life of cities as well as that of man, and cannot one find consolation for the present decadence of Castrogiovanni, in the thought that its history is not yet ended and that the hour of its resurrection has perhaps struck? For it is only a question of time; and let us hope that before long the young blood of new Italy, of that head and that heart that is called Rome, will flow even to the farthest limits of the kingdom for the great good of a people possessed of remarkable natural capacities who are still vegetating under the effect of centuries of ignorance and oppression.

It is quite true, as Sterne says, that while travelling we differ greatly from what we are at home. The freedom, the fresh air, the novel scenes make new beings of us, or rather renew our being; the mind, freed from ordinary cares, acquires unwonted energy and becomes clearer to reflect the scenes that it contemplates. We see better, our impressions are more vivid.

On our return home how we delight in going over again and again "le terrain parcouru." Now of that far-distant Sicilian landscape, of all that varied spectacle, one thing above all stands foremost in my memory—the thing which is the synthesis of all Castrogiovanni: it is the stronghold on the brink of the precipice, the old tower still pulsating with the life of extinct generations, and which remains like the sentinel of a glorious past beside the wretched modern town.



View from a Housetop.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By Eugene Schuyler.

V.

TOLSTOY received with evident pleasure the compliments of Turguénief, and spoke of the latter's books with appreciation—"Smoke" had been published not long before—and of the man in terms of affection and sympathy. From nothing that he said, or that Turguénief ever said on the various occasions when he talked to me about Tolstoy, to whom he even gave a letter of introduction, could I have ever imagined that there was then a wide breach between the two friends, and that the quarrel was not made up till ten years later. I learned this only afterward, and gradually came to the whole story of the rupture. A brief account of their mutual relations may be interesting, and is almost necessary to a proper appreciation of Tolstoy at that time.

Turguénief's admiration of Tolstoy's genius and power never varied, although his criticisms were sometimes harsh, when it seemed to him in special cases that his brother author had taken the wrong road. The first reference to Tolstoy in his letters seems almost prophetic. He wrote from his country place at Spasskoe, on October 24, 1854, when Tolstoy was still in the army: "I am immensely delighted with the continuation of "Boyhood;" may God give Tolstoy long life, as I hope he will astonish all of us, for he is a talent of the first rank. I made yesterday the acquaintance of his sister, who has just married another Tolstoy, a highly pleasing, sympathetic woman." In his letters of 1855–56 there are some words of praise for the Sevastópol sketches. After the war—as I have already said—the two writers met and saw each other frequently at St. Petersburg, as well as in the country, where they visited each other for the purpose of shooting. The signs of dissension soon began to appear. The natures of the two men were not at that time harmonious, and their ideas ran in very different channels. Tolstoy, who was young, and who as a writer was somewhat of a spoilt child, whose ways smacked a little still of the freedom of the camp, was inclined to rebel against the tutelage and paternal care which Turguénief seemed to be exercising over him. He amused himself not only by escaping from the surveillance of his friends, but by occasionally enticing them to a late supper or a wild night. Besides that he was much given to *persiflage*, which did not always accord with the serious humor of his friend. After leaving Russia for Paris in the autumn of 1856, Turguénief wrote to Tolstoy (November 26th) in reply to a letter of his, "I have reflected seriously over all that you write, and it seems to me that you are wrong. I can be quite frank to you, because it would be impossible for me to be false where you are concerned. We seem to have made our acquaintance in an awkward way and not at the right time; when we see each other again things will go smoother and better. I feel that I love you as a man; as regards the writer words are superfluous. But there is much in you with which I am not quite satisfied, so that I thought it better to keep away from you: when we see each other again we will try to go hand in hand and perhaps will succeed better. But here, far away from you, odd as it may sound, my heart hangs on you as on a brother, and I am very tenderly disposed toward you: perhaps with time everything good will come of this. I heard of your illness and was much troubled; but I beg you to banish all remembrance of it. You are anxious about yourself, and think perhaps of consumption—but, by God, you have it not." Then follow questions about Tolstoy's sister and brother, talk about common friends, and about the state of affairs in Paris, and then literature comes up. "You have already finished the first number of "Youth:" that is splendid. How vexed I am that I cannot hear you read it! If you do not go off on by-ways, you will go far. I wish you health, ac-

tivity, and spiritual freedom. . . . As concerns my "Faust," I scarcely believe it will please you. My writings were at one time able to please you, and possibly even to influence you, but only until you became independent; now you can learn nothing more from me. You see only the difference of the style, the slips and the faults; you need now only to study men, your own heart, and really great writers. I am only a writer of the transition period, and am only good for people who are in the transition period."

About this time he wrote to a literary friend, Druzhínin: "People tell me that you sympathize with Tolstoy, and that he is become very polished and clear. I am much delighted with that. When this young wine has gone through the process of fermentation it will be a drink fit for the gods."

A few days after, December 8, 1856, he writes again to Tolstoy: "Dear Tolstoy —My good genius took me yesterday to the Post-Office and inspired me to ask whether there were any letters for me *Poste Restante*, although I supposed that all my friends had my Paris address. There I really found your letter in which you speak of my "Faust." You will easily understand with what joy I read it. Your sympathy gave me deep and sincere pleasure. Your whole letter breathes a gentle and calm feeling, a friendly peace; and it only remains for me to stretch my hand over the gulf which had long ago become a scarcely noticeable crack; about which we will think no more, as it is not worth the trouble. I am shy about speaking on one thing which you mentioned in your letter, . . . but may everything turn out for the best, and may it bring to you that peace of soul which you so need— or rather did need when I learned to know you. As I see, you sympathize for the moment very much with Druzhínin, and are under his influence. Very well, but take care that you don't eat yourself sick off him. When I was at your age none but enthusiastic natures had any influence over me; but you are a very different man from me, and it is quite possible that his journal, *The Times*, is now changed."

Turguénief saw Tolstoy often during the latter's journey abroad, but wrote to a friend (March, 1857): "I cannot thoroughly sympathize with Tolstoy. We seem to be far too unlike each other."

The summer of 1861 Turguénief spent on his Russian estate, where he was finishing "Fathers and Sons," and had frequent opportunities of seeing Tolstoy. It was then that the great breach between the two friends took place. Different versions became current. That given by Pávlofsky is substantially as follows:

He had visiting him at one time, besides Tolstoy, his friend the poet Fet; a very good fellow, who had a large estate in the neighborhood to which he was just then devoting himself heart and soul, letting his beard grow, and giving himself all the airs of a country gentleman of the old Russian school. There were also some others, one of them an intimate friend. An excursion had been organized to Fet's estate, and the party was taking a hasty breakfast while the carriages were waiting. Somebody thoughtlessly asked Turguénief about his daughter—a subject on which he was very sensitive. "She is always abroad," he replied, "and as I did not like her education to be entirely French, I have got for her now an English governess, an excellent woman." Tolstoy smiled (little thinking that he should ever have an English governess for his children) and said, "Yes, she will be taking your daughter to visit the poor, and leaving money and medicine on the table." "Well," said Turguénief, "there's no harm in any case; because the poor will receive some aid, and the child will begin to understand the duty everyone owes to the suffering."

"Yes, if it is not one thing it is the other. If your daughter does not get a good education, at least the poor will receive something. She's your natural daughter, isn't she?"

"Yes, well?"

"Well, you seem to be making an experiment *in anima vili*."

Turguénief could scarcely contain himself, especially when he thought he saw a gleam of satisfaction in Tolstoy's eyes that his power of teasing should have been so successful, and burst out: "Tolstoy, stop, or I'll throw my fork at

your head." Both calmed down and the affair seemed ended. It is necessary to say that the mother of this daughter of Turguénief was one of his serfs, who subsequently married a shopkeeper at Moscow. Such children born of serfs were as little regarded by Russians who lived at home as children born of negro or mulatto slaves were regarded by the Southern planters in the United States at the same time. Although his daughter, she was his serf; and therefore, according to the ways of thinking at that time, Tolstoy's remark was not quite so brutal as it might seem to us now. It was the peculiar sensitiveness of Turguénief on this subject that gave it importance.

Tolstoy went to an estate of his in the neighborhood, while Turguénief and the others went to see Fet, where they spent some days. On returning, Turguénief found two notes from Tolstoy; one an apology and sincere regret for what he had said; the other, that the insult given to him could only be wiped out in blood, and challenging him to come the next morning, between 5 and 6 o'clock, to a place mentioned, and kill each other without witnesses. Turguénief thereupon sent one of his friends to propose a regular duel according to the code. But Tolstoy had already gone back to Yásnaya Polyána, and, when he was found, repeated his apologies and retracted his challenge.

Of course the matter got out, and all sorts of stories were circulated at Moscow; before which, however, Turguénief wrote to his friend Annenkof: "I have entirely and decisively quarrelled with Leo Tolstoy. The question of a duel hung on a hair, and at this moment the hair is not yet broken. The fault is mine: but it was all the result of an old hostility—an antipathy of our two natures. I have always felt sure that he hated me, and I can never understand why, nevertheless, he used to come back to me. I have been forced to keep my distance—then I have tried to approach him; and we were very near approaching each other with pistols in our hands. I have never liked him."

Turguénief went off to Paris; but gossip and scandal were rife in Moscow, and somewhat later he heard to his surprise that Tolstoy had circulated among his friends a defamatory letter. He wrote to Annenkof: "In all this business, except at the beginning, when I was wrong, I have done everything to avoid this radical conclusion; but Tolstoy has insisted on driving me to the foot of the wall, so to speak, and consequently I can't do otherwise than fight. Next spring we shall be face to face at Tula." He enclosed a copy of the letter or challenge which he had written to Tolstoy, proposing to fight as soon as he should return to Russia in the spring. Tolstoy immediately wrote to Turguénief, denying categorically that he had circulated any letter or had given the slightest cause for any injurious remarks. There was therefore no cause for a duel, and it did not come off; and Turguénief wrote to his friend: "We are not going to fight, of which I am very glad." But the two writers had not again met when I was at Yásnaya Polyána, and did not in fact see each other until the summer of 1878.

With the passing years the old friendly feeling returned, fostered naturally by the respect each had for the other's talent. We have, unfortunately, very few letters of Turguénief between 1862 and 1868; in January, 1868, he wrote to Polónsky: "The lack of talent, especially of poetical talent, is our misfortune. Since Leo Tolstoy nothing has come up, and his first work was already printed in 1852." Two months later he was reading "War and Peace" and wrote: "The novel of Tolstoy is a wonderful work, but its weakest side—and that is what the public especially enjoy—is its history and psychology. His history is sleight of hand, dazzling your eyes with trivial details; and his psychology is a capriciously uniform turmoil over one of the same set of themes; everything that has a relation to life, description, the military part, and so forth is thoroughly excellent. A master equal to Tolstoy we do not possess." In 1875 he says: "'Anna Karénin' does not please me, though there are truly splendid passages in it—the races, the mowing, the hunt—but it all tastes sour, and smells of Moscow, incense, old maids, Slavophilism, Junkerthum." And about the same time: "He has a very extraordinary talent, but in 'Anna

Karénin' *il a fait fausse route.* One notices here the influences of Moscow, of the Slavophile nobility, of orthodox old maids, as well as his own retired life and the lack of the necessary artistic freedom. The second part is insipid, tiresome, and unmeaning; that is a pity!" It is fair to say that at this time the novel was not yet finished; and the conclusion was not published for three years thereafter. On the last day of 1876, speaking of a recently published criticism on Tolstoy, he wrote: "I think the critic exaggerates. But how can one help complaining that this man, who is so unusually gifted, should do exactly that which he ought not to do, just as if he were trying to win a bet."

Finally, whether it was brought about by the intervention of friends, or whether caused by a sudden impulse, Tolstoy, in the spring of 1878, wrote to Turguénief. We possess only the reply: "PARIS, May 8, 1878. DEAR LEO NIKOLAIEVITCH—I have just received your letter, which has greatly rejoiced and touched me. I am very sincerely ready to renew our early friendship and warmly grasp the hand you have stretched out to me. You are perfectly right in supposing that I have no kind of hostile feelings toward you. Even if they once existed they have long ago disappeared, and there remains only the remembrance of you as a man to whom I was once attached, and as an author whose first steps I was one of the earliest to appreciate, and whose works of imagination have always excited in me the most lively interest. I am heartily delighted at getting rid of the misunderstandings which had come up between us. I hope to go to Orel this summer, when we shall certainly see each other."

At the beginning of August Turguénief arrived at Moscow, and immediately wrote to Tolstoy, proposing either to go to Yásnaya Polyána or to have a meeting at Tula. Tolstoy, who was then meditating a long novel—though he had not then begun it, and perhaps has not yet done so—went to meet him at Tula, carried him off home, and kept him several days. On reaching his own estate Turguénief wrote to him: "I must repeat to you again what a good and agreeable impression my visit to Yásnaya Polyána made upon me, and how glad I am that our earlier misunderstanding has so disappeared as to leave no traces of having ever existed. I feel clearly and plainly that Life, which has whitened our hairs, has not been useless to us, and that both you and I are better to-day than we were sixteen years ago. This feeling does me much good." And again, ten days later: "I am very glad to hear that everybody at Yásnaya Polyána looked on me with friendly eyes. There is no doubt but that the bond you speak of exists between us, and I am very glad of it, although I will not investigate all the threads of which it is woven. The main point is that it exists."

The next letters to Tolstoy were taken up partly with my translation of "The Cossacks," which, I regret to say, was found "literal, but dry and matter of fact," with an idea he had of himself translating "The Cossacks" into French, and with efforts to put on the Paris market the French translation of "War and Peace." In one of these letters he says: "I am glad that you are all physically well, and hope also that your intellectual illness, about which you wrote, has disappeared. I have gone through the same thing. It has often appeared in the form of an inner fermentation before the beginning of a work. I believe that you have had some such fermentation. Although you ask me not to speak of your writings, I cannot help remarking that I have never made fun of you even in the very slightest degree. Some of your works pleased me very much—others less: for example, "The Cossacks" caused me great pleasure and astonishment. Why should I have laughed at you? I thought that you had long ago got rid of those feelings of old times."

At another time he sends him a letter from Flaubert about the French translation of "War and Peace." "Thanks for having made me read the novel of Tolstoy, it is of the first order. What a painter and what a psychologist! The first two volumes are sublime, but the third falls off horribly (*dégringole affreusement*). He repeats himself when he philosophizes. At the end you see the gentleman, the author, and the Russian—while up to that time you had seen only nature and humanity. There seemed to me sometimes to be things

like Shakespeare. I kept uttering cries of admiration while reading it—and it is long: yes, it is strong, very strong" (*oui, c'est fort, bien fort*).

Turguénief talked much about the necessity of advertisement and *reclame* to make anything succeed in Paris, and said: "During these last few days I have read for the fifth or sixth time with ever new enjoyment this truly great creation of yours. Its whole putting together is very different from what the French like and demand in books. But its truth keeps the upper hand. I hope, if not for a famous victory, at least for an enduring, though slow, conquest. You tell me nothing about your new work, though there are rumors here that you are working diligently. I see you in spirit sitting before your writing-table in that simple room that you showed me." The summer of 1881 Turguénief spent at Spasskoe, where his friend Polónsky paid him a long visit, which he has described very pleasantly in an article called "Turguénief at Home." Among other events Tolstoy spent a couple of days there and sent him a copy of his collected works.*

After his departure Turguénief read aloud portions of Tolstoy's works, especially the 43d chapter of the 1st part of "War and Peace," and greatly excited said, shaking his head: "I know nothing in European literature finer than this description. . . . That *is* a description!" And he was as delighted as if he had discovered it for the first time.

But while Turguénief thought Tolstoy a great writer and admired and prized his talent, he from time to time considered him from his own moral and æsthetic standpoint. In other words, he applied to the views of Tolstoy the measure of his own views about men, and was not always satisfied. While he was reading "Anna Karénin" he could not understand why Tolstoy was so evidently prepossessed in favor of Levin, who was to him an unsympathetic character. "Can you for a moment believe," said Turguénief to Polónsky, "that Levin is in love with Kitty, or that he could ever love anybody? No; love is one of those passions which annihilates our 'Me' and compels us in some degree to forget ourselves and our interests. But Levin, even after he knows that he is loved and is happy, never ceases holding fast to his own personality, and flattering himself. It seems to him that the very drozhky-drivers—especially they—offer him their service with peculiar respect and readiness. He is annoyed that people near Kitty greet him. He does not for a minute cease being an egotist, and sees something quite extraordinary in himself. Psychologically this is all perfectly correct (although I do not like psychological precision and minuteness in a novel), but all these details show that

* The following is the account by Polónsky of Tolstoy's visit: "One Wednesday, July 8th, Turguénief received a telegram from Leo Nikoláievitch Tolstoy, informing him that he would reach Mzensk on Thursday at 10 o'clock in the evening. Turguénief therefore ordered the horses to be sent to meet him the next day.

"That evening we separated soon after taking tea, and went to our own rooms. I sat down to my table, pulled the candles nearer, and wrote out my impressions of the journey I had just made, till one o'clock. Suddenly I heard someone whistling in the courtyard, the sound of steps, and the dogs all barking. I looked out of the window, but there was no moonlight and I could distinguish nothing.

"I sat down again to my writing, but heard someone pass through the garden toward the house, and then dimly heard a voice in the house. I thought that one of my children was talking in his sleep, and went into the children's room. I again heard the voice, but quite plainly, and I recognized it as Turguénief's. 'What the devil's the row? Are there thieves in the house?' I went in the dark through the whole house, and opened the door of a room which had an exit to the terrace, and into Turguénief's study. A candle was burning there, and a gray-haired, bronzed peasant, in a blouse girt by a strap, was reckoning up with another peasant. I looked at him and did not know him. The peasant raised his head, gave an inquiring glance at me, and asked: 'Polónsky, is that you?' Then for the first time I recognized Count Leo Tolstoy. We embraced and kissed each other warmly.

"It turned out that the Count had mistaken the day of the week, and had said Thursday when he meant Wednesday. Not finding Turguénief's carriage at the railway station he had taken another; but as the night was dark and the driver scarcely knew the way, he had taken all this time in coming. Turguénief also had not yet gone to bed and was writing. He was surprised and greatly delighted to find the Count. The *samovar* and a little supper soon made their appearance in the dining-room, and we talked till three o'clock.

"The day after Tolstoy's arrival we had a comical incident. An hour before dinner Turguénief was told that the cook was dead drunk and that there was no one to prepare the dinner. At first he was much perplexed. The guests could not be left without dinner, and so he resolved to cook it himself. Rummaging his hands he explained how he would cut the turnips and chop up the cutlets. He had already started for the kitchen when Zakhar, vigilant as Argus and mysteriously silent, though not dumb, immediately reined in the passionate ardor of his former master, and gave him a hard scolding. 'That's not your business,' he said, 'go away. We can get dinner ready without you.' And Turguénief at once obediently returned to our society. In this way the culinary talents of the honored Ivan Serghéievitch have been hidden from posterity. I cannot repeat all that was said in our conversation with Tolstoy; but I can asseverate that there was nothing which in society is known as 'censurable talk.' The Count pressed his views on no one, and listened to Turguénief's remarks and objections. In short, he was no longer that Count that I had once known in his youth. He did not stay more than two days at Spasskoe, and then travelled to his estates in the government of Samara, where he wanted to be for the harvest."

Levin is thoroughly selfish, and it is easy to understand why he sees in women beings created merely for housewifely and family cares and for empty prattle. It is said that the author is himself like this Levin, but that is scarcely the case; at most he may have transferred to Levin one individual trait of his own character and worked it up artistically; but even with all that, I cannot see what there is to awaken our sympathy." "Not love alone," continued Turguénief, "but every violent passion, religious, political, social—yes, even the passion for study—can destroy our selfishness. Fanatics for hateful and senseless ideas do not spare their lives, so great is their love."

A year later, October 31, 1882, Turguénief wrote: "I have lately received from a very dear Moscow lady that "Confession" of Leo Tolstoy that has been forbidden by the censorship. I read it with the greatest interest. A remarkable piece of writing for its straightforwardness, its sincerity, and its conviction: but it is wholly based on false propositions, and if carried out to the end would lead to the saddest denial of energetic human life; . . . this is a kind of Nihilism. I wonder greatly why Tolstoy, who among other things also renounces and denounces art, surrounds himself with artists, and what they can learn from his conversation. Nevertheless Tolstoy is perhaps the most remarkable man in the Russia of to-day."

When, a few months later, Turguénief lay on his death-bed, he probably thought over the ideas in Tolstoy's "Confession" and the long conversation—the last—that they had had during the brief visit at Spasskoe. And taking up a pencil, he wrote to Tolstoy that touching appeal to be himself once more; the last words he ever wrote:

"Dear and Beloved Leo Nikoláievitch:

"I have not written to you for a long time; for I lay and lie, in two words, on my death-bed. I cannot get well, that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to make my last, earnest request. My friend, return to literary work! This talent of yours has come down from whence all else comes. O! how happy would I be if I could believe that my prayer would be answered!! But I am only a man who is near his end—the doctors do not even know how to call my disease—*néuralgie stomachale goutteuse*. I can neither stand, nor eat, nor sleep; but what am I saying! It is wearisome to repeat all this! My friend, great writer of the Russian land—give heed to my prayer! Let me know if you receive this scrap, and allow me once more to embrace warmly, warmly yourself, your wife, and all yours! . . . I can write no more. . . . I am tired!"*

Tolstoy deeply lamented Turguénief's death, and, speaking of his delicate, loving nature, lamented that a writer so artistic in the highest sense, and so devoted to Russia, should have passed his best and ripest years abroad, afar from his sincere friends and away from his own family.

"He was till the end of his life," said Tolstoy to Danilefsky, "an independent, inquiring spirit; and, notwithstanding our temporary breach, I always highly esteemed him and warmly loved him. He was a genuine self-reliant artist, never lowering himself to consciously serving a passing demand of the minute. He may have gone astray, but even in his errors was sincere."

VI.

In helping Tolstoy rearrange his library I remember that the collected works of Auerbach were given the first place on the first shelf, and, taking out the volumes of "Ein Neues Leben," the Count told me to read it after I had got to bed, as it was a very remarkable book, and added: "It was owing to this that I started a school for my peasants and became interested in popular education. When I went back to Europe the second time I went to see Auerbach, without giving my name. When he came into the room I merely said, 'I am Eugen

*The artist Vereschagin, who was present at the death of Turguénief, says: "Madame Arnold told me that Turguénief was much agitated by a letter which he wrote from his death-bed to Tolstoy. I was sitting by the table when he called me; he gave me a piece of paper on which he had written in pencil, and said, 'Please send this off at once, it is very urgent.'"

Baumann,' and, when he hesitated in surprise, I hastened to add: 'not really in name but in character;' and then told him who I was, how his book had set me thinking, and what good it had done me."

It so happened that in the following winter I spent a few days in Berlin, where, in the hospitable house of Mr. Bancroft, then the American Minister, I had the pleasure of meeting Auerbach, with whom during my stay I became well acquainted. In talking about Russia we spoke of Tolstoy, and I recalled to him this incident. "Yes," he said, "I always remember how frightened I was when this strange-looking man said, 'I am Eugen Baumann,' for I feared he was going to threaten me with an action for libel and defamation of character."

"Ein Neues Leben" naturally brought us to talk of peasant schools, and of the general condition of the peasantry, and of the results of emancipation, and the Count took me through the peasant village of the estate, which is close to the ruined pillars of the large gateway of the park.

"The houses are low huts of one story"—I quote from a letter written by me at the time from Yásnaya Polyána—"built generally of logs; brick houses are not thought so warm.*

"The entrance takes you into the court, on one side of which are cattle and horse-sheds, made of interlaced twigs and covered with straw; on the other side is the door leading into the hut, which consists usually of a single room lighted by two small windows, each with double frames to keep out the cold. There is no ceiling, but the room is open to the roof, which is thatched with straw. The floor is sometimes of earth, but more generally of brick or boards. There is a large brick stove which keeps the house perfectly warm. There is seldom more than a single chair, but rough benches are disposed about the sides of the room, and there are one or two tables. Behind a screen is usually a sort of bed for the master of the house, and a cradle—a square board suspended from a beam by four cords attached to the corners and gathered into a knot, resembling the scale of a balance. There is a little shelf in one corner, with the usual holy picture, and perhaps a small lamp burning in front of it. Except the wooden dishes and utensils there is no other furniture. The families are always very large, and people sleep on the stove, on the benches, or on the floor. It is quite customary here for the younger married members of a family to sleep in the sheds, or in the court. They do this even in winter, though sometimes in the morning they are covered with snow. The peasants' houses in this part of Russia are perhaps the worst of all. In the north of Russia, where wood is abundant, though the peasants are actually poorer, they have larger and better houses and more furniture. All the peasant huts which I saw on the Volga, or even at one hundred miles from it in the government of Samara—where wood was so scarce that they burned dung for fuel—were larger, usually of two or even three rooms, and had more furniture, and well carved cupboards for the crockery and the holy pictures.

"One evening I paid a visit to an old peasant in one of these huts. The room was lighted with a *lutchína*, or piece of birchwood, which gave out a bright blaze. This is a narrow strip of wood held between three nails on the top of a wooden standard, and as each piece will burn not more than two minutes, a little girl has to be constantly replenishing the burner. The ashes are caught in an earthen vessel. An old woman was weaving a coarse linen cloth with a rude machine. A man was making, very neatly and deftly, *lapti*, or the shoes of linden, bast which the peasants usually wear. The most interesting sight was a man beating wool. He had fixed to the wall a large strong bow, strung with a heavy gut string. He kept the string in continual vibration by striking it with a heavy, notched piece of wood, and at each vibration the string caught up and tore apart the wool, and sent it down to the floor in white snowy flocks like soapsuds. It was as well carded as if it had been done with a machine.† This was the trade of this man, who goes from house

* Printed in the Evening Post of New York, November 27, 1868.

† Exactly the same instrument is used in Central Asia for carding cotton.

to house and earns perhaps a ruble and a half a day, if he works steadily. His coming is rather a festival in the house, as he is usually a merry fellow, and sings to the music of his bow-string. The winter is the intellectual season for the Russian peasants as for the rest of the world. They begin to use lights on the 15th (27th) of September, and from that time on they work in the evening, while the old women tell stories and the young people sing. Usually all the young girls meet together for singing and spinning, and go from house to house on successive evenings. In this cottage was a very intelligent boy about fourteen, who knew something about America, and had a fair elementary education.

"There is no church in the village, but half-way between this and the village of the next proprietor is a neat old church, called St. Nicholas of the Ant-hills, from a miraculous image of St. Nicholas said to have been found in some ant-hills in the neighborhood. I am told that the priest has absolutely no influence on his flock. The peasants are religious but respect the proprietors more than the priests, and are more influenced by them both for good and evil. Count Tolstoy says that the entire abolition of the priesthood would probably have no effect whatever on the morality of the peasantry. The morals here, as in all villages which are near a high road, are not good. The women are early corrupted by the soldiers who pass. As to drunkenness, it is neither worse nor better than others. The men are nearly all cartmen and drivers, and have the faults of that class. The land is therefore cultivated almost entirely by women.

"I asked Count Tolstoy what he thought had been the effect of emancipation. He told me that he had been a supporter of the measure, and one of the officers to carry it out—a mediator of the peace—but that he now thought that it had come too soon: that it had been reached by reasoning only by theoretical men, and had not come, as in Western Europe, through the demand of the people, or by the necessity of the case. So far as the material condition of the peasants is concerned, he thought that the emancipation was injurious. He always judged the prosperity of a village by the amount of live stock, and always counted that whenever he passed a village, and had noticed that the amount was continually decreasing. His peasants had three *dessyatines* (nine acres) of land per head, held in common, for which an annual rent of three rubles per *dessyatine* is paid. They have the privilege of buying this land at fifty rubles per *dessyatine*, and can even buy for thirty; but to his knowledge no peasant in his district has purchased land and settled on it as in other countries, though many of them do not lack the means. The peasants are glad to work as little as possible, and like to spend most of their time in a drinking-house. Unfortunately just about the time of the emancipation the taxes on spirits were very much reduced, and this has been productive of much drunkenness. It is now proposed to raise them again, and limit the number of licenses to sell."

While it may have been Auerbach's novel which turned Tolstoy's mind particularly toward the subject of peasant education, yet in starting a school he was only conforming to the spirit of the time—for philanthropy was then in the air—as well as satisfying his own personal desires to do good, desires common in that emancipation period to all liberal spirits. In 1862, in that small district, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, there were fourteen good schools besides ten petty ones, taught by Church readers, or old soldiers, or simply for the servants' children on the various estates. The school which Tolstoy founded he placed in a two-storied brick house on his estate, separated from the village by a little ravine. It was open both morning and evening, and had on an average about forty pupils, boys and girls: some coming long distances and even from other villages, attracted by the fact that the instruction was free, and the school enjoyed a good reputation. In its last year there were four teachers, but Tolstoy frequently gave personal instruction—at one time he passed all his evenings there—in Russian, and especially in Bible History, in singing and in drawing, as he was then passionately fond of music and art. This school flourished for about three years, when it died a natural death, not

so much from any lack of interest on Tolstoy's part, as because every child in the village, which had only one hundred and fifty inhabitants, had learned to read and write, and had acquired all the other knowledge he seemed capable of mastering, and new pupils could not grow up fast enough to make it worth while keeping up the school. A sort of school lingered on, but it was subsequently closed, apparently in consequence of some mistaken interpretation of a circular of the Minister of Public Instruction; and new schools were forbidden to be opened unless the number of the pupils seemed to satisfy the Government. In connection with this school Tolstoy published a little journal under the name of *Yásnaya Polyána*, in which he gave a description of the school itself and of the method of teaching employed there; as well as long papers containing his views on the general subject of education, and specimens of the compositions and themes of the pupils. This journal, a copy of which he hunted up and gave to me, has now become very rare; but many portions of it, together with some articles published elsewhere, are now included in the fourth volume of his Collected Works. The three papers describing the school in November and December, 1862, have been translated, at least into French, and are well worth reading even by those not at all interested in education, for they contain passages descriptive of children and life in a Russian village which are equal to parts of his best novels. There are also interesting passages in the longer essays which have not yet been translated, but more because they throw light on the development of Tolstoy's character, than because what he says, or what any one else may say, about the education of Russian peasants is of any importance to us who live in a very different phase of civilization.*

Tolstoy's school was free in more senses than one, for generally no attempt was made to keep order or discipline, and only those subjects were taught which interested the pupils, and only so far as that interest continued to exist. The great questions in his mind were, What can one teach? and How can one teach?

"In the decision of these questions I was aided by a sort of pedagogic tact which I possessed, especially by my zeal for the work. Coming all at once into the closest personal relations with the forty little men who constituted my school (I call them little men because I found in them those same traits, sagacity, a great knowledge of practical life, a fund

* Tolstoy in his Confession is not just either to himself or to his schoolwork. He says: "When I came back from my journey abroad I settled in the country and accidentally hit on occupying myself with peasant schools. This occupation was quite according to my liking, because there was not apparent in it that falsity which had so impressed me in my literary teaching. Here I was also acting in the name of Progress, but I had already begun to be critically disposed toward Progress itself. I said to myself that Progress in some of its phases was irregular, and that it was therefore necessary that our relations toward unsophisticated people, toward simple peasant children, should be perfectly free, and that they should be allowed to choose that path of progress which they preferred. In reality I was always turning about the same insoluble problem, teaching without knowing what I taught. In the higher spheres of literary activity I understood that it was possible to teach without knowing what to teach, because all writers taught differently, and concealed from themselves their own ignorance only by their disputes with one another; here with peasant children I thought it possible to get over this difficulty by allowing children to learn what they wished. Now I laugh in recollecting how I tacked in order to accomplish my desire of teaching, although I knew very well in the depth of my soul that I could teach no one anything useful because I myself did not know what was useful. After passing a year over my school I went abroad a second time, in order to learn there how to gain the art of teaching others, when one knew nothing one's self.

"It seemed to me that I had learned that abroad, and armed with all this wisdom and skill I returned to Russia in the year of the Emancipation of the Serfs, took the place of mediator, and began to teach the ignorant people in the schools and the educated class in a journal that I started publishing. Everything seemed to go on well, but I used to feel that I was not quite right in mind, and that it could not last long. I might have reached the same despair which came on me fifteen years later, if there had not been yet one side of life which I had not yet experienced, and which promised me salvation: that was family life.

"During a whole year I continued to act as mediator, buried myself in my schools and my journal, and worked so hard that I became worn out. The continual disputes between serf and master, that I tried to settle as mediator, weighed on me; my work in my schools seemed to come to nothing; and I began to hate my tacking and veering in my journal, all with a desire of teaching everybody, and of concealing the fact that I did not know what I taught. I grew ill, rather morally than physically; I threw up everything, and went off into the steppes among the Bashkirs, where I could breathe the pure air, drink kumyss, and lead an animal life.

"When I came back I married. The new conditions of a happy family life turned me completely away from any search for the general meaning of life. My whole life at this time was concentrated in my family, my wife, and my children; and then in studying how to increase our fortune. My aspiration for personal perfection, which had already given place for a desire for perfection in general, for progress, now completely gave way to a desire to make myself and my family as comfortable as possible.

"Thus fifteen years passed. Notwithstanding the fact that during all that time I considered literature to be nonsense, I nevertheless continued to write. I had already tasted the charm of literature, the charm of receiving great pecuniary reward and much applause for worthless work, and I gave myself up to it again as a means of bettering my fortune and of suffocating in my soul all questions about my life and about life in general. I wrote what was for me the only truth then, that one should live so that one's self and family should be as comfortable as possible."

This is the way in which Tolstoy now describes himself as he was at the time that I visited him at Yásnaya Polyána.

of humor, simplicity, perfect straightforwardness, which characterize in general the Russian peasant); perceiving their impressionableness, and their readiness to obtain what knowledge they needed, I immediately felt that the old clerical way of teaching had outlived its time and did not suit them. After that I tried modes proposed by pedagogic writers, especially Germans, and found, too, that they did not suit; and much —specially where there was an effort to teach by sight or by sound—was distasteful to the pupils and often laughed at. Compulsion was contrary to all my ideas, and therefore when I found that one subject was repulsive, I tried to find something which the pupils would be glad to learn. I experimented at the same time on what were the best ways of teaching even these subjects. People, who came to know my school personally, approved and applied some of my ideas, which I set forth sometimes at very great length in the journal which I had started for that purpose. But I must admit that I was annoyed—being younger then—not so much at the fact that my ideas were not accepted, as that those who officially devoted themselves to educational interests did not think it worth while to refute them; but treated them with complete indifference."

In discussing methods of teaching Tolstoy laid down three principles as fundamental: "The teacher is always involuntarily led to teach in the manner of teaching most convenient to himself. The more convenient this method is to the teacher, the less convenient it is to the pupils. The only good method is that which satisfies the pupils."

What had always particularly troubled him and occupied his attention was the best method of teaching children to read. He asked me much about new methods in use in America, and at his request I was able to procure for him—I think through the kindness of Mr. Garrison of the *Nation*—a good selection of American Primers and Elementary Readers. In one of these I remember the pronunciation of the different sounds of the vowels and of certain consonants was represented to the eye by a character similar in general shape to the ordinary letter, but with special distinctive changes which at once caught the eye. These books proved of some use to Tolstoy in the preparation of his Primer or ABC, on which he spent much time, but the publication or use of which in schools was forbidden by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Tolstoy did not approve of examinations, nor even of individual recitations, at least for Russian peasant children. He seemed to prefer something akin to what is the Arabic, and in general the Eastern method, of all the pupils reciting together. His efforts in instruction in history and geography were on the whole failures. What little success he had came from using the Manuals of Peter Parley, translated into Russian fifty years ago; by telling stories, and by appeals to the Russian patriotic feeling, which was quickly on the alert; "so that," he said, "as a general rule I see no necessity of teaching history or geography to a boy before he goes to the University; and I do see great harm in it. After that I don't know." The one exception that he made was for biblical history and the Bible in general, especially the Old Testament. One of the most interesting portions of his report is the passage about the Bible, of which I cannot forbear quoting the conclusion:

"In order for a pupil to give himself up entirely to his teacher, it is necessary to raise a corner of that veil which hides from him all the enchantment of that world of thought, knowledge, and poetry, to which his studies are to introduce him. . . . What means have we for raising this veil? I thought of many things. But as I was myself in that world to which I wished to introduce my pupils, nothing seemed to be easier, and I taught them to read; I explained the phenomena of nature; I used to tell them what was written in the Primers, that 'the fruits of knowledge are sweet;' but they did not believe me, and even drew off. I then tried reading the Bible to them, and took complete possession of them. The edge of the veil was lifted, and they quite gave themselves up to me. They grew to love the book, love study, and love me. All that I had to do was to guide them further. . . . Perhaps this was ac-

cident; perhaps in another school the same results may be reached by beginning in a different way. Perhaps. But this accident is repeated too invariably in all schools and in all families, and its explanation is too clear to me for me to admit that it is a chance. For the purpose of opening a new world to a pupil, and of making him love knowledge before he has knowledge, there is no book like the Bible. I speak even for those who do not regard the Bible as Revelation. No; at least, I do not know of a production which unites to the same extent as the Bible, in so condensed a poetic form, all the sides of human thought. All questions of natural phenomena are explained by this book. All the primitive relations of men to each other—families, states, religions, are for the first time recognized in this book. Generalization of ideas, wisdom in a simple childlike form, enchants the pupil's mind for the first time. The lyrical qualities of the Psalms of David affect the minds of children as well as adults; and for the first time, in the Bible, everyone learns the charm of the Epic in its inimitable simplicity and force. Who has not wept over the history of Joseph and of his meeting with his brothers? Who has ever told without terror in his heart the story of the chained and shorn Samson, who, in order to revenge himself on his enemies, buried himself under the ruins of the Palace? And still hundreds of other impressions which have nourished us like our mother's milk. Let those who deny the educational signification of the Bible, and who say that the Bible has outlived its time—let them compose such a book, such stories which explain the phenomena of nature, either drawn from general history or from their own imagination, which will be accepted as the Bible stories are—and then we will admit that the Bible has outlived its time. . . . I repeat my conviction, which may perhaps be drawn from an exceptional experience, that without the Bible in our society the development of the child or of the man would be as impossible as it would have been in Greek society without Homer. . . . The publication of a translation of the Bible in the simple language used by the peasants would form an epoch in the history of the Russian people."

In another place, speaking of the way in which children love to learn, and how their feelings gradually affected their families, he writes: "A father once told me that he burned up a whole candle while holding it in his fingers before his son's book, and he praised greatly both his son and the book. It was the Gospel."

In his educational writings, most of them as old as 1862, there is an occasional paragraph that foreshadows the later phase of Count Tolstoy; and in an article written as late as 1885 he avows his adherence to all that he had said earlier. Such are, among others: "Perhaps the people do not understand, and do not wish to understand, our literary language, because there is nothing in it for them to understand; and because all our literature has no meaning to them and they must create their own literature." Again, in discussing the question whether peasants should be taught Art, he says: "Every child of the people has the same rights—even greater rights—to the enjoyments of Art as we who belong to a privileged class; we who are not weighed upon by the necessity of constant hard labor; we who are surrounded by all the comforts of life. To deprive them of the enjoyments of Art, to deprive me, the teacher, of the right to introduce them into the domain of the highest pleasures, which they are begging for with all the powers of their being, would be an immense absurdity." And again: "I have arrived at this conviction, that all that we have done in poetry and music is false, exclusive, without meaning and without future, and insignificant in comparison with the needs and even with the productions of these arts of which we find specimens among the people. I am convinced that a lyric of Pushkin or the last Symphony of Beethoven are not as unconditionally and universally good as the song about "Vanka the Cellarer," or the air, "Down along Mother Volga;" that Pushkin and Beethoven please us not because they express absolute beauty, but because we are as depraved as they, and because they only flatter our abnormal irritability and our weakness."

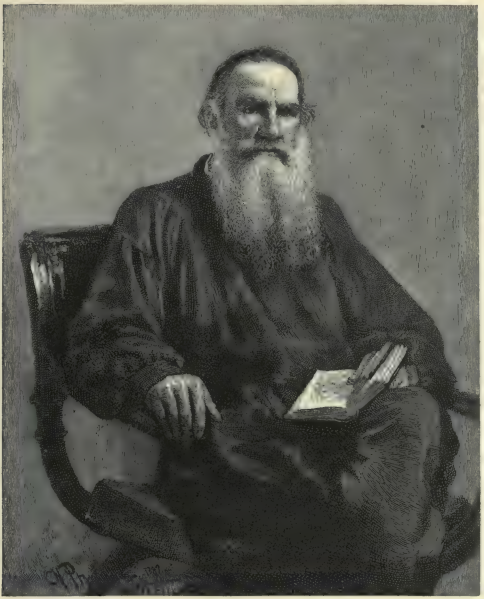
VII.

When I had been just a week at Yásnaya Polyána I happened in the course of the evening to speak of my journey down the Volga, and told of my call at Kazán on General Yúshkof, Count Tolstoy's uncle, to whom he had kindly given me a letter. The old man had been in the campaign of 1812, when he was even already a general, though young; and the Count had told me that I might perhaps get out of him some stories about the battle of Borodinó, the retreat of the French, and how Moscow looked after the great fire. He had apparently utilized some of these for "War and Peace." I explained, therefore, why I had heard nothing of the kind. I had been admitted at Kazán into a very good and comfortable house, and had presented my card and letter of introduction to the servant, who came back and begged me to wait a little. While waiting I noticed that the letter, still unsealed, had been placed on a chair. At last the General came in, old but vigorous, and with an expression of great kindliness and sympathy. He asked me to sit down, sat down himself, and after a few words said: "You brought me, I think, a letter from my nephew Leo? Where is it?"

"I believe you are sitting upon it," I replied. He got up, found the letter, and handing it to me said: "Will you kindly read it to me. I am totally blind." The situation was awkward, but there was no help for it; although the letter was so flattering and affectionate toward me that I felt compelled to skip a whole paragraph. I regret now that, instead of giving it back to the old man, I did not put it into my pocket and preserve it as a souvenir. There were two grand pianos in the other room, and in answer to some question the General said that he had always been passionately fond of music, that he had brought up all his children to play and sing, but that now that he was old and blind they would go off to St. Petersburg during the winter and leave him all alone. Gradually I persuaded him to play from memory something from Beethoven and Mozart; then we went out into the garden and sat in the sun, and in the two hours that he kept me he told me much that was interesting, but not what I wanted.

About 4 o'clock the next morning, after telling this adventure, I was awakened by hearing some one fumbling along the passage, when suddenly my bedroom door opened, and thinking that for some inexplicable reason the servant had come to wake me, I called out, "What's the matter?" The door closed and I heard a voice say in French; "*Ilii*, there's a man in my bed; a man!" The door again opened and a gentleman appeared with a candle, and asked "Seryózha, is that you?" "No," I replied, "I am a guest of the house." He laughed, begged pardon, and went away; and my senses were then sharp enough to hear the arrangement made that she would go up to the drawing-room and sleep on the sofa till the family were up; while he could lie down on the divan in the Count's study. I immediately conjectured what turned out to be the true state of the case. I was occupying the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, and had been invited to stay till her arrival, about a week hence. She had suddenly returned without giving notice, and had brought a friend with her. As the doors of Russian country-houses are very rarely locked at night, they had come in without, as it happened, awaking anyone in the house but myself.

I ascertained the truth when Ivan brought me my morning tea, and I immediately packed up so as to be in readiness to depart the same day. When I went upstairs for the 11 o'clock coffee, I chanced to find Madame Yúshkof alone in the drawing-room and was obliged to introduce myself. She had evidently been told—probably in explaining who I was—my story of the night before, for she smiled and said: "So, you were in Kazán last spring and saw my husband, who told you that he was stone blind. I assure you that there is not a word of truth in it. He sees as well as you or I do. It is merely one of his notions to make himself appear interesting." I asseverated my belief that he really was blind, but could not convince her. Count Tolstoy afterward told me that, although they were on perfectly friendly terms, she had long been separated from her husband, and had not seen him for



Count Leo Tolstoy.
From a portrait painted by Ilya (Efinovitch) *Riepín*, at Yásnaya Polyána, August 13-15, 1887.

years. I felt sure that at least he had not seen her.

The morning was dark and rainy, but the sun came out afterward, and the strange gentleman, who turned out to be an old family friend with whom Madame Yúshkof had been staying, drove with me to Tula. Although we exchanged occasional letters, Count Tolstoy did not come again to Moscow during my stay there, so that this was the last time I saw him.

Postscript.

Judging from the past there has never seemed to me any reason to believe that the present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm, through which Count Tolstoy is now passing, would last for the whole of his life ; or that he is permanently lost to literature. Most of the foreign visitors to him, who have published their impressions, were more interested in his social and religious theories than in Russian literature. It is pleasant, therefore, to find from the account of the novelist G. P. Danilefsky, of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána in the autumn of 1886, that Count Tolstoy is not so different after all from what he once was ; and that to an old friend he is willing to show the interest in art and literature which still possesses him.

Some passages may well be quoted :

"My conversation with the Count about the past and present was interrupted by a large, handsome setter, run-

ning in and lying down at his feet. 'Is that Laska?' I asked, thinking of 'Anna Karénin.' 'No; she died long ago. This is my eldest son's sporting dog.' 'And do you shoot now?' 'No; I gave it up long ago; although I walk about the neighboring fields and woods every day. . . . What a delight it is to repose from intellectual occupations by means of simple physical labor. Every day, according to the season, I either dig the ground, or saw and chop wood, or work with scythe, sickle, or some other instrument.' I could not help thinking of the box of shoemaker's tools in the window of the Count's reception-room.



Ivan Sergheievitch Turguénief, 1867.

"'And ploughing,' the Count continued, 'you cannot conceive what a satisfaction it is to plough. It is not very hard work, as it seems to many; it is pure enjoyment. You go along lifting up and properly directing the plough, and you don't notice how one, two, and three hours have gone by. The blood runs merrily through your veins; your head becomes clear; you don't feel the weight of your feet. But the appetite afterward, and the sleep! If you don't feel tired wouldn't you like to take a walk before dinner and look for mushrooms? It has rained lately, and there must be some good white mushrooms.'"

This little walk lasted for three hours and a half, and led them a course of five or six miles, through the orchards planted by the Count, over hill and dale, through woods and meadows; and past those plantations of trees which I had seen in their infancy, but which now are thick woods and realize the prophecy of the Count with regard to their value. All this time the Count talked with sympathy and interest of art, of Russian literature, and of its best representatives. Speaking of popular literature, Tolstoy said: "More than thirty years ago, when some of our present writers —and I among them — had just begun to work, among the hundred millions of the Russian Empire, the number of readers could be counted by tens of thousands. Now, since the multiplication of schools, they can probably be counted by millions; and these millions of Russian readers stand before us like hungry little jackdaws with wide open mouths, and say to us: 'Gentlemen, writers of our own land, throw into our mouths some intellectual food which is worthy of you and of us. Write for us, who thirst for the living literature, save us from those chap-books of "Yeruslam-Lazarévitch," "Milord George," and the like food to be found at the fairs.' The simple and honorable Russian people is worthy of our answering this call of their good and upright soul. I have thought much about it, and have decided to make essay on this ground according to the measure of my strength."

". . . 'How warm it is, and how the air smells of leaves,' he said, approaching an old half-ruined bridge over a little narrow stream. 'The force of immediate impressions from nature is wonderful. How I love and prize artists who draw all their inspiration from that mighty and eternal source! In it is the only force and truth.'

"We talked about various artistic

methods in literature, painting, and music. 'Not long ago I happened to read a book,' said Tolstoy, stopping before the planks thrown over the stream, 'the verses of a dead young Spanish poet. Besides the remarkable talent of this writer the account of his life greatly interested me. His biographer quotes a story told of him by his old nurse. She had noticed, with apprehension, that he often passed whole nights without sleep, would sigh and pronounce aloud some sort of words, would go out into the fields and villages by moonlight and stay there whole hours. One night she even thought he had gone out of his mind; for he got up, dressed in the dark and went out to a neighboring well. The nurse, who followed him, saw how he drew a bucket of water and began to pour it slowly on the ground; then drew another and poured that out too. "Poor fellow, you've lost your wits," she said. But not at all. The young man was doing that for the purpose of hearing, and seeing the more carefully how streamlets of water fall and splash in the moonlight on a quiet night. The experience was necessary for his new poem. In that case he was confirming his recollections, and the poetic impressions which they prompted, by nature itself; just as painters are obliged sometimes to have recourse to mannikins which they place in the required positions, and cover with the proper clothing. In reading our own and foreign writers I involuntarily feel who is true to nature and borrows from her, and who is false. There are some books whose falsity is at once so evident that I cannot get beyond the first page, and not even threats of corporal punishment would induce me to read them. . . .' Tolstoy would have been willing to walk further, but the Countess arrived from Tula with a bundle of proof-sheets, and it was dinner-time. 'You are not tired?' said Tolstoy, as he gayly and lightly went up the staircase; 'for me daily exercise and physical labor are as indispensable as the air. In summer in the country as to this I have full choice. I can plough or cut grass. In the autumn in rainy weather it is wretched. In the country there are no sidewalks or pavements, and when it rains I cobble and make shoes. In town, too, I am bored by simple walking, and one cannot plough or mow there; so I saw and split wood. Sedentary intellectual work, without physical exercise and labor is a real calamity. If for even a single day I do not walk or work with my legs or hands, I am good for nothing by evening. I can't read or write, or even listen to anyone with attention; my head turns; there seem to be stars in my eyes and I have a sleepless night.'"

Danilévsky concludes as follows:

"Count Leo Tolstoy, after this new meeting of ours, remains in my thoughts the same great and mighty artist that Russia knew and knows. He is in perfect health, vigorous, in full possession of all his artistic force; and, without any doubt, is still able to enrich his country with more than one production similar to 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karénin.' I say even more. Just as his quiet life and interruption of work after 'Childhood and Boyhood' and the 'Sevastopol Sketches," when he was busy with questions of pedagogy, and published the *Yásnaya Polyána* school journal, was not apathy nor weakening of his artistic strength, but only an involuntary repose or breathing time—during which there ripened in his mind the ideas of 'War and Peace'—so now, when Count Tolstoy, after studying in the originals the 'Old and New Testaments' and 'Lives of Saints,' consecrates his leisure to tales for the people, he is evidently only preparing himself for new and great artistic productions; and his present state of mind is only a new step, only a nearer approach to other still higher stages of his creative power."



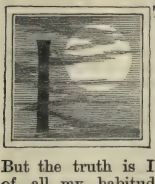
"And then they were gone indeed, having looked their last on the kind roof of Durrisdeer."—*Page* 755.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

VIII.

THE ENEMY IN THE HOUSE.



IT is a strange thing that I should be at a stick for a date—the date, besides, of an incident that changed the very nature of my life, and sent us all into foreign lands. But the truth is I was stricken out of all my habitudes, and find my journals very ill redd-up,* the day not indicated sometimes for a week or two together, and the whole fashion of the thing like that of a man near desperate. It was late in March, at least, or early in April, 1764. I had slept heavily and wakened with a premonition of some evil to befall. So strong was this upon my spirit, that I hurried down-stairs in my shirt and breeches, and my hand (I remember) shook upon the rail. It was a cold, sunny morning with a thick white frost; the blackbirds sang exceeding sweet and loud about the house at Durrisdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers. As I came by the doors of the hall, another sound arrested me, of voices talking. I drew nearer, and stood like a man dreaming. Here was certainly a human voice, and that in my own master's house, and yet I knew it not; certainly human speech, and that in my native land, and yet, listen as I pleased, I could not catch one syllable. An old tale started up in my mind of a fairy wife (or perhaps only a wandering stranger), that came to the place of my fathers some generations back, and stayed the matter of a week, talking often in a tongue that signified nothing to the hearers; and went again as she had come, under cloud of night, leaving not so much as a name behind her. A little fear I had, but more curiosity; and I opened the hall door, and entered.

* Ordered.

The supper dishes still lay upon the table; the shutters were still closed, although day peeped in the divisions; and the great room was lighted only with a single taper, and some lurching reverberation of the fire. Close in the chimney sat two men. The one that was wrapped in a cloak and wore boots, I knew at once: it was the bird of ill omen back again. Of the other, who was set close to the red embers, and made up into a bundle like a mummy, I could but see that he was an alien, of a darker hue than any man of Europe, very frailly built, with a singular tall forehead, and a secret eye. Several bundles and a small valise were on the floor; and to judge by the smallness of this luggage, and by the condition of the Master's boots, grossly patched by some unscrupulous country cobbler, evil had not prospered.

He rose upon my entrance; our eyes crossed; and I know not why it should have been, but my courage rose like a lark on a May morning.

"Ha!" said I, "is this you?" and I was pleased with the unconcern of my own voice.

"It is even myself, worthy Mackellar," says the Master.

"This time you have brought the black dog visibly upon your back," I continued.

"Referring to Secundra Dass?" asked the Master. "Let me present you. He is a native gentleman of India."

"Hum!" said I, "I am no great lover either of you or your friends, Mr. Bally. But I will let a little daylight in and have a look at you." And so saying, I undid the shutters of the eastern window.

By the light of the morning, I could perceive the man was changed. Later, when we were all together, I was more struck to see how lightly time had dealt with him; but the first glance was otherwise.

"You are getting an old man," said I.

A shade came upon his face. "If you could see yourself," said he, "you would perhaps not dwell upon the topic."

"Hut!" I returned, "old age is nothing to me. I think I have been always old; and I am now, I thank God, better known and more respected. It is not everyone that can say that, Mr. Bally! The lines in *your* brow are calamities; your life begins to close in upon you like a prison; death will soon be rapping at the door; and I see not from what source you are to draw your consolations."

Here the Master addressed himself to Secundra Dass in Hindustanee; from which I gathered (I freely confess, with a high degree of pleasure) that my remarks annoyed him. All this while, you may be sure, my mind had been busy upon other matters even while I rallied my enemy; and chiefly as to how I should communicate secretly and quickly with my lord. To this, in the breathing space now given me, I turned all the forces of my mind; when, suddenly shifting my eyes, I was aware of the man himself standing in the doorway, and to all appearance quite composed. He had no sooner met my looks than he stepped across the threshold. The Master heard him coming, and advanced upon the other side; about four feet apart, these brothers came to a full pause and stood exchanging steady looks, and then my lord smiled, bowed a little forward, and turned briskly away.

"Mackellar," says he, "we must see to breakfast for these travellers."

It was plain the Master was a trifle disconcerted; but he assumed the more impudence of speech and manner. "I am as hungry as a hawk," says he. "Let it be something good, Henry."

My lord turned to him with the same hard smile. "Lord Durrisdeer," says he.

"O, never in the family!" returned the Master.

"Everyone in this house renders me my proper title," says my lord. "If it please you to make an exception, I will leave you to consider what appearance it will bear to strangers, and whether it may not be translated as an effect of impotent jealousy."

I could have clapped my hands together with delight: the more so as my lord left no time for any answer, but bidding me with a sign to follow him, went straight out of the hall.

"Come quick," says he, "we have to sweep vermin from the house." And he sped through the passages, with so swift a step that I could scarce keep up with him, straight to the door of John Paul, the which he opened without summons and walked in. John was to all appearance sound asleep, but my lord made no pretence of waking him.

"John Paul," said he, speaking as quietly as ever I heard him, "you served my father long, or I would pack you from the house like a dog. If in half an hour's time I find you gone, you shall continue to receive your wages in Edinburgh. If you linger here or in St. Bride's—old man, old servant, and altogether, I shall find some very astonishing way to make you smart for your disloyalty. Up, and begone. The door you let them in by will serve for your departure. I do not choose that my son shall see your face again."

"I am rejoiced to find you bear the thing so quietly," said I, when we were forth again by ourselves.

"Quietly!" cries he, and put my hand suddenly against his heart, which struck upon his bosom like a sledge.

At this revelation, I was filled with wonder and fear. There was no constitution could bear so violent a strain—his least of all, that was unhinged already; and I decided in my mind that we must bring this monstrous situation to an end.

"It would be well, I think, if I took word to my lady," said I. Indeed, he should have gone himself, but I counted (not in vain) on his indifference.

"Ay," says he, "do. I will hurry breakfast: we must all appear at the table, even Alexander; it must appear we are untroubled."

I ran to my lady's room, and, with no preparatory cruelty, disclosed my news.

"My mind was long ago made up," said she. "We must make our packets secretly to-day, and leave secretly to-night. Thank Heaven, we have another house! The first ship that sails shall bear us to New York."

"And what of him?" I asked.

"We leave him Durrisdeer," she cried. "Let him work his pleasure upon that."

"Not so, by your leave," said I. "There

shall be a dog at his heels that can hold fast. Bed he shall have, and board, and a horse to ride upon, if he behave himself; but the keys (if you think well of it, my lady) shall be left in the hands of one Mackellar. There will be good care taken; trust him for that."

"Mr. Mackellar," she cried, "I thank you for that thought! All shall be left in your hands. If we must go into a savage country, I bequeath it to you to take our vengeance. Send Macconochie to St. Bride's, to arrange privately for horses and to call the lawyer. My lord must leave procuration."

At that moment, my lord came to the door, and we opened our plan to him.

"I will never hear of it," he cried; "he would think I feared him. I will stay in my own house, please God, until I die. There lives not the man can beard me out of it. Once and for all, here I am and here I stay, in spite of all the devils in hell." I can give no idea of the vehemency of his words and utterance; but we both stood aghast, and I in particular, who had been a witness of his former self-restraint.

My lady looked at me with an appeal that went to my heart and recalled me to my wits. I made her a private sign to go, and when my lord and I were alone, went up to him where he was racing to and fro in one end of the room like a half-lunatic, and set my hand firmly on his shoulder.

"My lord," says I, "I am going to be the plain-dealer once more; if for the last time, so much the better, for I am grown weary of the part."

"Nothing will change me," he answered. "God forbid I should refuse to hear you; but nothing will change me." This he said firmly, with no signal of former violence, which already raised my hopes.

"Very well," said I. "I can afford to waste my breath." I pointed to a chair, and he sat down and looked at me. "I can remember a time when my lady very much neglected you," said I.

"I never spoke of it while it lasted," returned my lord, with a high flush of color; "and it is all changed now."

"Do you know how much?" I said. "Do you know how much it is all changed? The tables are turned, my lord! It is my lady who now courts you for a word or a look, and generally courts you in vain. Do you know with whom she passes her days, while you are out gallivanting in the policies? My lord, she is glad to pass them with a certain dry old grieve* of the name of Ephraim Mackellar; and I think you may be able to remember what that means, for I am the more in a mistake or you were once driven to the same company yourself."

"Mackellar!" cries my lord, getting to his feet. "O my God, Mackellar!"

"It is neither the name of Mackellar nor the name of God that can change the truth," said I; "and I am telling you the fact. Now, for you, that suffered so much, to deal out the same suffering to another, is that the part of any Christian? But you are so swallowed up in your new friend that the old are all forgotten. They are all clean vanished from your memory. And yet they stood by you at the darkest; my lady not the least. And does my lady ever cross your mind? Does it ever cross your mind what she went through that night? or what manner of a wife she has been to you thenceforward? or in what kind of a position she finds herself to-day? Never. It is your pride to stay and face him out, and she must stay along with you. O, my lord's pride—that's the great affair! And yet she is the woman, and you are a great, hulking man! She is the woman that you swore to protect; and more betoken, the own mother of that son of yours!"

"You are speaking very bitterly, Mackellar," said he; "but the Lord knows, I fear you are speaking very true. I have not proved worthy of my happiness. Bring my lady back."

My lady was waiting near at hand to learn the issue. When I brought her in, my lord took a hand of each of us and laid them both upon his bosom. "I have had two friends in my life," said he. "All the comfort ever I had, it came from one or other. When you two are in a mind, I think I would be an ungrateful dog"—He shut his mouth very hard, and looked on us with swimming eyes. "Do what ye like with me," says he, "only don't think"— He

* Land steward.

stopped again. "Do what ye please with me; God knows I love and honor you." And dropping our two hands, he turned his back and went and gazed out of the window. But my lady ran after, calling his name, and threw herself upon his neck in a passion of weeping.

I went out and shut the door behind me, and stood and thanked God from the bottom of my heart.

At the breakfast board, according to my lord's design, we were all met. The Master had by that time plucked off his patched boots and made a toilet suitable to the hour; Secundra Dass was no longer bundled up in wrappers, but wore a decent plain black suit, which misbecame him strangely; and the pair were at the great window looking forth, when the family entered. They turned, and the black man (as they had already named him in the house) bowed almost to his knees, but the Master was for running forward like one of the family. My lady stopped him, courtesying low from the far end of the hall, and keeping her children at her back. My lord was a little in front; so there were the three cousins of Durrisdeer face to face. The hand of time was very legible on all; I seemed to read in their changed faces a *memento mori;* and what affected me still more, it was the wicked man that bore his years the handsomest. My lady was quite transfigured into the matron, a becoming woman for the head of a great tableful of children and dependents. My lord was grown slack in his limbs; he stooped, he walked with a running motion as though he had learned again from Mr. Alexander; his face was drawn, it seemed a trifle longer than of old, and it wore at times a smile very singularly mingled, and which (in my eyes) appeared both bitter and pathetic. But the Master still bore himself erect, although perhaps with effort; his brow barred about the centre with imperious lines, his mouth set as for command, he had all the gravity and something of the splendor of Satan in the "Paradise Lost." I could not help but see the man with admiration, and was only surprised that I saw him with so little fear.

But indeed (as long as we were at the table) it seemed as if his authority were quite vanished and his teeth all drawn. We had known him a magician that controlled the elements; and here he was transformed into an ordinary gentleman, chatting like his neighbors at the breakfast board. For now the father was dead, and my lord and lady reconciled, in what ear was he to pour his calumnies? It came upon me in a kind of vision how hugely I had overrated the man's subtlety. He had his malice still, he was false as ever; and the occasion being gone that made his strength, he sat there impotent; he was still the viper, but now spent his venom on a file. Two more thoughts occurred to me while yet we sat at breakfast: the first, that he was abashed—I had almost said distressed—to find his wickedness quite unavailing; the second, that perhaps my lord was in the right, and we did amiss to fly from our dismasted enemy. But my poor master's leaping heart came in my mind, and I remembered it was for his life we played the coward.

When the meal was over, the Master followed me to my room, and taking a chair (which I had never offered him) asked me what was to be done with him.

"Why, Mr. Bally," said I, "the house will still be open to you for a time."

"For a time?" says he. "I do not know if I quite take your meaning."

"It is plain enough," said I. "We keep you for our reputation; as soon as you shall have publicly disgraced yourself by some of your misconduct, we shall pack you forth again."

"You are become an impudent rogue," said the Master, bending his brows at me dangerously.

"I learned in a good school," I returned. "And you must have perceived yourself that with my old lord's death your power is quite departed. I do not fear you now, Mr. Bally; I think even, God forgive me, that I take a certain pleasure in your company."

He broke out in a burst of laughter, which I clearly saw to be assumed.

"I have come with empty pockets," says he, after a pause.

"I do not think there will be any money going," I replied. "I would advise you not to build on that."

"I shall have something to say on the point," he returned.

"Indeed?" said I. "I have not a guess what it will be, then."

"O, you affect confidence," said the Master. "I have still one strong position—that you people fear a scandal, and I enjoy it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bally," says I. "We do not in the least fear a scandal against you."

He laughed again. "You have been studying repartee," he said. "But speech is very easy, and sometimes very deceptive. I warn you fairly: you will find me vitriol in the house. You would do wiser to pay money down, and see my back." And with that, he waved his hand to me and left the room.

A little after, my lord came with the lawyer, Mr. Carlyle; a bottle of old wine was brought, and we all had a glass before we fell to business. The necessary deeds were then prepared and executed, and the Scotch estates made over in trust to Mr. Carlyle and myself.

"There is one point, Mr. Carlyle," said my lord, when these affairs had been adjusted, "on which I wish that you would do us justice. This sudden departure coinciding with my brother's return will be certainly commented on. I wish you would discourage any conjunction of the two."

"I will make a point of it, my lord," said Mr. Carlyle. "The Mas—Mr. Bally does not then accompany you?"

"It is a point I must approach," said my lord. "Mr. Bally remains at Durrisdeer under the care of Mr. Mackellar; and I do not mean that he shall even know our destination."

"Common report, however—" began the lawyer.

"Ah, but, Mr. Carlyle, this is to be a secret quite among ourselves," interrupted my lord. "None but you and Mackellar are to be made acquainted with my movements."

"And Mr. Bally stays here? Quite so," said Mr. Carlyle. "The powers you leave—" Then he broke off again. "Mr. Mackellar, we have a rather heavy weight upon us."

"No doubt, sir," said I.

"No doubt," said he. "Mr. Bally will have no voice?"

"He will have no voice," said my lord, "and I hope no influence. Mr. Bally is not a good adviser."

"I see," said the lawyer. "By the way, has Mr. Bally means?"

"I understand him to have nothing," replied my lord. "I give him table, fire, and candle in this house."

"And in the matter of an allowance?—If I am to share the responsibility, you will see how highly desirable it is that I should understand your views," said the lawyer. "On the question of an allowance?"

"There will be no allowance," said my lord. "I wish Mr. Bally to live very private. We have not always been gratified with his behavior."

"And in the matter of money," I added, "he has shown himself an infamous bad husband. Glance your eye upon that docket, Mr. Carlyle, where I have brought together the different sums the man has drawn from the estate in the last fifteen or twenty years. The total is pretty."

Mr. Carlyle made the motion of whistling. "I had no guess of this," said he. "Excuse me once more, my lord, if I appear to push you; but it is really desirable I should penetrate your intentions: Mr. Mackellar might die, when I should find myself alone upon this trust. Would it not be rather your lordship's preference that Mr. Bally should—ahem—should leave the country?"

My lord looked at Mr. Carlyle. "Why do you ask that?" said he.

"I gather, my lord, that Mr. Bally is not a comfort to his family," says the lawyer with a smile.

My lord's face became suddenly knotted. "I wish he was in hell," said he, and filled himself a glass of wine, but with a hand so tottering that he spilled the half into his bosom. This was the second time, that in the midst of the most regular and wise behavior, his animosity had spirted out. It startled Mr. Carlyle, who observed my lord thenceforth with covert curiosity, and to me it restored the certainty that we were acting for the best in view of my lord's health and reason.

Except for this explosion, the interview was very successfully conducted.

No doubt Mr. Carlyle would talk; as lawyers do, little by little. We could thus feel we had laid the foundations of a better feeling in the country; and the man's own misconduct would certainly complete what we had begun. Indeed, before his departure, the lawyer showed us there had already gone abroad some glimmerings of the truth.

"I should perhaps explain to you, my lord," said he, pausing, with his hat in his hand, "that I have not been altogether surprised with your lordship's dispositions in the case of Mr. Bally. Something of this nature oozed out when he was last in Durrisdeer. There was some talk of a woman at St. Bride's, to whom you had behaved extremely handsome, and Mr. Bally with no small degree of cruelty. There was the entail again, which was much controverted. In short, there was no want of talk, back and forward; and some of our wiseacres took up a strong opinion. I remained in suspense, as became one of my cloth; but Mr. Mackellar's docket here has finally opened my eyes.—I do not think, Mr. Mackellar, that you and I will give him that much rope."

The rest of that important day passed prosperously through. It was our policy to keep the enemy in view, and I took my turn to be his watchman with the rest. I think his spirits rose as he perceived us to be so attentive: and I know that mine insensibly declined. What chiefly daunted me, was the man's singular dexterity to worm himself into our troubles. You may have felt (after a horse accident) the hand of a bone-setter artfully divide and interrogate the muscles, and settle strongly on the injured place? It was so with the Master's tongue that was so cunning to question, and his eyes that were so quick to observe. I seemed to have said nothing, and yet to have let all out. Before I knew where I was, the man was condoling with me on my lord's neglect of my lady and myself, and his hurtful indulgence to his son. On this last point I perceived him (with panic fear) to return repeatedly. The boy had displayed a certain shrinking from his uncle, it was strong in my mind; his father had been fool enough to indoctrinate the same, which was no wise beginning; and when I looked upon the man before me, still so handsome, so apt a speaker, with so great a variety of fortunes to relate, I saw he was the very personage to captivate a boyish fancy. John Paul had left only that morning; it was not to be supposed he had been altogether dumb upon his favorite subject: so that here would be Mr. Alexander in the part of Dido, with a curiosity inflamed to hear; and there would be the Master like a diabolical Æneas, full of matter the most pleasing in the world to any youthful ear, such as battles, sea-disasters, flights, the forests of the west, and (since his later voyage) the ancient cities of the Indies. How cunningly these baits might be employed, and what an empire might be so founded, little by little, in the mind of any boy, stood obviously clear to me. There was no inhibition, so long as the man was in the house, that would be strong enough to hold these two apart; for if it be hard to charm serpents, it is no very difficult thing to cast a glamour on a little chip of manhood not very long in breeches. I recalled an ancient sailor-man who dwelt in a lone house beyond the Figgate Whins (I believe he called it after Portobello), and how the boys would troop out of Leith on a Saturday, and sit and listen to his swearing tales, as thick as crows about a carrion; a thing I often remarked as I went by, a young student, on my own more meditative holiday diversion. Many of these boys went, no doubt, in the face of an express command; many feared and even hated the old brute of whom they made their hero; and I have seen them flee from him when he was tipsy, and stone him when he was drunk. And yet there they came each Saturday! How much more easily would a boy like Mr. Alexander fall under the influence of a high-looking, high-spoken gentleman-adventurer, who should conceive the fancy to entrap him; and the influence gained, how easy to employ it for the child's perversion!

I doubt if our enemy had named Mr. Alexander three times, before I perceived which way his mind was aiming,—all his train of thought and memory passed in one pulsation through my own,—and you may say I started back as though an

open hole had gaped across a pathway. Mr. Alexander—there was the weak point, there was the Eve in our perishable paradise, and the serpent was already hissing on the trail.

I promise you I went the more heartily about the preparations; my last scruple gone, the danger of delay written before me in huge characters. From that moment forth, I seem not to have sat down or breathed. Now I would be at my post with the Master and his Indian; now in the garret buckling a valise; now sending forth Macconochie by the side postern and the wood-path to bear it to the trysting place; and again, snatching some words of counsel with my lady. This was the *verso* of our life in Durrisdeer that day; but on the *recto* all appeared quite settled, as of a family at home in its paternal seat; and what perturbation may have been observable, the Master would set down to the blow of his unlooked-for coming and the fear he was accustomed to inspire.

Supper went creditably off, cold salutations passed, and the company trooped to their respective chambers. I attended the Master to the last. We had put him the next door to his Indian, in the north wing, because that was the most distant and could be severed from the body of the house with doors. I saw he was a kind friend or a good master (whichever it was) to his Secundra Dass; seeing to his comfort; mending the fire with his own hand, for the Indian complained of cold; inquiring as to the rice on which the stranger made his diet; talking with him pleasantly in the Hindustanee, while I stood by, my candle in my hand, and affected to be overcome with slumber. At length the Master observed my signals of distress. "I perceive," says he, "that you have all your ancient habits: early to bed and early to rise. Yawn yourself away!"

Once in my own room, I made the customary motions of undressing, so that I might time myself; and when the cycle was complete, set my tinder-box ready and blew out my taper. The matter of an hour afterward, I made a light again, put on my shoes of list that I had worn by my lord's sick-bed, and set forth into the house to call the voyagers. All were dressed and waiting,—my lord, my lady, Miss Katharine, Mr. Alexander, my lady's woman Christie; and I observed the effect of secrecy even upon quite innocent persons, that one after another showed in the chink of the door a face as white as paper. We slipped out of the side postern into a night of darkness, scarce broken by a star or two; so that at first we groped and stumbled and fell among the bushes. A few hundred yards up the wood-path, Macconochie was waiting us with a great lantern; so the rest of the way we went easy enough, but still in a kind of guilty silence. A little beyond the abbey, the path debouched on the main road; and some quarter of a mile farther, at the place called Eagles where the moors begin, we saw the lights of the two carriages stand shining by the wayside. Scarce a word or two was uttered at our parting, and these regarded business: a silent grasping of hands, a turning of faces aside, and the thing was over; the horses broke into a trot, the lamplight sped like Will o' the Wisp upon the broken moorland, it dipped beyond Stony Brae, and there were Macconochie and I alone with our lantern on the road. There was one thing more to wait for, and that was the reappearance of the coach upon Cartmore. It seems they must have pulled up upon the summit, looked back for a last time and seen our lantern not yet moved away from the place of separation. For a lamp was taken from a carriage, and waved three times up and down by way of a farewell. And then they were gone indeed, having looked their last on the kind roof of Durrisdeer, their faces toward a barbarous country. I never knew before the greatness of that vault of night in which we two poor servingmen, the one old and the one elderly, stood for the first time deserted; I had never felt before my own dependency upon the countenance of others: the sense of isolation burned in my bowels like fire; it seemed that we who remained at home were the true exiles; and that Durrisdeer, and Solwayside, and all that made my country native, its air good to me, and its language welcome, had gone forth and was far over the sea with my old masters.

All the remainder of that night, I

paced to and fro on the smooth highway, reflecting on the future and the past. My thoughts, which at first dwelled tenderly on those who were just gone, took a more manly temper as I considered what remained for me to do. Day came upon the inland mountain-tops, the fowls began to cry and the smoke of homesteads to arise in the brown bosom of the moors, before I turned my face homeward and went down the path to where the roof of Durrisdeer shone in the morning by the sea.

At the customary hour I had the Master called, and awaited his coming in the hall with a quiet mind. He looked about him at the empty room and the three covers set.

"We are a small party," said he. "How comes that?"

"This is the party to which we must grow accustomed," I replied.

He looked at me with a sudden sharpness. "What is all this?" said he.

"You and I and your friend Mr. Dass are now all the company," I replied. "My lord, my lady, and the children are gone upon a voyage."

"Upon my word!" said he. "Can this be possible? I have indeed fluttered your Volscians in Corioli! But this is no reason why our breakfast should go cold. Sit down, Mr. Mackellar, if you please"—taking, as he spoke, the head of the table, which I had designed to occupy myself—"and as we eat, you can give me the details of this evasion."

I could see he was more affected than his language carried, and I determined to equal him in coolness. "I was about to ask you to take the head of the table," said I; "for though I am now thrust into the position of your host, I could never forget that you were after all a member of the family."

For a while, he played the part of entertainer, giving directions to Macconochie, who received them with an evil grace, and attending specially upon Secundra. "And where has my good family withdrawn to?" he asked carelessly.

"Ah, Mr. Bally, that is another point!" said I. "I have no orders to communicate their destination."

"To me," he corrected.

"To anyone," said I.

"It is the less pointed," said the Master; "*c'est de bon ton*: my brother improves as he continues. And I, dear Mr. Mackellar?"

"You will have bed and board, Mr. Bally," said I. "I am permitted to give you the run of the cellar, which is pretty reasonably stocked. You have only to keep well with me, which is no very difficult matter, and you shall want neither for wine nor a saddle-horse."

He made an excuse to send Macconochie from the room.

"And for money?" he inquired. "Have I to keep well with my good friend Mackellar for my pocket money also? This is a pleasing return to the principles of boyhood."

"There was no allowance made," said I; "but I will take it on myself to see you are supplied in moderation."

"In moderation?" he repeated. "And you will take it on yourself?" He drew himself up and looked about the hall at the dark rows of portraits. "In the name of my ancestors, I thank you," says he; and then, with a return to irony: "But there must certainly be an allowance for Secundra Dass?" he said. "It is not possible they have omitted that."

"I will make a note of it and ask instructions when I write," said I.

And he, with a sudden change of manner, and leaning forward with an elbow on the table: "Do you think this entirely wise?"

"I execute my orders, Mr. Bally," said I.

"Profoundly modest," said the master; "perhaps not equally ingenuous. You told me yesterday my power was fallen with my father's death: with the infidelity of a common-place woman, you might have added. How comes it, then, that a peer of the realm flees under cloud of night out of a house in which his fathers have stood several sieges? that he conceals his address, which must be a matter of concern to his Gracious Majesty and to the whole republic? and that he should leave me in possession and under the paternal charge of his invaluable Mackellar? This smacks to me of a very consider-

able and genuine apprehension. But I will go beyond that, for I think the apprehension grounded. I came to this house with some reluctancy. In view of the manner of my last departure, nothing but necessity could have induced me to come back. Money, however, is that which I must have. You will not give with a good grace; well, I have the power to force it from you. Inside of a week, without leaving Durrisdeer, I will find out where these fools are fled to. I will follow; and when I have run my quarry down I will drive a wedge into that family that shall once more burst it into shivers. I shall see then whether my Lord Durrisdeer" (said with indescribable scorn and rage) "will choose to buy my absence; and you will all see whether, by that time, I decide for profit or revenge."

I was amazed to hear the man so open. The truth is, he was consumed with anger at my lord's successful flight, felt himself to figure as a dupe, and was in no humor to weigh language.

"Do you consider *this* entirely wise?" said I, copying his words.

"These twenty years I have lived by my poor wisdom," he answered, with a smile that seemed almost foolish in its vanity.

"And come out a beggar in the end," said I, "if beggar be a strong enough word for it."

"I would have you to observe, Mr. Mackellar," cried he, with a sudden, imperious heat in which I could not but admire him, "that I am scrupulously civil; copy me in that, and we shall be the better friends."

Throughout this dialogue, I had been incommoded by the observation of Secundra Dass. Not one of us, since the first word, had made a feint of eating: our eyes were in each other's faces—you might say in each other's bosoms; and those of the Indian troubled me with a certain changing brightness as of comprehension. But I brushed the fancy aside: telling myself once more he understood no English; only, from the gravity of both voices and the occasional scorn and anger in the Master's, smelled out there was something of import in the wind. For the matter of three weeks, we continued to live together in the house of Durrisdeer: the beginning of that most singular chapter of my life—what I must call my intimacy with the Master. At first, he was somewhat changeable in his behavior: now civil, now returning to his old manner of flouting me to my face; and in both, I met him half-way. Thanks be to Providence, I had now no measure to keep with the man; and I was never afraid of black brows, only of naked swords. So that I found a certain entertainment in these bouts of incivility, and was not always ill-inspired in my rejoinders. At last (it was at supper), I had a droll expression that entirely vanquished him. He laughed again and again; and "Who would have guessed," he cried, "that this old wife had any wit under his petticoats?"

"It is no wit, Mr. Bally," said I; "a dry Scot's humor, and something of the driest." And indeed I never had the least pretention to be thought a wit.

From that hour, he was never rude with me, but all passed between us in a manner of pleasantry. One of our chief times of daffing* was when he required a horse, another bottle, or some money; he would approach me then after the manner of a school-boy, and I would carry it on by way of being his father: on both sides with an infinity of mirth. I could not but perceive that he thought more of me, which tickled that poor part of mankind, the vanity. He dropped besides (I must suppose unconsciously) into a manner that was not only familiar but even friendly; and this, on the part of one who had so long detested me, I found the more insidious. He went little abroad; sometimes even refusing invitations. "No," he would say, "what do I care for these thick-headed bonnet-lairds? I will stay at home, Mackellar; and we shall share a bottle quietly and have one of our good talks." And indeed meal-time at Durrisdeer must have been a delight to anyone, by reason of the brilliancy of the discourse. He would often express wonder at his former indifference to my society. "But you see," he would add, "we were upon opposite sides, and so we are to-day. But let us never speak of that. I would think much less of

* Fooling.

you, if you were not stanch to your employer." You are to consider, he seemed to me quite impotent for any evil; and how it is a most engaging form of flattery when (after many years) tardy justice is done to a man's character and parts. But I have no thought to excuse myself. I was to blame; I let him cajole me; and, in short, I think the watch-dog was going sound asleep, when he was suddenly aroused.

I should say the Indian was continually travelling to and fro in the house. He never spoke, save in his own dialect and with the Master; walked without sound; and was always turning up where you would least expect him, fallen into a deep abstraction, from which he would start (upon your coming) to mock you with one of his grovelling obeisances. He seemed so quiet, so frail, and so wrapped in his own fancies, that I came to pass him over without much regard, or even to pity him for a harmless exile from his country. And yet without doubt the creature was still eaves-dropping; and without doubt it was through his stealth and my security that our secret reached the Master.

It was one very wild night, after supper, and when we had been making more than usually merry, that the blow fell on me.

"This is all very fine," says the Master, "but we should do better to be buckling our valise."

"Why so?" I cried. "Are you leaving?"

"We are all leaving to-morrow in the morning," said he. "For the port of Glascow first; thence for the province of New York."

I suppose I must have groaned aloud.

"Yes," he continued, "I boasted: I said a week, and it has taken me near twenty days. But never mind: I shall make it up; I will go the faster."

"Have you the money for this voyage?" I asked.

"Dear and ingenuous personage, I have," said he. "Blame me, if you choose, for my duplicity; but while I have been wringing shillings from my daddy, I had a stock of my own put by against a rainy day. You will pay for your own passage, if you choose to accompany us on our flank march; I have enough for Secundra and myself, but not more: enough to be dangerous, not enough to be generous. There is, however, an outside seat upon the chaise which I will let you have upon a moderate commutation; so that the whole menagerie can go together, the house-dog, the monkey, and the tiger."

"I go with you," said I.

"I count upon it," said the Master. "You have seen me foiled, I mean you shall see me victorious. To gain that, I will risk wetting you like a sop in this wild weather."

"And at least," I added, "you know very well you could not throw me off."

"Not easily," said he. "You put your finger on the point with your usual excellent good sense. I never fight with the inevitable."

"I suppose it is useless to appeal to you," said I.

"Believe me, perfectly," said he.

"And yet if you would give me time, I could write—" I began.

"And what would be my Lord Durrisdeer's answer?" asks he.

"Ay," said I, "that is the rub."

"And at any rate, how much more expeditious that I should go myself!" says he. "But all this is quite a waste of breath. At seven to-morrow the chaise will be at the door. For I start from the door, Mackellar; I do not skulk through woods and take my chaise upon the wayside—shall we say, at Eagles?"

My mind was now thoroughly made up. "Can you spare me quarter of an hour at St. Bride's?" said I. "I have a little necessary business with Carlyle."

"An hour, if you prefer," said he. "I do not seek to deny that the money for your seat is an object to me; and you could always get the first to Glascow with saddle-horses."

"Well," said I, "I never thought to leave old Scotland."

"It will brisken you up," says he.

"This will be an ill journey for some one," I said. "I think, sir, for you. Something speaks in my bosom; and so much it says plain, That this is an ill-omened journey."

"If you take to prophecy," says he, "listen to that."

There came up a violent squall off the

open Solway, and the rain was dashed on the great windows.

"Do ye ken what that bodes, warlock," said he, in a broad accent; "that there'll be a man Mackellar unco sick at sea."

When I got to my chamber, I sat there under a painful excitation, hearkening to the turmoil of the gale which struck full upon that gable of the house. What with the pressure on my spirits, the eldritch cries of the wind among the turret tops, and the perpetual trepidation of the masoned house, sleep fled my eyelids utterly. I sat by my taper, looking on the black panes of the window where the storm appeared continually on the point of bursting in its entrance; and upon that empty field I beheld a perspective of consequences that made the hair to rise upon my scalp. The child corrupted, the home broken up, my master dead or worse than dead, my mistress plunged in desolation, all these I saw before me painted brightly on the darkness; and the outcry of the wind appeared to mock at my inaction.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSIONS.

By Mary Bradley.

Yes, "leave us our illusions." Day is spent,
And the night darkens upon anxious eyes
While to and fro we wander, impotent
To find our way out from a house of lies.
We followed with the learned and the wise,
While yet the morning was; and were content,
Seeking the truth (which still your wisdom flies),
To climb from cliff to hollow where they went.

But oh, what gain in all our journeyings?
For who can tell us, now the day declines,
Where, in this tangle of uncertain things
The kindly light that leads us homeward, shines?
Or what to answer when His face we see
Who called us at the outset—Follow Me!



AT THE FERRY.

By Graham R. Tomson.

HERE by the stream I sit,
  Where the dull water floweth evermore,—
  The listless water lapping on the shore—
This long low strand by sun and stars unlit.

Knee-deep in river-musk
  I hear the black-leaved poplars sigh and sway,
  The plash of oars upon the water-way
As Charon's boat swings huge upon the dusk.

I watch the phantoms land,
  And some step shoreward faint and shuddering,
  With brows rose-garlanded for life's fair Spring;
And others mute and sore-bewildered stand

With eyes bedimmed and dazed
  In the new twilight-gloom—yet some there be,
  That seek the smooth still haven longingly
And through the gloaming wander unamazed.

But when she cometh—fair
  And passing sweet this murky land shall be,
  Soul of my soul—unmet by shore or sea—
Whom knew I never in the upper air,

Then sudden day shall dawn,
  And wheresoe'er her lovely feet be set
  Shall spring the crocus and the violet,
And lilies white as ivory new-sawn.

Where never daylight shone,
  Before her face a tremulous gold ray
  Shall turn to golden mist this twilight gray,
And roses blossom here in Acheron.



SELF.

By Augusta Larned.

Nor to love self and yet to love myself
As highest, next to the supernal powers,
To lose myself that I may find myself,
The better self in sane and tranquil hours.

To save myself by spending all myself,
Nor count the cost nor linger at the dole,
To prize myself that I may give myself—
The unclaimed largess of a free-born soul.

To fling this self upon a heap of things
The vilest and the meanest of the earth,
To sever from myself whereto it clings,
Joy, and delight, and rest, and pleasant mirth.

To haggle not nor bargain for my pay,
The "well done, servant, enter on thine ease,"
To ask no wage for the long workaday
Only to hope my nature's still increase.

And yet to hold this self by some great law
Of dignity surpassing all we know,
Till the spheres drop beneath it, and the awe
Of moral being dwarfs each sensuous show.

To claim its kindred with all deathless things,
Nor suns nor tides can measure its desires,
Nor can divinest strain the poet sings
Hint at the self whereunto it aspires.

See where the Sphinx this riddle now indites,
And should you doubt of life's immortal charms,
Know the orbed self that holds all opposites
Must hold the unweaned future in its arms.



PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

IN an intelligible sense there is no such thing as a Past, since it has ceased to exist, and there is no such thing as a Future, for it does not yet exist, but whatever there may be of reality and also of illusion in both, concentrates itself wholly in the Present. Again, in a certain sense, although we talk of the transitoriness of life, the Present is absolutely permanent, for what we call the Future can be nothing till it shall have become the Present, and it is inconceivable that a time can ever arrive when there will be no Present.

These ideas do not in any way interfere with the popular conception of Past, Present, and Future, but they may help to correct the popular tendency to regard the Present as of little relative importance because it seems so transitory and brief, while our imagination invests the Past and the Future with the imposing attribute of inconceivable vastness.

The illusion about the smallness of the Present takes a shape like this. We think to ourselves: "What does it matter if I do this or that thing just now, or nothing whatever now, as the *now* is such a very short space of time?" This undervaluing of the Present is the origin of all procrastination. "I will do the thing, not now," says the procrastinator, "but to-morrow." He forgets that when to-morrow comes it will be *now* just as to-day is, and he will undervalue it exactly in the same way.

To procrastinate is to put off till to-morrow; but whatever may be the interval of time, whether we put off for hours or years, the origin of the habit is the same. Strictly considered, the Present is not a space but a mere point of time, and yet the Present is all the time there is. It may be compared with the point of a pencil in the hand of a draughtsman; it travels, and it leaves marks behind it, yet in itself it is but a point surrounded by an infinite space that we call eternity.

Marcus Aurelius said that a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future, for he has not either of them, and what a man has not cannot be taken from him. The ordinary reader is likely to suspect a little sophistry here, and might reply that although the Past does not belong to us, since it is gone, certain results of it may be lost in after-life and, in this sense, taken from us. I may have learned a language in the Past and lost it through a subsequent failure of memory. I may have trained my body by gymnastics and lost the strength and suppleness which that exercise gained for me. Or, on the other hand, one may have preserved very valuable results from early training, and may still possess very much of his Past, though in modified forms. Merely to remember the Past with great vividness is still, in a measure, to possess it. Even the dead are not completely taken away from us, so long as we remember them well; they can only completely die by the failure of memory in survivors. Our recollection of the dead varies greatly in its clearness; there are times when it is vague and rather distant, as a landscape on a misty day, but there are other times when the mist clears off in a marvellous way and it seems, for a moment, as if we really felt "the touch of the vanished hand," and heard once again "the sound of the voice that is still." In this respect even our dreams

have a serious value. They sometimes refresh our recollections of the dead as nothing else can, by recalling some little half-forgotten peculiarity of tone or gesture, and there are dreams of such value in this respect that they bridge over a great interval of years.

Although Marcus Aurelius said a man could not lose the Future because he did not possess it, we all believe that we might lose, or at least miss the Future by dying prematurely, and this is the reason for the extraordinary degree of sympathy excited by all early deaths, a sympathy which decreases steadily with the age of the dead person till there is little or none of it left for the very old. The objection to dying diminishes wonderfully with age, from the idea that there is less to lose, till at length in old people themselves we find a disposition to look upon the natural term of life with very little repugnance. The argument that the young lose nothing when they die prematurely cannot be maintained if we take loss in the sense of *missing*, for every time of life has its own satisfactions, its own peculiar kinds of happiness, and it is absolutely impossible that youth can ever have the happiness of maturity, though it may have the brighter and less substantial satisfactions of life's beginning. However, as the missing is not of the conscious kind, the loss is never felt.

The following is one of those cases which excite regret in survivors. A man died many years ago after a cruel illness which was accompanied by great mental suffering on account of his anxiety for the future of his family, which he left entirely unprovided for. Partly in consequence of the kindness of others, and partly through their own industry, his children prospered and became incomparably happier in all ways than the dying father could reasonably hope for. In this case one regrets that a gleam of the Future could not shine, like a ray of sunlight, on the death-bed; but Future good and evil are alike hidden from us, and the Present, often so gloomy, is all that we really know. This is why practical philosophers tell us to take short views. He who tries to look into the Future will probably not see the real Future, but a picture whose lights and shadows are the work of his own imagination.

As we advance in life, when we are getting on, for example, in the sixth decade, we have not merely read biographies, but have actually seen human lives lived out from the cradle to the grave. There is nothing so effectual as this witnessing of lives for convincing us of the futility of far-reaching schemes. If they are built upon the supposed inclinations of other people they are especially liable to come to naught. Those other people will act, when the time comes for acting, in ways that we are totally unable to foresee, and their decisions will affect our own Future in the most incalculable manner. We are like engines running on a railroad—we may be at any time turned aside in directions that we can predict no more than if we were made of brass and iron. A family emigrates, let us say, from England to some distant colony with the firm intention of living all close to each other as families do in the story-books. Divergences of taste and different necessities of occupation will probably scatter them in a few years. Then new influences, new friendships, marriages, will mould the different destinies.

Plans of life that are built upon our own tastes may be falsified by the gradual change in ourselves. Nobody, at twenty, can know what his tastes will be when he gets to twice that age. We see this change in clear evidence when people make records of their own minds, either in ordinary correspondence (if it is preserved) or in pictures and books. Among certain ancient records I discovered, once, an epistle written by myself at the age of twenty-one. Any girl at that age might have written a better. Either from laziness or carelessness, or simple inability to give a clear and characteristic account of what I had seen, there was no attempt, I will not say at style, but at the most ordinary quality of plain writing. I have so far changed that it is now a pleasurable exercise for me to put words in their proper places. In like manner I have seen painters arrived at their maturity who sought for, and even purchased, their early pictures that did not in the least express either the powers, or the feelings, or the tastes

in regard to nature and art which had become a part of themselves in after-years.

The nature of every man is so mysterious, so immeasurable and unfathomable, that what seems to others the narrowest mental organization may contain within itself unexpected resources. This is the hidden cause of the invariable appearance of great men in times of national trial and disturbance. At such times, quiet, unpretending individuals come to the front by the forces of nature that formerly lay concealed within them, and they win fame, perhaps immortal fame, like Cromwell, Grant, Lincoln, for qualities that would scarcely have attracted notice in common life and in ordinary times. The fact of such appearances of great men ought to warn us all against the presumption of setting bounds to the future of anyone, except in matters where technical excellence is a necessity. If a man cannot play the fiddle at thirty we may safely predict that he will never become an accomplished violinist, but when there is no technical obstacle the limits cannot be fixed. Scott fell into novel-writing accidentally, and a very trivial circumstance (a search for fishing-tackle that made him stumble upon the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley") caused him to resume it after a first abandonment. George Eliot spent her time in translating German philosophical books, not at all suspecting the existence of her own gifts as a novelist, until Lewes urged her to make experiments. A possible external cause in either of these cases would have left the gift dormant forever. If Byron had not appeared Scott would have remained the first poet, so that he would not have turned to prose; for Shelley and Keats counted for hardly anything in those days, and Wordsworth was unpopular. If Miss Evans had married a rich, ordinary man the intellectual side of her nature would have overshadowed the artistic, and she would never have been anything more than a student and expounder of philosophy.

Unthinking people express an astonishment at examples of this kind which is in itself unreasonable. They think it very surprising that anyone should succeed in a pursuit for which he has not been trained; but that never happens. The training, the preparation, has always been there in concealed forms. The natural gift of the novelist is invention of the story-telling kind, the training required is only the use of language and some study of literature; the materials are amassed by observing actual life. Both Scott and George Eliot had been students of literature and were already practised writers before they attempted the novel. They had observed much, and therefore all that remained to be tested was the presence of invention. Nobody ever did anything without the necessary education. People sometimes foolishly wonder how Mr. Bright could be such a fine orator without a classical training; they forget that he had advantages which Cicero and Demosthenes lacked. He knew by heart all the great speeches in Shakespeare and Milton, and as for language, he studied the finest English wherever it was to be found. His linguistic education was at least equal (in reference to his own time) to that of an ancient Greek, yet foolish people look upon John Bright as an ignorant genius, while they consider Demosthenes educated. When Bright was a young man, in smoky Rochdale, he had access to the artistic element in literature, and it was the love of poetry that gave the artistic element to his own speeches and raised them to the height of oratory.

There is an awful truth that impresses itself upon us on growing old, and that is how marvellously our own Past is continually coming back to us. The effort and the neglect, the virtues and the vices, of thirty or forty years ago are telling with irresistible power on the occupations and interests of to-day. Whatever other people may think about the novelty and (to them) the unexpectedness of what we do, each of us well knows that the action of to-day is built upon his own near or distant Past. There is an odd contradiction in this between our own knowledge and the surprise of others. They all associate us with certain limitations which they themselves have made for us. They would bind us down to their own limited knowledge of our knowledge, like

an English lady who once told me that if I were to go to France I should find it difficult to talk to French people. That is the common illusion of others, but we ourselves are liable to another great illusion about ourselves. We deplore the waste of time in vain education, in misdirected reading, believing that much is superfluous because we imagine ourselves, *without it*, being the same persons that we are *with it*. A man is what he is in consequence of *all* his training and experience put together. This includes his failures and what he has imperfectly learned, as well as his successes and the things he has been able to shine in. The cleverest of us are liable to this error of underestimating an imperfect education. Imperfect, certainly, it always is, but not valueless. Darwin supposed that his school and college education had been of little or no use to him, yet his mind was the result of those influences as well as of more purely scientific influences. It is possible, and even probable, that without his literary training Darwin's mind might never have become elastic enough and comprehensive enough to embrace and co-ordinate ideas so widely apart as those which condensed themselves into the theory of evolution. Nobody who is in the least degree remarkable for intellectual ability of any kind could quite safely discard any part of his past work and training, however seemingly irrelevant to the present. One of the most educated men now living is Mr. Gladstone. I will not trouble the reader with the details of Mr. Gladstone's education, but all were probably essential. To be perfectly certain on this point it would be necessary to try the same human being with two different educations, that is, to have Mr. Gladstone born again and educated in some other way. Probably, if such a miracle could be performed, we should find that the otherwise-educated Gladstone would not act, in anything, exactly like the present scholar and statesman.

The power of the Past over every instant of the Present is so subtle in its operation that it tells in the most insignificant acts. One of my friends, who has had much experience in tuition, tells me that he knows immediately, without asking questions, whether a young man has had a classical education or not. A close observer might possibly guess from the slightest movements if a young man had been accustomed to athletic exercises.

In all the arts there are momentary difficulties that only the most dexterous can fully overcome. In other words, the labor of years is concentrated in the skill of a moment, the extensive Past operating with all its accumulated force upon the narrow Present. On witnessing these momentary displays of a skill that is almost incomprehensible a thoughtful person is chiefly impressed by that marvellous law of nature which makes years of previous labor available all at once.

The great difficulty in employing the Present well is that the use of it must form part of some consistent scheme or well-devised arrangement of life. There is no satisfactory Present that is not firmly rooted in the Past. It is the sense of this great *need of the Past* which drives people who have no steady pursuits to a perpetual waste of time. They feel that desultory efforts are useless, and they cannot determine to undertake those that might be effectual and continuous. Hence the great advantage in the trades and professions, that they insure continuity; they keep the cobbler to his last, the painter to his palette. It is thus, in the arrangements of nature, that the Present is made so valuable, that men are, on the whole, so wonderfully efficient *now* when we want their services, and do not put us off with promises of future utility. This is the one admirable result, that civilization helps us *now*, that the telegraph is ready to take our message and the steamer ready to start, and the fire-engine ready to stop the conflagration. The increased experience of the human race is leading it more and more to appreciate the importance of the Present, and to look upon the Future only as that which will be the Present in its turn.

The clergy in speaking of another world often teach true wisdom for this, and they tell us that "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." If we mean to be spiritually wise, they say, we had better begin at

once. With regard to all beginnings, though they may seem so new, it is wonderful how rapidly they fall back into the Past. Make a little improvement in your household arrangements, your manner of life, and in a short time it will seem as if it had always been so. Any new law, if it is practically good, will be defended by the strictest conservatives in a few years. It is only students and thinkers who know the newness of some things in our civilization and the extreme antiquity of others.

Considering the prodigious abundance of good things that the Past has bequeathed to us it seems ungrateful to make any objection, still, there is one tendency in things that is pregnant of inconvenience for the Future. It is the way in which they cluster round a mistake till the mass is too heavy to be moved. The site of a town may have been chosen by the ancient Romans for defensive purposes according to their mode of warfare. It may have been originally no more than a fortified camp, then a cluster of habitations, afterward a cathedral city in the Middle Ages, and now a modern town useless for defence against artillery and in the highest degree inconvenient for modern life. At the same time there is, perhaps, an excellent site for a modern town five miles off; but stone buildings cannot be moved like tents. The difficulty of improving the interior of great old cities is also enormous, independently of any change of site. The works left by the Past are inconveniently valuable, and one must be a despot like Louis Napoleon to drive through them. Even in a system so recently introduced as railways, the narrow gauge has settled itself in England with a power far surpassing the strength of law, as nobody can undertake to alter the enormous "plant." So it is with great social institutions; they become so massive by gathering weight, in course of time, that it is almost impossible to adapt them to new needs, and the Present has to conform to the Past. We see this, of course, much more in old countries than in newly settled ones. For example, there is the English House of Lords. All the various schemes for adapting that Chamber to modern wants have been found impracticable, and it remains founded upon the hereditary principle; consequently, to raise a man to the peerage for his own merits, according to the democratic idea, the Queen has to make the peerage hereditary in his family, which is a concession to ancient ideas. The almost insuperable difficulty of adjustment that there is between the Past and the Present is better seen in France than in any other country, for there the antagonism between the two is not modified by any spirit of compromise. The Present, in France, does not willingly assume old forms, as it does in England, while the Past never admits itself to be finally superseded.

An American now in Europe tells me that the great interest of the Old World for him is that there the old and new are to be seen side by side. He was thinking of such visible things as buildings, but there are the same contrasts between living people, some of whom belong distinctly to the Past. I myself have certainly known both English and French people who belonged to the eighteenth century, and looked upon the nineteenth with sentiments of disapprobation. A careful observer might go much further back among the living, and detect without difficulty traces of earlier ages. A strongly reactionary French nobleman who admits nothing but the Papal authority in matters of opinion, who detests parliamentary government, and wants a Monarchy of Divine Right, is as little modern as his coat-of-arms. The Past, indeed, is still alive so far as it has living representatives. In this sense it may reasonably be argued that the eighteenth century has not yet come to an end. There is even a tendency in students of the Past to become enamoured of some past century and prefer it to all others, by a kind of romantic idealization. The brothers De Goncourt chose the eighteenth, and came, of course, to know much more about it than anybody would ever learn without that passionate preference. It is an instructive hobby to have a fancy for some Past time, and gradually accumulate knowledge about it until our favorite epoch becomes almost a living reality. Such a hobby has the incalculable advantage of making us aware that

the Present is not everything and the daily papers not the only interesting reading. Littré, notwithstanding all his knowledge of antiquity, took an especial interest in the *langue d'oïl* that was contemporary with Dante, and discovered its grammar and construction so as to translate the "Inferno" into that beautiful forgotten tongue. It is hardly possible to have that tenderness of affection for more than one Past age, which becomes more and more our own as we know it better than anybody else. The kind of illusion that mingles itself with these affections for the Past is that which shuts its eyes against unpleasant truths. We may well admire the architecture of the thirteenth century, but we could not live a week or a day in that century without being offended by coarseness and made indignant by the sight of cruelty and wrong. The Past is picturesque and romantic, and it may suggest very poetical conceptions, but the Earth has never been so habitable for merciful and reasonable beings as it is now. We live, as Renan said, in a recent speech at the *Académie française*—we live in the happiest time, in the best of the known ages. We may look forward, for our descendants, to a time still better than this, but the Future is dark and we know that it will have great social difficulties of its own. Still if we look to the *tendency* of things, and do not allow our minds to be too much taken up by details, we cannot doubt that the tendency is steadily toward improvement, not for individuals but for the race. This is the one great consolation that we have in living, for as to individual existence we have always to face the certainty of deterioration. After forty we must accept the gradual lessening of physical force and mental vivacity, even when both are not still more rapidly lessened by the inroads of disease. Therefore, so far as this world is concerned, our best chance of being happy in advancing life is to take an interest in the Future of the race. Philosophers who speculate on great cosmical subjects tell us that the race itself will ultimately perish, but that end is so remote that it need not prevent us from hoping for many things in the meanwhile. For example, I hope for the cessation of war, though not in our time, and I hope for a great increase in international good feeling and in religious toleration. These are great and encouraging hopes which make personal interests seem inconsiderable to me.

One thing we cannot hope for, the cessation of physical pain; but with regard to that I may quote the saying of an eminent Parisian physician, "La douleur passée n'est rien." When physical pain is over, there is an end of it. Most of us know what pain is, how hard to bear when it is actually present, but one minute after it is really over we have nothing but a delightful sensation of relief. If pain leaves no effect of deterioration behind it the *has been* counts for nothing. When we see a great crowd of people, we do not reckon up the sum of torture that the births of all these human beings must have caused, long ago, to their mothers; in the tranquillity of a public cemetery we do not think of the pains of dying and multiply them by the names upon the gravestones. Hardly even, on a battle field, do we remember the pains of the buried thousands, but rather the fiery onset and the vigorous resistance. When passing over the battle-field of Ivry, then quiet in the moonlight, I saw nothing in imagination but a shadowy host advancing and, in the midst of it, the white-plumed "helmet of Navarre."

With *future* pain the case is entirely different. It is reasonable to think nothing of that which is over, and reasonable also to dread, so long as we face it without cowardice, the pain that is to come. For the same reason a merciful man recoils from inflicting torture on men and animals. He would not enter upon an avoidable war, and he would congratulate himself on having avoided a war more than on a victory. This is not the spirit of Napoleon, who could set aside the consideration of pain in future battles as easily as we forget it in those of Cæsar and Alexander.

If I have treated past physical pain somewhat lightly as a thing to be best forgotten, it is not the same with the sufferings of the mind. They have the terrible peculiarity of renewing themselves with scarcely diminished force. When Æneas told Dido that she was commanding him to renew an inexpres-

sible pain, it was not physical but mental suffering that he apprehended. The wounds of the body may be completely healed, those of the spirit break out afresh. A poet can treat a subject according to his fancy, and he may choose the "Pleasures of Memory," but if he took the whole of memory together, and not its pleasures only, he would be likely to find the theme as torturing in some details as it may be delightful in others. The lava of Vesuvius cools in days or weeks, the lava of the human past does not cool in a life-time. People remember the sorrows, the vexations, the errors of their youth as long as they can remember anything. A harsh and hasty word, repented of the minute after it was spoken, and yet forever irrecoverable, may remain rankling in the speaker's memory till memory itself shall fail. Even trifles, little failures, or omissions, have a way of perpetuating themselves by coming up when they are not wanted. First we remember them, and afterward remember that we have remembered them, and so the intrusive recollection is renewed. Ridiculous little social failures acquire a sort of permanent importance. A man of eighty, apropos of this subject, told me that he was still vexed with himself for having missed the opportunity for an epigram fifty years before, and he gave me the details of the conversation in which the epigram, had he but thought of it in time, would have discomfited the enemy.

Without presuming to admonish the reader, I will offer him the results which these reflections have brought home most forcibly to my own mind. Life, while it lasts, is a perpetual Present, and if one hour seems less valuable than another it is only because the liveliness of our faculties is variable and opportunities seem to present themselves irregularly. Our constant tendency is to undervalue the great now. Young people often undervalue their *now* because they cannot turn it immediately into money. Could they not turn it into something better—into knowledge, strength, or skill? In after-life we undervalue our *now* from a relaxation of mental discipline. The difficulty, after the age of forty, is to keep the faculties in such a state of disciplined efficiency that they may not sink into repetition and routine. As age advances the constant tendency is to divide all time between routine and rest. Can this tendency be resisted, can life be maintained, as age advances, in an efficient *now*? There are examples that prove this to be possible, at least for some, and it is one of the best signs of human improvement in our century that not only do men in general last longer than formerly, but some of them maintain better in old age the activity and flexibility of the mind.



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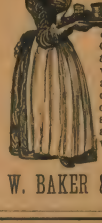
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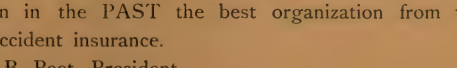
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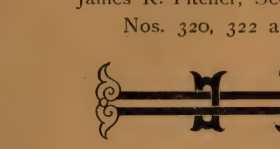
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